

Getting Laid in NYC: Technology for the Single Man

I made a spreadsheet a couple of weeks ago, because I was curious about dinners. My buddy Jeff and I have long-since known dinner is the death-knell for getting laid, but I had never taken a statistical look at the stuff. Out of about 30 girls I could think of off the top of my head, I only had sex with 2 or so. Really shitty hit rate. Dinner is a terrible approach if you want to get laid, and I will explain later why. It's fine in a relationship, or after you've had sex, or with a girlfriend, etc., but never initially, and never if your goal is to get the girl naked.

On the other hand, drinks at a sexy lounge after 10pm is always the right move. Lounges are ideal for a number of reasons, and when I look at my hit rate there, it's significant. Of the roughly 40 girls I've brought to my favorite spot on the Upper East Side, about 30 have come home with me and about 25 of those have banged. That's a much better hit rate than dinner, and yet I am always amazed to walk down the street on a given night, especially Friday night, and see all these eager guys sitting across from a smirking woman. The usual end game there, in my experience, is a fat bill, a bloated stomach, some yawns and a peck on the cheek, with the guy standing foolishly by as the girl steps into a cab waving good-bye. Home to porno. Why? Because women know how to play the game better than men do. Think about all the time they spend reading dating and relationship magazines, and books – you think they don't know more about the playing field than men? Come on.

The idea for this book has been on my mind for some time, and grew directly out of my experience hustling in New York. I wouldn't call my game dating, really, because often I just have a single goal. I often meet women I like, and it may develop into something akin to dating, but I still (at 30) enjoy the hustle.

A girl I used to sleep with thought it would be fun to write a relationship and dating book with me but that never got off the ground; another girl (whom I've slept with) asked me and some other bachelor friends to write an essay or short piece on bachelorhood in New York. I don't know if they got around to it; I didn't. But I've always been interesting in gender politics and the battle of the sexes and how to get laid, etc. I come from a divorced home, and was raised mostly by my mother. We are very close and I'm sure that contributed to my fascination with and understanding of women.

Anyhow, I've always thought it was interesting but never got around to writing anything. Recently, however, several friends have encouraged me to write a book about getting laid, because I do it well, and it seems to be the one thing that holds my interest, and to which I devote considerable time and effort. They say write what you know. I know how to get laid in Gotham on the cheap.

What I write here is what I've found to work and what I do in my own life. None of this material is hypothetical. I just had sex with my 100th women; I should have made a t-shirt for her. I keep a spreadsheet of these girls, just as a record, with an "X" if they let me bang them in the ass. I'm 30, and most of these women have been screwed since I moved to NYC 3 years ago – about 70 of them. That's more than 20 girls a year, and I had a girlfriend for a spell. Also, although there are some rough ones in there, most of the girls

are good-looking (7's or 8's) and several are 9's and 10's, including 3 super-hot models. And I don't have any money.

For Starters – The Marketplace

I realized about 8 months ago that my hit rate was skyrocketing. This winter and spring I had some incredible weeks: 4 girls in 5 days; 2 girls in one night, etc. I thought about why things were so plentiful and the answer was: I had a system. I think most guys spend time and money in the wrong place and then get frustrated when they don't get laid. Or, worse, they find that one girl who they can get the honey from and they stick by her side no matter what, like a puppy. I've found that with a system and a deep pool of talent, pussy is really the second most abundant commodity on earth, after water.

The first thing to realize about women, especially the hot women we all gawk at, is that we don't have their perspective. As guys, you and I might think, "Oh man, she's so hot. How could I get such a fine chick, etc." What men don't realize is that even stunning women are plentiful; they may be a bit more high-maintenance, but they are not in short supply, especially in a metropolitan city like New York. I always imagine a bunch of models or dancers or actresses changing in a locker room. They look around at all the beautiful flesh surrounding them and get a sense of their commodity-nature; they are just one of many. Keep that image in your mind; women lead men to believe they are unique, but secretly they know they are just one of many like them. In fact, in the world, women outnumber men significantly, something like 51% to 49% for men. That's statistically quite significant, and there are real evolutionary reasons for that, but who cares right now, and that's not what will get you laid. Just remember there's no shortage of pussy. One good exercise is to pass patio restaurants on a summer night, and notice how many women are eating with other women (especially in NYC). You think they want to be eating with their complaining, whining friend, who is depressed and with whom they have to split the bill? Of course not! They'd jump at the opportunity to be with a guy, so ask them out and then bang the shit out of them! This leads me the first of many insights:

- Never let one bitchy or unresponsive girl get to you or affect your outlook.

I can't tell you how many times I've had a cool response or flat rejection from a girl only to approach another girl 2 minutes later and hit it off, and be in the back of a cab getting head 15 minutes later. That's the beauty of being a man – you can always walk away from a situation that has bad energy. My friend says the single most powerful word in the English language for a man is "Next!" One of the key characteristics of an effective hustler, and I see it in my friends who play the game the best, is an ability to walk away from a negative situation immediately and brush it off, preparing for the next opportunity.

That leads me to my next point which is:

- There are 3 types of girls around: yes, no and maybe girls

Again, the effective hustlers know how to judge the three types and work accordingly. All guys know the "no" girls. They are sticks in the mud, stand-offish, difficult,

Princesses. Any guy who has been laid several times knows this type of girl. He probably has a gut instinct that she's going to be hard to get in the sack. "Yes" girls, by contrast, are flirty, fun, open with body language and game for anything. They allow you to ask them back to your place with ease. The problems are the "maybe" girls, especially if they are hot. Even after years of practice, I still can get stuck on these types, but as soon as I recognize the direction we're going I can make the call. The "maybe" girls are where most guys get hung up spending all their money and time, thinking that they will get her. Careful, gentlemen, you are dealing with pros. Even other women will admit how manipulative a woman can be. Don't assume you'll wear her down or trick her. It's better to walk then to throw more energy at these problem girls.

So, back to the system. Prior to recognizing how effective a system for getting laid could be, I would take my opportunities where they presented themselves: poolside at a wedding, on the Chinatown bus between Boston and NYC, in a cab, in Central Park. Don't get me wrong, there is not a wrong place to take a woman. But if you want to get laid with a minimum of time, energy, hassle, bullshit, and most importantly, cost, then you should work out an effective system.

Think about it. All other business enterprises have a system to deliver a good or service: Starbucks coffee is fresh, hot and strong because of the system and protocol the baristas follow. Any successful business must follow a blueprint if it hopes to achieve significant results; the same applies to shagging women, believe it or not. Do not leave your sex life up to chance – what women often call "romance". Take charge of it.

So, we have this large market of single men and women. A city like NY is ideal, because it's concentrated, and there are so many people and the city is sexy and anonymous. By the way, anonymity is key because as a hustler, I try (as I encourage you to) all types of new methods and approaches; some work, some work brilliantly, but alas, some fail and fall flat. In this city, who cares, because chances are you won't see the person again, and even if you do, by that time you'll be a confident playboy and who cares what one stupid bitch thinks, anyhow.

So, it's a market, and there are plenty of girls for everyone. Also, to us they may be hot and sexy, but to themselves and other girls, they are just competition, and have their own un-sexy habits like farting, burping, bad breath, fat thighs etc. Don't fall for women's façade. It's been my experience that women are heavily front-loaded in what they can offer - their value-proposition. She may look fit, sexy and sophisticated, but after you've banged her and she's naked, with mascara running down her face and she's trying to stuff her thighs into a pair of too small jeans at 2am, you'll realize she's just another person trying to get by. Don't be intimidated.

Step 1 – Contact

I have never done online dating. I can't recall the last time I was set-up. And after a few retarded episodes with blind dates, I refuse to do that. All my pulls are in the flesh, and I'm aggressive. I believe it's a lot about chemistry, and a privilege of males is that you get to choose. If you see something you like, go after it. It is caveman style, but I bet cavemen had pretty good sex lives. In fact, I'm sure they did, because we're here. So,

make like Zog and take what you are hungry for.¹ Women respond to a hungry man, believe me. Girls often tell me, after we're lying in bed chatting, that it was in my eyes; that was what turned them on and made them feel pursued. They knew where things were heading.

There is no wrong place or time to make the approach. I've picked up girls on the street, of course, but also the subway, coffee shop, plays, weddings, buses, restaurants, etc. I'd say that 90% of my game takes place on the street because I walk a lot (also keeps me thin and fit, a must for the hustler) and that's where the girls are. When I had a car in Boston 5 years ago, I remember thinking how I wasn't meeting as many girls; obviously there are no girls to meet in my car! I was on the "T" less (as the subway is called in Boston. Don't ask.) and therefore wasn't meeting the college girls going around town. I also wasn't pounding the pavement. Another point that is obvious, but guys make this mistake all the time:

- Pick-up girls midweek in the middle of the day while they are walking around. Do not attempt to hustle girls on a weekend night when you are competing with every other Dick.

I have two advantages over the average guy in this regard: a) I live in New York b) I have an unorthodox work schedule. I am sure that there are systems to get laid in LA (Hugh Hefner probably has the patent) but since that city is sprawling and requires driving, it's a whole different game. I'm born and bred in Santa Monica, and lived there till I was 18, so I know a bit of the game. It seems cliquier to me and because of the car culture, harder to have contact with the ladies.² Here, in NYC, they flow by like sardines in the ocean. Too bad they don't make nets.

On the second point, it helps that I take a leisurely stroll to get coffee at Starbucks on 66th and Madison every morning around 10 and that I walk to work (my day job is as a SAT tutor) in the afternoon. These are the hours all the guys are breaking their backs downtown to earn a buck so they can take some broad out on Friday and not-bone, as my friend Adam says. So it's too easy midday on the street. Not many other players around and women (for some reason I'm not clear on) think it's more innocent if you get their number at 1:15pm on a Tuesday on Lexington Ave., then at some bar Saturday night. Because it's also a common pitfall of most guys I'm going to make a bullet point for it, but it should be somewhat obvious:

- Trying to get a girls number (or worse, trying to bang her) on a Saturday night at a crowded bar is a loser's gamble.

¹ Little secret: the hottest ones are the easiest to fuck. Why? Because they are most confident, and don't guard their pussy like it's their only asset. That's my true experience.

² One revelation I experienced upon moving to New York was sheer exposure to so many single, hot women. I've come to realize that one way women create the illusion of scarcity is by staying at home or only getting done-up and going out on the weekend nights. For some reason, in other cities in which I've lived (Boston, LA, Philly) there would be one or two hotties, here or there, and we'd talk about them for 10 minutes after spotting them. Here, due to public transportation and the street, I've got a much better sense of the market, and I have realized that there are a lot of sexy girls for every guy (not least because our gay compatriots are out of the game. Hallelujah!)

You're competing against every other guy, first off. The girl's ego is ballooning, because if she's halfway decent looking, and the guys are beer-goggling, then she's been hit on by a platoon of fools and you know how much women like attention (turns out they'd rather have attention than sex) and if you're in a city like New York, you have the added competition of the city itself. By that I mean the myriad things she'd rather do than go to your place and suck your cock. No matter how suave, clever, funny or good-looking you are, I'm here to tell you that you'll look rather dull next to New York Fucking City going off on a Saturday night. So be prepared for a long and tedious battle if you're trying to get her to your place on a Saturday night; more than likely she'll only lose interest in the night when she starts to tire, at which point working on you isn't her focus. She's ready for sleep.

Weeknights are different. As I mentioned, women are creatures who need attention and they are getting less of it during the week; it's often said that women cheat as a result of an inattentive husband, whereas men cheat because we can't control our hormones and libido. So, the obvious play here is:

- Meet girls one-on-one during the week, when there's likely to be a lull in even the most popular girl's social calendar.

Nothing is more welcome than a phone call or text message from you when she's getting nothing from friends, family or other guys, and she's sitting at home feeling lonely and unwanted. I've found that girls I can't even get to have a 5 minute conversation on a Saturday night will come all the way uptown to have a drink with a guy they barely know if it's a quiet Tuesday night. Play the cycle of the week to your advantage. Get the numbers during the day and during the week, and arrange the meeting during a weeknight when you will get a women's full, undivided attention.

Another note about weekends: keep those for your men. Having lived in the city for a few years now, and arriving at an age – 30 – when I'm starting to know what I like and what I don't, and choosing the former, I've come to appreciate the value of exclusive time with my men. My schedule is drinks with girls Sunday night through Wednesday, and often Friday as well because it's an early night because I work at 8:30 on Saturday morning. Thursdays, perhaps the best night of the week to go out, I usually go "window shopping" with a buddy, a wingman. We usually go out to check out the hot scenes and look at the girlies all done-up. We may meet a couple girls, even get digits or get laid, but the bulk of my work is not accomplished here. Saturday's are reserved for dinner with the boys. I don't see them all week because everyone works hard in this city, and I enjoy nothing better than grabbing a big meal and relaxing with a good friend or two, perhaps having a stogie afterwards. We may or may not go chasing after dinner, but we're all cognizant that Saturday is the hardest pull, for the reasons mentioned above. My advice is to keep one weekend night free to eat with your boys: they'll keep you sane and stave off loneliness, plus it's the ideal time to recount stories of the week just passed.

So we've talked about the when and the where's of meeting the girls – midweek daytime, in a non-pick-up environment – but what exactly do you do when you see that foxy, confident, almost bitchy women sauntering down the street towards you?

The Intro – “Hello, I think you're cute”

Whatever you've heard about not paying compliments to women is bullshit. Women like flattery, they like flirting and sexual tone and many of them appreciate a direct approach. I can't remember the last time I used a "line", both because they sound cheesy and are retarded, and also because who has time to remember that shit when a hot chick passes in front of the radar.

Women are animals, just like us, and they sense things from a gut level, as all animals do. Confidence and a sense of urgency are your two allies in this endeavor. The confidence will come as you continue to hone your craft and reap the prodigious benefits of your system. In general, women respond to body language and timing as much, if not more, than the content of what you are saying. You can tell in 2 seconds if she's interested, and get a good sense if she's a yes/no/maybe girl. "Yes" girls will be appreciative, reciprocate your attention, stop what they are doing, give you their attention, and in general enjoy the interaction and the feeling of sexual tension between the two of you. The other "maybe" girls will give you some leeway, but in general will be difficult and you'll feel the work you're doing.

My friend Jeff is the master at reeling them in. Persistence is the key here, as is a sense of humor and a feeling that it's your prerogative to engage these women:

- You are never "bothering" a girl by hitting on her. Remember that it's your duty as a man to engage the opposite sex and initiate contact. Don't get into thinking you're being intrusive, she will let you know.

I remember a funny comment this black guy made on a street corner in the city. He was checking out a hot chick as she walked around the corner and I caught him staring. We made eye contact and he says, "I'm just doing my job." He was, and I appreciated it.

I've also found other men to be generally admiring and supportive of the pick-up. By that I mean guys understand the rap, and don't look down on a guy who takes the shot. I've tried to rap to a girl in a crowded subway before and she just gave me air and the look away or a few unfriendly one-word replies. My shtick fell flat, and 5 guys were right there watching. Not a one smirked or laughed; most guys give props for taking the shot. They've been there, or appreciate that you went in for the kill.

Back to the "maybe" girls. They are the ones that engage reluctantly and have unwelcoming body language, or keep question the pretext of your meeting: "But I don't know you?" Also, I've gotten the "I'm in a hurry to blah, blah, blah". You're in a hurry too, tell them. I guarantee you their time is no more valuable than yours. The "no" girls are unresponsive or snobby, or give you the "Who are you?" look. Walk away immediately. They give off bad energy and can kill an unpracticed guy's spirit. For some reason these types want to discourage sex and playfulness between the sexes. Brutal. Don't be afraid to walk away mid-sentence. I've literally stopped talking and turned and left in situations where I'm up against a brick wall. You can't win those, and remember, "Next!"

Regarding the approach, there's no right way to initiate conversation. The "head on" is decent. Also the side by side, "My, you're in quite a hurry!" works well. I've had tremendous luck with the Two-Step Look Back™, in which I make strong, suggestive eye contact and then give a look back a couple of seconds later. If the girl is likewise

craning her neck, you're golden. She's interested; just wave her over as you get your phone out. You "can't talk", though. Remember, you're late for _____.

Also, a word about nerves or guts. My friend Arefin asked me this little riddle:

"What killed the warrior?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Hesitation," he said. We were talking about girls.

I'm sure all of us guys, no matter how dashing, suave and successful today, once had real trepidation at the thought of approaching a female stranger and making conversation. First of all, it becomes second nature the more you do it. The benefits of a good rap reinforce the exercise, as well. Also, recognize that you will fall on your face many times, especially if you're young. But, practice makes perfect, and if you can practice in an anonymous setting like NYC, then there's no fall-out when you totally bomb. Also, as I'll say more than once, confidence, body language and appearance are more important than what you say.

Get the Number – In less than 1 minute

Keep in mind that like all people girls, especially hot ones, are moody. You need the contact information of course, otherwise you can't pursue her. However, you don't need to do anything charming, memorable or "cute" when you first meet her. The only purpose is to get the digits so you can contact her later. After that, keep moving. You have nothing to say to her, anyhow; you'll just fuck it up. I've found many a reluctant girl is only too happy to see me midweek for a drink. Remember, their moods will change, dramatically, and often.

So what do you say to these fickle, sensitive beasts? It doesn't really matter. It's more the timing and body language. I've found that the quick move works best. Walking by a girl, or past a table where she's eating, whatever, I usually try to make eye contact, and if she notices me, I acknowledge by saying, "I want to say 'hi' because I noticed we made eye contact, and this is New York and if you don't take advantage of moments like these they tend to just pass, blah, blah, etc." Or, if there's no eye contact I stop them and say my standard, "I think you're cute, but I'm in a rush and late for a meeting. How 'bout you give me your number and we'll grab a drink around here some night." That usually works, or at least gets them interested. The yes/maybe girls will perk up: they know you find them attractive, appreciate that you are confident enough to tell them so in a polite way, and you have a plan – the drink. That's all that needs to happen on the initial meeting. Ideally, you should see her, engage, talk for 45 seconds while you're entering her digits, and then smile (or wink, if you're good at it) and rush off to your "meeting".³ Don't run.

³ If you're in some situation where you can't leave immediately, like sitting next to a woman on the subway, etc., wait until you have about 1 minute left with her before striking up conversation. There's nothing more awkward than silence between two strangers after they've said hello, and even Shakespeare couldn't be charming for more than a couple of minutes off the bat, so have a planned exit. In the subway example, get off and switch cars, if you have to.

The less than one-minute engagement works for a number of reasons. First off all, it prevents the guy from doing anything stupid or awkward, or revealing too much. A nervous guy can torpedo a promising situation by talking too much and turning the girl off, or freaking her out, perhaps by mentioning he lives at home with his folks, or something like that. The less talking you do, the better. Women, as well as men, like the fantasy or “romance” of meeting “that guy”, and since almost no guy is ever going to live-up to some bullshit Prince Charming archetype (who wants to, anyhow) at least prolong the fantasy for your benefit. This leads to the second reason the one-minute engagement works: it maintains the intrigue. “Who was that dashing stranger I just met in the rain?” she thinks as you walk off with your raincoat trailing and your umbrella extended. As they are reeling from the encounter, trying to process what just happened and remember the fine details of what you said, and how you looked, and just how you stood, you’re already gone, not there to fuck it up. They’re hooked. Their mind is already working on you.

A Note on Appearance

It is important to look good. Looking your best will improve your hit rate. In particular, if you’re working the street game, keeping a clean-cut “I have a job and pay my rent” look will work to your benefit. The wheels in a girl’s head are relentless, and looking responsible and somewhat trustworthy (but not at the expense of sexiness) will counter the “I just met this guy on the street - I don’t even know him!” alarm in her head.

Confidence and experience here can make up for a lot, and it’s true that good situations often arise when we least expect them or are ready for them, so avoid being a slob. You’ll appreciate later when you’re pulling her panties down and she’s smiling at you. For all the work they do on themselves – waxing, plucking, gym, diet, clothes, hair, make-up, etc. – the least we can do is shower and brush our teeth.

I have a few preferences and tricks that my running mates share. One is the scruff factor: in general guys look sexier with a couple days growth. Job permitting, let it grow. It’s better for your skin, and most women like the look. With clothes you have many options. One general rule is that shoes are important; they tell a man’s social class, I’ve heard. I generally have two looks – downtown and sexy or uptown, successful and slick. Girls respond to both, perhaps for difference reasons.

My downtown look is (and keep in mind this is Manhattan, fashion capital) a pair of Helmut Lang faded jeans, black Kenneth Cole belt, Timberland Chelsea boots (good for winter, too) and a tight-fitting Dolce & Gabbana black t-shirt. Uptown is a solid blue Zegna spread collar shirt (no tie), navy Armani black-label suit, and Ferragamo Daniely shoes. Every guy has his particulars; I find these two outfits cover the bases.

My friend Jeff turned me on to this little device that can handle bad-breath – an Oolit tongue scraper. It’s just a strip of plastic with a serrated edge, but it does get the guck off the tongue, especially in the morning, and especially in the morning after smoking a cigar the night before. He folds one into his pocket when he goes on dates and does a few scrapes in the bathroom before making out; I keep mine at home. Use varies, depending on hygiene and self-consciousness level, I suppose.

First Contact – What now?

Technology is a wonderful thing. We can get the number and so easily put it into our cell phone, often with one-hand, looking cool while we do so. I tried the pick-up game a bit when I first got to NYC without a cell phone. Take it from me, it's a bit tough. Not only is it burdensome to write numbers down, but also sketchy and a big red flag to girls that you're broke, don't have a job, don't have credit, etc. Somehow get hold of a phone, it's the key tool of the trade.

So you have a phone, but how do you use it? When I first started hustling, midway through college (up to that point I had girlfriends, like everyone else...) I used to get worked-up about the initial call, and would get nervous, with butterflies. Inevitably the call was awkward, I said stuff I wasn't overjoyed I had said, and the relationship wasn't necessarily moving in the direction of me having sex with the caller on the other end. That was 10 years ago, and things have changed, especially with technology.

It is the era of the text message, and men all over the world should be thanking their lucky stars. Not only is this the most effective way to control the conversation and avoid missteps, but you can now reach a larger audience. As my friend Nathan says, "Text messaging has got to be the worst thing that has happened to women in a long time." It removes that old filter that used to prevent all types of guys from getting laid, something we call "Women's Intuition". You know what I'm talking about. You leave a pleasant voicemail on some chic's phone after meeting her, but you ramble a bit and the tone of your voice becomes increasingly less confident and unsure of itself. You hang up, dissatisfied with the call. It's the Swingers dilemma – do you call back, etc. (Never call back, by the way). She senses your nervousness, gets turned off, and deletes your number.

Luck favors the laconic. Until you've had sex with a woman, it's my experience that less talking is better. Women tend to be better talkers and can intuit a tremendous amount from some guy who is yapping his gums off. Keep things unspoken, or refuse to divulge stuff; above all, keep it playful, flirty and mildly combative. The French have a word for it – *badinage* – which means playful, verbal banter.

So keep it light and frothy. But hold on. I want to talk about first contact, before you meet for a drink. You can always call to say hi and schedule the drink at your spot. That's standard. For that, I recommend midday, when you're at work, real quick "can't-talk-now-but-want-to-see-you-soon" call. Calling during the busy business day prevents you from talking too much and revealing something that will make her suspicious or disqualify you completely.

It turns out that a lot of the game is avoiding pitfalls. In fact, I think women, in general, want us to make love to them, but guys inevitably screw it up. I'm sure you've heard, or are aware, that a woman will decide in the first 5 minutes if she's going to sleep with you, and then it's up to you to stay the course or fuck it up in any number of ways. The best thing for us men, I've found, is to stick to a script and veer off infrequently. I've tried almost everything in the book, here in this dating laboratory we call New York, and I'm codifying what works, and what doesn't. Disregard this advice at your peril.

So, you're sitting there Tuesday afternoon with a few numbers in the pipeline and maybe you've left a few short, not too sweet, voicemails, about "hey, let's grab a drink –

does Wednesday night work?”⁴ That’s a good start. But here’s where leverage really comes into play. To eliminate the wavering voice, her intuition and the fact that you don’t have a deep, husky voice from the equation altogether, use a text message.

This seems obvious, but it works wonders. Not only do you have time to compose your message calmly, but women love to read and write. Getting little messages via phone gets them excited in the way a little girl gets excited about a letter from Daddy when he’s away. There is something more fun or romantic, and mysterious about texting, I don’t know. Plus you can make outrageous propositions that you could never deliver with aplomb over the phone, much less in person.

I often send a text to a girl I just met who doesn’t have my number. She invariably answers, “Who’s this?” and I explain and ask when we’re going to have a drink, etc. By the way, if you get into this, buy an unlimited text messaging package ‘cause the shit gets pricey, especially when executing the following.

So here’s where leverage (as my finance buddies like to say) comes in: group messaging. I was saying earlier how it’s a market, and it is. Well, any Wall Street trader will talk to you about testing the market to see what’s out there – what the appetite is on a particular stock. Same thing with girls. Who knows how the bitchy, disinterested French girl you met last Friday afternoon on Madison Ave. is feeling today, Tuesday, at 3pm? Is she depressed, lonely, feeling ugly, unappreciated, far from family, etc. Perfect time for you to drop in with an SMS.

Here’s what I do. I am usually sitting at my desk, doing a bit of tutoring and it’s early afternoon, nothing going on tonight. My phone allows me to send bulk messages to up to 20 recipients so I go through the phone book and “Add” the first 20 number to my message. Then I compose a brief message, something like: “What’s up for tonight?” or “Any news in your life?” or “What are you doing?” or, my personal favorite because of its economy: “Tonight?” I do this till my current pipeline is exhausted; recently that was at least 4 batches for about 80 girls, and then, with my phone on silent so as not to disturb others, I set it on my desk. The response is usually overwhelming.

I can only keep 30 messages in my inbox, so there is a lot of “Delete All” and then continued correspondence. The point is that you can blanket a lot of women, and make demanding, last minute offers (ex. meet me tonight, 10pm at this lounge, in my hood, etc.) and see what the market thinks. You’ll be surprised what a woman will do to avoid sitting at home alone watching “Sex in the City” reruns and eating a tub of ice cream. Just like a market, you’ll get a huge initial response, and then others will trickle in over the hours as latecomers get the message. There’s nothing better to get a women interested than to tell her you can’t make it anymore, that the offer’s off the table. Do it nicely, though.

Why Dinners Invariably Fail if You’re Trying to Get Laid

I’m not sure how this started, but some girl must have suggested dinner and a guy with no plan and an inability to close must have agreed. Let me say again, as I did in the preface,

⁴ You can filter the market rather easily in your choice of meeting time. In general, “no” girls will put up a stink with a late drink during the week. “Yes” girls, on the other hand, are game for most anything, and will rarely balk at a 10pm first drink Tuesday night at a quiet uptown lounge. You’re time is valuable; use such screens.

that dinner is the death-knell for getting laid. And yet the restaurants are packed every night with first-daters eating away. This is because women are much more clever at getting what they want from relationships than are men.

This bit on dinners deserves bullet points for the thick-headed:

- Dinners cost a bunch and you pay; you are judged on how costly the dinner is.
- An hour (or more) of talking and eating across from a girl is too much time before closing – your bullshit starts to smell.
- Eating is the antithesis of sex. It smells and makes the girl bloated and physically self-conscious.
- Food coma can set in, making you tired, and causing you to yawn, which her oversensitive ass thinks is because you're not interested in her.
- You may fall into the “boyfriend” category and she will not give it up because she doesn't want to ruin it.
- There is no alcohol in her system.
- You, eating, can be a turn-off; consequently, you have to watch your manners, making the meal a chore.
- After a while, the girl you thought was so hot starts to resemble a sister and whatever sexual tension may have existed yields to a “friendly” feeling.

Do you need more reasons? Dinner is fine with a girlfriend, or a wife, even a female friend you're not attracted to, but please don't waste time, money and probably you're only shot at this girl by taking her to eat. You're not trying to feed someone; you're trying to get laid. The only exception to this is if you invert the order of the date: meet, fuck, and then eat, after you've worked up an appetite. Doesn't this make more sense? Didn't your parents always tell you not to swim after eating? Swim first, and then eat. I owe this insight to a great mentor of mine, the indomitable and loving Dominick N.

The reason I am so adamant about this comes from experience. When I was in my twenties, new to dating, I used to take women out to eat. Almost to the one, I would end the night befuddled and frustrated. What had started out so well eventually petered out. The reasons above are all legitimate. In particular, two points need elaboration. First, is the physical nature of eating. If a girl eats a big pasta dish with garlic and seafood, and then has dessert, and coffee and gets completely stuffed (remember, you're paying so they often attempt to gorge themselves on your ticket) and is conscious of her strong food breath, you really think she's going to let you undress her? Doesn't she have to take a mean shit? Or fart? Sounds gross, but think about it. This is the most unlikely condition in which she'll put out. Secondly, even if wine is part of the meal, or there are aperitifs or port at the end, it will be diluted by all that food. And, as we'll see alcohol does (and has for centuries) play a central role in lower inhibitions, loosening the girl up, etc. You really want your booze dollars diluted like that?

Where to Meet? – The Lounge

A bar is too noisy and uncomfortable; restaurant disqualified for the reasons above; your apartment, too forward (usually). That leaves the lounge, which is a brilliant invention in its own right. My friend Jeff and I have often mused about opening one in

Boston, which is notoriously light on places to take a girl for a drink. Here are the requirements for a good lounge, of which there are many in NYC, several close to my house:

- Enticing, dim lighting; no overhead lighting for our brothers who are getting thin up there.
- Comfortable couches that make the girl relax and allow you to be physical
- Nice, ambient music that is not too loud; a DJ is usually too much.
- Steady flow of cabs outside to fall into upon departure.
- Wait staff and bartender who get it and know your system.

Because this is the first time you'll really engage the girl, the setting needs to be advantageous and play to all your strengths. Do not let her choose the spot; elements you can't control will usually work against you getting laid. Make sure she comes alone.⁵

It's also very important to have an understanding with the bartender and waitress, which usually means you tipping them well so that they follow your instructions to a "T". I don't drink and haven't done so for 10 years, but for all you booze-hounds out there, my advice is: take the night off. This brings me to an important rule of the game:

- You should not drink while "on the job".

Booze your tits off with your buddies on Saturday night, not here. Banging this chick is going to take your A-game and you don't want to be dull. Until you establish yourself with the bartenders and get comfortable with your spot, you should show up a bit early, well-dressed (it doesn't hurt to throw on a suit, at least not in NYC) and post up at the bar. Quiet nights are best, because they're more intimate, and also because you're more likely to find an open couch or nook in which to cuddle.

Tell the bartender how it is - she works for you for the 2 hours or so you'll be there. I tell them I don't drink but that I am meeting a lady, and that I don't want her to feel uncomfortable so could they please bring me seltzer waters, in a high-ball glass, with a lime. And call it a Tom Collins. Or a Gin and Tonic if you prefer. Never leave your drink, and don't let the girl sip it - she will freak out, I guarantee you. If you go to the bathroom, take it with you. When done, take both her glass and yours to the bar and give them to the bartender. Also, I find that drinking 2 or 3 seltzers on top of the meal I ate an hour before (solo or with a buddy) can be a challenge; I usually tell the bartender to make mine almost entirely ice; hers, little ice and stiff.

Bring the drinks back (it's best to order at the bar while she's sitting on the couch so she can't hear the conversation) and do a nice little toast, making strong eye contact when the glasses clink. Avoid giving orders to the waitress out loud because she may here you say "Tom Collins" and respond, "I thought you were drinking seltzer" or something worse. Advise them to NOT announce your drink when they hand it to you, as

⁵ This is an obvious point, but I've had weird situations and my friend Nathan once met a girl, invited her to a drink and she brought a friend. Can you believe that shit? He rightfully refused to pay for their booze. Also, it's a statistical fact that it's far harder to have sex with a girl when she's in a group setting. Partly girls don't want to disappear and hence be labeled a slut and partly they are having "fun" with others, making it nigh impossible to isolate a would-be candidate. Avoid at all costs; reschedule, if you must.

they often do: “Apple Martini for the Lady and a seltzer for the Gentleman”. You’ll be fucked if they do that – not the good way. Also, and I learned this the hard way, don’t let the girl see the bill. Sure drinking water keeps the cost down, but she’ll flip when she reads, “Seltzer - \$4.00” after you’ve been drinking “G&T’s” all night. I was able to avoid terrible embarrassment one night when precisely this happened by looking sheepishly at Nicky, and saying “Look at that – they undercharged us. Should I mention it?” She was still suspicious. Save yourself a huge problem - keep the bill private.

Conversation – What the Hell do I talk about as this Girl gets Liquored-Up?

As little as possible, is the answer. At least about yourself. Guys are notorious for blabbing on-and-on about themselves when out for the first time with a girl. Girls have different brains than we do and follow different cues; talking about your job may seem interesting, and the part about you being “employed” is, but frankly, women don’t give a shit about most anything a guy does, except his ability to pay for her and how he fucks her.

Just have cash to settle the bill and cab fare (discussed later) and let her know you do something during the day, preferably a “job”. The focus of the conversation should be on her for 3 reasons:

- It keeps you enigmatic and mysterious
- Women love to talk. It’s how they get comfortable.
- She will reveal whether or not you can fuck her in the next 2 hours.

Given women’s ability to romanticize any situation and fantasize about men and relationships (who watches Soap Operas, eh?) what you don’t tell them about yourself they will supply from their imagination. This excites them and they do a better job of making you into a sexy, mysterious lover than you possibly could by running your mouth. I have never had a woman who was at a loss for something to talk about, particularly concerning dating, relationships, men, sex, marriage, etc.

Anything about how the two genders relate is ideal subject matter. This serves two purposes. It gives you a reservoir from which to draw because there is abundant material here and you can fill up an hour with Q&A fairly easily. Open-ended questions work best, such as “What do you think of dating in New York?” Put the bit in their mouth and they will take the reins. It’s also great because if you direct the conversation by asking probing, but discreet questions, they will tell you if they’re promiscuous, chaste, into blowjobs, etc. Asking why their last relationship ended is always a good springboard, and comments like “having fun”, “dating”, “enjoying being single” are essentially euphemisms for unattached sex with mysterious men like you.

A Word on the Proper Use of Time

Until you’ve had sex with a woman, time is against you; once you’ve been with her, it’s your ally. Closely aligned with the notion of the romantic is the feeling of urgency. For some reason, things moving quickly are more romantically compelling than a drawn-out, methodical courtship. From first meeting, to planning the drink, to meeting at the lounge,

and now, to the first physicality, timing is crucial. Move too fast and you startle her (although you've be surprised just how fast one can move in a frenetic city like NYC); move too slowly, and you become a yawner, forever resigned to the hell of the "friends zone".

A standard timeline would be meeting, call or text the next day saying hi and setting the drink date for 2 days hence. Time between initial meeting and drink should never be more than 5 days; you should always try your best to fuck her after that first night, as well:

- A woman will forgive an overly aggressive guy more readily than a passive milquetoast. The former clearly desires her (of which she is perpetually insecure), the latter seemingly does not. A woman cannot bear a repeat of a situation in which she questions her desirability.

So go for it. By the way, guys, stop telling yourselves, not a little patronizingly, that you are "preying" on that innocent girl; that making a move so soon would be untoward:

- A woman rarely, if ever, is unaware of the romantic implications of a given situation.

Women are so much more prepared, from an early age, to deal with and understand sex, than are we men. It is a constant part of their biology because of menstruation, and giving birth is arguably the most important fact of their entire existence. If you think they are naïve, think again. Many times I've considered a situation in retrospect and thought how much of a dolt I'd been to have missed the signs: it was late at night, we were alone, she was looking longingly at me, and her posture was upright, confident and ready. Everything was great, except for the fact that I couldn't make the move because we'd just met that afternoon, or it was the cousin of so-an-so, etc.

Two stories illustrate the point. When I was 16 or so, I was at this French summer day-camp picnic in Topanga Canyon in LA and several of us took the car to the beach. Everyone got out except the cute female driver and me. I was in the passenger seat and we were sitting in the car on the side of the Pacific Coast Highway on a warm summer afternoon with a gorgeous view. I had a hunch this girl liked me, and then, get this – she reached into the glove compartment to get lipstick. I sit there like a fool while you slowly circles this stick around her lips. I had to ask my buddy later what her actions meant. Retarded!

The second story happened 2 years ago, here in the City. I worked for an investment manager in this tall apartment building (we worked from his beautiful home), and I met a very sexy girl in the deli below. She gave me her number, etc. Turns out she was a dentist, didn't leave for work till late in the morning, and yes, she'd love it if I would bring some tea by at 9am when I got to work. So I did, a few times. Only problem was we'd sit next to each other on her couch, very close, sipping our hot teas, talking bullshit and I could feel the tension and desire so much I was sweating, and my heart was beating. But I kept telling myself, "I can't grab this girl and kiss her, and suck on those luscious tits, and stick my tongue in her pussy because it's only 9am."

Turns out people have sex before noon in NYC. I eventually took her to dinner, etc. Later I did come over late-night and we got in bed, but the energy was flat, and nothing happened. Lesson? Do it when you feel it. Lisa G. is my dentist today, and I still go out to see her in Brooklyn. We have a laugh about those mornings. I once asked if she would have slugged me if I had made a move one morning. She laughed, "It takes a lot more than that to upset me." There you go.

Getting Physical – Seating Arrangements

Face-to-Face Sitting across from each other is sometimes unavoidable, but is often a hard gulf to breach. There is the obvious benefit of eye contact, especially when setting is dim and candle-lit. Also, there is the forced, and a bit desperate, arms-across-the-tabletop, in which the woman gently massages your forearms. This can work, and give you a sense of her touch. What's most important about physical contact, of course, is that it makes the woman relaxed. That is, unless you're a jumpy, jittery motherfucker, in which case put down this book. So, she can kneed into your forearms, which feels great, meanwhile talking to you about her _____ (cat, brother, father, roommate) and all the while relaxing to a point where she'll open up more, physically. There's also the footsie angle, but I'm not sure that's still in vogue.

Side-by-Side Most men have a better side, or think they do. Mine is to my left; I think my profile on that side is better-looking. Choose a side and play it. In general, because I like my left better, I like to have the girl sit to my left. That way, I come from a point of strength.

What this position lacks in visual intimacy, it makes up for in physical intimacy. From the side you can extend for the old arm-around-shoulder. You can talk in a low voice because you're telling here something "discreet and private" when in truth you just want to breathe warmly on her ear and neck to excite her. Thighs and crotch are now within reach and can be grazed and palmed casually as you get up, sit down, lean-in.

This stuff sounds too detailed, but it's crucial to condition the Pavlovian female to expect physical closeness from you. To playboys it comes naturally – just go to some real hot restaurant or bar and watch some stud with a beautiful girl on each side. It's all jaw, shoulder, palm and breasts, in a sea of hair. Women like to be touched. You don't initiate here, and you'll be labeled a psycho when you reach for her pussy in the cab or after 3 minutes of formal bullshit back at you apartment.

When to Leave

I've been experimenting with this part of the system. I guess it's the one area that's still a "work-in-progress." Knowing when to leave, or said another way, when to stay put and have another round, is crucial. Ultimately, it's a judgment call, but I've recently tried to see how soon I can pull it in the name of research and economy (another drink for her is \$12 and for you another fucking glass of seltzer water). Obviously, more liquor makes things easier – to a point. I am usually out of the lounge after two drinks, sometimes three. I imagine if I held longer I would encounter a couple of problems I avoid: a soused girl that stinks of booze and is too uncoordinated to play and may possibly boot, or a

more cautious girl that takes note of her drunkenness and becomes guarded, and suspicious, knowing her resolve is down.

I would counsel three drinks and then split. I've taken girls out and they've betrayed their horniness by sucking down the drinks with fervor. I've also had to stand by and bullshit while a girl nursed her drink for an hour – brutal.

Also, recognize that you control the tab, as you're paying, and can cut it off, or walk from the date at any time. Last week I had a drink with this Korean girl – cute, from the supermarket, digits in literally 30 seconds – and after one drink I laid it out. I don't recommend this level of candor, but I told her that we'd had one drink and did she want to join at my place for a second. She demurred, and as I had a buddy with a promising situation downtown, I told her that if we were going to have a second drink (on me, of course) and talk more of the same – work, life in New York, relationships – I wasn't interested. This was a “maybe” girl and I made the call. Carlos and I had fun downtown that night.

One last note on leaving the lounge, the last neutral public place for you both. I often say I know of a place where we can have another drink, and that I'm tired of this joint. They agree and ask “where?” Here you should be vague, because she may want to map out the night along her blueprint, which may involve the following number of hummers: zero. Tell her it's a spot uptown and then walk out, hail a cab and pile in.

The Cab Ride

The 6 minute ride from my favorite lounge to my apartment is a crucial testing period. If I have my hand in her panties and her mouth is around my cock, she passes the test. Everyone's happy. That isn't often the case. More usually, they're coming back to your place, a bit tipsy, and now would be a good time to test the physical boundaries a bit. Kissing, breast and crotch action is explored. Also, their willingness to put their hands on my alerted member is usually telling.

I only give my home address when getting into the cab. If the woman wants to “get another drink” somewhere else at 1am on a Tuesday night, she's being difficult. Which brings us to axiom 42:

- Most difficult women remain difficult.

It's like Newton's First Law of Motion (I was a physics major in college). Opening your wallet all over town in the fading hope that this chic is going to give it up is a rookie move. Always be prepared to walk from the pussy, particularly at the cab ride stage. It's like ripping off a Band-Aid™ – it's better to do it in one move. It will sting for 20 seconds. Go upstairs, jerk-off, check you wallet to note that you just saved yourself \$50 and go to sleep. “Next!”

The Apartment

I have the smallest apartment in Manhattan. Literally. My friend Micah and I laugh about hosting a dinner party in this large closet, complete with a butler carrying

hors-oeuvres on a silver dinner tray. The place has one window, no kitchen, a shared bathroom down the hall and a little mini-fridge that sits above incongruous \$2000 Armani suits in the closet. And yet, I screw more and better looking girls than all my friends in the City, many who have infinitely nicer digs.

The reason is two-fold: the power of the system to bring the woman to a point of no-return, and second, what I will call “presentation” but which is actually an optical illusion. The system, from first meeting on the street 3 days prior, has worked magically, and the woman is all but ready to get naked. The apartment, at this stage is simply a private place to shag, whereas it usually is a tremendous bargaining chip in the male population’s never ending quest to copulate. The other reason, having to do with presentation, is comical, yet effective, and bears elaboration.

As said, I live in a box. A box in the most expensive neighborhood in the country, but a box, nonetheless. As the woman trails behind me at 2am, ascending the stairwell to my floor, I have the plan in place. There is only a single leather chair with ottoman in my apartment, and here she must sit. I’ve usually prepared before heading out that night, and so all the lights are off and there are a couple of candles and matches by the front door. I’ve found that women will tolerate most anything, provided the experience is candle-lit.

So I lead, opening the door into darkness, immediately grabbing a candle or two. These I light, place on either side of the generous leather chair, motioning to her to have a seat as I remove her coat. Coat hung in the closet, candles flickering laterally, she gets cozy in the leather. We are ensconced in a little globe of light, the outlines of my meager apartment hardly visible beyond.

It’s all yours from here...

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