

ATTRACTION FORMULA

Step-By-Step Secrets To Meeting Women

By Paul Janka

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Preface...

Shortly after moving to New York, I saw Paul on the Today Show.

Fascinated by his story and his uncanny ability to meet women, I sent him an email to meet for lunch. I had a proposition of my own. I wanted him to write this book. My gut told me the experience Paul had accumulated from years of hitting on, picking up, and sleeping with hundreds of women, was something rare, something valuable.

During our first meeting together, I watched Paul approach several attractive women and stroll off—victoriously—with their phone number and in most cases an agreement to meet later on in the week for a drink. He was fearless and unshakable.

When he approaches a woman whom he has never spoken to and wants to meet, his ability to control the interaction to lead to his desired outcome is instructive. Paul knows what he wants (her phone number) and usually walks away with it. These women know immediately that they are dealing with a man who has experienced more than his fair share of the opposite sex, and they respect him as a result.

So as you study this material, keep this in mind—nothing here is theoretical. What you will learn is a practical approach for meeting and dating as many women as you want. Perhaps you have no desire to sleep with hundreds of women. I, for one, do not. It's a lifestyle choice, and it's something for you and you alone to decide.

But the social skill-set that you can develop, simply by implementing a few of these techniques will give you the ability to choose the type of women you want in your life. And it's this freedom of choice and empowerment that I want you to experience.

Regardless of your goals, understand that what you have in front of you is NOT common knowledge. In fact, much of what you will read will probably shock you. But you can learn from the extreme, even if you choose a different path. Only by pushing our limits can we truly find our “edge.” And this book will help you cultivate your own edge.

What you have in front of you is, to my knowledge, the most powerful dating technology ever to be made available to the single man. Paul's earlier works went on to become cultural sensations almost overnight and I am confident that this book will quickly take its rightful place as the definitive guide to meeting and dating women. Enjoy.

Warm Regards,

Mike Bradford
Publisher

PREPARATION:

Philosophy and Mindset

Sleeping with multiple women is difficult.

You'll often hear people speak of the double-standard between "sluts" and "players", but those people are mistaken. Any girl can be a slut: excepting the deformed, most women can walk out onto the street and have a sexual engagement in less than ten minutes. They must simply proposition a few men, and they'll have takers. Men, on the other hand, often have a difficult time seducing a woman even in the suggestive atmosphere of the bedroom. From what I've seen, nothing guarantees or automatically accelerates the process – not money, looks, the right car, education or a flashy suit. Simply put, it's very difficult to sleep with a woman, *unless you know exactly what you are doing*.

Therefore, the age-old frustration at a perceived double-standard can finally be resolved: slut is a disparaging label because it takes no skill to achieve, whereas player is something a man wears proudly (if secretly) because he knows he's in possession of a skill few others have. Verbatim, from a discussion with a fellow player:

There are 10,000 different things you can do with a girl – 10,000 different ways to go – but only 3 will lead to you having sex with her¹.
If you don't know what you're doing you're never going to fuck her.

From the same conversation we discussed how sex won't be on anybody's mind unless you do certain things correctly. And if no one's thinking about it, it will not happen.

Let me also say, at the outset, that learning to engage, seduce and have sex with women isn't simply about notches on the bedpost. From my own experience, facility with the opposite sex goes beyond the sex act. Learning how to sleep with women will make a man more confident, easy going, masculine, proud and resilient in the face of challenge or rejection – all truly male qualities. In short, the best way to feel most comfortable and confident around all women is to learn how to sleep with many of them.

Origins...

Let's start at the beginning...high school. I grew in Santa Monica, California, land of palm trees and dry weather. I had twists and turns in my upbringing, but I'll spare you the details. We're here to learn the evolution of a player...

I was actually a bit of a pimp in 3rd and 4th grade, believe it or not; a cute kid with a sly smile and a mischievous grin. I was a class clown and goofed off, so as the stand-out I attracted my share of female admirers... They were only ten, keep in mind. I kissed a few at slumber parties and playing Bob-the-Apple, but real exploration would have to wait till college and beyond. I do remember Seven Minutes in Heaven... Shacking up in a dark closet and seeing what would happen between a girl and a guy.

My first real exposure to the female form was playing "house" with Melissa (my dad was dating her mom) in which we'd put a blanket over the coffee table, review some moves from Playboy magazine and then crawl underneath to attempt something. With a nine-year-old penis and a pre-pubescent vagina, I'm not sure what we were expecting,

¹ You'll learn those three things in these pages.

but our hot, clammy bodies were exciting. I used to tell people, much later, that I'd lost my virginity at 7 years of age. Not true. At least I don't think so.

Fast-forward to late high school and several lay-ups bungled because I was insecure and would get so apprehensive about escalating a sexual situation. I'm talking about girls with their chests out and they're reaching for my penis and I'm shy or awkward and then I choose to abort. Regretful situations, because we were both seventeen or eighteen, and I'll never get those moments back. Well, there's always progeny! My closest shot came freshman year in college with a girlfriend who was visiting from high school. But alas, too many drinks and... whiskey dick!

So, I was nineteen and hadn't felt the inside of a woman with my penis. A sad state of affairs, but one I've found is a common fact of Casanovas – they tend to be late bloomers. It's probably because this part of our life is not obvious and it is so central (I'd venture to say it's central to all, and Freud would agree, whether people focus on it, or not). So it finally happened with a Mormon girl right after I turned 20... I was in my third decade of life before the fruit of Eve was mine for the sampling. And of course, along with every other red-blooded young man, I was sold!

College went along, and I soon developed an appetite for slightly kinky or non traditional sex, aided in no small part from the adventures I'd seen enacted on the World Wide Web. I remember a bachelor auction that was held in Boston, Massachusetts. It was college guys on the block and horny Wellesley girls bidding. A dark-haired Raven bought me after demanding that I show my dance moves onstage and after our first date, she stuck her tongue in my ass. May I recommend that to all who've not partaken. So, I started to accumulate experience about women – at least in dating and sleeping with them – and my understanding started to expand: what worked, what didn't and what remained untested. I lived in Boston and had a business for the five years after school and I did well, but left some obvious opportunity on the table. Also, in the name of full disclosure, I've played both sides of the net: single and LTR. I've had about 6 serious relationships, ranging from several months to multiple years. Relationship skills, as we'll see, borrow some tools from the single man's toolbox, but keeping a woman happy long-term is a different animal that I'll address only tangentially. Keep in mind, though, that preserving your integrity as a man will serve you in both models and even if the relationship ends, the woman will still look upon you fondly and respectfully.² That's been my experience.

And then I came to New York Fucking City. Never before had I seen such an abundance of God's fruits: cherries, peaches, plums, apricots, melons...lots of melons. Give me a good, sunny, dry day in NYC and I'll show you a playboy's heaven. They're everywhere. The challenge is to make the most of the harvest. And that's what this e-book is about. I'm fortunate enough to live in the midst of the single best training ground on the planet, to have the interest and to be in the sweet-spot of life (as of this writing, I'm 32) so I can really say with confidence that I've done the research. In fact, I wrote a short manifesto in 2005 entitled *Getting Laid in NYC: Technology for the Single Man*, which got the ball rolling. I will spend the remainder of this book talking about strategies, approaches, psychology, rejection, conversion and loneliness – all real elements of a playboy's life. But the journey's been great, and I can assure you that your journey can be just as fun and prepare you for whatever lies ahead!

² For more on this, check out [The Way of the Superior Man](#), by David Deida.

The Limits of Intuition

Some of what you read will seem counterintuitive, and it is. The reason for this is that the information contained in these pages is the result of research I've done as an extreme player and as a consequence, the skills you learn here are designed to elevate your game to extraordinary heights. This stuff is not a simple enhancement that takes common sense – women like flowers, for example – and tells you to buy carnations instead of roses. This material is of a qualitatively different character. Because of this, much of it falls beyond the range of normal men's experience. The common bell curve (known in the physical sciences as normal distribution) describes the arrangement of data from almost any physical circumstance: people's height, rainfall near the Equator, salinity of the ocean at certain depths, etc. It's the same in the realm of human dating/sociology. What I'm disclosing here are tail phenomena: things that are extreme, counterintuitive and because of this, they produce prodigious results. On a normal distribution, tail phenomena occur in less than 10% of the data. A forward-tail event occurs only at the leading edge of the bell curve. For example, extreme height and its effect on income is felt most significantly in the fewer than 1% of humans who are over 6'10". Why? Because they're in the NBA. Same thing here. The skills I'm communicating are known to the top 2% of players and they use them to great effectiveness. That's why it's true that less than 5% of single men fuck over 90% of the single girls.

I've tried to highlight each of these strategies by indicating that they are counter-intuitive. You may have to re-read some of the stuff a couple of times before it sinks in. Even then, it will be theoretical. Only after trying it "in the field" and seeing what happens, will you fully own the technique. Hang in there and stretch beyond your comfort zone. You owe it to yourself to do so!

It's Not Just About the Girls...

As with anything worthwhile, the skills you learn here are applicable outside the dating realm. I've found that the better I am with the women in my life, the stronger of a male friend I can be, and the more direct I am in business. The clarity necessary for approaching women cold is the same clarity I can focus on any situation in my life. A strong, confident, direct, unapologetic (but kind) man is the type of man who succeeds in dating...and in life.

Let's dispense with another myth: a playboy is preying on women. There are some guys who single out weak, insecure women as targets, sure. When I'm meeting women, I don't discriminate. I'll talk to most women I find attractive and see where it goes. Some are mousy, shy, and insecure and others are confident, fun and humorous. How can you know if you don't engage them? The issue here is that we, as men, must make contact with a lot of women so that we can relate, understand and get comfortable in their energy and point of view. Isolating from women, or spending too much time with a single girl or type won't give you the breadth of knowledge to compare, judge....yes, judge...and decide about the women in your life. The more women you have flowing through your world the better, at least in the beginning. I can't emphasize enough that the important thing is to have contact and interactions with a lot of women. That way, you'll

take them off the pedestal and bring them down to earth, where you can relate, joke, badger, tease, kiss, hold, fondle and fuck them.

So the question... the million dollar question is...*How do I go from having no women, or perhaps one girl in my life, to living a life of feminine abundance?*

I'm glad you asked.

But They do Have a Comparative Advantage...

Have you realized that women's longer hair creates an illusion? Most young women look cute, don't they? But, genetically speaking, it's impossible (I think) for women as a gender to be better-looking than men. The average guy may look blah, but the average young girl appears cute. Granted I'm a heterosexual man, so I'm disposed to view the opposite sex as attractive. Nevertheless, it's common script in our society that women are attractive, but men have other attributes, such as being providers, etc.

I take issue with that position, along biological lines. It seems impossible if we all come from common stock that they are cuter. What's really going on here? It has to do with women's capacity to create illusion (and God love 'em for it) by doing certain things: keeping their hair long is a crucial one. Another is shaving their legs and pits. I've often tried to picture a somewhat cute girl with a short-cropped hair. It's not necessarily a pretty sight. But, as men, we don't often deconstruct it that way and we just see the beautiful locks of hair swinging in the breeze and we get excited.

The point here is that women have – over the last several hundred years, at least – learned techniques to *enhance their appeal*. Men have learned to enhance other aspects of their being, but physical appeal and relationship dynamics hasn't been a focus, unfortunately. Man has built aqueducts, erected the Coliseum and sent humans to the moon, but we haven't come too far when it's about relating to the opposite sex. *By ceding this responsibility, we've painted ourselves into a corner. Though we spend most of our life – if married – working closely with a woman, we have little understanding of the dynamic. Just as important, we have poor technology for attracting and pursuing our potential partner.*

Most men are settlers. Some strive, but the challenge of meeting a great, beautiful woman can seem insurmountable, so men fall back on other opportunities: work, hobbies, golf, beer, football (on television), etc and accept the woman in their life. It doesn't have to be this way. Buck up!

First, realize that these cute women you see streaming down the Avenues, or in their cars, or on the cereal aisle have all developed a keen sense of style and poise. *Cosmopolitan, Glamour, Vogue, Teen Cosmo*, etc. – they've been reading since middle school how to attract, secure and marry a “good man.” In that process, they've mastered topics like grooming, hygiene, style, flirting, phone conversation and many other subjects crucial to achieving a desired outcome in a sexual relationship.

This e-book is the Cliff Notes® you need to catch up. In less than a hundred pages, I'm trying to get you from the second grade through to graduation – where the women have been for years. It's your choice.

Who Wins?

You both do. There's a common misconception in our society that when a woman "gives" sex to a man, he's "taking" something from her. At the very least, it's only justifiable if the man has *earned* it; his reward is sleeping with the girl. This is ridiculous. It not only prevents women from becoming fully sexualized, liberated beings, it creates a corrosive dynamic between the sexes. Imagine how many orgasms a withholding woman has left on the table. Of course, chances are she'll come to regret misusing her youth, but we rarely care to hear from old, doddering women complaining of bygone years of chastity.

The truth – as practiced in Europe, at least – is that young, healthy people should embrace their sexuality and if a woman is attracted to a man, she should proceed with her sexual intent, free of compunction. Though we may be moving (at a glacial pace) towards a more liberated sexual society, the fact remains that many American women have this mindset – *the reward paradigm*. So, why don't we reverse it?

I had sex with a leggy Thai girl last night – the standard move. She is quite a knockout, and the sex was enjoyable. Afterwards, I was hungry so we went to this late-night sushi joint in the neighborhood. I paid – it was \$81. How do I reconcile this with my cheapskate position? I hold out on the front-end only. In this case, I was *rewarding* her (and myself) because we had moved forward on my terms. I don't think along such calculating lines in practice; it's more of an intuitive thing: I just feel more comfortable spending time and money with a girl after I've had sex with her.

Constrained by the female *reward paradigm*, we all have less sex and more frustration. Inverting the paradigm creates a *prostitution paradigm*, I understand, but I believe that such a paradigm more realistically mimics how things should sit. If we, as men, are to be viewed as earners and providers, let's bestow resources on those females who demonstrate worthiness. Blunt words, but what's the alternative?

My last word on this is that the double-whammy of marriage and the female reward paradigm can drive a man to desperation. Not only has he entered (voluntarily) into a single-partner legal contract but then that "partner" decides how she will allocate sex. Of course, in an unhealthy relationship and one in which the man has no sexual alternatives, sex becomes a tool of manipulation for the woman. With little else at her disposal a bitter, frustrated, grasping, selfish wife will use sex to get what she wants. This is called dysfunction. God help both of those souls!

And...

The most penetrating insight I can give you – and while it may initially seem obvious, you'll learn it bears on almost every turn of a female/male relationship – is this: *men live in a qualifying paradigm; women live in a disqualifying paradigm*. What this means, in practical terms, is that most men will search for a reason to accept a woman and try to sleep with her. Granted, some men are in relationships or they have a full plate trying to manage the attractive women in their schedule. But, generally speaking, if a decent woman comes across the transom, a masculine guy will try to bed her. Not so with women: they'll rather quickly disqualify a guy who makes a favorable first impression or meets only some of their criteria. The caveat here is that once they develop feelings for a

guy, women are insane and have zero objectivity: the cliché of the gorgeous, smart girl with some uncouth idiot. I don't advise manipulating women so they develop feelings for you because a) it's very painful to her when she becomes disillusioned and b) a woman driven by passion is apt to do some irrational and potentially damaging/dangerous things in the name of "love." Keep it casual if you're playing big numbers. It's tempting to have a girl on an emotional leash because it's easy and a huge boost to the ego, but there's no free lunch in this world and you'll pay for it ten-fold.

Given their biology, women need to filter the men who approach them, so it's natural they are more selective than we are. Unfortunately, that makes sleeping with them a tricky game of charades and limited disclosure. My experience has led me to believe women are simultaneously extremely judgmental, finicky, particular and fickle *and* profoundly accommodating, forgiving and tolerant. Of course, they'd have to be the latter as mothers – their maternal instinct isn't too deeply buried. The insight is that they have to give the guy a chance, which means you have to clear their hurdle in the beginning. And here's the kicker: *once you've connected with a girl, you're in. You don't have to do much, simply don't fuck it up.* Once a woman is even slightly interested, you've won the battle. The key here is not to do something that sends up a red flag. As guys, however, most of our actions send up red flags, and we don't have a guide to tell us, "Hey, don't do that!" Until now, that is.

While counterintuitive, a key action in hustling is to do nothing. Too much action on the part of the guy creates opportunity for you to fumble (in many different ways) and to demonstrate indirectly that you want her too much. Human nature makes us suspect of things too easily offered. I've experienced this both as a pursuer (girl gets turned off by my apparent neediness) and as the pursued (once a girl is too available – unless I love her, and maybe even then – my interest wanes). Because women are instinctually tuned to noticing "red flags" we have to avoid raising them if we hope to succeed.

Perhaps the single most important rule is the rule of omission: limit your contact with the girl and what you reveal until after you've slept with her. This has been empirically verified by me and many other players. A girl you've just met could have almost any possible mindset; you don't know how she'll react to your choices, sense of humor, choice of first date location, willingness to spend money or not, etc. Basically, since you don't know her, you're taking a lot of risk spending "neutral" time with her, because she can observe you and sit in judgment. Chances are, you'll be disqualified by many of the women. Or, perhaps more realistically, they'll prolong the "neutral," or non-sexual, phase of the relationship as they fact-gather (more like impression-gather). This gets to a point I'll emphasize later: women are rarely in a hurry to be physical. Their timeline stretches forward for years (if you're the right guy) and so "what's the hurry?" And if you're the "wrong" guy, then they don't mind foregoing sex. In fact, they'd prefer to have sex with only those guys they think have potential. A missed sexual opportunity with a dude they decide is a loser doesn't cause regret; for us men, if we bungle a chance with a hot girl, even if she's not relationship potential, we can get our panties in a twist.

Therefore, limit your contact with them. My recent success rate is attributable to a system that brings them close and sexual immediately. I meet them on the street for a minute and then have them meet at my apartment around 10PM on a weekday. They come up and the mood is set. I bullshit with them for twenty minutes – they do all the talking, I simply ask leading questions – and then I make the move. Many go for it. Once

you've crossed the sexual Rubicon with them, you'll have much surer footing. You're in a different category and the woman's maternal instincts of forgiveness, patience, tolerance will emerge. If you want to, here's when you can open a bit. *Remember: Revelations before the Flood cause the Creek to run dry.*

Conquering Fear

One word: volume. The key to getting comfortable with the cold approach is to do it again and again. After you've chatted up a hundred girls, you'll be impenetrable. I do remember the butterflies-in-the-stomach phenomenon, but it's been years since I've experienced it. The beauty of volume is

- Eventually, you'll have seen all types of responses, so you won't get sideswiped or surprised.
- Your rap will inevitably improve because you'll work out the kinks.
- Each new girl is just a small incremental point on the mass of women you've already picked up. This robs her of the "power" that other men assign beautiful women. And, as I'm sure she'll appreciate, it allows you to speak to her as though she's a normal, feet-on-ground human being (because she is!)

Keep in mind that "game" is a muscle that you must exercise. It's not like riding a bike, a skill you'll never lose. I know, because I lost a good amount of my rap while I was in a serious long-term relationship from summer '05 to winter '07. When I emerged, I was weak. I wasn't useless because I'd cut my teeth here in NYC for three years, but I didn't have the confidence, the sense of entitlement, the chutzpah that a successful player develops (and needs).

There is something unique to the attitude and body language of a player – he's cocky, self-assured and unflappable. He can talk to women in a way that indirectly (or, if he chooses, directly) makes the interaction sexual. He takes liberties that others may find offensive, or at least objectionable. But, women take off their wet panties for him. The domain of a long-term relationship belongs to the woman and her job is often to *civilize* her man – to change him – and she works on him in myriad, subtle ways. That's why married men are, for the most part, docile and malleable. An exhausted husband has little energy to protest against his wife's conniving. A more gracious way to put it is that married men are more *civilized* than single men. Perhaps, whatever that means.

The point is that I emerged from my relationship and I hadn't flexed my game in years. I'm happy to report that I'm up to speed once again (and then some), but I had to work for it. As David Deida writes, I had to lean into my edge. In some of the best pick-ups I've done, there's a level of condescension, combativeness, and dismissiveness that isn't acceptable in calm society. But it's fun, and it produces results.

I remember thinking to myself, when my player buddy (who had been playing the game the whole time I was in a relationship) suggested I just have some girl come directly to my place: *That isn't fair, she expects a nice night out.* I followed his advice, though, and fooled around with the girl. At issue is the fact that, as men, our interests are often at odds with theirs and if you don't exercise control and deliberateness over the

situation, you won't get the girl(s). There is a women-as-commodity element to player thinking (obviously) that, while extremely effective, is very different than the deep humanity of meaningful interpersonal relationships found in family or the trust shared by a serious couple. I'll explore this more in *Consequences of the Player Lifestyle*.

As you develop your skills, you may find this life isn't for you. I respect that choice, and good luck. I do think that maintaining a spine with a woman, even if it's just one and she's your wife, has true benefits. Among the men out there who want to celebrate their youth by having an abundant variety of sexual experiences, I'm here to tell you that in beginning you'll feel in your gut that you're doing something "antisocial" or not very nice. The feeling can surface when you're doing something as innocuous as walking up to group eating a table and engaging the one hot girl and running your rap, unaffected by what the other goofs at the table think. Or, it can surface when you pick-up a girl while her "friend" (a guy with weak game) stands nearby, agog, holding her shopping bags.

Or it can surface when a girl is all done-up thinking you're going on an extravagant date but you tell her "Relax, what's the rush? We have plenty of time...", as you take off your shoes and stretch out on your couch. This feeling will subside as you see the results and realize that women are appreciative of your skills, effort and attention. There's little in this world better than a woman lying naked on her back smiling in the initial glow of passionate lovemaking with the object of her sexual desire...

Mojo

What is it? How do you develop more of this precious quality? Can you operate without it? Those are crucial questions for any man to ask himself. The benefit of a long-term relationship with a warm, caring woman is that you don't always have to have mojo; she'll love you and be close even if you falter. She will grow tired of bolstering your ego or supporting you, but a loyal female isn't sensitive in the same way to your mojo. She's more forgiving.

The girl on the street is the antithesis of your loyal girlfriend. She is suspicious, contemptuous, haughty, harried, bitchy and dismissive – unless you disarm her with your mojo. Strong mojo is what alpha males have that gives them a sense of entitlement and courage which the average Joe lacks. When a guy has strong mojo – when his game is superb – he can't be knocked off his rocker. If you want to work the scene and have multiple attractive women in your life, you'll need to cultivate your mojo and be sensitive to when it's strong as well as to when it's sputtering.

Mojo, essentially, is life energy that men feel when they are in congruity with their surroundings. They can exercise their normal masculine traits of dominance, initiative, risk-taking, pride and physicality with confidence and deliberateness. When my mojo is on, the rhythm of walk, talk and thinking is fluid, smooth, unhurried and relaxed; I'm funny, charming and confident. I beam with an unstoppable energy and most women I meet yield easily. Those that put up a challenge are fun; those that refuse to play or can't are dismissed with nonchalance. When mojo is strong, you should go out and harvest. If you stay single a while and learn the dynamics of being a playboy, you'll see that the single best weapon in your arsenal is strong mojo; it's better than a flashy car, suit, cash, props, etc. It's worth your while to take advantage of these periods. Keep in

mind that strong mojo may only last an hour or two – or it could extend a couple of days. Use it to build inventory. When you're unstoppable it will be like taking candy from a baby.

The opposite of good mojo is depression, self-absorption and regret. Generally, I'm not in a most aware state on my morning walk to get coffee. I will often see a cute girl, but let her go because I'm reluctant to approach. At this stage it's not so much fear that keeps me at bay, but knowledge that I'm not compelling at the moment because my energy (mojo) is low. I'll come across as a dud. This doesn't mean that I *am* a dud, just that in this crucial first impression phase I won't break her skepticism and signal *fun, intriguing*. Once I have some coffee and wake up, I'm on much better footing. I usually can chat them up on the way back home, even if I didn't have the mojo on the way out.

The question then becomes, "Is there a way to operate when my mojo is low?" That's a hard question, one I haven't entirely figure out. Some things seem to help, including a caffeine boost from a strong cup of coffee. Walking around a bit, getting the blood flowing can help. Frankly, the thing that works best is "acting as if" and approaching women anyhow, even if you don't want to. You may not be bringing you're A-Game, but you'll feel better and it's valuable to know how you operate under adverse conditions. Also, if you remain mellow, you may still intrigue a girl, even if you don't dazzle her with your presence. Who knows, she may have just been thinking how lonely she is...

Also, keep in mind that you practice this and work towards progress. The ideal of chatting up every hot girl in the city is elusive. The point is to work towards stronger game. I'm a professional pick-up artist and I still encounter scenarios where I can't make the move or the logistics interfere. I was just walking a girl to the store (after an afternoon shag) and we passed the local commuter college. It was teeming with cuties, but my hands were tied, so to speak. I said good-bye and came back through the frenzy. I stopped to talk to a cute Russian girl. We chatted for longer than usual – maybe five minutes – and I took her number. As I was walking away 1...2...3...4...really cute girls passed by, coming out of class, out of the subway. Cognizant that Ms. Russia was probably keeping an eye on me³, I walked past each of them until number 4. I asked for directions, but then didn't close it and walked away.

As I've mentioned, pick-up is performance, and sometimes I'm just too tired or unfocused to deal the cards.

The Difficulty with Groups

Have you noticed that women, especially young ones, always want you to come out while they're with friends? You know they do that so their friends can scrutinize you... This behavior tapers off as women become older, but it very pronounced with post-college girls. They feel safest in a public place and in clusters with their roommates/friends. This serves them; it doesn't serve you at all. A public place prevents

³ There's an alternate strategy here, but you have to be a real hustler. It's ratcheting-up, meaning forfeiting the number of the first girl in an attempt to get the number of the second one, who is much hotter. This has worked on a rare occasion. Keep in mind the adage *A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*. Also, you risk pissing #1 off and she could rain on your parade, meaning she could come over and cockblock. I'd advise against getting greedy.

the guy from escalating the situation towards sex and the group presents several problems.

The obvious problem with a group of girls is that you're going to have a hard time breaking away the one you like. Her friends (especially the ugly ones) will invariably cock-block. You may put in an hour of strong game at a lounge, but try getting her to leave her friends. She'll always have some idiotic excuse, like she can't leave her three roommates alone. It doesn't matter that she sees them 7 days a week and they're all full adults. It doesn't matter because she doesn't really want to be alone with you...yet. Again, she wants to control the timeline and a woman generally doesn't care if a relationship gets sexual tonight or next week.

The more subtle and intractable problem however, is that her friends will judge you because you're on display. Like your buddy at a strip club leaning in and saying, "This lousy stripper has saggy tits, God Damn it!" these female friends are going to feed your girl a mix of opinions. This point needs elaborating. Bear with me as I invoke the Real Estate section of the New York Times.

I was reading about real estate brokers here in Manhattan, a class of worker who knows how to hustle if anyone does. The article was about the "Dangers of a 2nd Opinion." It could have applied to dating in the city, just as well. The article interviewed several veteran brokers who discussed the dynamic of the "friend" who comes along to give a second opinion. The basic idea was that a prospect is often sold on an apartment, ready to buy. They like the package. As a knee-jerk, the prospect says, "You don't mind if I get a second opinion, do you?" The agent cringes. What invariably happens, the seasoned agents go on to say, is that the "friend" who comes around feels obligated to find fault in the apartment to justify their own presence. It's just human nature, the agents explain. To feel they have value-add, the second party often takes a contrarian stance, even if the deal is objectively attractive. The brokers claim to have lost plenty of decent deals just this way.

Back to the girl sitting at the booth drinking, surround by her three girlfriends. What do you think they discuss when you go to the bathroom? At least one must take a contrarian position, out of jealousy, her need for attention, to control the conversation, whatever. And females, being the conservative creatures they are, will be swayed by this vocal contrarian. Of course, you could bring some buddies to neutralize the flank-females, but that's a project fraught with logistics, etc., and then it's a big party.

So, Where Are They?

If you need money, you go to the bank, the ATM, or maybe call Daddy. Kidding. If you want groceries, the market is down the street. Gas? The station is on your way to work. So, what about that other essential, pussy? The answer is they're everywhere. And, they want you to say "Hi." As in all aspects of life, the difference between a rebuff and success is execution. It doesn't matter if she's in a business suit having a working lunch, a hostess or a taxicab driver (I've yet to meet a hot taxi driver, but you never know.) If you live in a city or even a populous suburban area, just open your eyes. There are girls everywhere. Statistically, they outnumber us men, something like 51% to 49% globally, so never complain of a shortage. Our incarcerated brothers may have a legitimate gripe (note: inmates who read this please drop a line to paul@attractionformula.com, if

possible). Other hamstrung populations include truck drivers, oil platform engineers, sailors and astronauts. But the rest of us have nothing to complain about. The women who will be in your bed are in your life now, but you haven't made the connection. They all have sex – they all need sex – and you will learn the skills to identify them and convert them into satisfied sexual partners.

Brass tacks: I find the street a great place because the women are out in the open, I can read their body language, and I can see them coming. I'll get back to approaches in a second, but let's think about some other places that are conducive to meeting likely ladies (which most are!)

Bars/Nightclubs: not my forte. I have reason to suspect these places are nothing more than money-makers for purveyors of liquor, mops and salted nuts. There's too much working against the man on the hunt in this type of environment. Women's egos are boosted because they've spent hours getting dolled up so they look their best (or their friends tell them so). Male competition means that ten seconds before you arrived and ten seconds after you leave another dude will be in front of her maw. Male intention is transparent in the nightlife scene: all the girls know that we're thinking with our smaller heads. Liquor doesn't help, because we beer goggle and our crudeness really comes out.

This leads to the *Great Nightlife Irony*: women adopt a defensive attitude amidst the very circumstances in which they have voluntarily placed themselves. It's irrational and a stupid, predictable game. Don't be a fool. Girls love the attention, no doubt, but they get all pretty, immerse themselves in the center of a bunch of drunken guys, and then complain about men hitting on them! Insane. It's groupthink at its worst, and once you're in the general category of "guy" you'll be treated with a universal, dismissive policy. That's why I avoid bars and clubs.

Structured Environments: included in this category are speed dating, list parties, and most other controlled social environments. These are less than ideal, too, for some of the reasons mentioned above. Any environment that caters to a women's ego is generally not ideal for a connection. I'm not saying women should be sniveling, weak-spined, cowardly beings. On the contrary, I like healthy, vibrant, humorous, confident women. But, if there's structure to an event, such as there is in speed dating, and some kind of agenda, I find women are less responsive to general playfulness. They can't see the obvious fact of an intelligent, clever, fun guy standing in front of them. Instead, they're waiting for the signal that the games have begun.

In addition, events usually attract groups of girls, called "clusters." These clusters are harder to entertain and engage than the single girl on the street. It can be done, but you have the perennial problem of the cock-blocker, the ugly friend, and choosing which one to go for. You can only safely make a play for a single chick, so if it's not obvious whom you like, you can shoot yourself in the foot. Also, asking for a girl's number in a group setting forces her to go out on a limb and give it – conceding she's single and has an interest. If she even thinks another girl present doesn't approve of you, you won't get the digits. Her risk profile is like this: she'd rather refuse an interesting opportunity (you) then run the risk of possible flack from an acquaintance or friend who doesn't approve.

This groupthink dissipates after about 24 years of age, but then you're dealing with a different type of girl. Unfortunately, the young ones are often social idiots.

A Grocery Store is good because there are lots of props, everyone must shop for food, and you'll be there in the daytime, most likely. She's probably alone and she's psychologically unguarded. Also, you get some points for meeting in a neutral, "domestic-oriented" setting.

The Subway is ideal because you're forced to be time-constrained, everyone uses it, it's open all day and you're in close physical proximity to start with. Note: make sure you know your stop or find out where she gets off. Ask for the number no more than thirty seconds before you part company. Any longer and the conversation may go flat or awkward because you've already made your play by getting the digits.

The Street is the best because you can approach and exit in 4 directions. You can observe them coming and see their bodies and how they walk/carry themselves. It's daytime (street game at night is too scary for them; don't try it) and everyone walks. You aren't being overheard by others (like in the subway or grocery store) which can make either you or her self-conscious. If it goes poorly, you have plenty of space to exit (again, unlike the grocery store, especially if you're in line or the subway in which you have to continue standing/sitting next to her). Also, there's so much activity on a busy street that you can use as talking points or noise coverage if you say something stupid.

A Bookstore is good because you get literate women. Also, you can strike up a conversation about a book or magazine (a bit of a tired approach, I'd say...) and the atmosphere is usually relaxed and hushed, conducive to a quite, intimate conversation. You'll likely get props for being literate or at least appearing so.

Windows of Opportunity

Two words: take them. Chances are the hot girl walking past you alone will never cross your path again, and if she does, she may be on some guy's arm. Remember Gretzky's famous dictum: "I miss 100% of the shots I don't take." *It's much better to take a shot and get rejected than to let an opportunity pass by.* This is because you'll often be pleasantly surprised, but also because your ego will reward you for taking initiative. Failing to act will force you deeper into a fear-based morass of self-doubt. Keep taking shots, all the time. Who cares? You're not breaking any laws, and there's only upside, really.

Scenarios involving a hot chick don't remain inert for long. If you see a hot girl minding her own business, *I guarantee* that conditions will change, imminently. These types of woman don't remain in the free agent state for long. You think you're the only dude who's noticed her? Either she'll get approached while you're scratching your balls, or some guy will call or text her asking what she's doing. Once this happens, you're chance is gone. I've seen this play out for me many times. I'll go into a Starbucks® and see a hot girl sitting alone reading or staring off, drinking a coffee. I'll think to myself,

“I’ll get her on the way out.” Nine times out of ten, I’ll come back two minutes later and some guy is introducing himself, or she’s on the phone twirling her hair and laughing. My shot is gone. The hotter they are, the smaller the window of opportunity.

You can keep the window open with money, but that’s a book some other guy can write.

ENGAGEMENT:

Bringing Her into
Your Reality

Now, a Word or Two on Approaches...

Any time a woman engages you *and it's not part of her job* take a shot. She's doing this for a reason. A woman will never engage a guy in whom she's not interested unless a) it's part of her job responsibility or b) she's desperate for some kind of help. Most daily interactions aren't in category b) so if a stranger asks for the time, directions, your opinion on something, etc., she wants to have a conversation. Don't leave money on the table. The easiest women to meet are those who want to meet you!

- The best time to approach a new girl is immediately after parting with one with whom you've just had sex.

Your peak mojo occurs right after fucking a hot girl whom you've never fucked before. You may still smell of sex and you certainly have pheromones swirling around your body. You are at your strongest, most unshakeable at this moment. Go get some new women! They don't stand a chance against you. If you truly want to play the field, get rid of the first one and move into hunter mode. You'll roam the plains like never before. You can still spit relaxed, casual game, but because of the sex you've just had you'll project an intoxicating mix of confidence, self-sufficiency and cockiness that women will find irresistible.

Words Three and Four on Approaches...

The two challenges all hustlers face are establishing credibility and creating intrigue. For a woman, the dream situation is one in which she feels safe and excited at the same time. If you understand this simple truth, your success with women will skyrocket. It's like riding a rollercoaster at the theme park: you know that you won't get hurt because of all the safety measures, but you also know that the ride will be thrilling. Even as children we understand this dynamic duo of safety and excitement.

One without the other is no good. If something is really titillating but apparently dangerous, such as following a tall, dark and handsome stranger down a dark alley for a possible sexual encounter, a woman (unless she's crazy) will decline. On the other hand, plenty of women enter into "safe" relationships and marriages with a good, wholesome guy only to get bored out of their minds within months. Some trudge on with reset expectations; others break it off, looking for a little danger. Of course, the ideal combination is the guy who can create a feeling of ultimate security while at the same time taking the girl on a thrilling and unpredictable ride. It's that dynamic that forces her to draw closer to the man as she yearns for his anchoring stability in the storm of excitement. All the seduction/love/relationship guides counsel some version of this.

Your challenge then becomes, in the first minute, to establish both credibility and a sense of intrigue. The credibility component is done chiefly by anchoring yourself to something valuable or legitimate. I often mention casually that I live in the neighborhood since it's so expensive that only someone with their shit together could get a lease around here. If you're dressed well, that goes a long way, too, because she'll assume (consciously or subconsciously) that you're put together. A business card can work wonders, but I don't carry one and it brings with it attendant problems: she'll just take

that and say, “I’ll call you.” Or, the conversation can get bogged down in what you do for work or where you work, which isn’t interesting, no matter what you think.

A constrained time-frame (“I have to run, but...”) works to both the credibility and intrigue elements, because it a) indicates your time is valuable and hence valuable to others because you have somewhere to be b) doesn’t give her enough time to make a call – she wants more exposure. So, knowing how to walk away from the interaction before it goes flat is an important skill. Other things that can build intrigue: scruff (“No office job?”), the fact that you’re free on a weekday afternoon (because you should be working; are you independently wealthy?), not looking back after the interaction, but just continuing off into the distance.

What Killed the Samurai? Hesitation.

Whenever you enter a restaurant, walk on a bus, turn a corner, or step on the subway walk right over to the hottest girl and say hi. Never stop to evaluate. If you can sit next to her, that’s the best. This direct, unthinking approach accomplishes a number of things: your directness demonstrates your confidence, which is very attractive (fortune favors the bold), your focus won’t allow your mind to talk you out of the approach because it won’t have time, and your momentum will be carried into the conversation as a force of purpose. All these things can accomplish for you what you can’t accomplish alone. Try it. Then get back to me at paul@attractionformula.com. An inspired entrance is hard to argue with – ask any stage performer. Engaging her immediately clears all the hurdles that prevent other men from meeting the woman they’d like to meet. Once the conversation has started (which is when she has said at least one word back) it will flow...

Example: *crowded NYC bus*

ME: Cute boots, but watch yourself. These seats are demarcated. I don’t want you crossing your legs over into my area.

HER: (laughing) I won’t, don’t worry.

ME: Not that you don’t have nice legs. Under different circumstance you could drape them all over the place...

HER: (raising an eyebrow) Oh yeah?

ME: Sure. I have an open-leg policy... (looking her up and down)... You’d qualify.

HER: Cute.

ME:

option a) How far up you going? (to gauge how much time I have)

option b) You like these crowded buses, huh? I’m a subway guy.

option c) You in this seat every Thursday at... (looking at my cell phone)... 3:23?

A strong approach can do more for you than even the best player’s rap if he’s coming from an awkward, weak position (ex. having stared at her for two minutes prior). This opening move is a gimme, so don’t waste it. You only have one chance to make a first impression.

“Is She with Him?”

Maybe, maybe not. Remember that the particular circumstances surrounding a “pick-up” are fleeting. Whatever the configuration of people, the way they’re sitting – if they’re in a group, standing close, etc. – that has no bearing on your next contact with the girl. So, don’t be intimidated by the particulars of a specific situation. Remember: if you do not get her phone number you will never have another chance with this human being. The stakes couldn’t be higher; don’t let the fact that she’s standing next to some dude dissuade you.

And here’s a doozy: Many times out of ten the hot girl with the guy is *available*; the guy isn’t fucking her, though he dreams of it. Of course, you need to be delicate and discriminating in these situations. If they’re holding hands or kissing, then they’re together. If the guy is a muscle-bound Guido with tattoos and jewelry, I’d say, generally speaking, tread lightly or avoid. A proven way to engage her is to approach both of them. If you engage both of them on a general topic – like directions – the guy can’t justifiably get angry. Hopefully, in that twenty-second exchange you’ll be able to determine if they’re together. You can always ask, as well. A man will usually be proud to lay claim to “his girl.” He won’t take offense; rather, his ego and pride will swell.

Often though, the guy hanging around is gay, a “buddy,” or a guy who has romantic intentions but whose game is so weak that she either doesn’t know his intentions or isn’t interested. If you get a signal that she’s single or things seem ambiguous you can step up the verbal game. Asking if they’re together – prefaced by a comment like, “I hope I’m not stepping on any toes, but I couldn’t tell from a distance if you were friends or a couple...” – forces her to clarify the relationship. The guy may wish he was her man, but unless that’s actually true, the woman will not label herself as “taken.” As a general rule, the hotter the woman, the more this holds true. Sexy women like to have male attention (and dollars) and they almost always have a dude in tow. If it looks like they’re just friends, they most likely are. Of course the guy wants to fuck her, but what’s he going to say when you engage her? He’ll offend her by making a premature claim of ownership, and he knows this, so move in. There’s a reason he hasn’t fucked her yet.

The “1-Minute” Movie Trailer Concept

Why are movie trailers so short? Why are they a minute and not five? Or, why not simply ten seconds? Market researches have spent lots of time and money figuring the ideal time to expose a cold prospect to a new movie idea. This has been studied, I’m sure, for years and these professional marketers have realized that too long and you bore the audience (or worse show them something about the upcoming movie that ruins it for them or turns them off), too short and the audience can’t form a cohesive picture of the film.

Your street game consists of nothing more than your movie trailer.

Keep it tight and keep it short. Like anything that takes skill, your game will get better with more practice. Here’s what you want to accomplish in the 45 seconds, in descending order of importance:

- Get her phone number

- End it before she wants to.
- Get her name
- Mention something noteworthy, like that you live in the neighborhood.
- Give her your name.

Though it's the most obvious point, many guys don't quite get it: if you don't get her phone number you have nothing. Let me repeat that: if you don't get her phone number you have nothing. The exception is if you live in Small Town, KS, population 32, but then you don't need this literature and you're probably married. The point is, if you don't get the phone number to follow-up, the meeting doesn't matter. She'll forget about you in three steps, especially if she's good-looking. Email doesn't count, because she's inserting layers in the communication process for no reason (i.e. she's a pain in the ass and is either not interested, or an idiot) and giving your phone number is nothing, either. I mentioned earlier that both of these come from personal experience: I have never connected with a woman who has insisted on taking my phone number when it's perfectly convenient for me to take hers. The exception to this rule is when circumstances prevent the two of you from talking: she's on a date, she's giving a talk, she's working, etc. Sliding your card to her *may* work in these instances, provided there's clear interest on her part.

Surprisingly, this is the only crucial step in the process; you can recover or build all the other stuff later over text or in your apartment, when she's close to you. Ending it on a confident note and moving on (not looking back) is the second most important thing. This is obvious human psychology: if you're in a rush somewhere you are indicating that others value your time and that she is a part – though, small – or your day. Women like men who are going somewhere, figuratively and literally. So, keep it moving. Also, standing energy isn't great, so it's better that things remain kinetic. Motion is central to a player's game – the approach, the body language while engaged and the exit. Stagnation is not attractive.

Her name is helpful so you can record her in your phonebook, with a little detail: Jenn boots or Amy coffee. Planting an intriguing seed is good too, but don't try too hard, they smell it. Offhandedly mentioning that you live around the corner may make them feel that you're a "local" and not so much of a stranger.

But...Why Not Stay Longer to Build Rapport?

I have fall-off in my street numbers, so naturally it's occurred to me that maybe I'm not making enough of a positive impression on that initial contact. I have a good friend across the Park who is a sublime player and he experiences the same thing: great chat on the street, the girl is into it and fun, she gives the number readily and then....nothing. Or a couple of back-and-forths and then radio silence.

Because we're both so analytic and dissect each step of this process, we've naturally asked if there's something to do on the front end to minimize our loss ratio. The short answer is no. It's part of the game. Any playboy will tell you it's a numbers game, and volume is your friend, for many reasons. Part of the explanation lies in a central tenet of game, as it's professionally played:

- **You never get credit for playing by their rules.**

There are many examples of this, such as going out to dinner, stopping by to “meet their friends,” buying her shit, etc. And a key one for your game is that standing around chatting for an extra five minutes (not to mention thirty minutes) when you first meet will rarely have a downstream effect. That’s because women put men in categories: stranger, friend, guy they’ve slept with, boyfriend, etc. For our purpose the categories that matter are “stranger” and “guy they’ve slept with” and getting from one to the other as fast as possible.

Take my word for it since I’ve spent years doing the research (or do it yourself and waste time): you will gain nothing by talking longer and possibly you’ll torpedo the opportunity. Once you’ve gotten her number, move on. First of all, it’s likely that you’ll say something that works against you. The “stranger” light is blinking in her head and plenty can disqualify you. If you’ve got the number, you’ve already been qualified – what more do you want? As I’ve said, women travel this world looking for reasons to disqualify otherwise decent men. If she’s given you the digits, you’re done for the moment. Save that funny line you’re dying to use.

The other reason to move on is that there are other girls around, and since it’s a numbers game, you need to get to work. On a good day, I may get seven numbers of women I think are quite attractive. I’ve found that I sleep with 11% of the women whose numbers I get (more on this later). That breaks down to two girls for every three days of numbers, more-or-less.

But back to the categories in women’s heads. They’re like bins, these categories. And what I’ve found is that you can’t move from *stranger* to *intimate* or even *friend/acquaintance* by bullshitting on the street. You’re better off saving it. When you text her that night, you’re still the “guy from the street,” whether you spent 30 seconds saying “hi” or thirty minutes sharing about where you went to school and what you do for work. This has been corroborated by another player here in NYC. Accept your loss ratio and work on top-line. Trying to make an “impression” on each girl also is futile because you’re up against another tenet of the game:

- **A difficult woman remains difficult.**

Basically, if the girl is fun and carefree, the forty-five seconds you spend are sufficient; she’ll respond and you’ll meet and shag. If she’s difficult – which is a general term for women who are skeptical, suspicious, haughty, bitchy, condescending and/or rude – no amount of chatting is going to overcome her normal disposition. You won’t fuck her with a 30 second stop-and-chat, but you won’t fuck her with the investment of an hour of top game. Let her go. That’s the beauty of the game. Next!

There you have it. Move through the city (or suburb) confidently, smoothly and quickly, getting numbers and work the phonebook later. Even if I like a girl, I’ve found that it’s better to work on her in the comfort of my apartment then accompany her on errands or join for coffee on the spot. At least when I’m home with them, I’ve a shot at sleeping with them!

A Little Thing Called Women's Pride

A whole book could be (and probably has been) written about this subject, and we men know very little about it as we start out. We come to appreciate it, however, because it governs so much of the female mind. Men may fist-fight over offended pride or lost face, but women will walk away from great opportunities because they don't want to acknowledge a truth in the harsh light of stark words. That's a key insight to guide your interactions.

I mentioned earlier that you should never force a woman to confront her life situation (let someone who's not going to fuck her do that) by asking her, "Are you single?" Women, more than most men, define themselves and their "success" in life by the quality of their romantic relationship, so the admission of being alone is a big lump to swallow.

A corollary to guarded pride is that young women will rarely go out on a limb, especially in a social context. I have a friend who is great at "college game" and he focuses on the dynamics of the campus crowd. He talks about "tribal" psychology in which men are viewed hierarchically and popular women will only date/sleep with guys who occupy the higher rungs. It's true in society at large, as well, but in the fishbowl of college life, more things are transparent and readily measurable. The point is that college girls will never risk social shame by dating a particular guy *even if they really like him*. College is the social training ground for American women, so prepare yourself. Older women who have broken the yoke of social judgment or young European women who have a different culture context tend to behave differently (in my experience), but young American females are a cowed group, in general. They are hot, though, so know what you're doing.

Also, just to show you the challenge we face as men, consider this: a woman wants to maintain her pride, and is thus reluctant to extend herself in the presence of friends, whereas a man will nearly humiliate himself to win her over. You don't have to do it that way. It's illustrative, though, to understand just how imbalanced the courtship game can be.

Because they won't go out on a limb in words or actions, you have to create a situation that makes it possible for them to feel as though nothing is being risked. That's why you should avoid "yes/no" questions and also make the proposition light, and non-committal such as "grabbing a cup of coffee." You can ratchet up the stakes later or switch the terms, but you need deeper interest, interest you're unlikely to develop on the street in 45 seconds. Most people will agree to a cup of coffee; fewer will say yes to a "home cooked meal at my place," even though it's a nice offer.

Envision yourself as a breeze through their life. These girls don't know that you'll fuck them and be one of the ten sexual partners they have in their early 20s, thus making you a very significant part of their social/sexual reality. That's too intense. For now, you're just a cute, charming guy who's up for a cup of coffee and a walk through the park. Nothing more.

Verbal Game... There's No Other Kind.

For you guys out there who still think it's about the car, the apartment, the big penis, the good-looks, the clothes, the job, etc., I will tell you flat out there's only one kind of game: verbal game. I've had periods in my life (early 20s) when I had all the props and I was missing many shots. I've had periods (now) when I don't have the props, but I have strong verbal game and I'm hitting tons. Of course these things can get them to look, and some men have a situation in which they can remain mute and clean up: rock stars, professional athletes, male fashion models, deci-millionaires (I don't even think a millionaire these days can assume easy pussy).

Why is verbal game important? 1. Women are verbal beings. They relate through language and intonation. 2. A lot of men have no verbal skill so the ones who do really stand out. Let me ask you this question: what happens to the good-looking guy who is sitting on the train as the hottie nearby is checking him out? What happens when she gets to her stop and the doors open? Answer: she gets off the train.

Now re-read that last paragraph. This needs to really sink in.

All your props are meaningless unless you initiate and carry a conversation. There are those women who will come over and introduce themselves, but only if you're good-looking (or visibly rich) and they, themselves, aren't always prizes. And here's an irony for you: though women are verbal and language-oriented they're surprisingly poor at driving a conversation. They can really talk, don't get me wrong. About themselves, dating, clothes, men, relationships, and high-heels. (Women's shoes are a subject of interest to me, believe it or not. That knowledge has helped me out a good many time.) But, while they're superbly skilled at answering questions, they lack the ability (in general) to structure an interesting conversation. I'm sure it goes to the submissive, follower tendency of the female character. I like that quality.

The point here is that you're going to have to carry everything, from the initial chat to get the number, to the text messaging, to the 15 to 60 minutes of conversation you make at your place before you go for it.

I want to elaborate on why verbal game is important. It's the great equalizer. I have a friend who is very good-looking and he's a smart, Harvard-educated doctor. He's a fun guy with a great heart. And, he's had his share of nice looking girlfriends. But, he's nowhere close to maximizing his male potential regarding sex. His biggest deficit is lack of verbal game – and he admitted so much to me the other night after dinner. My point is that my friend has it all – looks, warmth, intelligence, career and education, worldliness, no bad habits – and yet women don't break his door down for sex. The reason is that he lacks verbal game.

And here's the reason women gravitate to men who have game, which is the same thing as saying men who have verbal game: words keep it fun and prevent awkwardness. What's the opposite of a fun, playful chat with some innocent teasing thrown in? Awkward silence and boredom. Cross Cyndi Lauper's words at your own peril, gentlemen. Girls do just want to have fun. Bore them because you can't rap or worse, make it awkward because you don't have anything to say and see her leave rather quickly.

So, What Do You Say?

In writing, there's no substitute for something to say. The same holds for conversation – it really helps to know a few things. More than the average guy, I'm interested in clothes, fashion, relationships, dating, gender politics and sex. I'm writing ninety pages on this stuff, for God's sake. Your rap is your game. It's your duty to keep it going and make it interesting, or you will fall flat. She will participate, but as the man, you're in charge of driving the conversation. This is done easily by being a pivot, allowing her to express herself openly to you on a subject she cares about and is knowledgeable about (usually relationships). There is more on this in the audio segment, *Conversation Secrets*.

Female Short-Term Memory and the Generic Objection

What I'm about to say may offend the uninitiated, but will resonate with men who've slept with over fifty-or-so women: don't be afraid to steamroll or dismiss female objection – they'll forgive, or mostly likely forget, about it in a few seconds. I'm talking about her objections to giving you her number, meeting in your neighborhood, meeting after 9PM, etc. I'm not advocating being dismissive of her objections to your physical advances; those are to be heeded. The reason they don't own many of their objections is that women are intuitive and if they like the direction of the interaction they'll forgive anything. And they don't register that you just sidelined their objections. Or, if they do, their brains don't retain the information. It's discarded in favor of some positive information like, "This guy is hella funny!" or, "He's got such exciting plans for tonight!"

I'd say that still, even at my level, 50% of the women who give me their phone numbers show initial reluctance and even say they won't do it. It's one of several generic objections, and it's easy to combat. Just get your phone out and say, "Just give it to me and I'll text you. If you don't want to have coffee you can decide that later. No big deal." As you become more persuasive, through practice, you'll find that the combination of an open phone at which you are both staring, your confident body language and the act of verbally diminishing the significance of actually taking the number will make it hard for most women to resist. Moralists, get over yourselves by realizing I'm just getting a piece of contact information.

Once you've got the number, generate goodwill an hour later with a text like, "Hope you're enjoying this beautiful day. ☺" Smiles help, I've found. Most will appreciate the attention and forget any haggling that occurred. At this point, it's just about accumulating these numbers so you have something to play with.

This is called *inventory*.

It all comes down to this, gentlemen. You either have the gift or gab, or you don't. Without words, you'll have a hard time disrobing her. Verbal game comes by many different names: flow, rap, spitting game, chops. Think about it this way: you are sitting in close proximity to a woman whom you fancy. She notices you. If she says nothing, how are you to proceed? You could use sign language – which brings to mind a funny story about a recent college party (they were in college; I wasn't) in which two deaf girls made humping motions towards my buddy and me because they couldn't audibly

communicate – or maybe just open your phone, look at her, look at your phone and then look back at her. Maybe that could work. Give it a shot. Sometimes the incredibly confident assumptive sell can work. I've had success with handing over a business card after a few glances and no exchange of words.

More commonly however, you have to open your mouth. And women are language-oriented so if you say something bone-headed or obvious or stupid or crude or inaccurate, she may lose interest immediately. You have to engage her, perhaps with ambiguous interest (Does he really need directions or does he think I'm cute?), and you need that difficult balance of giving attention yet remaining aloof. Psychologically, humans like the game of ambiguous situations – the person clearly is initiating contact but he is also distracted or not too focused at the same time. A simple technique here is to ask a question and then look away, not too obviously, but breaking eye contact, as if something you *really* like has caught your attention. This may seem manipulative, and it is, but as you practice it will become second nature and you'll approach most women with the right proportion of attentiveness and distance; you won't have to be calculating. In fact, you'll actually be both interested and not so much, because she hasn't yet qualified herself as a real candidate – she's still just some girl. Until she demonstrates that she has reciprocal interest, it's best to have an aloof air to your interactions. This serves to protect you from emotionally overextending yourself (in the process jeopardizing the interaction and subjecting yourself to rejection) and it will keep her interest; no girl likes to be spoon-fed her lovers. In our separate ways, we both like the chase.

What are some standard things to ask?

- Directions
- Where's a good sushi restaurant around here?
- Do you know where there's a Chase® ATM?
- (at Starbucks®) What is the difference between Splenda® and Equal®?
- The time.
- "You look fit. What gym do you go to? I need to find one myself."
- (at Starbucks®) "Don't you find that Grande has too much caffeine?"
- Where's an American Apparel® store?
- (at a grocery store, holding a cantaloupe) "I can never tell when these things are ripe..."

These "lines" will stop most women, because they sound like innocuous questions. She will fail to notice that you passed several perfectly good candidates ahead of her - the fat guy, the old lady, and the two teenage dudes – all of whom could have answered the question just as well. This may work to your advantage because her subconscious may already suspect, "He's stopping me because I'm cute!" That helps you, if she's the least bit open to your approach.

Depending how good you are with improvisation – that is to say what kind of actor you are – you can try all sorts of off-the-cuff ideas, such as, "Great hair. Come here. (touch it) My sister is tired of her stylist. Where'd you get that done?"

Here are a few pointers, simply guideposts:

- Keep it short.
- Make it seem casual, like, “Give me your number so we can grab a coffee sometime.”
- Open your phone and have your fingers ready to dial. This suggestive pose encourages her to comply.
- If you need to make the transition between “directions” and “can I have your number,” you have to tip your hand a bit. Perhaps the least threatening is something like, “I’m new to the area and don’t know my way around. Let’s grab a coffee sometime and take a walk...” Alternatively, if you sense she’s digging you, then just make like you’ve noticed she’s cute, “Wow, you’re really cute. Let’s grab a coffee some time.”
- Don’t ask yes or no questions; rather, make statements.
- Don’t ask if she has a boyfriend or if she’s available; she’ll let you know if she’s spoken for. NEVER ASK IF SHE’S SINGLE. Women bristle at the idea of being single – many think it means they’re defective.

A good rapper – in the original sense – keeps his language loose, flowing, intuitive and pertinent to the environment and task at hand. He stays in the moment. Verbal game requires you to be fully present, giving the situation your full attention, but not in a forced way. It’s like playing a sport well. And, like any sport, your game will benefit from practice. If there’s a skill set necessary, it’s the ability to remain intuitive and creative on the presentation front, while running analytics behind the scenes. That is because you need to handle this interaction critically. You are not, in fact, stopping a stranger to ask for directions. You’re setting up a girl for a date later that night or week, but she doesn’t know it. Having a brief interaction without getting the phone number is worthless, as I’ve said. It will not further your goal of having sex with her, obviously.

Emotional Kinematics

What does that mean? Are we back in an eleventh grade physics class? Sort of. Kinematics is the branch of physics that describes the mechanics of motion. The movement of emotions within a woman’s head is complex and it can be tumultuous, but that motion is governed by a set of laws, believe it or not. In no particular order, here are some of the laws as I know them:

- If a woman is over-pursued she will lose interest.
- Unavailability is a huge turn on for most women. They do have a breaking point after which it becomes neglect, however.
- Women generally like to become intrigued by the man while they’re unsure if he’s interested.
- Women don’t mind to be attendant to a man who has a calling or is passionate about his work; they’re happy to be the one who is there when he needs a break.

Keep these ideas in mind as you interact with your women.

Rejection and How to Deal with It

First of all, you are not getting laid if you're not getting rejected by some women. In fact, the more successful the player, the more he gets rejected (scratch head). That's because it's a numbers game, and a good player is taking shots all day long, maybe fifty times a day. He might get fifteen good numbers, and he'll have sex with three of those girls. Not bad for making some small talk here and there. It's a myth that the pros don't get rejected. The difference, however, is how they deal with it and the context in which the "rejection" is uncovered.

I say uncovered because the rejection (or acceptance) is there the moment you engage her. There's a small chance you can change the state of her position, but most of your work will be bringing what's latent to the surface. Your job is excavation. The information you need is interred and you must, like a skilled archaeologist, dust off the layers to get at the treasure.

A good player doesn't come on too hard with a direct "Can I take you out sometime?" line. He uses all the indicators of the interaction, including such obvious things as an engagement ring or wedding band. More subtle tells include body language, eye contact, effusiveness, and compliance. Most good hustlers don't ask for the number before they know it's in the bag. If you have good mental armor, meaning you can take straight rejection, you can plow through the crowd, but that's rarely the most effective maneuver. Better to ask some probing questions and allow her to disqualify herself, thus avoiding a "rejection moment." Questions that reveal: Where do you live? (maybe too far; vacationers are good), Do you go out a lot? (probably single), Are you a student? (weak relationship, stakes are low). I usually have fun when I finally do ask for the number: "Since you live all the way downtown and I'm up here, should we even bother trying to meet for a cup of coffee?" Puts it in their court. The more humorous and casual you keep it, the better. Since girls like to be entertained, bring out your performer. If she has an engaging minute or so with you, she'll want to keep that feeling going and the number holds the promise of a re-connect.

Avoid "hard" questions that force them to make a yes/no response. The point is to avoid situations where they have to choose between losing face ("Yes, I am a pathetic single woman.") and eliminating the opportunity in front of them, which is you (No, I'm not single. I have a serious boyfriend.). Reading between the lines should tell you that the worst thing you can ask a woman is "ARE YOU SINGLE?" If you must, ask obliquely: "Are you available to meet for a drink?" or "Since neither of us is married, I think meeting for a cocktail is allowed..."

Keep it non-committal and fun; you are a breeze in her life lifting her up like a leaf. Nothing heavier than that.

You will also develop a detachment as you become better at this. You will learn to engage women in the anteroom of your psychology. You'll invite them into the emotional foyer and have a discussion with them but you'll learn to keep them out of the interior of your house until they've demonstrated some key qualities. This skill, which you will automatically develop as your lifestyle changes, allows you to interact with many people (not just attractive women) without venturing too much of yourself. To criticisms that this makes a man cold, uncaring, sociopathic, etc., I say how can we afford to truly live in a modern cosmopolitan world in which all of our interactions are fully

transparent and in which we extend ourselves completely – emotionally, financially, and physically? There needs to be a personal remove if you're a hustler. You can still have a rich life with your male friends, family and if you choose, some girlfriends or, eventually, a wife. But when it comes to random cute girls on the street, be careful. If you don't practice some reserve your reality is going to be pockmarked with soured expectations, cancelled engagements, and other disappointments.

Missed Opportunities and Global Population

Careful here. Don't let a missed opportunity derail your whole hour or day (or, God forbid, your week!). I still miss plenty of opportunities on a daily basis. In fact, yesterday I let three hot girls walk past and I did nothing (reminding me that women never initiate contact unless they're given ample time and the circumstances are just right). That was yesterday, and I'm still thinking about it. But, and here's the good news, I've met ten women since then. *Don't let one missed opportunity cascade into a series of hesitations until your confidence withers and you turn in on yourself.*

Get back in the game. This really is a sport. The best way to break a negative mindset is to get into your next interaction. Keep going. All the best players know this. They have a tenacity and perseverance that drives them forward, despite occasional stumbles. Any peak performer has fought through sluggish periods in which their game is sub-par. It's called a rut.

Remember that even the best of us can't "kiss all the girls," as my old boss used to say. As men, we often want to get them all, but keep it in perspective. Even legend Wilt Chamberlain only slept with 20,000 women. And that is a self-reported number, so who knows. 20,000 out of a female population of over 3,000,000,000 is 0.00067%. Granted, those 20,000 were a select group of young, attractive women (I hope), but he barely made a dent. So keep your cool and move on to another prospect. Next!

And here's a piece of comforting wisdom: the hot girl you missed on the street may not be nearly as fun, sexy or good in bed as you imagine. You may be surprised, on the other hand, by the quiet, reserved, plain-clothed girl sipping coffee at Starbucks®. Don't get too worked up about the ones in the stream that swim by. Focus on yourself and your game, and your own numbers will climb.

Pipelining

Not all pipelines are in Hawaii.

Many exist in the minds and cell phones of men across America. The concept of a pipeline is that if you're really going to have fun with women on your terms you need a lot of supply, because for any number of reasons, some won't play by your rules. Keep in mind that it will take some time to fill your pipeline to a level that allows you to have new girls in your life on a constant basis. That may sound overwhelming and perhaps it's too much for some men. I'll confess that it does take a certain amount of time and focus to keep all these women engaged.

However, a full pipeline allows you to make last-minute plans and also to double- and triple-book. Basically, by having a deep reservoir of cute girls, you will always have options. The hardest time of day to have a sexual rendezvous with a woman is in the late

morning/early afternoon because most of these girls work. If you're connecting with chicks in the middle of the day you've achieved true "player" status. You're also probably unemployed.

If you're new to the game, it may take a bit longer, but a decent player should be able to fill his pipeline (forty girls) in about three weeks. After that, the early numbers start to go stale. By that I mean a woman's interest and availability are perishable: she may meet a boyfriend, lose her phone, move out of the city, or eventually become suspicious of you since you haven't met face-to-face and you're simply an anonymous telephone number. Work the street and venues in your area and get those numbers in there. You'll be amazed at the power of a phone number if you use it right. It can bring a cute girl you've only met for 45 seconds to your door at 10PM, ready for seduction and sex.

Also, don't get too bogged down with any individual girl, as I've mentioned before. Remember, you're trying to get forty numbers (at least) into your phone so you have something to work with. Getting frustrated or distracted by a single girl, no matter how hot, is an amateur move. She'll probably be a dud anyhow, and you need to get into a position of strength where you have options. That one girl with the cute figure or face or style or whatever, is trying to control your reality with her looks. Don't let that happen. If she's down to play and gives you the number, great. If not, keep walking.

Beauty is what a lot of women use to control men; we use money, access, physical force (or the threat of it), etc. Falling under the spell of a woman's beauty is going to weaken your game. It happens to all of us, but in the early days when you're trying to transform your life from a lonely, single existence to one of abundance, don't get mired down with the "promise" of a hot girl. They'll drag you around with that, for quite a while. You need to get on top of your love life in a serious way and she's working against you. Move on.

A Side Note: Presentation

Your image is comprised of two components: your looks and your style. You have limited control over your physical appearance, not counting grooming. Style can always be enhanced, however.

Looks

You have a genetic heritage that determines if you're short or tall, heavy or slight, hairy or not. There's not much you can do in this department. There are two measures you can embrace that can change some of your God-given attributes: physical training and surgery. Of course, you can build your body, and if you've got the time and inclination to do so, I say great. Don't be misled, however, to think that pulling a lot of girls has anything to do with muscle mass. You will get more notices and if you have a girlfriend, she's sure to appreciate your physique. Unfortunately, I have no evidence – personal or anecdotal – that working out will increase your flow, in terms of better game, or hotter girls. The problem with indirect methods (bulking up, a flashy car, bling, etc.) of scoring girls is that they a) take effort and time to acquire and maintain, time you're not working your prospects and b) you merely get their attention – you still have to convert.

These inanimate objects won't do the hard work for you and men come to rely too much upon them. There are exceptions – such as a huge yacht in the Mediterranean that will impress a group of hot Russian gold-diggers – but if you have access to that you don't need this guide.

Also, from what I've heard, the gym isn't an easy place to get traction; women are on their guard because they're wearing little spandex shorts. A good rule of thumb is that any situation in which a woman feels a heightened sense of attention (especially sexual attention) is a situation in which it will be harder to win her interest. The reason for this is that she's aware of general male attention and she enjoys the ego boost. She may not want to jeopardize this attention by paying you singular attention, thus pissing off other men; she'd rather bask in the glow of male adulation than make a specific connection with you. Also, she's suspicious of you because you're clearly interested in her on a physical basis (this is always true, but not so blatant with street game).

The gym and bars are examples of poor settings for this reason. Perhaps the extreme case of this is a strip club, in which the stripper knows a) exactly what your intentions are and b) doesn't want individual attention that will detract from the group gaze. So, as men we have to operate counter-intuitively. It seems natural to engage a woman when she's wearing the fewest pieces of clothing, but it will be hard. Work them when they least expect it and you'll put in less work and enjoy them more. And remember: a half naked girl who flirts with you but fails to give you a number is worth nothing, but a fully clothed girl who gives digits and really wants to meet soon is worth a lot. Remember, most of "game" is about perception. In a crowded gym full of testosterone-fueled men, a hot woman feels like a goddess – and she is. You don't stand a chance against her ego. That same girl, though, a few days later at the grocery store or laundry mat will be genuinely open to meeting and chatting.

Surgery is another option. I haven't had any work done, but I know procedures exist for men. Obviously, it's your call. I'd say that going under the knife for the sake of impressing women (though they do it for us all the time) is not a strong move. It's an admission of inadequacy which may haunt you. If you have wanted to do something for a while for yourself, I'd say fine. Getting calf or pectoral implants to look better at the beach seems silly and dangerous to me. And, again, the players I know (including myself) do very well with none of that. Besides, the beach – where you will strut your stuff – is a weak scene for the reasons I mention in the preceding paragraphs. Careful with big decisions of a medical nature – you could be heading down a very frustrating, expensive and worthless road.

Style

What constitutes style? Everything you do, say and show. There's even a guy in the seduction community called "Style" – that's how imperative it is to get this right. Part of the reason this has a lot to do with game is because it's the number one silent communicator. Body language, confidence and style are interconnected. Together they form your *image*. And women get wet for *image*, believe it or not. They're not very concrete thinkers in this department: you can show them an Adonis who has "superior" traits in every physical and intellectual category and they'll choose the skinny rocker because they like his style and they want to be part of his image. It's annoying to have to

accommodate that type of thinking, but it can also be a fun part of the game and you will learn a thing or two along the way.

Style is worth exploring because it's an area over which you have tremendous control. The dictates of your family or job may make some suggestions hard to implement, but for the most part, you're free to dress, groom and behave as you choose in your social life. Let's look at style along several dimensions: grooming, fashion and hygiene.

Grooming

I got a haircut yesterday and I feel like a goof. To top it off, I also trimmed my considerable scruff. The effect of less hair is amazing. I feel it and so do the women I'm sleeping with. I went from tufts of long hair and a strong-jaw look (accentuated by heavy scruff) to a puffy boy's cut and ruddy cheeks. I don't feel the least bit sexy or alluring. I have enough lined up so that I can still have sex based on my pull from last few week, but I don't have much traction on the street. I still get numbers, but I can feel with some women an absence of magnetism. It's discouraging, no doubt, but not insurmountable. Also, hair grows and by next week I'll be in peak form. Sometimes I go from hirsute to clean-cut as a kind of catharsis. Invariably, I overdo it. Luckily it's just hair.

What's the lesson here? That women like scruff and longer hair? That's not a bad wager, especially the scruff part. But, plenty of men pull off a shaved head with finesse: Agassi, Willis, Beckham. Granted, these are good-looking, rich, celebrities, but they've departed from their locks and still look good. I will elaborate on scruff, because it's definitely a chick-magnet.

Scruff

Forget images of the wholesome guy, corporate do-gooder or military official – women want it rough. Your face, that is. They will complain about a rash after kissing you, and if you dive below, careful, but invariably they will love the touch and feel of a facial hair. Obviously, it's attractive to them because *they can't grow it*. And it signifies something else: a rebel's lifestyle and attitude. Few men who are gainfully employed can sport scruff, as a consistent thing. The boss won't have it. If you can swing it, you're differentiating yourself from hordes of other men, and announcing that you're an artist, independently wealthy or simply don't give a fuck. For many of you in corporate America, it will be hard to swing, but maybe you can let it grow Thursday through Sunday night, thus giving you three nights to go caveman. By the third night (Saturday) you should have a shadow that highlights the jaw and draws out dark eyes, giving women a tingle in their nether regions.

Here's a little tactical secret: if you have to shave, do it the night before, after a warm shower. Then, by the end of work the next day, you'll have something to play with. On the three-day strategy, that means shaving Wednesday night and having a relatively clean-shaven Thursday, a rough Friday and then a sexy weekend.

For those of us lucky enough to live a lifestyle in which we can dress and groom as we please, I recommend using a beard trimmer, the kind found in most barber shops. I use a WAHL® HOMEPRO hair clipper. Once a fortnight, I use it to shear my scruff and

it does a great job. Without guards (used to guarantee certain lengths of hair) the clipper gets pretty close, leaving me with the scruff I'd typically have two days after shaving with a razor. Even this is too close to look ideal. About two days after I use the clipper my scruff comes in nicely and continues to look good for about ten days. Make sure to do this in the bathroom because little hairs fly everywhere.

Almost every woman loves to feel the scruff and comments on how she loves it. I think that's sufficient evidence. I'll leave it up to you guys to figure out goatees (which I wear in the summer, occasionally), soul patches and other forms of beards.

Also, keep in mind the savings – no razors or shaving cream. And, I know it's better for your skin to use a clipper; razors shave away the top dermal layer, which is what we call "razor burn."

Cheaper, healthy, sexier. I'm sold.

Where else do men groom? I'll leave the debate about whether to shave balls up to you and your friends. A couple of things, though. You can use the same WAHL® clipper on your pubes. If you do use the clippers, careful on your scrotum. I learned the hard way that you should keep the clipper a millimeter above the sac-skin. It will bleed. Also, I've never shaved my pubes but judging from women's experience, I'd say that razor bumps will be horrible and it will itch.

Tweezing your mono-brow is a must. I've yet to find a woman who likes the thick line of hair above the nose. The best tweezers (thank you, Annie) come from Switzerland and are called Rubis. Get the ones with angled pinchers. Don't get crazy plucking outside of the designated region or you'll be chased by fags. Keep it to the inch right above your nose.

Also, you can get a nice pair of Rubis nose-hair scissors, with blunt tips so you don't puncture your septum. They're good and keep the rascals down to a manageable length.

A note on nails: keep 'em short. Both sets.

Fashion

This is a whole category, and people will have many opinions. I don't want to say anything definitive, but I'll offer a few rules of thumb. Also, the caveat is that I live in Manhattan, which is the fashion capital of America, so we're sensitive here. In *Getting Laid* I talked about a downtown look and an uptown look. Downtown was jeans and a black, form-fitting designer t-shirt. Uptown was a suit with a fun shirt, or jeans and a blazer, with loafers. That's still fair. I'll say a few more things, culled from empirically observed female preferences:

- Form-fitting sweater, shirts, button-downs and jeans are more flattering. The tailored look is good and signifies that you have class and money.
- Natural fibers – wool, silk, leather.
- Italian made
- Buy fewer items of higher quality rather than tons of cheap merchandise.
- Designers do make better clothes.
- Build a wardrobe over time

I'm a bit over 6 feet and lean. I have long arms and broad shoulders, but a thin frame – good for competitive swimming, not off-the-rack clothing. I favor the high-end Italian designers – Gucci, Dolce & Gabbana, Armani, CoSTUME NATIONAL. If you have the same build and have a hard time finding slim fitting shirts and sweaters with sufficiently long sleeves, try Dolce. They make beautiful and ridiculously expensive clothes.

Whatever your body type, budget and esthetic sense, follow the bullet points and you'll improve your fashion presentation. In general, your clothes don't need to "wow" her, they just can't detract or distract. This goes along with the idea of the female *disqualification paradigm*. They're on a course to copulate; don't give them a reason to veer. Ill-fitting or cheap clothes will cause most women to turn the wheel.

With shoes, Ferragamo works well for dress, Gucci for loafers, Prada for trainers (this is New York, after all). Adidas makes nice, less expensive sneakers. The point is that you should buck up and spend a bit more on your shoes and take care of them. They really can make or break an outfit, and women *really* notice them. I've personally known a woman who has disqualified a guy based on his shoes.

Hygiene

This is a chapter about what our mothers taught us. Do we wipe our asses? (yes) Do we shower often? (every other day) Do we get the wax out of our ears with a Q-tip®? (not since I was a boy). I don't need to patronize or talk down because I'm not squeaky clean. I'm more on a European timetable with showers, etc. That may seem gross, but I don't sweat that much, I don't work a normal job and when I do sweat I don't have strong body odor. I'm basically lazy and I like *the way my hair looks after a couple days without shampooing*. Shampoo and other hair products basically strip hair of its natural oils. It then becomes dry, stiff, and brittle. It doesn't have the sheen and pliability that makes hair sexy. Of course, we can introduce conditioners and hair oils and other products, but too much stripping of these natural oils makes hair limp and coarse. It's obviously your call, but I like how my hair looks after a few days without shampooing.

In the fragrance department, I'm generally an *au natural* kind of guy, but there are plenty of great colognes on the market, I'm sure. A girl once bought me a bottle of Gucci cologne (in 2003) that I spritz on if I really feel like getting into the mode. I've had to learn to use very little because strong perfume/cologne is a near-universal turn-off. And fresh breath? I have only one thing to offer beyond the standard trio of brushing, flossing and rinsing: the OOLIT® tongue scraper. The one I have is white with a serrated plastic edge with the brand-name and OXYfresh® printed in gold. It's a nice little tool for scraping plaque and gunk off the tongue. I have a friend who carries one with him when we go out and does a quick scrape in the public restroom before chatting up the ladies. I'm not as consistent with it, but I'm always amazed at the build-up it removes. It's a good tool to add to your oral hygiene arsenal.

MIDGAME:

Moving Beyond The Digits

The Idea of Discipline

This is the most important concept for the player to master. Without it, he's a Gump. Your game will be defined by how disciplined you become. Any master – Tiger Woods, George Soros, JFK, Derek Jeter – is defined by discipline. Discipline, restraint, terms, rules – call it what you want – it will save your ass and wallet more times than you know. Of course, it's easy to talk discipline, much harder to implement it when it matters. And that's the precise point: discipline only matters when it's most needed and hardest to honor.

Few areas of your life will require a better understanding of discipline than in your relations with women. They are a sophisticated breed, inculcated from an early age with values that help them seek out a man of resources, exploit those resources for the nest, and have offspring. God Bless Them! I'm glad they are programmed that way. It's a problem, however in the dating scene, because you may want to sleep with a girl and not have a family with her. And why spend time and money you don't have?

At its core, the “game” is really this dance – getting the milk without buying the cow. And for anyone reading this guide, it's plain that women have a much better system for getting what they want. They also have the support of a society that defends (despite feminism and women's lib) their agenda; the solo guy looking to have some unattached fun has few options: ugly girls, hookers, porn, liquor... It's not the easiest thing to lead a carefree life of abundant sexual partners and easy times without opening the wallet at all – and not spending hours courting the girls.

I've made headway in cracking the code and I'm writing it here for the benefit of other guys who may be in-between relationships, need a break, or are sour on commitment. Whatever your reasons, you can enjoy a life of abundance – if you develop the discipline.

- The amount of fun sex you enjoy on your terms is directly proportional to your level of personal discipline.

Much could be written about this, no doubt. Here we'll focus on some key aspects, things that are sure to emerge as you work on your rap.

First of all, know that women are in no hurry to sleep with you. The urgency is on our end because of opportunity cost (the other girls we're not pursuing) and the burn rate of “entertaining” this woman. (Note: as you'll see, if your entertaining involves spending money on women you haven't yet slept with, you've got it backwards). In my experience, a woman will hang around a guy in whom she's interested for quite a while as he executes courtship moves. This is fine if you plan on marrying this woman (how you'll know you want to marry someone before sampling the goods is beyond me). But, in the casual setting of modern-day dating, this is a case in which the man has lost control of the situation.

Never rely on the women to let you know when you've spent enough money, time, jokes, “social proof”, etc on her and that now it's ok to initiate a physical relationship. She won't do it. There's a reason (among others) that it's men who build aqueducts, wage wars, erect pyramids, build canals. Never rely on a woman for timing, for her to make her mark on the situation. They are conservative animals; they'll wait

until the energy or money has been bled dry and then still, they may not make the move. The timing is your domain. Remember that: timing is your domain.

I mention this because it's the key insight into exercising discipline. Perhaps the biggest difference between a guy who gets "lucky" once in a blue moon and a real player is that the *player owns the timeline of the date*. When I approach women and deal with them everyday, I engage them on my own terms. Of course, some don't like it. That's the discipline. You'll know you're getting there when a woman you'd love to sleep with walks away because you've moved too fast or have been too direct. It's counter-intuitive, like so much else in this world of modern-dating. But don't worry, I guarantee (one of few I'll make) that if you develop sufficient discipline such that women are actually walking away, you'll be having more sex with hotter girls, on a monthly basis. That's because your confidence will be building as you feel your masculine energy emerge and you'll be engaging plenty of girls but only pursuing those who are qualified leads. Your actual success rate will go through the roof, I promise. Remember that, the first time a women doesn't agree to your terms – they can be as simple as "Give me your number now, because I'm late and I'd love to see you later for a coffee," and she balks – you're actually making progress. Prior to this you haven't been penetrating the tranquil female status quo with your rich, masculine energy. You're starting to make a footprint. Congratulations.

If you really develop this precious quality of discipline, you'll actually feel it viscerally when your tested, proven terms come up against those of a real hottie, a woman in control of her reality. You'll feel the tension and negotiation that takes place. It's exciting, in a way. She feels it, too. Most men, of course, don't go here because of fear: they're so excited about this one hot girl in front of them, they're afraid to piss her off because maybe *she's the last good-looking woman on the planet*. Come on. They know – or intuitively sense – your fear and they work it so you have no integrity. Watch it happen with yourself, or to your buddies. Even guys in relationships suffer from this fear.

The more experienced I've become with women the more women I've actually pissed off. Read some of the blogs on jezebel.com or gawker.com. But, my sexual success with women during this period has actually soared. It's like the fox that sneaks into the hen house. They're all squawking and fluttering about but I've never eaten so well. Why would women become so animated and frustrated but that I've penetrated some of their closely-held secrets and beliefs?

Until we, as men, learn to reclaim this territory we're going to be weak and seek to sublimate sexual frustration in things like cars, wars, guns, etc. But, I digress. If we can agree that long-term relationships, including marriage, are clearly a woman's domain, then we should, at the very least, exercise our full prerogatives when single. The big ruse of monogamous relationships is that women have succeeded in convincing us to *voluntarily* enter into a situation in which we have no sexual alternatives. Think about that. The way the institution is set up, men willingly agree to forgo all the other sexual options so that their woman is happy. If that's not evidence of a women's agenda and her control of the situation, then I don't know what else is. Of course, given our biology, monogamy is a much easier concession (generally speaking) for women than for men, who are designed to spread their seed. I do understand the need for the family unit for purposes of child-rearing and for stable societies. I guess we could argue that point, too,

citing villages that raised children collectively and examples of polygamy, but this isn't an anthropology paper, so I'll refrain.

So, I'll concede that for modern, Western society the family unit is necessary. We men sacrifice a lot for achievement of that ideal; witness a fit, successful man burdened by a fat, unattractive harridan. But, for God's sake, don't give them our single life, too. This, we need to own. The entirety of this guide is designed to allow men to maximize their enjoyment and prerogatives during this period of their life. Anything we unconsciously cede to women during this period is only our own fault.

I wrote something for the blog on The Today Show that gets to the center of this issue.

Challenge a woman immediately to force her out of her comfort zone.

Just as in sales, you need to offer a proposition to your prospect. In fact, this is done on the street in the first ten seconds when I ask for a telephone number. Shit or get off the pot, right? I found that unless I force a decision upon the woman, I learn nothing about her. Is she open-minded, a risk-taker, or closed and conservative? Can she adjust to new information, or does it confuse her? In my experience, the real interesting part of dating is the drama that unfolds when I'm unyielding about a position and I get to see how the woman reacts. This is not as hostile as it sounds; I simply believe that in the chaos of NYC dating, I'll only get to see a woman's true colors when she has to decide. The rest is platitudes, pleasantries and bullshit. No one ever reveals themselves by being polite, is my experience.

The discipline comes from recognizing a situation isn't going to work out on your terms and walking away. You must have faith to do this, however: faith that there will be another woman around the corner that may more closely fit your ideal.

What exactly does discipline-in-action-look like? There are two points of contact with a new girl that are profoundly revealing: getting her phone number and asking her up to my apartment. Push-back on either of these that can't be overcome with good "game" disqualifies her. I don't care how hot the girl is... Think about it. If a woman gets you to break on a small point and sees that weakness, you think she's going to relent? Or respect you when you've jumped through all her hoops? I've found (and so have my other male friends who are successful with women) that a difficult woman never becomes easier. In other words, you'll know after two minutes – usually after fifteen seconds – with what type of woman you're dealing. Sticks-in-the-mud never become carefree, spirited women, in my experience.

If I ask for a woman's number and she flat-out refuses, usually citing a boyfriend, I'll just move on. (On occasion, if she's playful and I think she'd do something if she were single I'll take her number and tell her I'll put a two-month forward indicator after her name. Two months later, I'll text her; if she's still involved, good for her. If not, we'll meet then. I've had success with that counter to the boyfriend objection. Just like sales!) But, the discipline comes when the girl wants to bullshit and add layers to the modes of communication: "No. Why don't I give you my email address" or "No, but I'll take yours." I often try to talk through those objections, or just dismiss them while I open my phone saying something like, "Why are you making this more difficult than it has to be?" If they insist on email, business cards, taking my number or any other bullshit, no matter how hot they are, or how much they *seem* to be interested in connecting, I walk. I'm usually not very polite. I just walk away. Clearly, this type of girl wants to do something

other than communicate directly; there are probably many explanations, but why speculate. There are other women out there to meet.

The second point of negotiation occurs when I ask them up to my apartment. I have different tactics for doing this because I've learned that setting up the evening as, "You're going to come over and we'll shag," doesn't capture their romantic imagination too well. I'll get into tactics later. The point here is that after I've set-up everything as well as possible, if she still refuses to come up, I'll almost always send her packing. She has an entrenched position which we could call, "I'm not going into his apartment to be alone with him" and I have a staunch position we could call, "I'm not going to go out and spend more time on the street/in the park or spending money at bars/restaurants/movie theaters/opera." Many women will discard their position and come up, but a percentage of them are hard bargainers and the only course with them is to declare "No Deal!" Buckling to her terms after such a tense face-off is going to demonstrate weakness so a) she'll drag you all over town to demonstrate her victory and b) her loss of respect for you will prevent you from getting nookie.

The discipline, of course, is being able to walk away from an attractive girl in whom you have previously shown interest, secure in the knowledge that you have plenty more to choose from. In fact, another one should be there in twenty minutes if you're doing this right. Among the most powerful allies we have in the game are other women. I've said that the single most powerful word a man can utter is, "Next!" It's to the benefit of the single man to maintain a large inventory of fun, available girls. A difficult girl can always be jettisoned in favor of one who is more willing to play. Take advantage of women's constant jockeying for position and attention; believe me, they're doing the same on the other end. If you follow these guidelines, you'll be playing a much tighter game and operating in a more select space than the average Joe.

Another tenet:

- **The degree to which a man is devastated when a relationship ends is equal to the degree to which he has compromised his terms.**

If you learn nothing else from this book, absorb this message. Men around the world are suffering because they don't know or understand this one sentence. Maybe I should have said "heterosexual men," but I think this applies to any partnership, really. The point is that women will test your boundaries in many ways you don't even know. The more you give up *against your better judgment* the more hurt you'll experience when you split. A very simple example is the guy who chases the hottie around town wining and dining her, buying trinkets, extending himself beyond his better judgment, all in an effort to please the insatiable appetite of his woman. As she loses respect for him because he's violating any sense of self-respect or personal/financial boundaries, she'll have her eye out for the next Joe. She'll *Lilly-Pad* (jump from one sucker to the next) and our poor sap will be alone and on the hook for who-knows-what. He'll have "lost" (though he never had control of the situation, because he was out of control) the girl and he'll be full of anger and regret. The problem with bending terms to please a girl is that both parties lose respect – the man for himself and the woman for the man. She senses, even if it's subconsciously, that she can bend her man. Once she knows this, it's over. She can't fully

surrender to his love, because she doesn't trust him. His strength and integrity is questionable.

The man, for his part, is devastated with the outlays he made, whether they're outlays of time, money, affection, vulnerability, or reputation. If he gave too much and the relationship ends (which it will) he will feel fully bankrupt because he'll feel as though he gave everything and it was all for naught. He lost. He's empty, done. Finished.

I think the reason I'm so rigid in my dating is that I take a risk on many women and I'd be crushed if I extended myself for each of them. Only after they've demonstrated their value to me do I open my wallet, make time, show affection, etc. I invite them to my home and those that comply get to know me; those that refuse get cut. It's the only way to interact with many women and not get dragged around.

Living by uncompromising terms will empower you, I guarantee it. When I know what I want and what I will accept, it's much easier to navigate the dating landscape. I can approach a woman with confidence, knowing that I'll test her willingness and I will learn if she's interested without giving up much on my end. The profound truth of this tenet can be seen in two ways – the despair of a bereft man after his woman leaves (he didn't honor his terms) or my contentment, for example, when a really good-looking woman refuses to come into my apartment. She's beautiful and she turns and walks, never to be seen again. Believe me, I would love a shot, but I have too much experience to imagine it will get better if I comply. I know her type. And, once I close the door, there's a brief sting because I'm not going to be with that woman, but in a matter of seconds I'm over it. Why? Because I didn't give up anything in a futile attempt to please her. She did all the leg-work. She came uptown and waited for me. She paid for the cab on her own. She got dolled up. She came up the stairs behind me to my door. The fact that she didn't stay is unfortunate, but really, I was simply living my life and she was along for the ride. If I had been alone, I would have done nothing different. That's another key point. No matter how hot you think some girl is, you're better off just doing your routine and inviting her along for the ride. *That is the true test of keeping your terms. Live you life as you wish and see if she sticks around. If she doesn't, you will NEVER have a satisfying, functional relationship with the girl.*

That is why I take such issue with the dating protocol. There exists some generic template for “date night” that doesn't mimic most people's average routine. In addition, how can a one-size-fits-all approach apply to all different types of people? Injecting couples into this mould of dinner and a movie tells us very little about these people. It circles back to the excerpt above about “forcing her out of her comfort zone.” I don't mean push her down stairs, or turn up the thermostat to 120°F. I was indicating that a man should do what he pleases – he should lead the night as he would if he were alone or with a friend or lover; in other words, along his vision – and see how she responds. If there are problems when he's in his natural operating state, how can we expect that they'll ever work out? A stable relationship will develop only if she succeeds in changing him, which never happens.

The more you honor yourself, the less you'll care if she leaves. Don't spend more money than you want to, don't forfeit opportunities you seek, don't shirk responsibilities or short-change friends for your girl. Your relationship will last longer this way and if she does choose to leave (or you choose to leave her) you'll be fully intact emotionally, financially, personally and spiritually.

Again, this is all about discipline. Why? Because women have an insane ability to test their men in every way. The testing begins on first contact when you're getting her telephone number. It will continue indefinitely, but you can curtail it by demonstrating early on that she can't affect you. In a way, it's a form of stoicism. More simply, it's a discipline that you need to exercise in the relationship, especially at key moments when she's really intent on getting you to do something that you'd rather not do. That's the key – the discipline allows you to maintain your independence, which, paradoxically, is what attracted her to you in the beginning. Maintain that masculine integrity and direction and she'll admire you, fuck you and cease to test you at every juncture.

She will trust you.

Phone Game & Volume Texting

You only need one tool as a player and that's your cell phone. Everything will happen from that little device, so take care of it. More sex than you can imagine will flow from the circuitry of your mobile phone. I know it's the single most crucial tool, because when mine died today on the subway, I was useless. I threw in the towel. There's always the back up of pen and paper, but it makes the whole exchange awkward and obvious.

You'll use your phone in the initial moments of the encounter, often to signal subconsciously your intent to take down her number. If it's a crowded place and you feel she may not want to advertise the fact she's giving you her number, then you need to have her whisper it to you. Girls love to do this. It has an illicit feel, and may actually be a bit dangerous if there's a boyfriend nearby.

You'll use the phone to send mass texts and then to work your phone game. Once a girl has committed to a meeting you'll use the phone to watch for her arrival downstairs. As you can see, it's a vital instrument. Make sure yours is durable and that you have good reception in your apartment, which is an obvious point, but I just upgraded and my phone is so fickle and the reception frustratingly weak. I have a land line, but that's for long calls to close people in my life (and businesses that seem intent on putting me on hold or through automated menus).

All my game goes through my phone. One note that I'll return to when I discuss closing is that you have to make sure you know how to silence your phone. This is important if you're double or triple booking because when a girl is over getting your intense attention, you don't want the phone ringing or vibrating. It will disturb your moves and it won't take long for her to realize that since you've had an exclusively text-based relationship with her, the incoming texts are probably from other girls in line (which they are).

Also, if you really want to put yourself on industrial footing, you should inquire which phones have the longest "add recipients" list. My phone lets me add 10 girls at a time, which means six annoying cycles if I want to blast 60 girls. And, as you'll learn, on about cycle two or three the first girls start responding so you're dealing with incomings while you're trying to get the message out. I'm sure there are phones that allow for unlimited group texting – I'll look into it.

So as you build your inventory of numbers, you'll need to learn the art of texting. The first rule is to send out a blast with something that sounds personal like, "How you

enjoying this beautiful day, babe? You'll get back a stream of texts over the next few hours. They'll break down into several categories:

- Who is this?
- Hey, yeah it's nice out.
- -no response
- What are you doing?

Learning how to manage your female inventory will determine how well you do as a single man. It all comes down to this because you won't have further physical contact with these women unless you can get them to meet. It's nice to establish a bit of a text rapport with these women, on a two day cycle. Just say hi, comment on the weather, ask them what they're doing, etc. Keep it light and casual.

A challenge is to move beyond the *telemarketer paradigm*. As you get a nice stock of numbers, you'll start to find that some don't respond to your mass texts, or respond intermittently. For these women, you've become a telemarketer. Their POV is that some guy they met briefly is texting them a bland message a few times a week. They may not even read them. These are likely goners, but you can recover a few using customization. For those girls you remember as particularly sexy, flirty, curvy, fun, etc. make the effort to craft a personalized message such as, "Christy, how did the manicure go? I bet those beautiful hands of yours are looking quite fine!" or something equally unique. She may still not respond, but at least your message will register as directed only to her. Pique her interest just a bit and you're on your way to getting her to commit to meeting for a drink.

Once you've got a nice group of female text partners you can start looking to the week ahead. Get a planner. Every night you should be booking at least two girls, one at 9, and one at 10. Send out a text the day-of. For example, if you want to see the girls on Tuesday, send out a text Tuesday at noon saying, "Let's grab a drink tonight..." Ellipses are a very helpful way to suggest an ongoing conversation...

A few of the girls will be available that night; many won't. The ones who give you lip such as, "Didn't your mother teach you to give a girl proper notice?", can be fun to tease, but if you sense a serious tone they're probably difficult women, and I'd avoid them, or give them some witty comeback. The ones who say yeah, sure, book them right then. Here's an actual example of a girl from today:

ME: Let's grab a drink tonight (50+)
NICOLE: Sounds good... Can we meet on the later side?
ME: Yes. 930?
NICOLE: Ok great where shall we go?
ME: Meet me at 68th and Madison and we'll figure out.
NICOLE: Ok I'll meet you there at 930?
ME: Perfect.

I met her an hour ago. She wouldn't come up, so I walked her a block to a bench and talked to get a better feel (it was a nice night out and I needed to take the garbage down). I told her after fifteen minutes that we wanted different things and sent her on her way.

Learn to do this right so you aren't spending your own money. She was nice, so I didn't feel right telling her to get lost – she'd come several miles and was all done-up. But, upon closer examination I wasn't that sexually interested. And, I had another two girls – one I've already fucked, another who's a good prospect – lined up if I had wanted it.

As the example above makes clear, it's possible, in as little as four texts, to transition a girl from a random setting (I met her last week smoking a cigarette outside a restaurant downtown) to my door at no cost or hassle to myself. You don't need to do anything cute here. Just get her to the door. Now you have choices – you can take her out on a date, or you can bring her in and get to work on some lovemaking.

Three words on calling girls: don't do it. Negotiate everything over text. If she doesn't have a cell phone (foreigners) move on, it's not worth it.

Note: Make sure you change to a plan with unlimited text messages as soon as you recognize your game is starting to improve. If you don't, you'll blow through standard packages and bankrupt yourself.

The 11% Rule

You may find your results differ, but in two independent data sets (mine and that of a friend) the following rule holds: I fuck 11% of the girls whose number I get. I work hard and “number close” a hundred girls and I'm rewarded with sex with eleven of them. By the way, the number seems to hold over a large sample size, so my advice is get the numbers of the hottest girls you can, because it makes no difference: you'll still fuck 11% of them.

What do we make of this number, eleven? It's just barely a double-digit figure. In some situations, 11% is a poor showing. Getting an eleven on a math test is abysmal. However, an 11% return on an investment isn't terrible, if economic conditions are rough. A defect rate at a Toyota plant of 11% wouldn't be acceptable. So it's the context that's important. 11% may seem low at first blush, but it's actually quite a strong number. Once you get your game strong and resilient, you'll attempt to meet almost every cute girl that crosses the transom. If you live in a target-rich environment, like a big city, you'll probably cross forty cute girls a day. You can see where this is going...

To illustrate, I'll take a look at my week just passed. I had sex with 5 girls from Friday to Wednesday night. Very strong, even by my standards. 4 were new, one a repeat. Where did I meet them? One at a lounge months ago and she's been out of town, busy, yadda, yadda. Finally, it happened. She was on her period, so it was a bloodbath. Good sex, though. The next one I met down the street during the lunch break in a retail area. She was eager, but a tease. She got it, though. The next was a girl I've been seeing casually for a month, or so. I met her in a church, believe it or not. And she's a real little maniac. The fourth was a girl I met sitting near a fountain listening to music while she contemplated a job search. She came over but it was a false start; two days later we met and it was on. Great sex, 22 year-old Filipina/German. She felt amazing. Wednesday I slept with a British-born Southern woman. I met her on the subway a week earlier.

Writing this now, it's more evident than ever that a player needs time. I have an efficient system, but I still need time to accommodate false starts, teases, and general logistics. I mention these women to show you the diversity of places I meet them and I'm

sure if I ran the regression analysis, I'd find that I'd picked-up 45 girls to enjoy these 5 on my terms. What happened to the rest of the girls?

The break-down of pick-ups, at least in Manhattan, looks like this:

- 2 girls either don't respond to texts or fall off after three or four pings. We never meet.
- 4 girls continue to text but always have an excuse why they can't meet: girlfriend's birthday party, "at dinner", can't leave roommates, have to wake up early... These types often want you to come out to meet them. Don't fall for that; you'll get sucked into a vortex of female group dynamics that will kill your game. Effectively, they don't want to meet. These are the most frustrating, and often are quite hot. I still get bogged down in this sometimes. Careful!

The remaining 4 will meet on my terms: at my house, after 9PM, alone.

- 1 comes over and doesn't play. The conditions are ideal but she's hung up on some nonsense and won't let herself enjoy the encounter. Reasons include: "I don't know you", her period, can't stay long, etc.
- 1 or 2 will give me head but not sex.
- 1 or 2, I'll fuck.

This is a rough template of what you can expect when you're at the top of your game. And this, of course is without spending a nickel, or doing much more than chatting for a few seconds and then texting at various points through the day.

Here's one more thing that's worth considering. I said it may have taken me 45 "number closes" to fuck 5 girls. Arguably, I'm leaving a lot on the table. Other guys may deem it worthwhile to handle each number with kid gloves and respect the delicate sensibilities of the girls and woo them in. Maybe. I have a friend who takes a slightly more personal approach; I'm more industrial. Interestingly, we have the same ratio, tested over both our considerable sample sizes: 11%.

On the front end, 45 number closes are easy in the course of a week. They wouldn't have been in the beginning, but now with my game so tight I can accomplish that over the course of the week just running errands and getting coffee and grocery shopping. If each one takes about a minute, that's less than an hour of work to fuck 5 girls. Most guys put in more than an hour on a first date with some chick and they may not even fuck her. Granted, there's the time need for text follow-up but that's fun (usually), it can be done anywhere and it's a process that's dynamic, meaning I sense pretty quickly which ones will play and I don't spend much time on the duds.

Pick your strategy. I've settled on this right now because it's the most powerful game I've seen. And I've run with some strong players here in NYC.

The Spreadsheet

Much has been made of my purported Excel® spreadsheet. The origins of the document are interesting, as well as my justification for using it. So, here goes...

I was driving cross-country in the summer of 2001 with a close friend and we hit a stretch of prairie land in Montana or Idaho. As the undulating fields kept coming and the stretch of highway continued diminishing in the distance, the topic of past loves came up. Part of the reason was that I was making an impromptu circuit of past girlfriends. It was a turning point in my life – I was 26 and had just left a collapsed internet business – and I was returning to Boston with no real plan but a vague sense I wanted to both finish my university degree and finally escape the gravity of New England. I eventually did both.

On this tour of ex-girlfriends I'd seen my pregnant high school love who was finishing her medical residency. I was soon to stop and see my Mormon ex in Idaho who took my virginity and was now a convicted felon unable to cross state lines, thus relegated to a Midwestern existence. She was pursuing her nursing degree and was just as reckless and fun as ever. In the course of our meandering, Tim and I got on the topic of numbers – who we'd shagged, who got away and if we could recall all our exploits. I scribbled as he drove. Out of that moment of inspiration came a short list – maybe 30 girls – that I had been with. About a sixth were relationships, with one-offs and vacation affairs sprinkled in. I was tormenting by a nagging suspicion that I'd forgotten one or two names in the fog of memory. To this day, I think there is probably an ex-Janka lover who has remained forever anonymous because she's avoided this now nationally-known document.

I kept this scrap of paper and when I did return to Harvard that fall, I quickly entered the names on the computer. I chose a spreadsheet over a Word® document because the spreadsheet has cells that are numbered and names can easily be entered, moved and amended. My motives were neither calculating nor nefarious. Over time, it seemed responsible to update the document as women came and went. It grew slowly over the subsequent months because I had a girlfriend, but my last month in Boston was fruitful. I hit the ground running in 2002 when I landed in NYC. The rate of entries accelerated. The list grew.

In 2005, 06, and 07, the list sputtered, populated only by the occasional “pass” that Annie granted. Since November the velocity of names hitting the sheet has been impressive. Then again, my full arsenal of skills is now at my disposal. I've become an unapologetic playboy.

So that's the origin of the “spreadsheet.” It has an appropriate name, as well. This was kindly pointed out by a female critic.

On to justification... Rather than let the names and memories fade into oblivion, isn't it more honorable to preserve them? I function as an archivist of my own sex life. In a way, it could be seen as flattering to have your name affixed permanently to a document that has a certain sanctity. I respect the spreadsheet, and after every encounter I dutifully return to it, update and save it. I entered 144 last night – a leggy Thai girl that is a beautiful combination of sweetheart and vixen: the ideal feminine balance.

In a way, I'm sure many of us memorialize past lovers. Some guys keep a “little black book” or an address book. Maybe they actually put a notch in their bedpost –

though I have a loft bed without posts, and I'm not about to write on the wall. Some claim to put a notch in their belt. At \$150 a pop, I'm not damaging any of my Italian leather belts. It seems to me that in this day-and-age of digital technology (and cheap memory) it makes perfect sense to document my adventures with a Microsoft® product.

Food (or, Keeping Your Energy Up)

As I made clear in *Getting Laid in NYC*, dinner is anathema to sex. That's not to say that once you're in a relationship a romantic dinner with candlelight and wine can't lead to a night of passionate lovemaking. In the beginning, however, it's better to avoid food if you want to establish a sexual dynamic with your girl. There are many reasons for this, among them the fact that big meals make people feel unsexy, bloated and needing to take a shit. Also, it sets up a poor reward mechanism, to put it bluntly. Buying a girl dinner and giving her two hours of your time before she's demonstrated sexual interest and before you both have explored chemistry is a bad strategic decision. In theory, you could buy dozens of dinners for women, with no positive sexual result. In that scenario, you're simply subsidizing female eating costs.

Getting away for a minute from the dinner paradigm, let's examine what you should be eating a) before going out to pick up some girls and b) before making your move. These are guidelines, rather than hard and fast rules, so I encourage experimentation around the edges.

If you decide to spend fours on the streets performing with you wingman, you're going to need energy. It may sound like easy work, casually walking around and hitting on girls, but it's not. It's very draining because it's performance and the one or two minutes you're fully engaged require everything from you. When you approach and engage an attractive – possibly impenetrable – girl, you're going to need to have all your psychological and emotional energies focused to make a good impression, buffer against failure, stand your ground and tolerate the stares or guffaws of passersby. Of course, it gets infinitely easier once you've gotten the hang of it, but it's work building your game and keeping composure. Actors will tell you how draining it is to perform because it requires such an intense focus and full presence. Street game is high-level performance and it takes a toll on body and mind, like any peak performance.

To keep your body fueled, you're going to need complex carbohydrates and plenty of hydration. Sugary foods will cause an energy spike and then drop you flat. And when you're flat, you won't get any numbers. As many “gurus” will explain, you need to enter a cold interaction with a good amount of energy – either displayed or restrained – so the woman feels something from you. You'll also need to approach confidently, piercing through any fear of possible rejection. These two obstacles – her expectation of strong energy and your fear of rejection – are going to be insurmountable if your energy is flagging. You'll throw in the towel and wish to retreat to the comfort of your couch and remote. I've been there. Unfortunately, a few hours later, when you've relaxed, you'll have no date options.

I've been out with my wingman several times when my energy has fallen off. He senses it and, being a good team player, gets me to a bodega immediately for three key ingredients: Clif Bar®, odwalla® VANILLA AL'MONDO® soymilk shake and a small bottle of water. Eat the bar and drink the whole shake. Walk a bit and then start sipping

the water. This combination is tried and true and won't slow you down to shit or make you feel "full" but it will give you a huge, sustained energy boost. I discuss it on the Dr. Phil show, actually.

After eating this combo, you'll feel a strong lift and you'll have a lot of energy – energy you can direct in a positive way to bring attractive women into your reality. And stay hydrated. I sometimes cheat or augment this system with a cup of coffee to get a little pick-up. I find walking the streets of Manhattan the perfect blend of conversation (with my buddy), exercise (we may cover five or six miles) and entertainment (people-watching and pick-up). Some people like to veg-out in front of the TV – for me a stroll and a chat is the best pastime.

What about when you're waiting at your crib and she's on her way? I'd advise the same thing, or perhaps carrots and some almonds. And water. Always water. You'll need to keep drinking so you don't get parched as you spit your rap. If you do it right, she'll be doing most of the talking, but then maybe she'll need a sip. Things to avoid are big meals and garlic or other pungent foods. What you want in the final stages of the game, as you're making your move, is something to give you enough energy to remain horny and focused (if you get too hungry you'll start thinking of food and lose interest in the girl) but that doesn't make a mess. It also has to be something that's relative inconspicuously to consume. You don't want to create an "eating" vibe when the candles are going and the music is playing and you're trying to get her in the mood.

Maybe since I don't drink, I don't have the benefit of alcohol in the belly which may curb appetite. I do know that I can easily get hungry if I'm chatting with a girl in my apartment for 45 minutes and I haven't had dinner or had it long ago. But, suggesting a meal out or getting a bunch of messy food down from the fridge will change the vibe and it may be hard to refocus it on sex. *As I've said before, women usually don't mind postponing sex and are also looking to disqualify men, so shifting from a sex mode to an eating mode is a standard way to cockblock yourself.*

Interestingly, and I'm no biologist so this is merely anecdotal, there seems to be a mechanism that curbs appetite once a man or a woman becomes sexually aroused. As a friend of mine often says, "If they're hungry they can eat, or they can have sex. Either will satisfy the appetite." In practice, it may be a bit harder to convince a girl who's hungry to lie down and undress but I've done it. A meal is always more satisfying after sex, anyhow.

Double and Triple Booking - Benefits and Pitfalls (Advanced Game)

To implement the "Next!" paradigm, of course, you need contingency plans. Since you don't know how your first girl is going to respond, it helps to have something lined up on the backend. Lining up girls at say 7PM, 9PM and 11PM has benefits but things can also backfire.

If a guy has skills, a two hour block of time is sufficient to see if the girl is willing to play. The advantage here is obvious: if the first doesn't play, you have a fresh start in a few minutes. It also adds a psychological element that is not obvious. If a guy knows he has three fish to eat, if the first one's rotten, he can toss the whole carcass – he doesn't need to try to suck the "good" meat off the bones. It's the same thing with women. If

she's all you're looking at for the night, you may not bring strong game because you're living in fear. *What if she walks out? Then I'm alone tonight and it's a Saturday!*

So, get around that by overbooking. It will allow you to move forward confidently, not overly worried if she'll get offended or put off. I'm not suggesting you act like a brute (not to mention the legal implications), but as men we need a rebuttal to the classic female POV that, "Since I have the pussy, I make the rules!" Bullshit. Line up plenty of women so that if she's being difficult you can get rid of her.

The tactical elements of double- and triple-booking are crucial. Line them up to arrive at your place, and space them out by 2 hours. You're going to sit tight and have them come and demonstrate their value-proposition. This is called turning-the-tables; most dating protocol is designed to have the man demonstrate his value to the woman. Inherent in that paradigm is that she's in a superior position. That's not true at all, so don't reinforce that structure.

So you've booked the dates by text. 7:07 the first one shows. You invite her up, the mood is relaxed, the lighting mellow, and the music suggestive (see *Castle and Kingdom*). She comes up and you work your magic. Make her laugh, show her a photo album, get the hug in. All the moves are working in your favor, but then you hit a wall: she clearly doesn't want to play. It's 8:43. Wrap it up in a friendly tone (she may come back because your integrity is still intact. It will be something unusual for her, to have a guy who's clearly interested cutting the line so early because he doesn't like the pacing. Another counter-intuitive gem!). Let her out and once she's gone straighten up the place, splash your face with water and get ready for audition #2. Ironically, you'll be in a better position with the second girl, because you're "warmed up." You'll have a confidence, and cocky distance that the second girl won't be able to put her finger on, but she'll feel that you're a man who has options and that it's her privilege to be spending time with you. Repeat with #3, if necessary.

More likely than going into #3 is that you're making progress with the second girl and now you've got a different type of problem, one borne out of success. The clock ticks on... 10:15... your hand is down her pants...10:34...she's topless and straddling you...10:51, she's jerking you off. Clearly, something's going to hit the fan. You have to excuse yourself to the bathroom or somewhere and text this last girl that some emergency has come up. In my experience, you'll have a hard time booking this girl again, because of *A Little Thing Called Women's Pride*. But, it may be nice to let her know you won't be there, if for no other reason than you don't want her buzzing your door or calling your phone incessantly while you're in the throes of a toe-curling blow-job.

Now, on to... Money!

We're all fascinated by this fundamental unit of modern capitalist society. It takes on a particularly pivotal role in the dating world. I imagine everyone reading this has their opinions about the role of money in male/female interactions. No doubt it plays a huge part – or at least the appearance of money does. I'll get to that in a moment.

Let me first tackle some legitimate objections sure to be raised by young players of modest means. Of course, a guy with money has an undeniable advantage, there's no getting around that. Women, even self-supporting ones, like the idea of their man being a capable hunter, that he brings home the bacon. And, in a more practical sense, money can

create the conditions conducive to sleeping with many hot women. If that's your play, get to work right now, invest wisely, and don't get married. And read the tips in the guide, because they'll bring your game to a new level.

Smoking-hot gold-diggers buzz around the moneyed set like so many moths, particularly in a metropolitan city like NYC. And, they are often the sexiest, hottest, most stylish girls around. It's easy to get jealous of these men, who shamelessly use money to attract women. We all know that women are turned on by power, one manifestation of which is money and the ability to support a woman in grand style.

There's also the practical matter for many of these hotties of supporting themselves. If they're from poor international countries and they haven't a marketable skill set, a man of resources is necessary. The alternative is direct prostitution. So, plenty very hot, unskilled women need a man's income stream or they'll have to go back from whence they came.

Let's examine the life a rich guy, who made his own money (we'll get to his trust-fund counterpart in a moment). Having gone to Harvard, I'm friends with both types and I can offer you some comforting insights. First, men who work hard in business – on Wall Street, for example – log big hours. They are always at the office and working on some deal or stressing on some task that must get done. Sure, when they relax and have time to handle the logistics, they can organize women at a level the Average Joe cannot. Who else is buying \$3000 bottles of Cristal on a Saturday night? Or booking a weekend trip to Miami with suites for all their buddies at the Delano? Women love this type of pampering, and you need the cash to play.

I worked for four years in that world, at three different hedge funds. Many of my friends live in that world. I can tell you, the rule is that these men work hard, long hours and they don't chase much tail, at all. After a 15 hour day, they want to come home and sleep, maybe with a girlfriend who can provide easy comfort and a few laughs. Most of these men have girlfriends or wives who are not the vixens of our fantasies... Part of the reason the hard-working guy's life is incompatible with the life of a player is that he's perennially exhausted and doesn't have the energy or interest to bullshit a 24 year-old for an hour on a Wednesday night, trying to seduce her into bed. He's impatient and this ego won't let him spend that much time trying to win the affections of a knucklehead. Also, he doesn't necessarily have strong game.

The second reason these men don't play the field as much as you think is that once they've made a few million, they become suspicious of females, and rightly so: "Are the girls really laughing at my joke, or do they just love eating at Per Se, for \$500 a head?" The irony of this approach (make the money, get the girl) is that once he's made the money through considerable work and admirable discipline, he may come to doubt people's intentions. It's a grand irony, but unavoidable: like a girl who wears a plunging neckline and then suspects that men only want her for sex. And of course, what man wants to waste money on floozies when he's worked so hard to make it.

\$3000 for a bottle, come on!

The inherited-wealth crowd faces a different prospect. Maybe they've got a fund that spits off money like water and they can party at RoseBar till 4AM and then wake at noon for lunch at Le Bilboquet. Fair enough, and a hot 24-year-old would love that life, if she's not serious about her work (or even if she is). But the trustafarians have a different challenge that derives from the source of their income: family. Daddy has set-up

something nice for little William, but that doesn't mean William can fuck-off and bang young models indefinitely. There's the family business to learn, the right woman to court, the appropriate society parties to attend and the wedding to virginal Suzy to plan. I see it among my friends in this category: eventually the burden of family expectation breaks the will to party. They must fall into line and accept the mantle of family responsibility. And playing the field doesn't go with this "respectable" lifestyle. Even at the height of their game, most of these guys have to play with a set of supplemental rules that dictate who and in what manner they may date.

So, there you have it. There's really no free lunch.

If it's not money, what's the commodity that most benefits a player?

Time.

I have a friend who's the owner of a high-end reclaimed lumber business in Portland, Oregon. He's making more money than he's ever seen. Has it affected his game? Marginally, but the responsibilities of the business mean he has less time to meet and entertain females. Though he still does fine, he used to really clean up as a charmer. He told me the other day during a stroll that it's clear to him that time, *not money*, is necessary to meet and sleep with many attractive women. Time is something I've had for a long time and I agree. The hustle of meeting, communicating and "dating" women is time consuming. I've pared it down to a science, but still I log plenty of hours on the street, texting and chatting with females back at my apartment. It so happens that I have enough money to do what I want and I enjoy the hustle. Also, for me, walking is a superb way of experiencing the world and it's great exercise!

So, if your goal is to meet and sleep with lots of women while you're still young, don't think working in some office for years is the answer. A schedule that allows for you to spend time where the women are is the best plan.

How to Spend the Money You Do Have Towards Getting Laid

If you're like almost all men, you're restricted in what you can spend. \$200 for dinner, drinks, dessert and the opera is \$200 you can't spend on that ski trip with your buddies. Assuming you have some money to allocate to your dating life, I suggest spending it on "durable goods." This means things that you will use on a recurring basis, such as clothing, accessories, rent to live in a decent part of town where there's good female foot traffic. You can read my initial piece, *Getting Laid in NYC*, to understand why dinner is a lost cause (statistically speaking). Other ways to waste money include expensive first-date activities: opera, plays, ballet, other ticketed events, etc.

You're better off spending that money on looking your best and creating an environment that's conducive to getting laid. Maybe that means buying a comfy daybed so you don't have to make the obvious gesture towards the bedroom. I have a friend who's incredibly successful with women and he does most of work on the daybed. They sit on it to relax and converse and then he moves over, cuddles with them and then takes it to the hoop. No awkward negotiation about getting her into the bedroom. That psychology hump is a pitfall on the first date because it really signals to the girl: CAREFUL! YOU'RE ABOUT TO SLEEP WITH THIS GUY. DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THAT?

The beauty of durable goods is that they perform consistently. You can talk your way around not going to dinner, or taking her on some fabulous date, but your beautiful Prada shirt or Gucci loafers communicate on a level that speaks volumes about your taste, social class, style and sexiness. You'll feel better wearing your best and you'll make an impression that goes right to the heart of her attraction to you.

How do we, as men, shrug off the societal burden of paying for dates? The simple answer is to spend time with your woman alone in your house. I live near Central Park, so in the summer I can take them for a walk through the gardens. My position against paying for a girl until she's proven her interest by sleeping with me (and also the situation becomes much more relaxed after sex) is supported by a recent article in the *New York Times* (August 3, 2007) that demonstrates, based on Census data, that women in the decade after college now make more, on average, than do men.⁴ So, those twenty-four-year-olds we all love are making – on average – enough money to pay their way. Granted, I'm older, and fall outside the demographic, but the point remains: men are today on their weakest economic footing vis-à-vis women.

A Final Note: Money has Universal Value, Hot Chicks Do Not.

As men, we imagine that beautiful women have it easy – that doors open for them wherever they hope to tread. Not so. It's true that a beautiful woman has many options and that she is often handled with a grace not afforded her more homely sisters. But, think about it this way: the beauty of a monetary system is that any holder of cash can exchange his money for what he wants: a couch, sack of beans, a Maybach, a box of toothpicks. This property of a good is called fungibility:

Main Entry⁵: fungible

Function: *adjective*

Etymology: New Latin *fungibilis*, from Latin *fungi* to perform — more at function

Date: 1818

1: being of such a nature that one part or quantity may be replaced by another equal part or quantity in the satisfaction of an obligation <oil, wheat, and lumber are *fungible* commodities>

2: interchangeable

3: flexible

Money is fundamentally fungible; it evolved for that express purpose. A beautiful woman, on the other hand, has great, but not universal, value. To a hungry, seventy-two-year-old hunched-back woman, the young girl is meaningless. To a throat cancer patient in need of a tracheotomy, the beautiful girl offers little hope (but maybe some relief!). The point is that cash has far more utility than the sexual offerings (both abstract and concrete) of a gorgeous girl. Just ask a John after he's finished with a prostitute. This is a secret men don't know and women guard preciously. A beautiful woman, if she's nothing

⁴ <http://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/03/nyregion/03women.html>

⁵ Entry from Merriam-Webster's English Language Dictionary

more to offer, is useless in many situations. Just rent the original, Italian-language *Swept Away* to learn more...

Guard your money, men!

SEXUAL LOGISTICS:

Making It Happen

Two Categories of Men and the Immigration Analogy

What's the benefit of being a U.S. citizen? Well, in theory there are many advantages – access to government benefits, suffrage, certain inalienable rights guaranteed by our Constitution and...you can't get deported. Fuck up on American soil and you'll get thrown in the slammer, but you won't get sent to a foreign country. It's the same with women.

There are only two types of men, in women's eyes: those they've slept with and those they haven't. Only those men who have legitimately been inside a woman have true citizenship. The others may be resident aliens, green card holders, or straight illegals, and they all run the risk of permanent removal if they fuck up. This is helpful to know because it makes getting sexual with a woman quickly key if you want access to her soil in the future. And getting close doesn't count. You can be fifty yards off shore in a dingy (hand-job), running through the border zone north of Mexico (fingering), sitting in a way-station at JFK (cunnilingus) – Fuck, you can be working as an illegal in North Florida (just the tip) – but if you don't have legitimate land rights, you can always be deported. Only natural citizens have claim to the soil.

In truth, there's a third category that trumps the first two – baby daddy – but I'm not writing for that audience and I don't want to stretch the analogy. The point is that once you've slept with a woman you're in a different category. She will hear you out, take your call, meet with you, give you the benefit of the doubt, grant you access to her soil. This is true in general, but some women here in NYC – hustlers in their own right – have cut me off, nonetheless, so there are no guarantees. But, there's something that undoubtedly happens to a woman once she's had sex with a bloke. He's been promoted in her company, somehow.

Touchy, Feely

Most men somehow get a woman alone in a comfortable setting, but then they freeze up: “You mean I have to invade her space and put my mouth on her?” Yes, that's right. If you want to fuck women, you need to develop that precious commodity called *physical comfort*. Women have tremendous powers of intuition and they'll know if you are shy, hesitant, nervous, etc. For a woman, the best aphrodisiac is a man who is comfortable with his physical self, and can playful handle a woman. This means touching, nuzzling, cuddling, laughing together (clothed or not), hugging, smooching, whispering sweet-nothings, etc. Most women have an innate sense of physical comfort – they are, for the most part, sensual creatures. A man needs to know this and he needs to become *part of their physical reality immediately*. If you don't do this right-off, you will build a virtual wall of “personal space” around each other that may be hard to breach. I know some of you may think, “Well, when we haven't touched, then the tension builds. So, when we do, it's electric!” That sometimes holds true, but more often, the man gets too nervous and abandons his prey or lunges and bites her lip off, freaking her out. I'd say that it's much more comfortable and easy to establish physical rapport straight off. In the seduction community it's called “kino.”

Never shake a woman's hand, unless you know you're not interested in her, sexually. Instead, give a nice, full hug and a kiss on the cheek when you meet for the first

time. If they insist on a hand-shake, I will give them a pound (fist). The hand-shake is so professional and registers you as an “associate” or “colleague” which is shit energy for sex. If she gives you one of those “have-a-nice-life” hugs – you know the kind, one elbow forward, ass out, tap on the back – call her out on it and bring her in for a full embrace. You have to break her self-image of austerity and female independence right away or you both won’t have any fun.

The more women you have in your life, the more comfortable you’ll become with physical closeness on a casual basis. In its extreme, you can be fully naked within ten minutes (or less) of meeting a girl and be perfectly comfortable. It’s quite liberating. After breaking through her bullshit with a nice hug in which you demonstrate you feel nice and that you’re not a physical threat, keep the physical closeness going, but in a casual way. This isn’t sexual, at all. It’s more like tussling with a cute golden retriever. Some rubs, here and there, a tap on the bootie, a little brush of the lips on the neck. Pull her in to whisper something – it doesn’t matter what – just to show her you can be close in a non-sexual way. As you sustain this playful contact as you walk through the park, museum, wherever, she will feel comfortable with you as a fellow animal of the same species. This is why dinner and coffee dates inevitably suck. You can demonstrate nothing but your manners and appetite. After sitting across from a woman for an hour of eating, you’ve demonstrated nothing worthwhile to her. Think about it.

Most dates should involve locomotion of some sort. Walking is ideal, and warm weather makes it a nice date. Walking is good for the above reason, but also because you have a constant stream of new experiences on which to comment, “Do you ride the bus to work?”, “Have you eaten there?”, “I used to shop in that boutique, but with the dollar so weak...” So, if you want to hang out with a woman, grab a cup of coffee and take her for a walk. Don’t sit with her unless it’s somewhere private/semi-private and on a couch where you can cuddle and be close. Any other situation *increases alienation*. You think you’re putting in “face time” but unless you’re really charming, you could be doing the opposite, increasing the sense that you two are, in fact, merely strangers.

The real benefit of all this, despite the fun of rough-housing with a hottie, is that when you’re back at your apartment, you don’t have to “make a move.” You made it already, when you hugged her upon meeting. Now, with the lights dim, the music on, and her by your side, it just happens naturally. She may even drive it. You’ve become part of her physical reality; when she gets turned on she feels *entitled* to you. Isn’t that nice?

Aggression and the Theme of Penetration

This is a delicate subject. I didn’t write *Getting Raped in NYC*. But, I also think that the emasculation of the American male is at an all-time high. Whatever the causes may be – women’s lib, decreasing relative earning power of the American male, a litigious society, a general political correctness that makes everyone suspect – it’s a fact that men are hesitant like never before to exercise their natural dominance when it comes to women. This is pathetic.

The final act of sexual intercourse is one of *penetration*. What women want, ultimately, is to be fully penetrated – mind, body, soul. And sex is a crucial part of this process. In the act of passionate lovemaking we, as men, repeatedly penetrate a woman at

her core. Again and again, harder and harder. Thrusting – holding her tightly so we can get deeper.

How do we arrive at this desired state?

- **Sex is the culmination of a series of smaller, subtle, negotiated penetrations – of time, thought, intent and agenda.**

Don't think you're going to have sex with a woman – which is an agreed upon violation (think hymen) – without driving through some resistance. The key here is to know when you can't move forward, and when you can negotiate an incremental advance. Negotiation happens in many verbal and non-verbal ways.

Verbal negotiation is the weakest form, but sometimes it's all we've got in a particular situation. Physical negotiation is the strongest form, because we're stronger and if done correctly it demonstrates your masculinity in a way that arouses her body. Financial negotiation is effective, but it *rarely turns her on*. That's the problem with the rich dude/hot chick pairing. Emotional negotiation is called manipulation and it can do a lot of damage. AVOID IT. This takes the form of saying, "I love you," when you don't, trying to leverage a friendship into a sexual relationship, any type of blackmail, such as being a family friend who "deserves it," etc.

The thing to internalize here is that as a man you must penetrate her, many times and on many fronts, before you penetrate her genitals. The best players can collapse this process into an hour or so, but that takes knowledge, practice and clarity of purpose. You can develop these things with time and effort, if it's important to you.

Sexual tension arises out of polarity, as David Deida repeatedly makes clear in his fantastic book The Way of the Superior Man. Don't be afraid to use the magnetism you feel toward a woman; just use it responsibly. As you drive the relationship forward, either on the scale of minutes or months, remember that your duty is to be an aggressor and continue to penetrate her feminine layers. Each time you challenge her opinion, decline an offer or suggestion, act independently, make a decision or overrule her objection, you are penetrating her. She will be turned on by this and draw closer to you mentally, emotionally and physically. The more you lovingly penetrate her, the tighter the dynamic becomes and stronger the polarity becomes. Until sexual union, your role is to penetrate everything about this beautiful woman.

To give some anecdotal weight to my assertions, let me relate a story or two. Several weeks ago, I met a girl out for a bite. She was with friends and I wanted a burger at this joint. I know this runs counter to all my advice, but the caveat is that she had been over to my house two days prior, had come into bed and we'd made out. Unfortunately, despite being turned on (I found out later) she flew the coop. Upon reflection, she decided she wanted it. I was getting off late from tutoring and she was at a bar/burger joint that serves one of the best burgers in the city. As I was eating, we chatted and I snuck in a few kisses. Then, getting ready to leave, she weakly protested that she was going to go home to her friends. Ridiculous, and her actions signaled the exact opposite, but I played my role. She asked if I was going to be a "gentleman" – they say this to hear themselves say it, so they can satisfy that cortex of their mind that says, "Don't be an easy slut." I told her I'd be, "moderately well-behaved." That satisfied her. She wants a man, for God's sake. We were all over each other in the cab and the clothes came off

immediately upon apartment entry. She was an incredibly sensual and giving lover. I still see her.

The point is, women actually want and expect aggression from their men. It just has to be done right.

Castle and Kingdom

So, she's on her way over – your plan is working perfectly. In general, don't communicate with a girl if the plan is in motion. "Checking in," on her to make sure she's coming is a sign of doubt and weakness, and it also makes it easier for her to back out. Let your plan come to fruition.

When she arrives at the front door of your apartment (or home, for those brothers who have been working diligently for years) you have a good shot at scoring. You want your place to position you in the best possible way and play to all your strengths.

Lighting

First, the don'ts: no overhead lighting and no fluorescent lights. Ideally, you want to have a dimmer connected to a single, incandescent bulb in a lampshade that creates diffuse light. Mood lighting is crucial because it...well, it creates the mood. Don't underestimate the power of a suggestive environment. Jailhouses have bars and a certain type of lighting, restaurants evoke a different mood, and gyms another mood altogether. Each setting is designed to motivate a specific activity, and plenty of analysts work to make each atmosphere the most conducive to a particular outcome. You need to be the analyst of your lounge area at home. Your desired outcome is sex (I presume) and the mood needs to reflect that. So, get a dimmer and a nice incandescent bulb. The dimmer allows you to turn the lights down a notch each time you pass the switch on your way to the bathroom or fridge. A dim, comfortable room will work wonders on your girl's imagination. And, women will appreciate the effort you've invested to create a sexy atmosphere.

Candles should be lit before she arrives. You can get a nice 3-candle set in a wooden bowl with polished stones. I paid \$9.99 for mine at Walgreens. Avoid scented candles; they're carcinogenic and you'll choke on the soot when you extinguish them at the end of the night. Your lighting therefore, should be part electrical, part paraffin and as you dim the bulb, the candles will do the lion's share of romantic lighting.

Music

"Silence is golden."

Whoever said that wasn't getting laid frequently. "Silence is awkward," is a better proverb. Even with girls with whom I'm comfortable, I often still prefer music if we're hanging out, having sex. Definitely, on first approach, you should have some music piping through. And don't be afraid of volume. A good playlist, at adequate volume, will do 60% of the heavy lifting for you.

Have the music playing when she comes in. Imagine you are her. She's walking in about 9 or 10 at night, and some very groovy, sexy music is playing, a great guy is

there to receive her and the lighting is dim and suggestive. It will allow her to relax and become *sensual*. What you are creating, and it's a bit of an art, is a sensual atmosphere in which the sexual is possible.

You don't know where she's just been. She may have just come from a cacophonous restaurant, or an annoying cab ride, or a loud subway car with bright overhead fluorescent lighting. Since you are the seducer, it's your duty to quickly wipe her mental slate clean and introduce a new mood. She'll thank you after. Who doesn't like a sensual experience?

Temperature

If the goal is to get the girl undressed, make sure your place is warm enough. Keeping the temperature up will make everyone more comfortable and it will put the idea of disrobing in her head.

Furniture

Where do you work best? The floor, a leather chair, a daybed, the traditional mattress? I live in a miniscule apartment so my single life has been an experiment in improvisation. Recently, I've found that I can throw a plush faux-fur rug on the ground and scatter some pillows around. With *Sade* playing on the computer and a set of tiered candles burning on the bureau, it's an ideal setting for sex. This floor set-up came out of difficulty I was having getting these girls up into my loft bed. I have a queen mattress spread out in front of a flat-screen TV, so definitely comfortable, but I came to realize it presented a psychological hurdle.

Because I move quickly and women are often in my dim apartment after only having chatted with me for a minute on the street and exchanged a few texts, they may not be ready to sell themselves on the concept of sex. This is an important point. If you're going to drive the date smoothly, but inexorably, towards sex (which I hope you do) then she may find herself confronted by the possibility of sex rather quickly. I've found that women think on at least two levels, perhaps the traditional conscious and subconscious mind. They may be at your place late in the evening and there's sexy music on and it's dark except for some candles. Obviously, you're trying to seduce her, and she knows this. But on a more conscious level she may tell herself that you're "just hanging out," trying to get to know each other. It's that more superficial, conscious, immediate mind which must be sold on the concept of having sex with you. And that's where furniture is important.

Your furniture and the lay-out of your room should be conducive to smooth transitions from, "Hi, how've you been?" at the door, to, "God, you smell great!" whispered behind the ear on the divan, to, "I can't believe how wet you are!" exhaled in anticipation as she reclines on the daybed. Anything that makes the sexual escalation obvious will work against you. You can take the most sexually excited woman in the world and take her out of the moment into a logistical situation – "Let's get our clothes, move down the hall, and go into my bedroom." – and she'll reconsider what she's doing. All your work will come crashing down in the neurotransmitting cascade of left-brain analytics. Don't sabotage yourself. If there's any place to spend a little extra money it's

here, on the seduction environment. I have a friend who does very well and he's got a large one-bedroom apartment on the Westside. He has a standard play, which involves getting the girl sitting on a very comfy daybed and then transitioning into cuddling and then touching and then kissing and then... He has sex with lots of girls and almost never takes them into his bedroom.

You know the expression, "The moment has passed."? Your job is to strike while that moment is happening. Poor furniture will prevent your success, I guarantee it.

Surfaces

I've had sex in the Mediterranean Sea, on bathroom countertops, car seats, taxi cabs, a leather chair, in the park, in the shower, on rooftops, in the back of a Suburban and, of course, in beds. The surface on which you have sex determines a good deal about whether the act is satisfying, or not. Leverage, traction, and comfort all come into play. At the moment, I have three possibilities in my tiny apartment: a big leather chair, a Queen-size mattress on a loft bed and the wood floor, covered with a faux-fur rug. Each has its advantages.

The chair allows for a variation on missionary style, with the woman's legs wide apart and over the arms of the chair. This is good for a feeling of domination, and grabbing the back of the chair allows for deeper thrusting. Also, she can spin around and get into doggie position. This is also good, because her ass is nice and high in the air. Ambitious lovemakers can even squat on the arms themselves, entering her from behind, thus penetrating from above. The chair does have some disadvantages, among them the limited number of positions (3) and the relative fatigue involved for the male lover. My legs often get tired when I have sex on the chair – unless I'm sitting and she lowers herself onto me.

The bed, with which most readers will be familiar, is a standard location for sex. It has all the comforts and accommodations you've come to expect. Unfortunately, I find the bed doesn't allow for the leverage a hard floor can provide. In addition, if you have a lot of partners, bringing them into your sleeping quarters can get messy. The strands of hair, crumbs from God-knows-where, and spit, ejaculate and menstrual blood builds up after a while, requiring constant sheet changing. Better to keep the bed for sleeping and for intimacy with a real girlfriend.

The floor, which I've used over the years, has taken on a central role in my activities as of late. It has the firmness and stability to provide a good working surface. With a comfy faux-fur rug, everyone's comfortable, and there's a slight amount of kink associated with being at floor level. Also, if you want to get on your feet, squatting over her for more control and power, you can do so; your feet will be planted on *terra firma* instead of on the spongy, wobbliness of the mattress. Also, as I mentioned earlier, lying her down on the floor doesn't have the obviousness of leading her into the bedroom and it's more spontaneous.

Condom Placement

My closing act is constantly evolving. I've got it down to a science by now, with the use of a faux-fur rug, big overstuffed pillows and *Sade*. However, a constant

challenge is condom placement and procurement. In the heat of the moment the woman will often yield to your tongue, fingers and warm breath on her neck. Everything is cheeky and she's stripped naked and you're ready. Where are the condoms? Shit.

That move can easily cost you the whole enterprise. If you do all of your work in the same place, then have a nice amount within arm's reach, no further. Even ten feet away is too far. Once you've taken your body off hers, or your fingers from inside her, she could snap back to "rational thinker" and kybosh the whole event. That's happened to me and friends several times. At the best, you may come back from getting the condoms to find she's got her trousers up and is checking her text messages. Think about that for a minute. She's signaled that it's over; her mind is now engaged in something analytic after you've been seducing her into a sensual mindset for over an hour, and your dick is limp. All because you didn't have condoms at hand. Good luck recreating the conditions of two minutes ago.

If you are a Tarzan fucker and bounce all over the room, then have packets of 2-3 condoms strategically located at each spot. Conceal them if necessary.

Condoms in the Act – Durex vs. Trojan

I thought God created all condoms equal. I was wrong. It took the loss of a hot 22 year-old Texan girl to teach me a valuable lesson. I'm imparting it to you here so you don't have to sacrifice a young girl to find this out for yourself: Durex condoms (and surely many other types) are impossible to open if your fingers are covered in spit, pussy juice, and/or lube. There's nothing more frustrating than having a willing girl with her legs open in front of you while you try desperately to fumble with a slimy wrapper that you can't tear. I tried my teeth. I grabbed a new one in a fresh wrapper. I asked her for help. Nothing helped. I just sat there like an idiot while my erection faded, and her doubt grew. After that fiasco (no, I didn't fuck her) I swore off Durex for life. Recounting the story the next day to my buddy he only laughed, saying that it was common knowledge that the foil wrappers on Trojans are the best in the business: easy to tear open under any conditions. So, ditch your Durex and buck up for some Trojans. They may be a bit more expensive, but they're worth it and you can't put a price on forfeited pussy.

Now What? (Getting Her Naked)

If there were a standard protocol for getting a girl on her back, naked, legs open and ready for sex, the guy who documented it would be an instant millionaire. Every guy in the world who struggles with that last few feet of the road - in other words, all single men - could use some pointers. Overcoming "last minute resistance" as the seduction community has labeled it, is a crucial part of the game. You may do everything perfectly, but if you don't have good technique in those last few moments you'll emerge empty-handed. The good news is that once you are inside of her, you've crossed a threshold; she's unlikely to stop you at that point.

Given that necessity is the mother of invention, I've had to learn the art of the quick close, given my circumstances: little money, no job, tiny apartment, no dinner, etc. I usually get one shot with these women and I better fuck them or there's no repeat showing. The way a woman's mind works in this regard limits my timeframe; they

decide afterward that I'm not a suitable "partner" so if I haven't had sex with them it's a wasted opportunity. I get nothing, they get everything, which for them, is enough information to make a decision about the long-term potential of the relationship. So, my compromising (and hopefully temporary) situation has benefited me and now will benefit you. It's been a unique experiment in honing the fast, free close.

So what do you do to take it to the hoop? First of all, the positioning has to be right. You need access to her neck, lips and crotch. Some positions that work: you sitting on an ottoman and she on a couch/chair immediately in front (the *Shoe Salesman*, we call it), both lying down side by side, spooning, sitting next to her with arm over the back of a deep-seated couch/daybed. Presumably, there are other positions that work, but if you're looking to be smooth, avoid angled appendages, arms akimbo and cramped movement.

The key to closing effectively is having established physical rapport at some earlier point. It may be enough to chat with her and touch her arm and thigh a bit. Or, you may have been walking, with your arm around her shoulders or waist. The point, as I've made before, is that if she's already comfortable with you – if you're part of her physical reality – then you've almost won the game.

The key to the lips below: the lips above. Once you've got comfortable positioning, the music is just right, your cell phone is silent, and the candles are casting shadows on the wall, a nice kiss, grazing her lips a bit and then moving in for a deeper, wetter kiss, will advance your proposition significantly. Good kissing can get a girl to do things of which her mother would not be proud.

Arching back, squirming, thighs wrapping and unwrapping, heavy breathing – all green lights. Coughing, laughing, muscular resistance, mace – red lights. A hand wrapped around the nape of the neck allowing you to angle her head so the "O" of her mouth meets yours is always a nice technique.

Remember, you have two hands. In the beginning, some light tummy rubbing and slight thigh/crotch grazing can announce your intentions, getting her wet for what's to come. Palm on tummy is a nice, comforting, affectionate move. If I'm lying down, I often find that pinning her far arm back is nice (with my arm outstretched behind her head). It gives me control and she likes the domination. Don't hurt her; just enough so she feels your strength. If you have one of her arms pinned back and her other one is immobile, you can reach for what both of you want: to feel her wetness. Slide a hand inside her jeans and feel her. Most women will be soaking by now. If needed, take a generous about of spit from your mouth (for some reason girls never have much spit, unless they're giving head, and even then not always) and carry it down to her pussy, applying liberally to the outside labia.

Be gentle with her flower. Only inexperienced college guys repeatedly jam their fingers into a woman. You can tell how turned on a woman is by how viscous her juices are and how much she's excreting. Another telltale sign: hard nipples. Though nipples get hard for many reasons, so that can be a red herring. I've found, after logging considerable hours with the female form, that "cupping" the outside of the pelvic region and playing with folds of her labia with all fingers in an upward sweeping motion feels very good to her (and it turns me on). Don't neglect her mouth. Saliva, properly used, is your accomplice. Use it to break the vault.

The nape of the neck and the roots of her hair on the back of her head are sensitive. A business partner once remarked that pulling hair excites women for

evolutionary purposes – Neanderthal men would drag women back to the cave before violating them. I find a nice firm grasp on a tuft of hair close to the scalp allows me to turn her head towards my mouth, making her available.

A position that I find very good, operationally, is the following. It works well on a girl with whom you're naked for first time, since you don't know what she's willing to do or what she's into, sexually. Have her lying naked (or with panties) in front of you. Imagine she's your worktable. You can be on your knees to her side, so that you're positioned about mid torso. Since your cock is at attention now (it better be!) you have options. You can finger her gently with one hand, kiss her easily since your mouth is close to hers, fondle her breasts and run your other hand through her hair. Also, your cock is close to her face, so you can encourage a blow-job. If she's going to oblige that night, it's going to happen right here. After she gets you nice and hard, grab a condom and get to work. Work the front, inside wall of the vagina by coming from below and aiming up. She can even lift her hips in missionary to help. This rubs the sponge-like tissue on the front of her vaginal wall – the G-spot. She'll really enjoy it and the two of you can build together, keeping rhythm, hoping in the escalation neither one of you comes first. Fun!

A final word about being sexually forceful. Clearly, we don't want to rape a woman because it's damaging to her and we'll go to jail where we'll be raped. But, the tension created by resistance and persistence is very sexually exciting to both man and woman. I had sex two days ago with a Puerto Rican girl who is very cute. But, we've had sex a few times, and our energy is off. I don't want to pounce on her when she comes through the door, nor does she work up into a sexual glow when we're in bed. The sex is good, though, but mostly because she's got a nice figure and our mechanics are fluid.

So, the other day she comes over, takes off her jeans and lies down on the faux-fur rug, legs apart, pussy open. I was there in my boxers. Granted it was the afternoon and light was streaming into my apartment, but the whole scene was not sexy. I got a hard on by jerking off and rubbing myself on her lips, but it took some effort. As I said, the sex was good. The point is that we had no sexual tension so the foreplay (or lack thereof) was flat. It's much more exciting to struggle with a resistant woman and feel her yield, little-by-little as she realizes she's dealing with a sexual juggernaut. As her excitement builds and you don't relent, she'll get so wet (and you so hard) that when you finally enter her it will be nirvana.

This has to do with a fact that isn't obvious to men: women get most turned on by the anticipation of sex⁶. The reason she's so wet and willing to let you continue after she's resisted multiple times is that it turns her on. She knows what's coming and her imagination – conscious, subconscious, physical – builds to the point where her body is fully sexualized, ready for penetration. I've been lying next to woman without making a move for thirty minutes and then when I reach down it's a river between her legs. She's been in gear the whole time, craving my touch, but unwilling to ask for it directly.

Let me repeat, because I've had trouble with this recently: when alone with your girl, turn off your cell phone or set it to silent. From experience, let me tell you there's nothing more distracting than trying to work a girl and having a series of incoming text messages from other women beeping on your phone. Not only will this disrupt the

⁶ This insight was articulated by David DeAngelo and it was the first time I'd seen it labeled. Thank you, Mr. DeAngelo.

intensifying mood you're creating, but she may get wise to the fact that last night she was one of those incoming texts.

Issues of Respect

The adage, "Sleep with the guy right off and he won't respect you." goes back a long time. I was going to say *Since time immemorial...* but who knows. Anyhow, girls seem to believe (and mothers reinforce) this idea that sex and respect have a connection. My view is that respect can exist along many dimensions: I respect Jordan's dunk, I respect U.S. military might, I respect Kasparov's chess skills (perhaps more than his political maneuvers). A dumb female will not gain my respect by withholding sex; she'll become an idiot I can't bang.

I have had this discussion with women several times and they refuse to surrender their position under the onslaught of logical argument. Many are emotionally entrenched in the "holding out" philosophy. I have a friend who comes from a very successful family; his father screwed his mother in the elevator after their first date and they've been married for over thirty-five years. I was sexual with my last girlfriend immediately and we lived together happily for over two years. I see no evidence that a girl can "trap" a man by withholding sex, which is the real issue. Maybe on a desert island or in the backwoods somewhere, but in any city of considerable population a guy won't put up with it unless a) he shares the principle or b) he really likes the girl for reasons beyond sex. In the case of b) he'd stick around even if she gave it away on the first night.

Ridiculous.

Next time a girl gives you that objection, ask her what she wants to be respected for and then point out none of those things are related to sex. Of course, if you're trying to verbally negotiate with a girl, you've lost the battle.

Trying to Talk Your Way into It...

Girls rarely yield to verbal arguments. If you're trying to outwit her, forget it. They do respond to physical assertiveness, meaning if you can turn them on, they'll give in. So practice your kissing and hand maneuvers. Sensitive areas include the neck, behind the ears, the wrists. If you can get your hand inside a woman's panties and she's wet, you're almost home. A woman loses control if you're fingering her. Think about it: if a girl you weren't into all of a sudden starting touching your dick and unzipped your fly, you'd probably let her proceed, wouldn't you?

RELATIONSHIPS:

The Final Frontier

Girls on Rotation

What you have now is a guy's dream: multiple women asking to spend time with you. The benefits of this situation are obvious: you get to see an assortment of naked women and enjoy different sexual encounters with each of them. However, there are certain measures to keep in place to avoid problems.

Though most women will get the sense that you're playing the field – and most will accept this, in the beginning – none really want confirmation of their suspicions. Therefore, follow a few practical tips that will keep you out of hot water:

- Clean the place up a bit after every session.
- Have a drawer for jewelry; they always leave something behind.
- Change the sheets (if using the bed) or dry clean your faux-fur rug on a frequent basis. This is as much for you as it is for her.
- When you're spending time together, turn your phone to silent. Even if you're not in the middle of having sex, tons of incoming texts will arouse suspicion.
- Don't let her look through your phone, obviously.
- Tell them to text first instead of "popping" by. Having girls circling your crib is bad news.
- Have a few new, packaged toothbrushes handy for the impromptu sleepover.
- Plenty of water. Sexual acrobatics makes people thirsty.

Also, if you find yourself in the middle of a menstruation wave, it could be helpful to buy a box of tampons or pads. I haven't done this, but I've thought about it on a few occasions. I actually searched for some that my ex-girlfriend may have left behind because a girl was bleeding. No luck.

Also, if you're having a quick session, it helps to have somewhere to be. I often have a tutoring appointment or need a cup of coffee. This gives you a good excuse to get out of your place, walk them a block and then see them off. If you have a heavy load of women, knowing how to extricate yourself becomes crucial. Don't feel you have to give them too much information; these are casual encounters and the women aren't entitled to a microscope on your schedule. That's the province of a girlfriend who's earned the right to keep tabs on you.

Managing Expectations

Most girls that sleep with you will want more. Some will be content with a booty-call arrangement and others will never return. The ones that understand the situation for what it is – a physical connection between two people – are the best. The ones that expect more need to be informed that you're not looking for a girlfriend. Some may tenaciously cling to the idea that they'll get you to commit. Maybe you will. Maybe you won't.

I rarely have this problem because I must broadcast a "player" vibe. I meet the girls, we'll have a fun night or two or three and then things will moderate. We'll probably

have a light text relationship over the next couple of weeks. My moderate interest probably indicates that I'm not suitable boyfriend material. Actually, what often happens is that the girl gets very horny and texts a lot after our first session or two. I'm usually satisfied with her at that point and I'm looking at the next girl. It's a funny reversal of roles. I try to be as nice and accommodating as possible.

My goal when I'm single is to have as much fun with as many different girls as possible. I love a lot about women – how they look, feel, smell, laugh, giggle, their curiosity, etc. – and I want to have an abundance of them in my life. I don't want to hurt feelings – that's the last thing I intend to do. Unfortunately, it's hard to have many women in my life without occasionally disappointing some expectations. I mitigate this by being as up-front as possible. Obviously, I can't say, "This is about sex and nothing more. After two weeks' time we won't see each other again." Few unpaid women would be up for that. It's also not accurate, because some stay in my life on a continuing basis and occasionally I forsake others for the love of a single girlfriend. But, I do try to discourage a girl's imagination by avoiding romantic moments or situations in which she can envision me as "her man."

In this regard, paying for a woman takes on a particular significance. Most women can't help but view you as a "provider" when you pay for them. Taking her out and leading the night casts yourself as the dominant, decisive male and that role encourages her to imagine you as a boyfriend. If that happens, you'll have an emotionally invested woman on your hands and the situation becomes loaded. You're no longer having casual sex.

So, within reason, keep the relationship to the bedroom if you intend to maintain something casual. Going out to a meal after sex is fine, but lots of outings or fancy events where you're not being sexual sends the wrong message and can easily confuse you or her. A player in Los Angeles once commented that if you see a girl more than twice a week, she's your girlfriend. There's truth to that.

Scheduling

Given the chaotic nature of New York City, planning a date more than two days away is foolish. In fact, things turn out best if they occur that evening because you keep the momentum of the first meeting. The best nights of the week to meet are Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The other nights can work well, but often the girl has other plans or she expects a real "date." That's not to say you need to take her on one, just that she'll be thinking about being taken out; her objections may be more vociferous. I've already discussed the methods of double- and triple-booking. Just make sure you have the energy to manage all those women and the willingness to lose a few if you hit snafus. Like I said, if you stand her up, chances are she's gone forever.

The way I work a typical week is to get text confirmations from the girls a few days prior. Then, the day-of, I will send a short text like, "See you tonight." They'll come back with "when/where" or some request for particulars. I usually have them arrive at 9:30 or so. This gives us time to chat before getting jiggy. If you have a calendar, or Outlook®, you can line them up all week long. If you have a date every night of the week, you're sure to be getting laid.

Winnowing

How do you narrow it down to your core customers? Well, some girls won't play and they can be nixed. Others will play and disappear, which is frustrating, but this is *casual dating* so it cuts both ways. Your steadies will be get the picture soon enough. This may be the first time in your life when you're done having sex with a good-looking girl and you go to the bathroom to piss and check your phone and two other cuties have texted you, "Can I see you tonight?" Work through the system in this book and your dating reality will be totally transformed, I guarantee it.

A benefit of having ample *inventory* is that you can now make choices: tattoos, or none?, smoker or not?, tall or short?, breasts or ass? Finally, you're in a position of strength. Don't be too quick to give it away. Remember, that once you've entered a relationship with a woman where strong feelings are involved, your options will decrease to zero. In a monogamous relationship she is in control because if you stray, you're in the wrong and women generally don't have the same sexual urges to go outside the relationship. So, be careful about forfeiting your abundance.

Breaking It Off

Like a band-aid, I'd say. One of the benefits of being a strong male is that you can be sensitive to a woman's feelings but still direct. I've told a number of women it's over, or that the attraction wasn't there. They are hurt a bit, but we're both better off for it. The tangled, struggling separation that some guys create is painful to watch. If you're done fucking her, let her know it's over and that you had fun.

I've found that sometimes it's nice to keep them on the back-burner if they live out of town, for instance. It's nice to have a fresh piece of booty when she flies in for work every six months. Often times, it's not necessary to have a "hard-line" talk about the relationship. If she's a hottie and your attention falls away after an initial heated week, she'll be surprised, but she'll get the picture. Female pride works in the other direction, too and it can benefit the player. Once you tire of a girl, she'll generally leave you alone because her pride won't let her pester you too much. That's generally true, especially with good-looking girls. Scrappier chicks may hang on a bit longer because they have finally got some good attention.

The Girlfriend

So, how does that one, special girl make it all the way to your heart? I won't pretend to know what makes a girl special to each guy. Also, this isn't a relationship guide, per se. If you are in a relationship, it would behoove you to maintain your male identity and individuality so that your girl maintains respect and sexual attraction. That's as much as I'll say about couples' dynamics.

For me, I play with a lot of women until one – like Annie, my last girlfriend of 2 ½ years – is the right combination of beauty, warmth, humor, compassion and courtesy. It helps if she's a dirty little girl in the bedroom. We lived together here in NYC, which is unusual, and made a successful go of it for over two years – lots of laughs, meals, movies, sex, sleeping in, etc. I remember reading a book called Mating in Captivity when

I felt the passion was seeping out of our relationship. I still see her and love her, but right now, I enjoy playing the field. Too much excitement out there!

A final note on relationships: unlike game, where you can manage to land a woman “out of your league” by developing very strong skills, long-term relationships usually require that both man and woman are on the same level. By that, I mean you can only keep up appearances for so long. A woman who wants money will get it, and if you don’t have it she will leave you. If she’s very smart and you don’t stimulate her, forget it. Also, if she’s a goddess, she’s going to have a horde of men chasing her every day, so you will have to fight the fight on a daily basis.

Just something to consider...

The Danger of Obsession

All of us are, more-or-less, prone to obsessive thoughts. When it comes to the object of our desire, the obsession can intensify. I can be as neurotic as the next guy, and on a number of occasions my thinking became unhealthy and obsessive and I felt out of control. If you choose to play the field and date a lot of women, you have to learn how to maintain a detached interest in the girls and monitor your own thinking so it doesn’t get destructive.

There have been two girls in my five years here in NYC who have triggered an unhealthy response in my thinking. I will discuss them both and describe what I did. I will also talk about general tactics that you must employ if you are to remain sane and have fun throughout this journey.

Obsession – despite the Calvin Klein fragrance – is a dangerous state of mind. There are plenty of headlines describing the murder-suicide of a frustrated lover or jealous ex-boyfriend. Part of the game men and women play is to mislead, deceive, and tempt, and it can be exciting and fun. But, sometimes one person thinks that more is at stake and really gets invested in the idea of the other person. If the feelings and intentions aren’t reciprocated, confusion and anger can follow.

The first woman, Rory, was a cocktail waitress at a very hip NYC nightclub. Through a set of circumstances, she initiated conversation and gave me her number. She was hanging on my arm the whole night, even as her boss yelled at her to get back to work. I was a bit confused by her forwardness given that she was an attractive “bottle girl” at a fancy nightclub. She explained things later, saying that when I refused her offer of a drink and did so firmly a second time, it really turned her on. Nothing seems to turn on a hot girl more than being told she can’t do something or someone. So she set up this dynamic that was both unusual and flattering for me.

We got together for coffee downtown – this was in 2004 before I had a codified system – and she made some allusions to sex and mentioned my “cock” in a graphic manner, comments that seemed incongruous with her outward appearance. Later, we had dinner and she described growing up on Long Island to a domineering father and hinted at some other family trouble. We went back to her place and fooled around.

And here’s where the seeds of the obsessive thinking were sown. Despite being quite sexual and teasing me with some touching and sucking, she kept at bay. And then, abruptly she forced me out of her apartment. I was befuddled. We met a couple of days later and she claimed that I was too intense, so she couldn’t see me. That’s when my

determination to get in her pants really kicked-in. I visited her apartment at least twice unannounced and called her too many times without encouragement. A male friend helped me delete her number from my phone.

Here are a couple of things that I've learned (confirmed with girl #2, a few years later) these types have in common:

- A history of filing restraining orders against past boyfriends.
- The female initiates or makes the beginning very agreeable and easy, though doesn't give the sex up. There's a strong promise of sex.
- As soon as I showed interest, she withdrew acutely, *despite the fact that she had started the engagement*.

My experience with the second girl, Sylvia, was more recent, but she also caused me to get in a doozy. I had more experience and I was able to get the dynamic down on paper, in black and white, so I could see that she was participating in an unhealthy push-and-pull. I met her at Whole Foods, she came over to my place that night to watch a movie, and we had a nice physical (though not sexual) time lying bed. She shared a good deal about her life, and even revealed that her sister was a former pornstar. She also had boyfriends with restraining orders, and she also behaved in a weird manner, emotionally. She was very available up front, and then when my interest was clear, she withdrew and became hard to reach. We went back and forth for a week over text and phone, with her claiming she wanted to meet. Saturday came and she agreed to meet, but her attitude was half-hearted. I gave her an ultimatum, knowing she wouldn't accept (but hoping she would) and then got in the shower. She responded that she wouldn't be treated that way and, "Have a good life." I deleted her number and de-listed her on facebook. The obsessive thoughts were somewhat periodic and I actually looked her number up when my phone bill came. I explained in a text my feelings and how I had acted immaturely by giving her an ultimatum; I had felt vulnerable by showing her I liked her, and I had become too available. She wrote back that it was unfortunate, but that she didn't want to see me. A week later, I deleted her number again, and left it at that.

There's a lot to learn here. The situations were so similar that I can offer some general lessons:

- Though they were both attractive, neither girl was hotter than most of the girls with whom I have sex. Attractiveness doesn't have a direct bearing on obsession.
- I didn't have sex with either girl. Part of what drives the obsession is the desire and promise of sex. After I've had sex with a woman, a good deal of her leverage is neutralized.
- The only way to neutralize obsessive thinking is to remove means of contact. I had to delete phone numbers and other contact information. Time will lessen the intensity of the pull, provided there's no further contact.

I'm no psychologist, so I'm just taking a stab at this, but it seems the issue at play in these scenarios is the power dynamic between two people. Clearly, love and true

affection were absent from these interactions; nevertheless, there was strong attraction. I felt as though I was drawn into an attractive scenario and then I lost control of my goal (the woman) and I lost control of myself. To regain a sense of stability, I had to cut all ties with the dynamic. Even minimal contact has to be avoided. It's like smoking: I can't have just one cigarette.

Maybe I'm the type of person who has a tendency towards obsessive thinking and therefore I'm susceptible to these types of traps. But, I doubt it. I think there are many situations in which an untrained mind can fall victim to obsession. The important thing is to know how to extricate yourself from the dynamic before any real damage is done. Clearly, earlier boyfriends of both girls were unable to do so on their own. Law enforcement was necessary.

I've illuminated two extreme examples to demonstrate the possible power dynamics that feed into obsession. Most of my "problem girls" are caught in the pre-obsessive phase and I know how to deal with them. Dealing with a potential problem girl in the beginning will save you a lot of heartache and stress down the line. They all share this common behavior:

- **You have had initial physical and possible sexual contact with the girl but it was interrupted. She remains in contact with you, seemingly interested in connecting, but she never commits to a rendezvous and you never see her.**

If a girl in your inventory is doing this, you can set a final deadline (an ultimatum) in nice language, and if she fails to show, you must delete her number. This type of girl will drain your mojo and get you frustrated. Because she has let you be physical once, you have in your mind a concrete sense and expectation of being physical with her again. Somehow, she knows this. This activated desire will make you a weak hunter because you will lack discipline. It turns out that it's much easier to be disciplined if we never have a slice of cake, a drag of a cigarette, or a hit of a drug. If you taste the honey, though, and you don't have ready access to more, you will lose your strength. It's happened to me.

I was recently shot down by a very hot girl in a shoe store around the corner. She was a smoking hot "10" who claimed to have a boyfriend and was sassy in response to my masculine energy. But, I walked away and haven't thought of her again. Whatever, another hot girl. But, if I'd had a moment with her in a stairwell, or on a park bench, it would be much harder to walk away. I'd nurse that possibility until it was debilitating.

So, beware of the ones who've played a bit and now keep their distance. It's unlikely they'll present again. If they were serious about seeing you, wouldn't they have done so already?

I cull my phonebook every month. Winnowing down the mess of numbers to those that are true responders will help keep your sanity. Don't dedicate mindspace to those bullshit girls who are wasting your time; for all you know, they're laughing with their girlfriends every time you send a text. Be smart and systematic about your inventory so you spend your free time on real prospects.

You'll also know the true value of deleted numbers because few, if any, girls will text you of their own volition. Rarely do I get a text initiation from a girl I've deleted

because she was uncooperative. It becomes clear over time that I was working a one-way relationship with some of these girls. Learn that soon, and move on. Next!

LUXURY PROBLEMS: Consequences of the Player Lifestyle

So, you've achieved a state of success in your life, regarding women. Perhaps you've noticed that certain consequences follow that success. In my life, I've found there are definitely consequences to being successful with multiple women. Granted, my public exposure has compounded the situation, but I know there are certain situations that arise in a player's life that normal dudes don't face. Here are several that I'll explain in detail below:

1. Managing a Reputation.
2. Moving Beyond "Body Count."
3. Leaving Sexy Women Alone.
4. Logistics and Female Menstruation.
5. Disease & Pregnancy
6. Loneliness
7. Soiled Linens
8. Sexual Ennui

Managing a Reputation

It's unlikely that you will have exposure at the public level or the national level, as I've had. I'll be the first to tell you that it has been both a blessing and curse. There have been gimme-girls who have thrown themselves at me because of the publicity. I had a Polish model come over a day after my Today Show appearance and ask for sex. She arrived in a \$200,000 Aston Martin, parked and came up into my tiny apartment. She was dressed head-to-toe in Chanel, which she proceeded to remove. I fucked her in my leather chair with her high-heels on. That was fun.

And there was the time a girl recognized me at RoseBar, an extremely upscale, sexy hotel bar. She had read about my exploits on the internet blogs and wanted a piece. She came over to perform fellatio and asked for a rating. I told her "top quartile," which seemed to satisfy her.

But there has been fallout, as well. I'm sometimes recognized by women on the street, and surprisingly, by random women I pick up. At least a dozen times, women have been receptive and given their numbers only to withdraw later when they put two-and-two together. It turns out that women have an inherent dislike of men who have a casual approach to meeting and sleeping with females. There are probably legitimate reasons they feel that way, but I'm not interested at the moment in exploring the reasons why. The fact is what may impress a guy – hustling tons of chicks – is a super turn-off to women. One of the reasons is that it neutralizes their power: when I have plenty of options, I can walk away from their demands and incessant bullshit.

Women love a relationship with a captive man (though they won't respect him) because it's one of the few domains in this male-dominated world in which they can exercise control. Much of a woman's motivation is a desire to exercise more control over her environment. Many women do this in their relationship; a player is so clearly beyond their control that they turn away from him. The secret to maintaining integrity in the game is to keep the appearance of availability - thus feeding her desire for control – while keeping a stable of women so she has no real leverage because you can get the milk from

many different cows. If you want the keys to the kingdom, I've just given them to you. Read that underlined sentence again.

So, don't broadcast the fact that you're building a stable of women. I've been outed (through my own doing; I had my reasons) but if you want to enjoy the game for a sustained period, don't let on that you've got all these women in your pocket. Obvious tactics include:

- Don't reveal the number of sexual partners you had; avoid these conversations. If you're cornered, you're going to have to be honest – which may cost you the girl – or, you'll have to lie and minimize the number. I'd say use the future to your advantage. Just as women rave about the blowjob *they're going to give you at some point*, push the conversation into the nebulous future with, "I've been with enough girlfriends to give you the attention you deserve."
- Don't get caught picking up multiple girls. Years ago, I thought it was cool (and ego boosting) to hustle three or four girls in a group or in small locale. It always backfired and I never slept with any of the women. They all talk. That's what they do instead of playing sports.
- Don't frequent the same spots regularly unless the population is transient. Regulars will see your rap and intrude on the woman's behalf. You'd be surprised how other women (often older) interject to "warn" the girl with whom you're talking. It's none of their business, but it will ruin your rap.
- Don't confuse first names.

Moving beyond Body Count

Several months ago I experienced a strange emotion. I was at the peak of my rap, meeting dozens of girls a week and engaging them with such confidence that my hit rate was nearly 100% (I would always get the number and they would come right over for the first date, usually resulting in sex). I had a moment when I realized this approach can have deep psychological ramifications. Each girl was just another tic on the sheet. It's no coincidence that my peak performance coincided with this feeling of alienation. There's a direct correlation with how smooth a guy is and how emotionally disconnected he is to the girl. That's because if you don't care, you're not self-conscious and that insouciance comes across in many non-verbal ways.

But, this emotional distance also corrodes the heart of the player. As living things, we all seek to make a connection with other living things. Some commune with Nature, others with science or art, some with people. I think, at their core, players are really interested in forming connections with lots of people. They're searching for an intimacy, but with many, not one. A profound sense of isolation sets in when a guy realizes that the next girl is just like the last one and she will also fade into the sea of past conquests. I have experienced just such a disquieting effect on my soul.

The solution, I've found, is to move beyond Body Count. I have transitioned into teaching game, because in many ways, my story has run its course. I still meet plenty of women, but I'm moving beyond the sexual conquest and hoping to find a real union. Don't get me wrong – I think that sex is fundamental, and needs to be explored quickly in

a relationship. But, I use my skills now to sort through women and I'm trying to spend time only with those girls that promise a real connection.

If you implement the lessons in this book and find that you're confident and able to attract many women into your life, just beware that the satisfaction of victory over your former failures and the concomitant ego boost will soon wear off. A player can only keep loneliness at bay for so long. You will have to develop a deeper capacity to form a respectful union with a woman.

Leaving Sexy Women Alone

This will certainly become a nuisance to you (and others) as your game develops. As you become confident and able, you'll view the social landscape as a playing field, full of gorgeous, sexy, available women. And you should. As a man, it's central to your life source and virility to look upon the world of women with a deep appetite. As you learn how to eat from this cornucopia, you'll see every venue as suitable for "game." Again, you're right. There's no terrain that's off-limits: I've tried picking up the receptionist at an STD clinic (no dice).

But, here's the *But...* Other people will find your behavior distracting. Ultimately, who cares, but it can produce strain. And, more importantly, you will have a hard time passing sexy women by. Every time a hot girl walks past you on the street, sits near you on the bus, in the movie theater, or at a restaurant, your mind will go into scheming mode. I think this is a great improvement from your former self when you were filled with self-doubt and anxiety. But, the better your skills become, the more you'll feel the "burden of the hustle." If you know you can probably fuck the hot girl walking towards you, you're going to want to act. If you don't because of this-or-that, you'll chastise yourself for minutes or hours afterwards. Not a pleasant way to go through life.

I struggled with this for some time. For example, in the morning I walk 4 ½ blocks to get coffee at Starbucks®. I pass a big subway entrance in front of a commuter college. There are always cute women running around. However, I'm pretty useless before my coffee, so I leave it alone, usually. But, I've often passed a really cute girl but I was just getting up and groggy and didn't want to turn it on, so I left it alone, only to beat myself up for the next block or two. I've come to realize that this is the cost of doing business as a player. To reprise the line from my former hedge fund boss, "You can't kiss all the girls." He meant it in the context of buying promising companies, but it's a great principle.

Just be aware that the better you get at this, the more women there will appear to be, and the more you'll feel the pull to engage each one. That's a lot of pressure for one man. If you're not careful, it can have an isolating effect as your reality becomes the consumption of women. Your social life can suffer. I'd recommend making a conscious effort to keep time for the men in your life by scheduling time dedicated to hanging with the boys.

Also know that you will always have that tinge of regret as you pass a sexy woman and don't engage her. You probably feel that now, but it's much worse when you're confident you could bed her with a little effort.

And forget about the temptation this skill creates if you find yourself in an exclusive long-term relationship. You'll need to compartmentalize this behavior, in the interests of all parties concerned.

Logistics and Female Menstruation

This is a fun one, kind of like Tetris. You have to make all the pieces fit together, just so. Depending, each of your girls will be out of the game for five to seven days a month. If you choose to bang your girls on their periods, which I do, make sure you have several sets of sheet and a good dry cleaner. The better your skills become, the more women flood into your life. As this happens you'll find yourself confronted with a new sexual problem: scheduling. I don't use software; you may choose to do so. At issue is how to time encounters so that there's no blood and also how to keep your women happy if you don't see them when they're on the rag.

Granted this is a luxury problem – a direct result of too much of a good thing. Most women, to their credit, understand their limited utility as casual partners when they're menstruating. Generous ones will offer their mouths (or other orifices). Most, however, will be happy with a couple nice texts during their flow in which you say hi, but don't propose to meet. I've recently encountered a girl who knowing engaged me in an involved night, while suppressing information that she was bleeding until the last possible moment, after I'd played all my cards. I say an "involved" night because I gave up other options on a Saturday night to take this one out for a couple glasses of wine at a nice outdoor bar near my place before bringing her back home. (Of course I'd already fucked her, don't insult me!) So, she kept this crucial information to herself until I'd given her the date she wanted. She definitely played me. So beware of that strategy, too.

Disease & Pregnancy

This is an obvious risk for any guy who sleeps with lots of girls. Latex condoms protect against pregnancy and most disease; lambskin ones don't, so avoid those. Keep in mind that herpes can be transmitted from her mouth to your dick, so careful. I'd get a good look at those lips (both sets, if you can) before too much contact. Also, condoms don't necessary protect against genital herpes; a lesion on the outside of her labia can rub virus on your balls, or other parts of your groin. Obviously, don't mess around with a chick who has visible lesions.

I had a scare around New Year's. A very hot little stripper I met Halloween finally came over and I banged her at a friend's place. We had great sex, and I used a condom. But, my tongue and fingers had been inside her ass, pussy and mouth and she'd blown me without a condom several times. She looked clean.

She called me a week later saying she'd tested positive for Herpes Simplex II, which is the genital variety. I got nervous and had my blood tested. Thankfully, I was negative, though positive for Chlamydia (treatment: shot in the ass and two big purple antibiotic pills). It turns out that Herpes can "shed," meaning the virus is just below the surface of the skin (and thus not visible as a manifested lesion) but that it exudes viral contagion nonetheless. Transmission during "shedding" is less likely than during active

sores, but not negligible. I was lucky. The lesson here is that a seemingly-clean pussy may still have infection. Careful.

Pregnancy is also a concern, unless you want a litter of illegitimate kids running around and baby mamas coming after you for child support. Condoms take care of this for the most part, but as humans we're not 100% with anything. I have two male friends – erstwhile players – who have recently become unplanned fathers with women they had as casual sex partners. One got her pregnant as a result of a one night stand; the other was banging this college freshman while he was taking some graduate classes. (Full disclosure: I got a Northeastern freshman pregnant in 2002 but she had an abortion.)

So now, these men, despite relative youth and independence, have had to assume responsibility for another life, in several ways. The financial contribution will continue for at least 18 years, enforceable by law. Both still chase girls and have successful sex lives, but as this baby grows up, their lives will become more complicated, for better or worse.

This isn't a parenting guide of any sort. I just want to drive home the point that if you go from having no sex to having sex with multiple women your percentage chance of unintended pregnancy goes from 0% to some positive number.

Loneliness

Certainly, loneliness is an element of the general human condition and isn't a subject of concern for players, only. It also seems that different people are more-or-less prone to loneliness. I enjoy the continued company and presence of a girl I really love, but if I'm single, I don't always want a casual girl around. They can become a burden for any number of reasons, including limiting my ability to meet others or limiting my freedom of movement and activity in my already tiny apartment. And, additional carrying-costs develop because the issue of "who pays" comes up. Generally speaking, a woman that is giving you consistent sex wants to spend time with you outside of the bedroom.

I don't suffer from acute loneliness (at least not consciously) and I have enjoyed being single these last six months. But, I want options when I choose to be social. I'm part of an organization that is very social, and I see those folks a few times a week. Also, I've maintained strong relationships with the men in my life, which I recommend.

This is a key point for an aspiring player. Women – even the serious ones – come and go, but real male friends remain. The exception, of course, is a woman you marry, but then there's the 50% chance of divorce. You're really going to need your men when that happens! I may not see some of my college buddies for a bit, but they're always reliably there, if I need them. That changes a bit after men get married and start families, but for the most part, the male friends in my life are consistent and easy to connect with – there's no drama.

Here's another key way in which your male relationships are different from the relationships you develop with women: *for the most part, men have unconditional relationships with each other, whereas men and women develop highly conditional relationships*. It's rare that a long-term buddy will "break-up" with you or leave you. Men and women, on the other hand, leave each other for financial reasons, sexual reasons, family reasons, etc. Little Sally, who was your world, won't be there after a

terrible lover's spat. It will be Stephen, your life-long buddy. So cultivate and maintain your male relationships, because you'll need them. Even in the course of a healthy dating life, I still think weekly dinners with your buddies are crucial. I was neglecting my male friends for a bit, and I started to feel alienated. I've corrected it lately, and it allows me to feel more commanding in my life.

I think that men often enter or remain in sexual relationships because they fear loneliness or the prospect of being alone. *Any position taken out of fear is a weak position.* Such men have limited sexual options, can feel suffocated by the relationship and they may have lost any ability they formerly had to interact with new women. They may also begin to resent the current woman in their lives.

Soiled Linens

Prepare to do a lot of laundry. Because of item #4 on the list of *Consequences of the Player Lifestyle*, you'll have blood on all your sheets. Most dry cleaners and laundries can't get the stuff out, and beware if you're working one of the cute girls behind the counter. I had an episode where I was working on a Tibetan girl at my dry cleaner – I eventually got her – and I had to strategically avoid bringing blood-stained sheets in for cleaning. Doing so would trigger that terrible emotion, jealousy, and I have no game plan for a jealous woman. I remember one particular session where the girl was bleeding profusely on my cock and my hand was covered in crimson because I had adjusted my dick. I leaned forward and kept thrusting, planting my outstretched palm on the virginal sheet. A big, red stain reminded of the episode.

So be prepared to change your sheets fairly regularly; even avoiding menstruating girls will not guarantee “clean” sheets. Hair strands, sweat, cum and worse all accumulate if you're doing a lot of work. Alternatively, you can do your athletics elsewhere, like on a faux bear-skin rug on the floor. I've been using that move recently, with prodigious results. Throw down a comfy faux-fur rug and some oversized pillows, and she'll come hither without a problem. Get them on the rug by telling them to feel the softness on their bare feet. It gets their shoes and socks off and gets them standing on the rug – you kill two birds with one stone. Plus, the firmness of the floor with a little fur padding is incredible for screwing, as I mention in *Castle and Kingdom: Surfaces*.

The point is, if you avoid the bed, you'll have fewer sheets to change. A faux-fur rug can be cleaned less frequently, but at higher cost (it costs me \$18). If you elect to screw on your bed and you're putting up big numbers, I'd suggest pale blue sheets – white shows shit and blood, black or navy sheets show ejaculate. While we're on this point, I wouldn't change the sheets while your girl is over, less she gets wise to your volume. Change them beforehand or have her change them the next morning. It will make her feel domestic and like a partner.

A bit of an update: I just bought a couple of 600 thread count Egyptian cotton Queen fitted sheets. They were on sale in Spanish Harlem for \$6. Having a stock of these (I may get more) is crucial, because it seems like all the girls are menstruating these days. I was able to chuck a bloodied white sheet without compunction and dress my mattress in a beautiful new one. I've been doing more work on the faux-fur rug on the floor lately, which limits bleeding on the bed.

Sexual Ennui

This is a serious condition. Perhaps the gravest consequence (excepting disease) of sleeping with many women is that a player can tire rather quickly with a new playmate. Really, it's a simple function of exposure: the mind gets conditioned to expect novelty. It may start with pornography and mind-saturation by images of naked females. Once this behavior manifests in the real world and a certain volume of women passes before a man, he naturally becomes accustomed to the form. It takes a new girl, sometimes several, to excite him sufficiently. Or, a single girl can perhaps keep his interest if she's sufficiently debauched and kinky (love those!). This has obvious bearing on the ability of a player to sustain a closed, monogamous relationship. Also, as the libido searches desperately for new terrain, it may find intrigue in previously unexplored arenas. Witness the celebrities, rock stars and athletes who venture into worlds of bestiality and same-sex play.

EPILOGUE

As I write these final words, I'm sitting at my desk on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Tomorrow the Dr. Phil show will air, highlighting my exploits as one of New York City's premier players. I am looking forward to the show – I've been there for the taping obviously, but I have no idea how the editing shaped the final product.

On the way to coffee today I met a large-breasted Asian named Trina. She was wearing a fuchsia top and commented after giving me her number, "Wow you're forward." As she walked away, I threw a glance back to admire her slender legs and tall, confident walk. Ten minutes later, I was in the Starbucks® and I was chatting with one of my favorite baristas, Roya. We were talking about blowjobs – she's on the fence as to whether she wants to come over and demonstrate – and a cute Persian girl came into view. Sam was her name and she was building her caffeinated beverage at the bar. I got her number and told her next time she's in from Long Island, we should have a drink. Very cute, indeed. She returned to the family SUV and made her mother sit shotgun as she got behind the driver's seat, a proud young driver of 20, I'd reckon. Then, on the stretch back home I stopped Anya, a Russian dancer who was heading anxiously to a performance. She's not in the neighborhood too often, but we'll get together for a coffee before too long.

This could be your reality if you apply the steps in this book. At thirty-two, I don't know if I'll be in the game for another year or five more. But, I've spent the last decade learning how to increase my appeal to women and maximize yield.

Whether you're in a relationship, just out of one, or have been single for a while and want to learn how to bring more women into your reality, these skills are valuable. Use them kindly and drop me a line with stories, fumbles, scores or humorous episodes: paul@attractionformula.com.

I wish you the best out there. It's our planet to take back. Go out there, men!

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Paul". The signature is stylized with a large, looping 'P' and a cursive 'aul'.

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APPENDIX:

Case Studies

Russian Girls at Dinner

I met a smoking-hot Russian girl sipping coffee at a café on the corner of 59th and Fifth. She took well to my rap, but alas, she had a boyfriend. She was hesitant to give her number, instead offering to take mine. Never do this. I have not had a single instance of a girl calling me when she had my number. Though she demurred, I have a tricky move for that: grab her phone and tell her you're entering your number in her phone. Then dial it. If she doesn't catch on, your phone will ring and her number will be shown in caller ID. I've found that these women have short attention spans – it may not even occur to her that you circumvented her objection. In this case, I sent a text an hour later saying it was nice to meet and that yes, I'd love to be introduced to her single Russian friends.

So, here's the discipline: She texted the next night saying she was with girlfriends at a restaurant nearby. I had just wrapped up with a very hot, but evangelical girl, who was on a reform kick and hadn't had sex in five years. And she's waiting for marriage before she'll be penetrated again. Sweet, and for a moment I contemplated turning my life around 180 degrees to accommodate her – the abstinence, not the Born-Again stuff – but then decided that would be ridiculous. I like having sex too much.

So, while I'm wrapping up, this Russian girl texts that she's with her hot girlfriends and I should come by. From experience I know it was a set-up. Not a set-up in an intentional way, but the way women think, it was a set-up for me: all downside risk and no upside opportunity for me. I wasn't prying one of them off and taking her home. That almost never happens. Essentially, I was being "brought out" for critique. This gets to the timeline issue. Women are not in a hurry to have sex. They can leave it on the table and come back tomorrow. For a woman it's ideal to have you make an appearance and showcase your "talents," whether they are sartorial, conversational, financial or physical. It's a safe environment for her and she doesn't have to extend anything. These women wanted me to arrive, be charming, share a drink and maybe head downtown with them – ideally picking up the cab fare as a demonstration of my chivalrous nature. The whole time, my every move is on display and I'm there to impress not just my girl, but all her friends.

Lesson: beware of group settings in public places – you are there to showcase yourself and your girl will not leave with you.

"Meet Me at Starbucks®..." (or, Male Pride and What It Has Almost Cost Me)

The stick-in-the-mud is always a challenge. A hot Puerto-Rican something who had stopped by midweek was ready. We had a "date" set for Saturday night. 9PM, we start texting. She's nearby, but she has some "game" herself, wanting to get me out. I try some amateur texts about having her swing by because I'm not ready. She stands her ground at a Starbucks®, four-and-a-half blocks away. I tell her I'm on the phone with my mom and won't she just head over, so we can leave from here. She returns: "I'm at Starbucks® on 66th. If you want to see me tonight I'll be here."

My pride swelled. That bitch isn't going to give me an ultimatum...! In the past, I've cut women like this out of spite, giving up the sex to make a point (in that way I was no smarter than an emotional women). I got a buddy on the phone who has superb game.

One of his skills is that he remains cool-headed and sees the line – or, course of action – even in the midst of an emotionally-taut moment. I quickly explained the situation. His solution was brilliantly simple: tell her you’re taking her somewhere across the Park and it makes sense for her to come this way. I sent a text... waiting... She buys it! She’s on her way.

I’ve found that the better players find solutions that allow the women to save face, but in which he still gets it done. This was a classic example. She wanted to see me, but didn’t want to just come up to my place. She arrived and messaged, “I’m here. You can come down now.” (You see what kind of girl I was dealing with). I text back, “Thanks for permission. I’ll be right down.” We take a walk down a few blocks – I broke my rules about staying-put in my apartment, but she was really hot and I knew she was in the sack – and then make like we’re going into the Park. Unfortunately, my leg started to “hurt” me and we had to return to my apartment. In the comfort of home with candle light and Luther Vandross we talked for an hour. She insisted on wine, so I took her to the store and she got some beer. We came back and chatted. I ate a late dinner. She stayed over.

I fucked her.

The lesson: as a man, you’re a fool if you let pride get in the way of your game. For the record, I’m saying this as a man who has, in the past, left plenty on the table in an effort to maintain my pride. In retrospect, that was silly. These people aren’t men; who cares what they think? *The other lesson here is that there’s always a way to get the girl and don’t let yourself get frustrated.* A clear, cool plan, well-executed will end with her squirming on her back. She’ll be impressed that you worked so smoothly. Because in a way, they want men to play them; they like the idea of being the object a well-executed seduction.

“I’m Not Ready to be Physical, Right Now...”

Bullshit. Unless she has a medical disorder or is legitimately involved with another guy, a woman is always ready to get sexual. Don’t be intimidated by a woman who claims that she has to wait a while, or some other crap. Two women in my recent sexual firmament claimed that we could hang out but that for one reason or another they had curbed their sexual enthusiasm.

In the first case, I was sitting in a café near my house with a young female TV producer. We were talking about a prospective show on MTV. It was to focus on my lifestyle and be something called *Break the Player*, in which hot women compete for my love. The producer and I were discussing various scenarios in which these women could demonstrate their skills: cooking, a book report, day at the museum, jogging, dressing the man, etc. I think I joked about a blowjob contest, since the goal was to win my true affection. The producer laughed and then a girl at a table nearby looked up but said nothing. Later in the conversation, the girl at the table made a comment to us about blowjobs.

I was in. I got her number and said goodbye when she left. A few nights later I was in a cab on my way up to her place in Spanish Harlem. She is a fit girl from New Jersey who knows how to fuck. We fooled around the first time, ostensibly eating oranges and watching *Silence of the Lambs*. Well, we actually did eat the oranges.

The next time I wanted to see her, a few days later, she texted back that she wasn't ready to be physical at this point. She had just moved to the city and was busy getting settled in and preparing for graduate school. Don't tell a player he can't have the honey!

I was over there in a day or two and fucked her well. We had very good rhythm and both agreed the sex was good. I saw her a time or two more, until she demanded more out of the arrangement. So, there you have it. A woman is always ready for sex, regardless of what she might say. In general, I've found that the female mind can shift on a dime from rejection to compliance and also, unfortunately, from interest to disgust (yes, I've disgusted my fair share of delicate minds...)

A second case of this same idea came from a 23-year-old finance girl, who lives in the neighborhood. I met Rebecca through friends and we walked home along Lexington Avenue one spring night. She was giving me all kind of flirty energy and was touching me, unprovoked. As we walked she confessed she'd been rather wild and had a big sexual appetite that sometimes got her into trouble. At one point she claimed her pants were sliding down, so we stopped in front of a supermarket so she could adjust. I said, "I'd better have a look..." and she let me pull her spandex pants down and get a nice shot of her beaver. Needless to say, that got the blood flowing.

We walked some more and she disclosed a host of ridiculous sexual exploits. The situation was slightly delicate since we know people in common and I wasn't sure I wanted to go there. We talked about going to the movies. She told me sure. That weekend I texted her about going to a matinee and sitting in the mezzanine and behaving like high-schoolers. She stated that I had missed my opportunity and that if we'd met just a few weeks earlier things would have been different, but at this point she was reformed. Are you kidding me? That reminds me of a t-shirt I once saw out in Hollywood, California: *Recovering Slut*. Imagine that on a sexy girl!

Basically, she was telling me that nothing was going to happen because she was no longer conducting herself in a promiscuous manner. Two weeks later, I saw her again, brought her home and had sex with her on my floor. Easy as one, two, two-and-half. I forgot to mention that we had traded dirty pictures over our camera phones (my hard-on came from a girl in my bed who knew about the whole deal; she declined to be photographed for the little project).

The lesson: if a woman with whom you've had sexual contact tells you she isn't ready for sex or she's reformed, she doesn't know what she's talking about. Barring medical or relational restrictions, a woman is always ready for sex. Go give it to her!

The One from 2007

I met Lisa at a popular lounge downtown in December of last year. We exchanged numbers and texted back-and-forth for a period. She's Canadian and it seems she was always out of town doing this-or-that (herein lies the power of strong inventory; you can weather these periods of uncertainty, fortified by your other women). We got back in touch in April of 2008 and after a couple of texts, we agreed to meet. She was in Brooklyn at her friend's bar and was having a few. The hour got late. She arrived at 2AM and within thirty minutes we were on the ground screwing. She was fun, though her period caused a bloodbath in my little apartment.

This was a phone number (actually, she'd given me a business card on which her cell number was printed) that I had gotten four months earlier and I'd had no intervening contact with Lisa. Still, after a few well-timed texts, she was at my place ready to have fun.

The lesson: even a number from months ago, provided the woman continues to reciprocate your text efforts, can lead to a great sexual encounter. Culling a phonebook should be done with this in mind; only delete non-responders and hostile chicks.