

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Gary Brodsky

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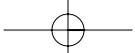
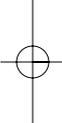
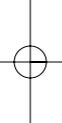
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The Modern Alpha, Inc.

*"Women are not much,
but they're the best other sex we have."*

— Don Herold



Introduction

So, Who Am I To Tell You About Women?

For those of you who don't know me, I figure I'd better introduce myself. Hey, it's only polite—right?

Anyway, to be formal for a moment, my name is Gary Brodsky. I'm forcing myself to do this introduction because, you see, I've written so many books on the subject of men and women, and so many people consider me the nation's number one authority on the battle of the sexes, that sometimes I forget there are guys out there who don't know me.

I'm not trying to sound conceited here, or anything, but most days I have so many fan letters to read, so many faxes and emails to respond to, that I start feeling as if the whole world knows me. I know it's not true, but I wish it was. And I'll tell you why. Because every man on this planet needs to hear what I have to say about the opposite sex. I mean it. If it walks on two legs and has a penis, I'm the guy it needs to listen to. Seriously.

Now, those of you who already *do* know me, who have read

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

my books, attended my lectures, heard one of my audio discs, or just listened to the legends of my exploits as they have been told around the campfires and in the taverns where the great tales of epoch manhood have been spun over the past twenty years, hell, you should probably read on anyway. After all, there's bound to be at least a tidbit or two of information you can use. You know, you bought the whole book, you might as well read the whole book.

And to you new guys, to those of you who yet to learn how easy it is to get any woman to do anything you want anytime you want her to do it ... welcome to my world. No offense, but it's about time you got smart and decided to come in out of the cold and get the real scoop on how things work. And brother, I've got the real deal for you, no ifs, no ands, no buts. Just the straight score—period.

Of course, you might be asking yourself, who is this guy to tell me how to meet women? Gimme a break, you might be thinking. Hell, any doof with half a brain can figure that out for himself.

Well, my honest answer to that is, Maybe. But then again, maybe not.

Still, it is a fair question. What *does* make me think I've got a handle on all this that other guys don't? What does make me think that I have all the answers—and I mean *all* the answers—when it comes to women? Well, a fair question deserves a fair answer, so here goes.

What I've got, is experience.

Plain and simple. I've got more experience at sighting,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

scoring and satisfying women than practically any man on this planet. It is, to be blunt, what I do best. Or, as Nestor said in “Battle Beyond the Stars;”

“It is good to have skills.”

Now, I want you to think about this for a moment. I mean, hey, there’s something you can do better than everyone around you—right? Some skill you’ve honed, some trick you’ve mastered—correct? Well, same for me. What I do better than absolutely anyone I have ever met, is *score*. Big time. All the time. And, brother, when I tell you that I score all the time, that is *exactly* what I mean.

All the time.

There is, I kid you not, not a day that goes by that I don’t get laid. And, on those days I just don’t have the time to sack some sweetie, don’t think I’m at the very least not picking up a fast blow job. And, so there’s no doubt in anyone’s mind, I’m not talking skanks here—all right. I’m talking prime rib, the kind of women most of you are still only dreaming about.

But, and I tell you this without any embarrassment at all, it wasn’t always that way. Hey, nobody starts out at the top of their game. Nobody. Anyone who says different is crapping on your face and telling you to call it honey. Think about it for a second. Anyone who starts at the top, that means they never—*ever*—get any better. And that notion is just plain stupid.

Nope, I was just as much a beginner when I first started hunting for women as anyone else. Now, when I first started to go out, I did have the advantage of getting some great tips from my Dad and some doozies from a couple of my uncles.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

But, that didn't make me a winner every time. No, experience did that.

I had to play the game and learn the ropes like anyone else. Unlike a lot of guys, though, I worked at learning from my mistakes. I also watched my pals when they went on the make; I watched their approaches and studied them in detail—both their victories *and* their defeats. Of course, I had my *own* victories and defeats (trust me, every guy has both, and I mean *every* guy) as well. And, bit by bit, date by date, lesson by lesson, I put together a playbook of moves and plans over the years that are simply guaranteed to get you between the sheets with as many women as you can handle.

But, anyway, let me get back to our topic, which is to introduce me to all the guys who haven't met me before. Okay, you know a little about me. You know my name and that I'm a hit with the ladies. Now, I know how guy's minds work. A lot of you new fellows, you're going to be thinking, at least in the back of your mind, that there's some trick here. You're thinking that I've got to be godlike good looking, or as rich as Midas. All I can say to that is, hey, don't I wish I was either of those.

Being honest, I will tell you now that I am not a handsome guy. No, God was not kind to me in the looks department. I'm a guy of average height, who has the nose of a guy of towering height. I've got enough nose for three guys.

But, that's okay. Here's why. Looks fade. You start out in life getting tail because your mug is molded in just the way to attract quail, then you're going to be out of luck when the lines and sags and warts start showing up. Pretty boys fall apart in

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

their thirties. The first chick that doesn't go all gooey for them sends them into a tail spin. Before long they're begging for female companionship, not because they want to get laid, but because they're desperate to believe they've "still got it."

Pretty boys get women for a while, but they don't get every women. They only get the women that like they're particular look. Got that? It's just like Coca-cola. Everybody likes Coke—right? Well, no. Not everyone. Plenty of people like Pepsi. Hell, there are people who will turn down both of those for a Dr. Pepper. And it doesn't stop there. There are plenty more folks who don't like colas at all. And plenty more after that don't like soda at all, and would rather have an ice tea or a lemonade.

What I'm trying to say is that, sure, any reasonably good looking guy will be able to get himself enough women to feed his ego nicely enough for a few years. All he has to do it only go after the kind of gals who are into his kind of looks and be ready to accept the rejection that comes from the ones who don't.

But that's not the claim I'm making, is it, now? What I'm saying is that I can get any woman, any time. I'm saying that I can walk right up to her, no matter who she is, no matter where we are, and that I can come away with exactly what I want without the least bit of trouble. That's a little bit different.

As for those who believe in the power of money—no. That's not the answer, either. First off, there are plenty of women out there who have all the money they need. Hey, it's a whole new world, you know? I'm not saying it was right, or even *smart* of us, but as a sex we gave women the right to vote—we taught them how to read, let them out of the kitchen,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

bought them Italian shoes and invented birth control. It's our fault they're out of the kitchen and the bedroom, spoiling for a fight at every turn, with plenty of cash to help them keep up a long and cruel battle. But, no matter. It's happened, and we've had to learn to live with it. Fine. New times, new rules.

My point is, money doesn't impress women like it used to in the days of our grandfathers. And, those it does still impress, pretty much are just there with you to get all of the cash you have. Once you're dry, they say goodbye. Hopefully this is no big surprise to any of you. Also, hopefully no one out there is mad about this, either. Hey, fair is fair. If you're stupid enough to wave money around as what you have to offer a woman, how can you get upset when your plan works, and ... now pay attention to these words ... *the fucking money is what attracts her—NOT YOU!*

No, even when I am flush, I hide the fact from the females I'm stalking. The smell of green just makes them greedy. In fact, even those women who aren't necessarily gold-diggers at heart, will still suck all the loot out of you they can. Women can't help it. It's part of their nesting instinct. It's in their genes to "gather unto themselves the materials of permanence" (I heard a professor say that once. Nice ring to it, don't you think?). They can't help themselves.

Anyway, if I'm not good-looking enough to be a movie star, and I don't have Bill Gates' bank account, then what is it I do have that attracts the chicks? The answer is just two simple things, and I'm going to share them with you right now.

The first, as I said before, is experience. Over the years I've

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

honed my techniques, gathered information, worked out schemes, et cetera, until I now have ten encyclopedias worth of information on how to score.

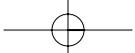
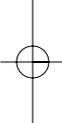
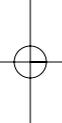
But, there are guys who have bought my books and read them, and still can't get to first base. And the reason for that is, no matter what I tell them, how I train them, no matter what I do, there are just some guys who refuse to believe that there is only *one* thing that *any* guy needs to conquer every battle. And, you ask, your voice growling with impatience, what *is* that one thing?

Hey, it's no big secret. I've said it before and I'll say it again. To get from women what you want, all you really need is:

Confidence.

Oh, sure, you yell. And just how in the name of all that's holy am I supposed to dig up a batch of confidence for a battle I've lost more times than I can count? Well, now you're finally starting to ask the right questions. All I can say is, just turn the page and let's get started. You bought this book for a reason, so let's get down to getting you ready for the wonderful world of women. I've got a lot to tell you and you've got a lot to learn.

But hey, what the hell? This is one school where the tests are *fuuunnnnnnn!*



CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Confidence

Who Has It—You or Her?

All right, did you read that chapter title right up above there? Did you? Even if you did, read it again. Trust me. It's important.

Now. I hear you asking yourself, what are you talking about, Gary? What does confidence have to do with anything for Christ sake? And what do you mean by asking, does *she* have confidence?

You're missing the point, aren't you? You bought this book thinking it was going to be some kind of step-by-step guide to becoming James Bond or something. You were looking for lists of rules, and strings of pick-up lines, and all the rest of the nonsense bullshit all the other guys who only *wish* they knew as much about women as I do have been pumping out into the American dating scene, helping to make it the pathetic wasteland it is these days.

Well, let's get you on track, shall we?

Understand this right up front. Understand that this is

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

about the most important thing anyone is ever going to tell you in your entire life.

Nothing in the world matters more, when it comes to meeting, greeting, and bedding a woman, except for *confidence*. Do you understand? Do you? Let me say it again, a little more directly ...

Nothing matters more when it comes to meeting women than *confidence*.

Abso-fucking-lutely nothing!

Now, being a good teacher who loves his students, I will explain. Let's say I did give you a pick-up line to use. Let's say I came up with some string of words I claimed was so clever that it would work every time, anywhere, no matter what—period. Don't you understand—if you don't have any *confidence* when you're delivering this ultimate pick-up phrase, then you're not going to get anywhere—ever.

Women don't care what you say when you approach them. Pick-up lines don't work precisely because they *are* pick—all of them. Here, here's the secret. What makes a pick-up line a line instead of a bit of conversation?

The way the words are said.

Yes. Trust me. Believe me. Understand this and you are 90% closer to getting yourself thrown bodily into the wonderful world of women. Getting back to that supposed super-line, understand me, if you say the words like some stuttering boob, then that's what you are in the woman's eyes, a stuttering boob. Say the words with the sophistication and charm, the sex appeal and magnetism of a James Bond, and surprise, surprise,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

that's who she's going to think of. And why? I'll tell you. It's because if you take sophistication and charm, sex appeal and magnetism, and break them all down, they add up to the components of ... yeah, you guessed it:

Confidence.

You can walk up to a woman and give her one of the oldest lines in the book, and if you say it the right way, you've got it made. You can try something as ancient as, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" and if she buys the way you say it, you're in. You've met.

And, isn't that what you're reading this book for in the first place? To find out how to meet chicks? Of course it was. So, let's explore this a little more.

First, let me put this idea of "a line" to bed once and for all so we can forget it. There is no such thing as an ultimate line that works every time. Every situation is different, every woman is different. There is no set of words you can say that is going to throw every woman at your feet just because you managed to jitter them out between your frightened teeth. Women are human beings, too. Some of them are going to be smarter than you (anything's possible, I suppose), some are going to be dumber (much safer bet). You can't just utter a phrase and suddenly find yourself enjoying a blow job (unless, of course, that phrase is "sure, I have the money for a blow job, ms. hooker"). This isn't a book on magic, but if you're looking for sure-fire pick-up lines, that's what you're actually asking for, magic spells. Sorry to burst your bubble, but there is no such thing. It really is all up to you.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Let me tell you a story. I was once in a check-out line at the supermarket. With me was one of my peewee brained friends. The checkout girl was a cutie. At the end when the groceries I was getting we're all tagged and bagged, she asked me;

“Is there anything else I can do for you?”

There was no insinuation in the way she asked. She wasn't hinting or coming on to me. It was just a standard, this-is-the-phrase-they-make-us-say-to-the-public-to-be-polite kind of thing. But, when she said it, I answered;

“Yeah, you could write your phone number on the receipt.” She did. And yeah, I called her, and yeah, we had fun, blah-blahblahfuckingblah. Who cares—that's not important. What's important in this story is my goofy pal. When we got outside, he started quizzing me on what I'd said as if it were some sort of formula for fucking. Try as I may, I couldn't get him to understand that there was no trick involved.

You simply can't tailor one set of words for all situations. It doesn't work. It can't. But, what you can do is tailor *yourself* so that no matter what words you say, they have the effect you want. Do you get me? You've got to get your confidence level up to the standards of the women that you're going to hit on.

Now, you say, just how do I do that?

I'm glad you asked. Let's talk about it.

First off, you've got to stop thinking about pussy as the greatest, the ultimate, the most wonderful, the on-and-on-and-on above all others. It's just pussy. It's just a gash in between a woman's legs. That's all it is. There are women who will let you suck on it, stick your hand in it, your dick, soda bottles,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

squashes, whatever you want, if you have their price. And in some countries that price is less than what you'd pay for a fast food breakfast here.

So, listen—it's not a gift from God. It something anyone—*anyone*—can have, for money. Just like taco shells. Just like radial tires. Just like toilet paper, cotton swabs or a comic book. Pussy is just a commodity. But, if inside your head you over-inflate the *value* of that commodity, then you're painting yourself into a sucker corner.

And, believe me, there isn't a woman in the world who isn't a used car salesperson at heart. What do I mean? Hey, as always, I'm only too glad to tell you.

A woman is like a used car salesman with only one car on the lot. Outside of the occasional virgin, they're all out there trying to sell some used and abused clunker to some unsuspecting boob. And, worse than a used car salesman, all women will do whatever they can to get your currency without even allowing you a peak under the hood, let alone a test drive.

So, if you strut onto the car lot with the idea in your head that the used car salesman is your friend, and that the car he won't even let you see is a super-charged, decked out thrill machine with a sweet interior that also gets great gas mileage, how much chance do you think you have of making a deal that you're going to be pleased with?

Like those used car sales people, women know what their pussy is worth. Nothing. Not a damn thing. You need to get sperm out of your system, you can just take the problem in hand, or you can find some man's ass that is used to being

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

mistaken for a jizz jar and relieve yourself. It's not like you actually need a woman for any *physical* reason. Trust me, bunkie, it's all *mental*.

Here's the fact, Jack. The only—*only*—reason we guys need pussy is because in the back of our minds, there's this little voice whispering that we're not really men unless we're banging babes. Now, that voice does have a point. Jerking off just makes you someone who's hit puberty and plowing the backside of something with plumbing like yours just makes the two of you losers who can't score in the real game.

A note here. People say I'm anti-gay. I'm not. What I am is two things. First, I'm a comedian. I take shots at homosexuals now and again because it's fun and it makes guys laugh. Second, I'm a realist. And in the game of life—*life*—you understand, if you're screwing around with the same sex, then you're sort of missing the point, aren't you? Homos are doomed to die in the minors. Not knowing what your bat is for means you don't get into a major league team, and it means you never, ever get a shot at the world series.

So, back to that voice. Like I said, when it's whispering in the back of your brain that you have to fuck women to be a man, yeah, it's right. But, you've got to learn to have a sense of proportion. If you treat this like the secret tape to Mr. Phelps, you're in trouble. Remember, that voice isn't whispering:

“Your mission, if you decide to accept, is to fuck every woman in sight, ten times a day, twice than on Sunday, to get blow jobs from your sports team's cheer leaders, and to score a rim job from Cartman's mom.”

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

This is what is known in the trade as “placing way too much pressure on one’s self. And, sadly, this is what most guys do to themselves which is why that goal of pussy seems to get further and further away the harder they try to close in on it.

Now, I understand that some of you might be getting confused, so let’s go over everything again and get it all simplified. Then we’ll get on to the real meat of this book—okay? Great.

First off: there is no such thing as a pick-up line. There is no perfect way to meet a woman, no sure-fire scenarios, no guaranteed set-ups, et cetera. The simple truth is none of that shit exists.

Second: it doesn’t matter what you say; what matters is how you say it.

Understand, women know what they’re pussy is worth. They know it’s just a simple biological function. It’s men that have made it into a passage of manhood and a must-have-at-all-costs commodity. Women know this and are glad to exploit it, because, well, who wouldn’t accept a million times more for something than it was worth if they could get away with it? I would. And so would you, and you know it.

On top of that, since women *do* know what pussy is worth, any guy who approaches them stuttering and shaking, just reeking of the scent of a guy who *wants* pussy, comes off as an idiot.

To beat an enemy, you have to know your enemy. Put yourself in the woman’s mind for a moment. Here comes a guy willing to do anything to get into her pants. She knows this is stupid on his part, so this makes him *stupid* in her eyes. Do

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

you get it? If you see someone acting like a jerk, you think, what a jerk—right?

Well, when you have slobber running down your chin because you're so desperate for the smell of pussy in your nostrils, that's how you come off to the woman you're trying to score with. You come off as a desperate jerk.

And who wants to do anything with a desperate jerk except fuck with them.

Not fuck them, fuck *with* them.

No, my sons, the secret to getting gash is confidence. You have to approach a woman as if you actually want whatever your opening line says you want.

“Can I ask you time?”

“Excuse me, could you have me one of those?”

“Could you tell me something about picking out which vegetables are fresh?”

“Have you been waiting here long?”

Blahblahblahfuckingblah. It doesn't matter what you say, it's how you say it that counts. If you sound like someone who is confident in who he is, the woman will sense this and a conversation of equals will begin.

And, once you've tricked her into thinking you believe she's your equal, well then, my good and noble friends, let the games begin.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

The Building Blocks of Confidence

All right, let's start talking moves. We've gabbed a lot about you having confidence. There you go, take it from me, that's all you need, book over, don't let the back cover hit you on the ass on the way out. Right—all there is to it. Get yourself some confidence, me boy, and go conquer the world.

Even I have to admit that that would be some pretty cold shit if that was all we had for you here. Don't worry. We're just getting started.

No way, dude. To paraphrase the old commercials, "you're in good hands with Brodsky." This is a full service corporation.

Now, all the stress on confidence is real. Without it, you're sunk. But, just how do you get some? That, of course, is the *really* big question.

The simple step to gaining confidence in your affairs with the opposite sex is to take a look at your total package and to find out just what it is that you actually *are* confident about. I mean, I don't care who you are, there has to be something

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

about you that makes you a confident person. There simply *has* to be. I will explain.

If you had no confidence in yourself, you couldn't get out of bed in the morning. You wouldn't be able to feed yourself, to drive your car, go to your job, study for tests, buy a newspaper, et cetera.

What I'm trying to say here is, every single thing you do without worrying about it, that proves you have confidence. As the philosopher Storey said, "Have confidence that if you done a little thing well, you can do a bigger thing well, too."

Here—here's the simplest, most universal example I can think of.

We all wipe our asses, right? Most of us have to tear into this task every day. And we do it. And we do it without too much trouble. We just grab some sheets, wadded up, folded neatly—whatever your style—and we reach back and, without looking even, we clean up brown town and get it back to a nice pink moon once more. All without worries. All without fuss. And why?

Because we all know that no matter what else has been going wrong in our lives, at the very least we can still wipe our *asses* without having to worry about anything. This might strike some as a slight accomplishment, but drop the overthinking-things bit, will ya? The point is, if confidence is your problem, the first thing you have to realize is that none of us is a total washout. The simple truth is, there are thousands of things everyone of us is confident about. In fact, we're so fucking confident about them that we don't even realize we're confident about them.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

I know a guy who writes fiction—novels, short stories, comic books, everything. He sells everything he writes and I'm telling you, it's great stuff. He makes stories up that are so cool, so hardboiled, so terrific, I can never figure out how he can do it. And, to make it worse, he does it all without an outline. He just starts at the beginning and makes it all up as he goes along.

Do you understand how cool that is? This motherfucker can write a mystery novel without knowing who the murderer is. He just makes it all up as he goes along, and when he gets to the end, the answer is there waiting for him. Now, brother, let me tell you, that is fucking confidence with an upper case "C." A reviewer once said of his work that if he fucked the way he wrote, the women he knew were the luckiest bitches in the world. You know what—that reviewer was really dead on. He summed it all up for us perfectly.

Whoever you are, you've got to have something going for you. Maybe you know how to repair your own car. Maybe you're a good cook. Maybe you can build a set of shelves from scratch. Maybe you're a crack shot, or you know magic tricks, can make the world's best paper airplanes, play a mean guitar, raise salt water fish without letting one die, can grill a steak perfectly, whatever. The "what" is not important. What matters is that there is, somewhere in this world, *something* you know how to do—okay?

All right, this is what you build on. You remind yourself that any monkey in the jungle can get some pussy. We know this because the jungles are always full of monkeys, so that means that our furry cousins are getting their ashes hauled on

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

a regular basis. Well, if a goddamned chimpanzee can get his dong thronged, then so can you.

Or, as John Dryden put it, “For they conquer who believe they can.”

He might have said that a hell of a long time ago, but he was, believe me, brother, talking directly to you. He was trying to tell all men, hey, you—you’re a man with abilities. You’re a man with a vision. You have hopes and aspirations. You have dreams. Big dreams, great dreams—and you’re going to make them all happen. It’s a fact. It’s predestined. It’s preordained and written in the Big Fucking Book of Things That Will Come To Pass. Getting laid a lot is just one of those things.

Do you get what I’m trying to tell you? You are a man. Anything a man puts his mind to will come to pass. You can have anything you want. You are the master of your destiny. Communism, as we all now know, doesn’t work. If you want something, you can have it, but no one’s going to hand it to you. You have to go out and earn it. But, if you *do* get up off your ass and get out there and start working, you *will* get it.

This is the way you have to think. And, it’s not that hard. First off, you have to remember that you’re not bullshitting yourself when you talk like this. This is all true. You know it is.

This is the greatest time to be alive in the history of civilization. Things couldn’t be easier. No mastodons to kill. No eighty-four hour work weeks. No invaders coming over the hill looking to use your guts for garters. In fact, the only thing bad about living in the era of automatic transmissions, the microwave and the DVD is that if anything, we’ve got things *too* easy.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Yeah, that's right. Life is just too damn easy for us. This is why modern man's confidence is slipping. There are just too many of us who think we can't do the big things because there are no big things left to do. Most of us don't have a chance to go off to war. There are no dangerous animals to face down, no savages kicking in the door, no jobs that call for us to risk our lives seven days a week for pennies, nothing.

Our grandfathers still lived in a dangerous, hard, rough world. Live through a depression, take on an enemy like the Nazis or the Imperial Japanese Army, then maybe you'll feel like a man on a daily basis without even thinking about it. Worse than that, we live in a world dedicated to stripping you of your balls. You think I'm kidding? Brother, if you *do* think I'm kidding, then they've got yours already. Allow me to explain.

There are a lot of powers out there, working together to strip you of all the power that is your birthright. The government is constantly looking to corral you for one. Hey, buddy, don't drive so fast. Who do you think you are, pushin' that pedal to the metal, tearin' up the highway, lettin' the air race through your hair? What the hell do you think you're doin', endangerin' yourself like that? We don't care if your car *can* go 150 mph, you'll go 55 and like it. And get your seat belt on while you're at it.

The nanny state is everywhere, taking every drop of risk out of life. What do you mean you want to smoke cigarettes? Don't you know they're bad for you? We'll just have to make them too expensive for you to have.

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Hey—who the fuck asked you? This country was created by a righteous gang of ass-kickers who knocked off the biggest army in the world so they could have a land where they could do things their way without having to answer to anyone.

Whatever happened to that country, anyway?

I'll tell you what happened. The women took over. The grandmas are in charge. Punch a guy in the face, doesn't matter what he did—you were violent. You forgot to play well with others. You have to be punished.

Now, am I saying that we should all be running around punching each other? Christ, no. That's not the point. The point is that inch by inch everything masculine is being marginalized in this Martha Stewart puking nightmare we call everyday existence anymore.

This is why guys are lacking in confidence. Because the government, the media, the schools, *everything around us*, is constantly telling us that the penis is bad. Well, my answer to that shit is, screw that.

Do we have to obey the law? Well, until someone gets a new revolution started against the new tyrants (“just met the new boss, same as the old boss”), yeah, I guess so. But, you've got to start thinking like a revolutionary.

You've got to look at the advertisements on the tube, and every one of them that shows men as helpless dolts, you can stop buying those products. You've got to get mad about the way men are being penned in at every turn. If there is something you think the government is wrong about, you've got to get mad about it.

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In other words, you've got to stop being complacent about being the kind of guy *the world keeps telling you to be*. You've got to start being the kind of guy you want to be, instead. Get it?

You have got to start having confidence. Confidence in your own opinions. Confidence in your ability to chart a destiny for yourself. You've got to start living the life you want to live. Not the one the douche bags in Washington want you to live. Not the one the fucking slime at *The New York Times* think you should live. Not the one your mother and grandmother outlined for you.

Fuck that shit.

Fuck all of them.

You've got to figure out who you are, who you want to be and start going after that life. You've got to figure out who the man is that you want to be and just *be* him.

Get it?

Be that guy.

Because if you want to start meeting chicks, getting their numbers, and getting everything else they have you want, you're going to have to. Think about it for a moment. From the chick's point of view.

Now, think about some guy you know who's all wishy-washy. Some guy who is unsure of himself, who is willing to do anything to be liked, et cetera. Do you actually talk to that guy any more than you have to? Don't you just use that guy for whatever he's convenient for, and then ignore him the rest of the time? Hey, of course you do.

Well, what makes you think women are any different?

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Why should a woman, in a world of indecisive, beaten down men, pick one indecisive beaten down guy over another? She may have to settle for one sooner or later (and she will, when it's time to get married and to start spitting out those babies), but until life forces her to settle, she wants a guy who knows his mind.

If she's going to spread her legs, she wants a guy who at least *seems* to know who he is and what he wants.

The big reason I've spent all this time harping on confidence is because if you don't have it, any approach you make on a chick is going to fail. Period. Case Closed. End of story.

You want acres of pussy? You want the kind of blow jobs you only see in movies and in your dreams? You want to know what it's like to fuck a different woman every night of the week?

Then act like it.

That's all there is to it.

Really.

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Okay, Sports Fans

Onto the Big Game

Okay, let's try a simple exercise. Go look in a mirror. Right now. Do it. Book in hand, go to a mirror and take a look at yourself.

What is it you see?

And, by that I mean, what is it in the mirror there that other people see when they see you? Don't rely on what your mother tells you, or your aunt, or anyone else who is on your side. Look at yourself with a stranger's eye. Look at yourself through the eyes of the pussy that you're going to try and score with. Now, with those eyes, take another look. A good, hard look. And tell me:

What is it you see?

You've got to be honest here if you're going to ever get anywhere. Think of this as getting ready to go hunting. After all, that is what it is, isn't it? You're looking for a trophy. You're looking to prove your manhood. It's a hunt—life or death, kill or be killed.

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Now, if this was bear or lion you were after, you'd be making certain changes, wouldn't you? You're goddamned right you would. You'd be making certain you didn't give off a smell that would tip off you were coming. You'd be making certain your clothing was going to help you get close and not alert your prey to your presence. And, you'd be getting your weapons ready, making certain that everything was in working order.

You know it's true.

Well, is the guy you see in the mirror ready for the hunt? Is he? I'm betting the answer is "no."

You see, yeah, I'm sure when you get ready to make a big move you get yourself as clean and neat as you think you need to be. Then, after a night on the prowl, you end up going home alone—again—scratching your head wondering what went wrong. The thing is, you have to *always* be ready for the hunt. *Always*.

Confidence isn't a suit you put on. It is an attitude. If you are looking in that mirror right now, and you see things that have to be covered up, and all you do every time you head out to trap some tail is cover them up with the least effort possible, then you're not doing yourself any favors.

You have to understand that the back of your mind knows what you've done. It recognizes the fraud in it all. And thus, your attitude leaks the stench of deceit. We always talk about women being creatures of emotion rather than of rational thought. Well, it's true. And when you start at them from a false premise, you give yourself away.

Cover up some deficiency quickly, and guys will give you a

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pass. Men read the surface. They're more interested in results than anything else. Women, however, read emotions. If you know you're lying about something, so will they.

And, of course, why should you settle for that guy in the mirror if you don't like him? Fuck him. He's holding you back. Kick his goddamned ass, will you?

Is his hair not combed? Fuck him. Hit him in the side of the head. Do it! Hit yourself in the goddamned head for being so fucking lazy that you're walking around with your hair uncombed. Is your face clean? Did you shave yet? Are your teeth brushed? Are they brushed well, or are they yellow enough to separate traffic on a highway?

What's your build look like? Are you so wide Goodyear has asked if they can advertise on your ass? Are your arms so spindly you look like a stack of sticks? Well, what is it you see there in the glass? And, when women see it, are they going to want it?

Again, what we're talking about here is not turning yourself into a cross between Spider-Man and Tarzan. But none of us have to settle for not at least looking normal. Do some fucking sit-ups. Put down that seventh ice cream sandwich. Climb some stairs instead of taking the elevator. Walk the dog some more. Do *something* for Christ's sake.

Instead of just plopping in front of the TV when you get home, look around your life and see what you can fix. Wash your car. Straighten all the books on your shelves. Sand down and varnish your desk. Wash the floor, run the sweeper, shake the rugs, scrub that pot with the burned black bottom, fix that

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rip in the sofa—in other words—do something constructive, goddamnit.

Burn some calories, sweat a little, but do it in a good cause, namely, making your life better. You've got the time and ambition to life weights and run laps, go for it. More power to you. But, if you're a drag ass lazy boy (like most of the world), then at least put some effort into getting your life as snappy as possible.

Again, look at yourself through that woman's eyes. If you do bring one home, just what are you bringing her home to? Is she going to get creeped out as soon as she starts opening your cupboards and drawers to see how you live (and, don't for even a millisecond think that women don't check out every thing they can whenever you give them a second. Go to the bathroom for a quick whiz and they'll know everything in your refrigerator and in every drawer—trust me).

Is your fridge clean? Is it? Are your closets a mess? Filled with crap you've been meaning to get rid of? Overflowing with clothes you don't fit into and don't want, but have just been too damn lazy to get rid of? Well, anything that's obvious to you is going to be obvious to her. Probably more so.

And, you have to remember here, the main reason for doing most of this is not to make them feel better about you, but to make *you* feel better about you. If you drag ass out into the street every day, unshaved, hair all straggly, shirt torn, out of style, not buttoned correctly, hanging out of your pants, how do you think things are going to go when one of those once in a lifetime moments comes along? I mean, there she

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is—right there. She's gorgeous. She's everything you want. The situation puts the greatest opening line in history at your disposal. And you're looking like the town drunk. Oh yeah, a whole lot of laid you're gonna get. Sure, you are.

When you're clean and fresh all the time, you can be on the prowl all the time. You'll be confident enough to realize that the hunt isn't just something reserved for Friday or Saturday night after you've put forth a great deal of effort. You won't have to put forth any special effort, and you won't have to wait for some ritual time, because you'll be ready *all the time*.

Do you get it? Do you understand. You'll be scoring all the time because you'll be ready *all the time*. Most of your best opportunities go by unnoticed because of your lack of confidence. You're suffering in this mindset that you're supposed to live your life most of the time, then at certain times you go to certain places after your cleansing rituals have been performed.

This is the worst way you can think. Sure, you can pick up women in bars, but that's where they're the most on their guard. That's where they know damn well you're only there in search of pussy. What you're thinking of as the best way for you to hunt is actually the *worst* way you could do things.

Do you get it yet? Do you? That guy in the mirror is doing you no favors. His lack of confidence is dragging you down. And again, I'm not saying you have to go out and buy yourself a dozen Italian suits. You don't have to get a weekly haircut or manicure. You just have to get your act together. You have to be able to look into any mirror you pass, any reflective surface that comes your way, any time of the day or night, and look

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deep into it and *dig the guy you see in there*.

You have to be confident that this guy could talk to any woman in the world and hold his own. You have to know—understand me now—you have to *know* that this guy is never going to embarrass you.

Never.

Once you can look in the mirror and smile that wicked smile, knowing that you have got it together, you'll be that confident man the chicks are all looking for. So, firm up, slim down, bulk up, grow that hair longer, shave that melon, trim that moustache, get that mole removed, buy some clothes that don't have holes in them, whatever it takes for you to know—to absolutely *believe on each and every level* that the guy in the mirror is not going to embarrass you ever.

And, while you're at it, wash all the goddamned skid marks out of your shorts—will you?

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Big Game Ahead

Making Your Approach

All right, time to get serious. We've got you cleaned up and in control. You've thrown out your shirts with the holes in them, the ones your mother picked out for you in high school—right? You've started shaving regularly, trimming your moustache or sideburns or whatever your style dictates you wear. You're combing your hair, shining your shoes, and making certain to use bleach on your whites after every trip to a Mexican fast food joint.

So, what's next. What do you think? What's the next thing we're going to have to cover? Well, what would be the first thing the woman you're going to ask out first is going to see after all the other things we've already taken care of? What is she most concerned with?

Did I hear you say “money?”

Not a bad guess, actually. Women are shallow, and the ones thinking marriage, you can bet they're wondering. But, no, that's not the next thing they're going to be sizing up. No, it's not your wardrobe, your cologne, or even pheromones that is going under the microscope next. It's your *approach*. Literally,

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we're talking about how you actually walk up to the woman you have in your sights.

Basically, we're talking about how you walk. Think about it for a moment. How *do* you walk? Is there confidence in your stride? Do you enter a room like you own it? Or do you mouse your way in filled with hesitations, looking this way and that, eyes shifting, nerves showing, flop sweat breaking out as you decide to talk to a woman you've spotted, the dripping ooze of it telegraphing what a loser you are to the girl of your dreams before you even open your mouth?

Not good. Not good at all.

If that sounds like you, you've got to get yourself turned around—pronto. When you walk into any room, your workplace, your home, or a singles bars, you can not show any signs of being intimidated. You *must be* in charge. When you enter, you're the man. Period. This doesn't mean swaggering, however. Overt over-confidence scares most chicks off faster than having to pay retail.

So, you ask, is there a middle ground anywhere? Of course there is. It's you. The real you. The inner you. The guy you are deep down inside. Stop hiding him. Let him out. Seriously. Deep down, women don't care about your addiction to Star Trek, baking or football. What they're looking for is a man who doesn't *apologize* for what makes him unique.

Women are looking for a man with confidence, for someone who is going to *tell them what to do* which is, trust me, what they're all looking for in the first place. And remember, you don't have to wear a loin cloth and beat your chest to

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show you're a man. You simply have to be yourself, and be *comfortable* with yourself. I'll tell you why.

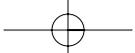
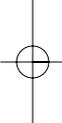
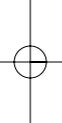
Women don't want a boy, they don't want to raise a child; they want someone who is going to protect them and take care of them. Subconsciously, no matter *what* they say, all women want children. Their own children. While you're measuring them for a casual fuck, they're measuring you for fatherhood. It might only be in the back of their minds, but it's there. If you're not acting like a grown up, then they're not interested. Of course, all you want to do is get laid. Well, welcome to the long, hard road to getting there.

So, once again, confidence is the key. Believe in yourself, whoever you truly are, let her know that she'd be lucky to have such a guy (not with words, with your *attitude*), and she'll be yours. The more positively you get across the fact that you could care less what she thinks, the stronger your hold over her will be.

And I mean this works on *any* woman. From Anna Nicole Smith to Jackie O, no matter what kind of image they transmit, they're all just hens looking for a wallet to nest in, and they're all willing to suck a great deal of dick to get there. Even yours.

Confidence. That's all it takes.

Although, honestly, once again, scrubbing out those skid marks wouldn't hurt any of you, either.



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First Contact

Tagging Your Prey

All right, we've got you cleaned up. We've got you walking into joints like you own the place. Now let's start talking about some moves. So, you're inside. Great. Now, what comes next? Next, well, you do whatever it is you're supposed to do wherever it is you are (different etiquette for bars and funerals, you know), until finally, you spot ... *her*.

And, there she is, across the room. Everything you've always wanted. The dream girl you've fantasized about ever since the day you had your first underwear eruption. It's *her*—the right hair and eyes, the lips you've imagined against yours, those perfect breasts, endless legs, that waist that will just fit so snugly in between your waiting hands. Fuckin' God, man—it's *her*. So what?

Don't think for a moment that this goddess has been dreaming about you. That's just horseshit—and dangerous horseshit at that. Don't feel bad. Trust me, *all* guys do this. We

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feel our heart racing, our fingers curling, stretching, reaching, the blood boiling in our veins, and we can't imagine that the woman pushing our buttons doesn't feel the same. I mean, it can't be possible she wouldn't feel the same. Right?

Wrong. 100% wrong. Get this through your head, Fred—your dream gal doesn't know you from Adam. She hasn't created a picture of you in her mind the way you have of her. It's all in *your* fucking mind—all right? Maybe she'll like you. Maybe she'll think you're cute or even hot. But—first—she's got to get to know you, okay?

So, you've spotted the one you want. Being cool, not staring at or stalking her, you approach her calmly, causally, and you smile. That's it. As soon as you've made eye contact, and you know that she's not looking *through* you but *at* you, you acknowledge her existence with a pleasant smile.

Do you understand? A *pleasant* smile. Not a feral, vampire teeth/Hannibal Lecter/Freddie Kruger leer, something that's going to convince her she's being stalked by Charlie Manson's geekie cousin. A confident, disarming smile. You aren't going in for the kill here. This is not "the big move." This is the opening gambit. You see her. You approach her. You make eye contact, and then, you give her the big, confident smile.

If it's feasible, you walk directly up to her right then and there and say, "Hi, my name is _____."

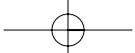
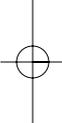
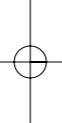
This approach will completely disarm practically any woman you'll ever find. It won't get you laid on the spot, but only the worst kind of bitch is going to do anything but introduce herself back. After all, it's a social setting of some sort,

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bar, gym, dog park, vegetable aisle at the supermarket, whatever—it's a nice, safe setting, and you're a nice, safe guy. So far.

Anyway, contact has been made. She knows your face, knows your smile, and knows you don't drool whenever you see a woman. You don't stammer when you talk or ask stupid questions. Now she's thinking about you. If this is a situation where you can wait until later to strike, you wait. Let her keep thinking about you. Let the mystique of you build up in her mind (women have great imaginations) until that magic moment comes when you finally call, and then, let the games begin.

If you have to go for it right then—chance meeting, well, a man's got to do what a man's got to do. Of course, what a man's got to do and how he should do it are sometimes two different things. So, make sure you finish this book before you do anything rash—okay?



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What Touches First?

It's Your Eyes

Okay, even before that killer smile we just talked about, there's actually something else at work when you're on the babe prowl. That's eye contact. Do not, under any circumstances, underestimate the power contained in this you-only-get-one-chance moment.

How important is eye contact, you ask?

Very important. Okay?

Look, let me give you a fact here. Not everything I tell you is just me crapping out my ass, all right? There are some who think all any self-help guru does is spin a load of shit and serve it up to the helpless. I'm not saying there aren't some guys out there like that but, trust me, my groundlings, I'm not one of them.

I mention this because while, yes, much of what I tell you in my books and audio tapes and CDs and during my lectures is based on my personal experience, not everything I have to

say is. I go all out for my audiences, and one of the ways I do that is to go straight to the source and get the scoop fresh from their mouths.

Over the years I've personally interviewed hundreds of women, and had assistants who have literally interviewed thousands more. I've also had women reply to questionnaires over the years to gather even more facts. Much of what I tell you is backed up with these kinds of facts. Now, sure, people lie during interviews and when filling out quizzes, and women lie ten times more than men. But, trust me, I've taken that kind of shit into account.

So, when I tell you that women consider eye contact important, trust me when I say that I've seen it with my own eyes, watched it work for me and for others, and had *every single woman I've ever contacted* confirm that making eye contact with a woman is one of the most important things you can do.

Any woman who is being honest (and they do get more honest in these kinds of situations because they've got nothing to gain by most of the lies they could tell) will tell you, any man who can make eye contact with them stands a good chance of picking them up.

Now, what does making eye contact actually mean?

First off, it doesn't mean staring at them, unblinking, like something out of a John Carpenter film. But, it does mean giving them access to your soul. And, before you think that there are suddenly pages from a book by some douche like John Edwards mixed up in here suddenly, as always, I shall explain.

When you stare at a woman—*stare*—you're going to upset

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her. As the great intellectual Logan Pearsall Smith said, “Self-respecting people do not care to peep at their reflection in unexpected mirrors, or to see themselves as others see them.”

In other words, all your staring does is show her what you’re seeing; i.e., a piece of meat. Remember, you’re not showing her your eyes so she can see what you’re thinking, you’re doing it so she can see what *she’s* thinking.

Yeah, I know this is a bit confusing, but bear with me. Remember what Joyce Cary told us. “People don’t use their eyes. They never see a bird, they see a sparrow. They never see a tree, they see a birch. They see in concepts.”

What she was saying is that what people see is clouded by their preconceptions and by what *society has told them they are seeing*. Remember, I told you that all around this woman are all sorts of people who have been telling her what men are—rapists, morons, objectifiers, users, cheats, abusers, self-centered children, torturers, and so on and so on. Their trust of men, at least on a subconscious level, is running low. So, it’s up to you to get it back up to a level that does you some good.

And that takes us back to letting her see your soul.

The oldest quote in the world is the one about the eyes being the mirrors of the soul. It’s true. This is where that love at first sight stuff comes from. That is actually real, you know.

When people’s eyes first meet, they have no shields in place, because until they know someone, at least for a few minutes, *they don’t know what they need to shield themselves from*. In other words, when we first meet someone, the unconscious mechanism that decides whether we like them or not, has to be

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near them for a few seconds to analyze the data coming in from pheromones and the electrical impulses that surround both you and them to make a decision.

I know this sounds like some New Age hokum, but it really does exist. Have you ever met someone, and disliked them instantly, although they gave you absolutely no visible reason? This is why. Even when our conscious mind can't protect us from a rat, our subconscious is working overtime to take care of us.

Our unconscious mind used the same tricks that fortune tellers use. Contractions of the eye, rate of blinks for minutes, coloration of the face, rate of breathing, et cetera. There are dozens of unconscious and involuntary actions and reactions we make that send signals out to those around us. Women, being more emotional and on a more primitively basic level than men, sense these things more clearly than we do. And, being more willing to go on instinct, they're more willing to base their judgments on these feelings.

So, don't hide your eyes from the woman you're after. Smile and give her a good look. Remember, if your confident, if you're not thinking sexsexsex, then she's not going to pick it up from you ... you'll come across as warm and sincere, just what's she's looking for.

Because, as they say, once you've learned to fake sincerity, you can get *anything* you want.

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Got A Match?

Keeping Conversation Light

Okay, class, you've cleaned yourself up, gotten your confidence in hand, gone out, walked in as if you owned the place, given the woman you're after a pleasant smile, let her make eye contact, and not had a glass of water thrown at you. Great. Now what?

Now, you've probably got to *talk* to her.

Simple, right? Nothing to it, really. The hard part is over. Now it's time to hustle her out of the place to somewhere with a mattress and some body oil and get her lips firmly doing the slip and slid on your eager crank. Right? Oh, come on. You know it's not *that* easy. No, now comes the torture of torture.

Talking to her.

This is not to say that every word out of a woman's mouth is painful, or that all woman are good for is blow jobs, cooking and baking, giving head, washing clothes, sucking dick, some ironing and running the sweeper, oh, and more blow jobs.

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Women can be fun to talk to. You'll find women interested in Star Wars, Scoobie Doo, old 45 vinyl and all the other shit that fills your world. But, it's that first conversation that is torture, torture, torture.

Neither one of you wants to say the wrong thing. You don't want to appear as if you're hiding something, but you don't want to give anything away that's going to turn each other off, either. That first conversation is a dance, and it's a tough one. Here's the secret of how to get through it.

Keep things light.

That's all there is to it. Just keep things light. There are plenty of general things to talk about in this world. Stay away from religion and politics and political correctness. Don't talk about abortion or war or taxes. Avoid the heavy stuff.

Talk about music. Talk about lawyers. Make jokes. Be interested in her. Let her be interested in you. Of course, those last two have some pitfalls all their own.

If the subject turns to her, don't let her start talking about her old boyfriends. Don't ask her how much she makes. And for Pete's sake don't get into her sex life. You don't need to be asking her how long it takes her to come. Find out on your own when it counts.

As for you, she doesn't need to know how much you make. If she asks, you just smile and say, "enough." Stay a mystery. Don't let any woman pry into your life. Cut that shit off immediately. Do it politely, teasingly, but firmly. You can hint that if they're a good girl you might let them know things about yourself later.

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If they're *very* good, that is.

Remember, no woman who has just met you is asking you questions that she wants answers to. What she's doing is trying to find your buttons. How much will this guy talk? Is he more interested in me or himself? Is he rude? A braggart?

Obnoxious?

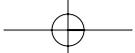
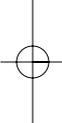
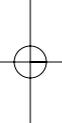
They want to know how fast you will take a piece of bait. They will throw you lines to see if you are only interested in sex. Remember what I told you earlier. They aren't seeing you—they're seeing a concept. Or, more precisely, they are attempting to see which preconceived concept of men that they have stuffed into their mostly empty noggin fits you the best.

You are being measured against all their yardsticks. Are you lover material, a candidate for husband, someone slotted for the Platonic Zone? Are you a jerk like this ex-boyfriend, or a creep like their ex-husband? Are you like their daddy (and, of course, depending on what they think of daddy, that can be good *or* bad), et cetera, et cetera.

Hey, don't get all bent out of shape over this news. It's not like you're not doing the same thing. Of course, men have a simpler list—will she fit on my dick? Will her mouth fit around my dick? Will her ass get shit on my dick?

See, we're all the same.

But knowing what they're up to makes it that much easier for us to get what we want. As for them, hey, fuck them (which is, of course, good advice), let them buy their own book.



CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Hey, Oh Gosh, Oh Gosh...

Do You Think She Likes Me?

Ah, the eternal question? Does she like me? I'm not going to get on anyone for wondering about this. Hell, that's what this is all about.

Women rarely fuck men they don't like. Unlike us—let's face it, we'll fuck women who hate our guts. In fact, slapping our salami into some she-cat who hates our guts is about the best lay there is to us. But, women are different than we are, so back to the eternal question ... how can you tell if a woman likes you?

Luckily, there are clues. The obvious ones are going to be in her tone of voice. If she's just being polite, but wishing you'd haul anchor, you'll know it. And, of course, if she keeps making eye contact, obviously she *has* to be interested. But they're are more.

Watch to see if she touches her hair while she's talking to you. Or anything else for that matter. If a woman keeps her

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hands folded on the table, or firmly on a book or her purse or something, et cetera, she's sending the unconscious signal that that's what she wants you to do with your hands. Keep them to yourself. But, if she starts touching her hair, stroking her arms, rubbing her fingers against each other, these are all signs that her skin is tingling, and that she needs someone to stroke it.

Now, this doesn't mean you reach over and start grabbing her boobs, shouting, "Hey, bitch, I know you want me to, Gary said so!"

No. Calm down. All it means is that she's sending you a good, but *unconscious* sign. Pray for more.

If she laughs when she's supposed to, or even if there is simply a laughing edge to her voice, it means she's enjoying herself. This is good (unless, of course, she's laughing *at* you, but I take it you can all tell the difference).

Obviously if she touches you, this is really good. And I mean absolutely *anything* here. Stroke your arm, slap you on the arm, a friendly punch, tousle your hair, any physical contact whatsoever is a choice signal. There is nothing mixed about it. She is obviously pleased with something about you, and whatever it is you've been doing, keep it the fuck up for Christ's sake.

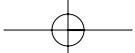
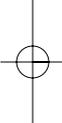
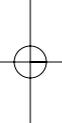
There are others. How close does she sit or stand to you? Does she flush at all while you're talking with each other? I mean, does her throat below her neck, or her cheeks, go red at all. If you can get this, this means she's embarrassed in some hot way about your presence, and this is fantastic news for you.

I know a lot of this might sound basic, but many of us

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men, especially when we're starting out, don't know how to interpret these signs. This comes from not having been around women, interacted with them enough, knowing, in other words, what the definition of "is," is.

We all give off signs. Women's are just as easy to read as ours are. All you have to do is get a feel for them and you'll be fine.



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Sometimes You Feel Like A Nut...

Going a Little Crazy

Okay, I hear you asking, what the hell am I talking about now? Glad you asked.

This is just another note in that “keep it light” tradition. And, as always, I shall explain.

Women loves nuts. Not Mansonesque psychopaths, obviously (and the women who do like that kind of guy, perhaps you’d want to give them a wide berth anyway [unless you *are* a Mansonesque psychopath, but then you’d be needing a different book than this one]), but just guys who can be free enough to be a little nuts.

Now, all right, what do I mean by “a little nuts?” Is that like being “a little pregnant?” No, it’s not. It’s just what I said it is—a little nuts. A little bit. A touch. That’s all.

We’re talking simple things here, like rolling your eyes for a laugh, or sticking your tongue out, flapping your arms like a bird if there’s a laugh in it, et cetera.

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To get what I mean, try thinking of those movies where the pretty boy, a Brad Pitt or a George Clooney, who has been serious throughout the entire movie so far, suddenly does something a little bit goofy. Not twisted. Just goofy. What happens next?

Well, of course, Julia Roberts, or Jennifer Lopez, or whoever it is just melts. Now, I can't promise you that this woman you've just wiggled your ears for, or whatever, is going to tear off her blouse, jump over the table and straddle you like a bucking bronco. But acting a little goofy is always good for our cause.

Here's why.

The two of you are in a serious situation. You're hotly involved in sizing each other up. You know what she's looking for and she knows what you're looking for. You both have your agendas, things you want to discover, things you need to know, et cetera. By doing something a little screwy (and, hopefully I don't need to add, doing something a little screwy that's appropriate *for the moment*) you're showing that you're not always serious. That you do not, at the least, take yourself so seriously that you can't allow anyone else to ever laugh at you.

I know this is dangerous ground, subconsciously giving a woman permission to laugh at you. But, you done it with rules. Hey, you can laugh at me, when I purposely do something that's funny.

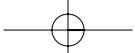
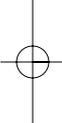
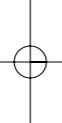
You've also put her at ease. By showing her that you're not all tense, you've made her more comfortable, signaled her that she can go ahead and be more relaxed. You're not tense about this, why should she?

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And, of course, what else does this show? It shows your self confidence. Just like Brad Pitt and George Clooney, you're not afraid to look a little foolish if it makes the woman you're with more comfortable. Christ, what a fucking gentleman you are.

Seriously, it's a small thing. And, like with Brad and George's movies, once a film seems to be enough for that trick. It's important, though, to let women know that you're a human being. One who doesn't take himself so seriously. One who likes the sound of a woman's laughter. One who hasn't become one of the soulless automatons filling cubicle after cubicle these days.

After all, robots rarely get laid, either.



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Being Nice

Should You Or Shouldn't You?

Here comes a quandary. Women love bad boys. Right? What's everyone say: "Nice guys finish last." We all know about women being attracted to guys who treat them like dirt. But, what's the truth?

First off, you know it's true, women love to flirt with danger. They'll go for that bad boy every time. But *why*? I'll tell you why. The thing that bad boy has going for him is *confidence*.

Guys willing to buck the rules, start fights, raise hell, are generally pretty confident guys. Of course broads go for bad boys, they've got confidence dripping out their asses, and with so many guys tripping over every Politically Correct snare in their paths, it's no wonder that the guys who say "fuckin' no way" to the rules are getting all the twat they can handle.

Why women stick with these guys after they find out what creeps they are is wrapped up in female pride. Women would

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rather let some bastard beat them, steal their money and generally make an utter fool out of them rather than just admit that they'd made a mistake. Oh well, that's their fucking problem.

As for you, if you're not up to joining a biker gang, don't worry. You don't have to. It isn't that women *prefer* bad boys, it's just that most of the time the guy who breaks the rules is exuding the kind of confidence they're looking for and so ... they win.

Women love nice guys. They love to have sex with nice guys. They aren't complete morons. They might want to have children, but they want decent human beings for husbands. (Don't worry, the fact you have no intention of being a husband or raising any kids has nothing to do with this—we're talking about what's in *their* minds, remember?)

But, what does being a nice guy mean? First off, it doesn't mean being Mr. Kotex and soaking up all their emotional damage. It doesn't mean showering them with thousands of dollars worth of gifts before you get them into bed (do that and you'll *never* get laid). What it means is being a real man.

Real men are confident, but they also have something to be confident in. They are the best of their breed. They have the courage of their convictions. They are polite. They are honorable. They take responsibility for their actions. They are the you that you can be if you let go the trappings of the world around you.

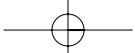
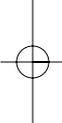
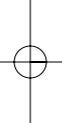
And, no, that doesn't mean making as many changes as you might think. As I said earlier, to show that you're confident all you have to do is simply be yourself, and be *comfortable* with

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that self. A man who doesn't take responsibility for his actions can't ultimately be comfortable with himself. A man without honor can't be comfortable with himself.

Now, I'm not here to discuss morality or to convert anyone to a new religion. Different people have different standards. Their upbringing, the faith they were taught, the books they've read, everything conspires to give us our own personal sense of dignity. If you are living up to what *you personally believe* to be your sense of ethics, then everything will be cool. In other words, you know deep down what you think is honorable and what you know is acting like a scumbag. As long as you're comfortable with yourself, women will sense that comfort, women will smell your confidence, and that will attract them like flies to honey.

Yum, yum.



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Just Where Will Flattery Get You?

Everywhere!

All right, I've really been grinding down hard on you guys here. This book is a lot like basic training. The first six weeks are the toughest, but they're necessary to get you toughened up for the war ahead. Okay, you've taken some lumps. Time to start learning what to do when you've all cleaned up and ready to go.

This chapter is about dealing in compliments. Let me say right here and now, right up front, all women are compliment junkies. Of course, you say, we guys enjoy a compliment. We like to be told we look like we've been working out, that our car is cool, that our new haircut makes us look hot, whatever. Everyone likes a few kind words now and then. Yeah, right. But, that isn't what I said about women.

I said they were compliment *junkies*.

Tell the biggest lie in the world to a woman, and she might not believe it, but she'll love you for saying it. And the more sincerity you can put into it, and the more often you say it, the

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more she'll love you. Am I right? Damn straight I'm right.

Junkies will do anything to keep the smack coming.

Compliment junkies are no different.

This is why women get nose jobs, get breast implants, color their hair, show cleavage, et cetera. This is why they constantly worry about getting old or fat. This is the secret to why Lucille Roberts caters to women. Oh, she'll take money from guys if they want to come to her gym, but she knows the guys are only coming to hit on chicks, the chicks that are there to sweat off that ice cream from lunch. That's her bread and butter.

So, knowing this, what do you do? You're confident. You walk into a room as if you own it. You spot the girl you want and you approach her, make eye contact, smile, and then introduce yourself. And after that, you start laying on the compliments like machine gun fire. Right?

No. Not right, you dope. You do not waste compliments. You space them out. And, in the beginning at least, they've got to be something she can believe. If she's obviously all dolled up, you say something nice about her excellent taste in clothing. If she's flashing a lot of jewelry, you let her know that you like the way she picked just the right piece to set off her eyes.

Whatever will work in that moment, that's what you use. But, you've got to space these bits of sweetness out. This is an absolute *must*. Just as if you were training a dog. You know how, in the beginning, when trying to get Rover to respond, you give him a treat every time he does something perfect. Then, after he's learned the trick, you don't give him a treat every single time you get him to show off the trick. After he

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knows how to do it, you only reward him every once in a while, just to remind him that if he keeps doing everything *just the way you like it* then every once in a while, there will be a reward.

Well, believe it or not, bunkie, this is the way you have to treat women. Stagger those compliments. One day give her a few. Then the next day only give her one. Be sure to skip a day, or even three or four before giving her another. Too many compliments, too often, becomes a routine. They become expected.

Indeed, if you make too big a deal out of alwaysalwaysalways giving some dame compliments endlessly in your relationship, you will be resented if you keep it up because it will make you seem like a *phony*. Women *desperately* need to *believe* every bit of praise you give them. On the other hand, you'll be hated if you break the routine because then you're not even bothering to keep up the phony facade you fabricated.

Constant compliments take all the fun out of the game. Women know deep down that flattery is flummery, but they both want to believe, and also, if you're willing to make a compliment once in a while, it shows that you're paying attention and that you care enough to try and consider her feelings.

Staggering those compliments make them seem genuine, in other words, as if you mean them, and aren't just trying to get into her pants. And, if your compliments seem real, women stay interested, just to keep trying to get them. Indeed, they'll work harder to fish them out of you.

And, eventually, when you're in one of those three or four

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day periods when you're not giving them any compliments, it'll cross their minds that ... perhaps if they gave you something *new* to compliment ...

And suddenly, you're in the driver's seat, and after all, isn't *that* what it's *all* about?

You bet your ass it is.

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So, Just How Do You Get Anywhere?

Ask, And Ye Shall Receive!

Okay, class, How do you get what you want in this life? I mean, how do you get anything at all that you might want? What is it you have to do to get what you want?

You *ask* for it.

Simple, right? Nothing to it, really. You just ask and you get. Well, all right, perhaps that's an over-simplification. I guess when it comes to getting laid by a super model, maybe things don't quite come *that* easy. Being a bit more realistic, if you want to get into a broad's pants—the castle keep, as it were, of the whole battle—well, first you've got to get *inside the castle*. In other words, before you can steal the queen's treasure you've got to get inside her defenses. But actually, that's not as hard as it sounds.

To do this, you start out by making a few simple queries.

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What you want to ask her are things that allow her to form an opinion. Here's why. If you ask a woman for advice, it's the same as saying you value her opinion.

Women love that shit. You're making them an equal in that moment, elevating them to the lofty realm of male intelligence, actually considering their opinion as worth listening to (God, the things we do for pussy). Now, of course, you can't ask her any opinions about you. No, you want to ask her opinion on safe, innocuous (mostly female) things like:

How to cook a chicken, do these pants match this shirt, how do you like the beach, what's your favorite dessert, what did you think was the best movie last year, crap like that.

The mere fact that you are even asking her opinion on *anything at all* will thrill most women to death. No matter how sophisticated or liberated they are, nearly all women crave male approval like a drug. Every time you agree with one of their opinions it's like throwing their fuzzy feline brains a ball of cat-nip. No matter what their face tells you, their brain is doing cartwheels over the fact a man has approved of something they've said.

As time goes on, you might allow them a tiny crack here and there about telling you something about yourself. Nothing major, just letting them answer simple questions like:

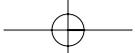
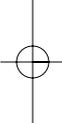
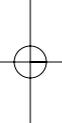
Does this haircut look all right to you, does this jacket make me look like some kind of faggot, do you think I've been working out too much, et cetera.

This helps draw them closer, making them think you've started respecting their opinion. This is a thrill to all women.

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And, here's why you do it. You've made them fight and preen and be on their best behavior for every compliment, for every inch of ground they've gained working their way into your life. After all this, after you've allowed them to finally get so close ... well, after all ... shouldn't they be letting you get a little closer?

And once again, you're one step nearer to the bedroom door.



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Opinions Good

Advice Bad

So, it's okay to accept the opinions of women. How about accepting their advice. Now, you might not think there's a difference, but there is. Opinions are like assholes, everybody has one. Because of this, we all feel a certain tolerance about opinions. Intelligent men try not to argue about each and every opinion they hear, because frankly they'd do nothing but argue all day long.

In other words, you can listen to the stupidest opinion you've ever heard and just shrug and say, "well, that's your opinion," and no one's feelings get hurt. But, advice, well that is a different matter. When someone offers you advice on something, they're interjecting themselves into your personal affairs. They are, in effect, telling you what to do, how to proceed, how to lead your life, et cetera. Women love to give advice. They dish it out morning, noon and night to each other and everything and everyone around them.

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Why? It's in their DNA. They can't help themselves, the same way we can't help turning our heads to stare at a swell piece of tail even if we have our dream girl on our arm. It's our nature and slopping out advice at the drop of a hat is in theirs. Women grow up to be mothers. Mothers have to give advice. Children do need guidance (hey, even the stupidest women is probably smarter than the average male 6 month old [probably]). Mothers have to interject themselves into the lives of their children, tell them what to do, how to proceed, and so on. But, so it's in their DNA. So what? They make no excuses for us when our inescapable biological drives kick in, so there's no reason for us to put up with theirs.

Or is there?

Sure there is, and that reason is pussy. We want it, they have it, so we have to put up with a certain amount of nonsense to get it. So, with that settled, here's what to do when a woman offers you advice (especially unsolicited advice she just feels she has to blurt it out for your own good, because "mommy" knows best). Just listen to it, nod politely, smile if you can, then just *do whatever you fucking want*.

And really, don't even consider listening to what some bitch has to say about how you should conduct your affairs. Yes, it's true, in some cases listening to a woman's advice might make her so pleased with herself that you could slip in and nail her—once. It can happen. But, you won't get her again, and most likely you'll just be setting yourself on the long, hard road to not-getting-any-from-this-gash—ever.

Accepting women's advice just breeds contempt. Women

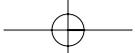
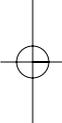
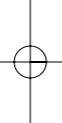
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get their disdain shield up pretty quick toward any man who listens to them. It's a variation on the old Groucho Marx line:

“Personally, I would never belong to any club that would have me as a member.”

So, pretend to listen to what they say (because, Hell, you can't shut them up, anyway), but don't follow up. Any guy who does will be a broke, blithering idiot in no time.

And in case you haven't noticed, broke blithering idiots rarely get laid.



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Hookers

Getting to Know the Enemy

Here's a side note that might be more important than you think at first glance. It's all about getting to know your opponent.

Why is it lion tamers can walk into a cage filled with ferocious man-killers without batting an eye? How can attack dog trainers get up the nerve to face dogs that have been turned into brutal murder machines without going white with fear? How do stand-up comics find the nerve to go out on stage to try and convince a wild crowd of drunks they're the funniest person in the world, deserving of applause rather than having bottles chucked at their heads?

Simply put, they've gotten used to it. They've worked their job long enough to know what the dangers are and where the trouble may or may not be coming from. Familiarity with their subjects has allowed them to develop an instinct for when they have to be on their guard and when they can relax.

Well, the same thing is absolutely true about handling

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women. In almost all states, prostitutes are as easy to find as hardware stores or bakeries. They advertise in the Yellow Pages these days. And, the ones you can't find there are getting the message out, trust me. And, if a hooker is a little too strong for you right off the bat, there are always massage parlors.

The point is, getting yourself some regular, no-pressure sex, or at least female contact for a while, her hands on your skin, her lips touching whatever it is you want touched, kissed, licked, sucked, whatever, will make you more comfortable around women. *Way* more comfortable.

No offense, but until you've been laid the way you want to be laid, the way you've always dreamed of it, you're always going to be craving after that which you've always wanted. This is *nothing* to be embarrassed about. You want something you've never had. You want a women to lick out your ass, deep throat you entirely, balls and all, sit on top of you and whip your chest with her wild, long hair—whatever. Okay, how do you ask someone you've just started dating to do something you're afraid will make her uncomfortable?

You don't know her, know how she'll react, oh, what to do, what to do? What to do is to shut the fuck up and go ahead any finally just give in and go to a prostitute and finally find out whatever it is you've been desiring feels like. A lot of this need is just in our heads. We want something so bad we can't ask for it without sounding like stammering nitwits. On top of that, since we've never had it done to us, we get this idea in our heads that "no woman would ever do *that*."

Well, there's nothing like putting a pair of handcuffs on a

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woman, blind-folding her and then riding her like a colt, using her hair as your reins and any hole you can find as your jizz jar to get you over the notion that “no woman would ever do *that*.”

In other words, to be comfortable around women, especially to be comfortable asking for things you think are “going too far,” you’ve got to be around some women who have gone further than you’ve ever dreamed of going.

And hey, hookers are people, too. We all gotta make a living.

However, the thing that you *don’t* want to do, *under any circumstances whatsoever* is to start thinking of strippers or prostitutes or whoever you go to as “women.” These are not girls you date, these are hard-core bitches who will take you for a ride faster than you can think about it.

They’re whores—okay? They lie for a living.

“Oh, baby, you’re the best. You’re so big. Oh, it’s never been like this with any man before. Oh God, you’re so awesome.”

Yeah, sure. Fall for this shit and they’ll take you for everything you have. Strippers are especially adept at tricking men out of money, cars, apartments, everything they can possibly get their hands on. Trust me, John the Baptist wasn’t the first man to lose his head over a table dancer, and he wasn’t the last.

Rule #1: you pay a whore what you’re supposed to pay them, and not one cent more. Do it, and you’ll not only lose everything you have, but you will also find yourself out of the running for every getting laid by one of them for free. Strippers and whores like to get laid, too. But, you say, whores get laid twenty-four hours a day, don’t they? Yeah, sure, but you’re not thinking. When they’re on the job, they’re not suck-

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ing dick out of love, they're sucking it because every ounce of cum they guzzle is paying the rent, buying piano lessons for their kid, putting gas in the tank, et cetera.

There's no love involved. No joy. In fact, having mindless, endless sex with men who mean nothing to them, and to whom *they* mean nothing is terribly hurtful to most women. Giving away (well, okay, selling) that which is supposed to be their most precious thing, hardens these women in a way you can't possibly imagine. If you have any fantasies about ever having sex with a bar dancer or hooker where you're not paying out a king's ransom, start taking some notes.

You want to enter a strip club acting cool. Not swinging your head in every direction, trying to make sure you see every free second of tit you can. This pegs you as a loser and they'll all be looking to rob you blind. No, you want to come in confidently aloof. To you it's just another bar. You're no fag. You can appreciate the sight of a well-shaped breast when it comes your way. But, do it without drooling, Okay?

Just remember your lessons so far. Be confident. Give out a compliment or two. But, under no circumstances—give out no favors. Favors are what they do for you.

I can not emphasize this enough. These women are as hard as steel and have balls the size of coconuts. Utilize their services, but mess with them at your own risk. The rewards can be great, but only if you never for a moment fall into the trap of believing your own press.

'Cause these bitches will tear out your heart and eat it just for the laughs.

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Lost At Sea

What Women Are All About

So, what do women want? As for the women of the United States, the grand majority of them are emotional wrecks—complete and utter basket cases. Here's what most of them want from a man (in no particular order):

1. Financial support
2. Someone onto whom they can dump their emotional garbage
3. Someone to solve all of their sexual insecurities
4. Someone who will listen as they endlessly complain bitterly about:
 - A. Their looks
 - B. Their weight
 - C. Men in general

In many ways, it's not their fault. The media and the feminist culture have been screeching at them for decades that they

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can do everything on their own. According to the smart set, every woman should be able to have three children and raise them all to become Rhodes scholars, by herself, while working an 80 hour a week corporate job and dazzling the world as an artist of renown in her spare time.

Bullshit, pure and simple, poured into women's heads by people out for something—corporations that want to sell them something, lesbians who want to munch their muff, their divorced mothers and friends who want them as miserable as they've made themselves, politicians who want votes they can count on, and a host of others.

But, what are you going to do about it, Jackson? How do you get yourself laid when every women you talk to starts eyeing you as a potential emotional tampon, just a sponge on a string she can use to sop up all the bloody details of her failure to become the perfect woman? The answer: tell her to shut the fuck up. When she starts in about her drunken ex-boyfriend, abusive ex-husband, spiritually lacking father, et cetera, tell her this is not why you wanted to be with her.

Just as you can't let a woman make decisions, you can't let her dominate a conversation (same thing—she's deciding what you'll talk about). And, the easiest way to do that is to show her exactly how you feel. When, on your first date, no less, she starts to drizzle on about some asshole from her past, if she goes on after you've made it clear you don't want to hear it, just pull some cash out of your wallet and walk out. If you're talking on the phone and she pulls this crap, hang up. It's as simple as that.

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If she chases after you or calls back, whatever, you can remind her that you're not these people from her past, and you don't do these things, but you also don't sit back down or keep talking, either. You let her know that you're a person with feelings, not a garbage can for her past failures. You let her know that you'll get back to her, but right now you've just got to get the bad taste of the way you've just been treated out of your mouth.

You will leave her stunned. It's pretty much a guarantee no man has ever done this to her. No, all the men she's known have held her hand and told her how wonderful she is and what fucks the men she's known have been. They do this thinking this clever strategy is going to get them laid. It won't. What it gets them is stuck in the Platonic Zone—a land of sight and sound but no pussy. It is the storage area women use for guys they can call in between boy friends, someone who will make them feel better, someone who will hold their hand while they blubber about doing something else stupid.

Trust me, residents of the Platonic Zone *never* get laid. For the woman who own them (and believe me, that's how chicks look at these guys) that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Usually women have to use a homosexual for this role—they get to believe they're perfect because a “man” is saying so, and the “man” gets to fulfill his dream of being one of the girls. This is not the role you want.

What you do when you take the reins away from them during these moments is to cast doubt on their illusion that they're God's gift to the universe, that their pussy is made of

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gold, and most importantly, *that nothing they ever do is their fault!*

And if they keep it up, well, you'd better keep doing the same. Just walk out of their lives.

After all, you're looking for someone not only to lay, but with whom you can have a good time. You want a lover whose company you can enjoy. There are women in this world who are great lovers and who won't torture you emotionally. And, there are plenty more you can train to fill that role.

Yes, you can be a good listener when the moment calls for it. Sometimes it really is called for. But playing the role of Mr. Kotex isn't. Keep in mind, after five days of soaking up leakage, tampons end up in the wastebasket. Sure, listen to them once in a while, but let's remember, the only thing you really want to listen to is the sweet rhythm of her head bouncing off the back board of your bed.

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First Contact:

Reaching Out to That Alien Species

Okay now, earlier we talked about going to a prostitute if you have to just to get used to the idea of touching women. All right, let's follow up on that. Let's say it's all been done. You've had some lap dances, watch some pole dancers, had breakfast off some whore's stomach, and not allowed a one of them to get anything out of you that they didn't deserve. Now, as good old Aunt Edwenia might say, you're ready for a "nice" girl.

In case you didn't know it, Chumley, once you and your rent-a-slut have done the Big Dirty, that doesn't mean you know anything about making contact with women who aren't holding out their hand for your Master Card at the end of a date. In other words, you may be comfortable with the idea of touching women now, but you can't be taking the same approach. Not as long as they still allow women access to lawyers you can't, anyway.

No, once again, you've got to learn a new set of tricks.

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Luckily, you've got Uncle Gary here to help out. Hey, what are friends for?

Believe it or not, a kiss on the hand can work wonders. What you have to do is make it seem as corny as possible. You are the great lover, the French baron, and she is the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. Her radiance blinds you. You have never known such a magnificent creature, and if you could but approach her, you could die happily. You kiss her hand with a flourish, and then laugh along with her about what a clown you are.

You are, of course, not taking any of this seriously. You're kidding around, just teasing, goofing on her, et cetera. But, if she asks how you really feel, suddenly you're all shy and coy. In other words, what you are telling her is that, yeah, sure, you were being silly just to amuse her. But as for what you said, well, that was all real.

A compliment delivered and physical contact. You set yourself up as a gentleman and gallant. You really have feelings for her, and you can make her laugh, and even when you touch her, you do it with class. You've touched her, kissed her, and still remain indifferent. No matter what the surface woman sees, the subconscious woman starts to melt at all the incredible signals you've just send.

And, this isn't the only trick like this. Not be far. Let me throw out a few more (without all the explanation—I'm sure you can start figuring out what makes these routines work after all the lectures you've been given so far—right, guys?).

Try kissing the end of your finger and then touching that

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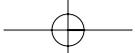
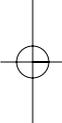
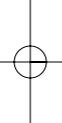
finger to their nose. Not a big, sloppy, sucking kiss. Just a peck. They love it.

When the two of you are getting ready to stand up and finally leave the dinner table, or maybe switch seats at a theater—whatever—take her hand as a way of giving her directions. You're taking charge, giving her a non-verbal order, and making physical contact all at the same time. Don't hang onto her hand as if you're going to start strolling down the beach or something, just enough to get her pointed in the right direction.

You have to leave her alone for a minute, to go pay the check, to go to the bathroom—again, whatever—when you return, take her shoulders in your hands and give her the gentlest of massage style moves. You don't make contact for long, and you cover yourself by saying something like, "are we having fun yet," or "miss me," whatever feels appropriate for the moment. Again, you've made contact, given her a chance to voice an opinion that you can easily control, and made a subconscious promise that you are attentive to her needs (willing to give her a back rub if she needs it). Again, it's all subconscious, but it works.

Remember, keep the contacts brief. You're not groping her, you're just being friendly. Simple human contact. She'll get used to it soon enough, and like the cats women love, she'll want and start to actively encourage more stroking as soon as she sees you're too much of a gentleman (okay, stop laughing, you guys) to paw her up.

Sigh—the things we have to do.



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So, Whose Game Are You Going to Play?

Hers ... Or Yours?

Just a simple note. In case you haven't noticed it, women have mood swings. Most men are frightened by these wild, manic-depressive moments in the chicks around them and instantly start playing whatever game the woman is demanding just to live through the nightmare.

Don't be suckered by this crap. This is letting the inmates run the asylum, and by now most of you should have realized that giving the Joker the keys to Arkham is never a very good idea.

There's a simple reason women have these mood swings (outside of the one that are just fucking psychopaths, that is). Women are filled with extra hormones we don't have to worry about. They are the givers of birth. Now yes, all human bodies are miniature chemical factories, but their bodies are dealing

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in mega-doses of crap that would probably send us around the bend and back. When this stuff starts churning through their bodies (and it does on a regular basis—look up some facts on the menstrual cycle some time if you want some scary reading), there is little controlling what can happen inside some women.

Still, just because there is a reason for their crazed behavior, there is no excuse for it. And, there certainly is no rational to the female notion that it's okay for them to act like playful pussycats one minute and then dick-devouring piranhas the next, without ever having to consider excusing themselves, apologizing, or even acknowledging that there was something wrong with *them* and not *you*.

And, gentlemen, there is even less defense for those of our craven species that go along with their bullshit on this matter. Again I say, you excuse a woman's offenses, you become a woman for doing it. Or you become a patronizing bastard. Either way, you will be resented and rejected all in one quick motion.

What you have to do is the same thing you were advised to do earlier when women get irrational for other reasons. Get your hat and your smokes and head for the door. Do not do this on the run. Do not play the coward. Even if a woman is throwing crap at you. Just calmly head for the door. Stop just long enough to toss your coat over your shoulder, or to light a cigarette there in the doorway, and then tell her in an even tone;

“Call me when you get your hormone value shut.”

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“You ever figure out how grown ups act, you drop me a line.”

“Sorry, I made a mistake. I thought you were sane. You ever get any therapy, you look me up.”

If they throw themselves at your feet and beg forgiveness, you can probably drop the act and go back in and get your ashes hauled. But only if they really sound as if they mean it. Don't fall into any of their traps, and don't start playing their game.

Ever.

If later they say you deserted them in their hour of need, you tell them that what you were doing was giving them their space so they could pull themselves together. Remind them that:

“You were acting like a lunatic. I figured you really didn't want to embarrass yourself any more than you already had, so I gave you some time so you could get it together. Sorry for being considerate.”

Yes, there are a million other variations on the above that they could throw at you, but I'm not going to try and list them all. There are just as many come backs you can make, as well, but they're all just variations of the above. It's up to you to get the pattern down and be ready for whatever they try.

The simple answer is that these hormones force women to act like children some times. Since you can't actually treat them like children, you've got to let them calm themselves down and get it together. If they can, great. If not, then they can't, and who the fuck wants to be with someone who can't

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

get it together? Do you understand what that means? Who needs to be stuck with some bitch who can *never* be counted on to act even semi-rationally?

There are too many fish in the sea for that kind of strife, old chum. You get one on the hook that's all bone, teeth and trouble, toss the fuckin' bitch back, toss out some more bait and just have a beer while you wait to see what comes a'nibbling next.

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Meeting Women

Just Where Does This Happen?

Well, taking a look at that title, it's clear that here's another big question—maybe the biggest. I mean, the title of this book does promise to teach you how to meet women, but so far we really haven't said much about that particular topic.

Have we?

You bet your ass we have.

Let's clear something up right now. There is a titanic difference between teaching you “how” to meet women and “where” to meet women. I'm sure there are a bunch of you who are out there scratching your heads, wondering just when I'm going to tell you where you can find chicks, how to stake places out, what the difference should be in your approach between picking women up at the Laundromat and at a nightclub.

Yawn—jeez' us, guys, seriously—give me a goddamned break, will you? If you really need me to hold your hand on this one, I will. You want it, you got it. Here's the big word on

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the “where to meet women” right here and now. You can meet women anywhere. Get it?

Anywhere!

There are women by the fucking hundreds of thousands everywhere you go. Everywhere. This is a country with close to three hundred million people in it. Half of them are females. There are women crawling out of the woodwork, Chester. What’s the matter—you haven’t noticed any of them? Too busy playing Dungeons and Dragons, reading the new copy of Newsweek, watching those endless documentaries on Nazis on the History Channel?

Now, believe it or not, I’m not razzing you guys just for the fun of it. And, this is not a cop-out. Understand? I am not fucking with you. I’m just slapping you around a little. Like Wally with the Beaver.

“Jeez, Beav—you can be such a knucklehead sometimes, I wonder if we’re really related.”

“Gosh, Wally—don’t say that. I just wondered where a guy goes to meet girls.”

“Criminey, Beav, girls are everywhere. You don’t ever hav’ta worry about *where* to meet girls. You just hav’ta worry about *how* you meet ‘em.”

Thanks, Wally. I’ll take it from here.

The kid is absolutely right. The big deal in meeting women is your approach. Look back over what we’ve covered so far and I’ll explain.

The main thing we’ve talked about so far is confidence. Your confidence. The confidence you need to meet women.

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You've been surrounded by women your whole life. They were right next to you in school, every single grade. When you're walking on the street, attending to religious services, going to the laundry, or getting some fast food, hanging out at the local bowling alley, or the movie theater, or the grocery store, the television department at Sears, the pet store, let alone singles bars and amusement parks, the subway, the library, or well, just *anywhere*.

I don't care if you spend all your time at comic book conventions or if you're in the Army—there are women there, too, nowadays. You simply can not go anywhere in this country without tripping over fabulous, long-legged, firm-titted, pouty-lipped, sparkling-eyed, gorgeous-haired, fantastic-assed women!

And I don't care what kind you're looking for. You want a black nurse with a great ass, a Chinese stock broker with terrific legs, a blonde German racing driver with jugs the size of basketballs—for God's sake, they're out there! All you have to do is *look!*

And, of course, Gilligan, you have the confidence to go after them.

And that's what this book is all about. You want girls, you want to meet all kinds of sexy babes that know how to suck dick, how to spread their legs and beg for cock, how to lick out the crack of your ass until it's cleaner than the Pope's conscience? They're out there; they're all around you, all you need is the confidence to walk up to them and start talking.

This is why so much of the beginning of this book dealt

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

with getting your confidence juiced. And, that's not all we talked about. In fact, Hamlet, before we go any further, let's review, shall we?

We've talked about a lot of shit. Such as, confidence is no good if you know deep inside you've got nothing to be confident about. We discussed how to clean yourself up, how to make yourself into the kind of guy that most women will flip over. We've discussed your approach and how to make it both smooth and natural.

We've gone over how to mark your victim, how to tag your prey and to cut them from the herd. We've gone over everything from how (and why) to make eye contact, to your conversation and what you should be doing with it (like when to use flattery, and how to handle things like advice and opinions).

In fact, we've given you everything you need to get you moving toward the door. Now, you've just got to do it. You and you alone, have got to get out there and start meeting some women.

And, if you want to know where, I will even tell you where to do it.

Wherever you feel comfortable meeting women, ya shmuck!

Of course, perhaps I should explain. If clubs are too noisy, or too intimidating, then don't go to clubs. If you like the girl at the local McDonalds, or the one who checks out the books at the library, or the ones who eat their lunch on the courthouse steps every day ... whoever, wherever they are ... if that's the one you want, or the place you feel the most comfort-

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able—start there.

You've got all the equipment you need to get out there and start meeting the women you want to meet. I've told you what you need to know. Confidence is the key. It is the philosopher's stone you have been searching for. I simply can not say it enough times in enough different ways.

Confidence. It's all you need.

It really, *really* is.

You just have to have the courage to have some. And, we all know how important courage is. It's what makes the Hottentots so hot. It's what puts the ape in apricot. And you bet your ass it's what you've got.

If, that is, you've been doing all I tell you.

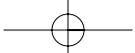
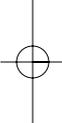
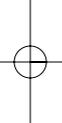
You know how to be confident. You do. You have all the tools, all the building blocks of confidence now. You are set. You are prepared.

But, then, I did promise to tell you how to both meet women, *and* charm the pants off them. Didn't I?

Well, a promise is a promise. Now, in truth, I have already given you some great way to charm women. But, what's a handful from a guy who's got a barrelful of such advice? So, what say we come up with another dozen or so sure fire tricks to ... as I said...

Charm the pants off women.

After all, that is the way you want them in the end, isn't it?



CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

To Spend, Or Not To Spend...

What A Question

So, you've met a woman and now you want to make a great impression. What do you do? Where do you take her? What's that first date?

Okay—the first date, that's up to you. You might want to use this trick with the second one on to keep your sugar angel off balance, or you might want to start from the very beginning. You're going to have to learn sooner or later to start mixing up your pitches, so I leave that up to you. But, here's the point I'm trying to make.

Most women are used to be asked out on dates. The better looking they are, the hotter and sexier they are, the more attention they are used to being paid, and the more expensive stuff they are used to having laid at their feet.

Here's a side note. Do you know what goes on between those leather clad dominators you've seen and the men they allow to approach them? I'll tell you.

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They sit on thrones—yes, goddamnit, actual thrones—and they have men, usually naked, usually in competition, crawl forward toward them offering gifts. Yeah, that’s right. Champagne, fur coats, expensive chocolates, jewels, cruise tickets, et cetera. These guys will actually just fucking lay there, their shriveled, cold naked butts sticking up in the air, their faces pressed to the floor (“don’t look at me, you scum”), praying that their emptied out bank account is the one that the contemptuous bitch with the riding crop will pick.

If you were thinking that was fucking pathetic, you’re right.

Okay, you know that’s never going to be you. You’re too confident for shit like that. But still, are you just going to fall into the typical American dating pattern? Expensive dinners, movies on you, shows on you, dancing on you, et cetera.

Isn’t that just the same fucking thing? Aren’t you the one shelling out the dough, and isn’t the female raking in all the rewards, and calling all the shots? You bet your shriveled, cold naked butt it is.

Here’s a better idea.

Instead of traditional dates, invite her to something different. Organize a poker game and see if she wants to come. Get her to go down to the gym with you. If you don’t belong to a gym, make it a jogging/walking tour of some pleasant area.

If you can’t even be that mobile (and unless you’re in a wheelchair, what about that cleaning up your act so as to gather unto ye more self-respect and confidence), however, there are still plenty of other things you could ask her along to that don’t involve you paying all the bills while she gets all the benefits.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Ask her to go with you to the barbershop so you get a decent haircut for once. Get her to come over to help paint a room in your house. Take her to a state park for a hot dog barbecue. Or to see the leaves change color. Or the whales come toward the shore. Or whatever kind of nature bullshit goes on in your neck of the woods. Get on the Internet and find out where the nearest parks are to you and find out what they have to offer. They're everywhere, and they all sponsor nature events that are free, or damn close to it.

Have her help you with some kind of shopping. Buying something for your mother or aunt or boss is always good. Have her go to the grocery store with you so you can pick out what you're going to make for dinner together. Sure, you're picking up the grocery tab for dinner ... but...

She's going to help you cook it.

At your place.

Get it?

You've got to start thinking about these things, Chuckie boy.

All women worth shagging have been dated to death. They've had offers of every kind of bauble, brunch or bribe hurled at them from every other penis in sight. If you want yours to be the one that stands out from the rest, you've got to make it the only one that squirts her in the eye by not going limp and rolling over.

In other words, you've got to pull her into your life and make her comfortable there. You do not want to simply be her meal and movie ticket. You want to be someone different, someone interesting.

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The guy with charm, and not just a wallet.

Because charm, my friend, never gives out. But money can be hard to come by.

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Want Her Defenses Down?

Make Her Laugh

Anyone who has read any of my other books on the never-ending war between the sexes is aware that I call a good sense of humor Verbal Spanish Fly. I'll keep this short, but for those who are reading me for the first time, I'm telling you that absolutely nothing works better at opening up a conversation, putting chicks at ease or uncrossing their legs than humor. Let's look at why.

Humor keeps things light, it keeps things moving, bouncing along, light and breezy, and best of all it turns women on basically because it gives the two of you something to bond over. Once you've got them laughing out loud, you've opened their mouth. Women like to keep up their shields. Hell, we all do. The mouth is the gateway to the body, and once it's open wide, well, anything (like you're fat, hairy dick, for one thing) could end up inside.

Moreover, in the back of her mind, the two of you are sub-

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

tly becoming one person. He must be all right, we laugh at the same things. We're enjoying ourselves together. He's not putting any pressure on me, he's making this so easy, and I'm enjoying myself. Or, as you've heard a thousand times:

I like him, he's funny. He makes me laugh. He makes me happy. I have a good time with him.

Note how making a woman laugh makes everything seem better. Even better, when the two of you are laughing, this gives you the golden opportunity to touch your companion in comedy. Not groping, obviously, but as you would a guy. This is the time for gentle slaps on the back, quick touches on the shoulder or arms. Friendly. Positive. What you are doing, of course, is planting ideas in her mind. Ideas like:

Hey, we're all friends here, having a good time, making physical contact. Indeed, what could be more natural than me touching you? Let's laugh and touch each other some more. In fact, let's laugh harder.

Now, guys who don't naturally have a sense of humor—what can you do? Practice some bits. Learn some jokes. Everyone has to start somewhere. On the other hand, we all have our own personal jokes, our routines, and those funny bits that only work for us. What you have to do is to discover what yours are.

Once again, we go back to the idea of you being comfortable with yourself. Your confidence rises as you stop trying to be some thing other than what you are. Don't try to be funny in some way that makes you seem a clown or pathetic. Be funny in the way that you *know* works for you.

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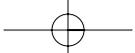
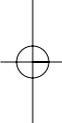
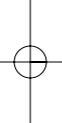
And, remember, no one is asking you to turn into Jerry Seinfeld. But, you can steal his jokes, memorize his best stuff. And, for God's sake, don't lie about it. Don't play the fool and pretend you're making all these great jokes up. Nobody cares. Say that you just heard a great joke, or that you have a great joke that the situation the two of you are in reminds you of—whatever. Remember, the idea isn't to convince her you belong on Saturday Night Live. The idea is to—

Get her laughing, goddamnit!

So, practice. Tell jokes over and over until you don't stutter or stumble. Get the punch lines smooth—you want them laughing at the jokes, not at you. But, once you have your routine down, you're well on your way to having them go down.

And again, trust me on this. They say laughter's the best medicine. That's true, but a good blow job cures all sorts of ills, too.

Oh, yeah!



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Charm

You'll Find Manners Help

All right. We've tackled some big things here so far, adding ammunition to your seductive arsenal you probably never thought you could master (at least not this easily, right, guys?). Now we're going to tackle one that, really, is just about the easiest thing in the world to manage.

Manners.

Now, I can hear you groaning and gnashing your teeth already. What? I gotta go to Hugh Grant's School of Pomp and Circumstance? What kind of fucking rip off is this? Calm down, Jackson. I'm here to teach you all I can on what makes charm work. And this, my friends, is one of the big ones. Deal with it, you Oswalds.

Every single one of you knows how to be a gentleman. You just refuse to do it. Well ... start.

When she leaves the table, you stand up. When she's going to sit down, you pull out her chair. You don't start eating before

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

she does. You open doors. You help carry packages. Et cetera.

Now, notice in that last one, I said you “help” carry packages. I didn’t say you become her fucking slave. This is the point where guys fuck this deal up.

Being a gentleman means having manners. Now, this doesn’t mean you have to transform yourself into some Jeeves who’s just going to be a target for every tough guy in town. You don’t have to change the way you treat anyone else. You can be as tough as you want, right in front of her. It’s just that when you turn around again to her, you turn on the gentleman’s charm again.

And, say that after you put some punk in his place she calls you on this. Say she sees you nelson some noodle head and so she says that you’re just some fucking phony who only pretends to be a nice guy to her but is really a lowlife. You tell her she’s wrong. Period.

“Sweetheart, I treated that jerk the way he deserved. I treat you like a lady because that’s the way I think of you. Was I wrong?”

Most of them aren’t going to be stupid enough to push this one further. They wanted a compliment and they got it. If one does, however, and starts to give you shit about treating her too well because you just want something, you have a few options.

One, you can just up and walk out. Just tell her you’re sorry you mistook her for someone that might be worth caring about and walk out. I’ve done it more than once and trust me, it really does feel satisfying.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

You may also have on your hands some mis-used bitch that has such low self esteem that she simply can't accept proper treatment. This is a tricky case. You're first instinct might be to nurse her along so that eventually she'll love you because you're so kind and wonderful. Nice thought, but that's not usually what happens.

This kind of woman will almost always feel that if, once she's let you know she doesn't think she's worthy of decent treatment, you keep giving her decent treatment, that *you* must not be worth anything, either. Trust me, you get one of these chicks, the best thing to do is to go along with her, fuck her for all she's worth, spray her from her widow's peak to her navel with your personal brand of man sauce, steal a few bucks from her wallet and get the hell out of her life.

That may sound cold, but hey, how many times have you seen women take a guy for all he's worth and then just walk out on him with all his cash in her pocket, laughing all the way?

Fuck it, man, fuck it in the ass. You go to the trouble to transform yourself into a gentleman, and you get some fucking *shit* from some psycho cunt who can't take being treated nicely. And this is somehow *your* problem? I don't humping think so. Not by a long shot.

This might actually come as a surprise to you, but there are plenty of women who, once you get your act together, are not going to be worth your time.

I mean it now.

Don't you fucking dare fall into some bitch's mind game

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

trap. What's the use of getting yourself ready for the battle if you're going to surrender to the first enemy trooper that comes over the hill?

Once you start making the extra effort to be charming, any female that doesn't respond properly, that just wants to use your class as a place to disgorge her bullshit, is not worth your time. Do you get it? Do you understand?

A confident man believes in himself. A man who believes in himself has nothing to hide. Including the fact that this or that woman may just not be worth his time.

You end up with some bitch that isn't good enough for you, then goddamnit...

She isn't good enough for you.

Just move on and find one who is. With your confidence, charm and manners, it'll be easy to find another one.

Trust me.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

What Do Gals Despise?

Those Who Criticize

Okay now, class, here's another short and easy one. In fact, it actually ties in to what we just said. Let me make this short and simple. Women do not take criticism well. In fact, they fucking hate it.

To criticize a woman is simply useless. It serves no purpose whatsoever except to work against you. In her eyes, it simply makes you look like an ass. Here's why:

It puts your lovely lady on the defensive. Suddenly she has to defend herself. And to any female, criticism has to be deflected. Tell another guy he's putting on a few pounds, losing too much hair, that he should try a different style jacket, whatever, and no matter how bad his reaction gets, it won't be anywhere as bad as a woman's will be.

Women live in a fantasy land they create in their heads. They have a belief structure in place they simply can not bear to have challenged, especially by someone important to them.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

And trust me; if they are dating you, you are important. You are potential mate material—a husband husk, a daddy doll ... that's the thing they plan to live with forever. And, if the thing you plan to live with forever hates everything about you...

Yes, I know. You have no plans to live with her forever, and you didn't say anything nearly as bad as that you hate anything about her, let alone *everything*, but, that's not how the female mind works.

Understand that women love approval and hate anything that even approaches any type of condemnation. The slightest criticism hurts their pride, damages their sense of importance and causes instant resentment. Criticism endangers any relationship to some extent, and distances the target from the person hurling out the criticisms, no matter how kindly they do it, no matter how sincere or positive their motives.

You can't change anyone else anyway, so don't try. Seriously, if it's important, try to find some way around it. But, be subtle, or be prepared to be asked to leave. You're really going to have to trust me on this one.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Shots Out Of Nowhere

They Can Work

This is a refinement on something I've said plenty of times before, so it's going to be a short one. But, as the old saying tells us, good things come in small packages, so here goes.

Try phrases like these out on your lady love once in a while.

Things like:

"You know, I could really get to like you."

"Hey, what does it take to date someone like you?"

"Why don't we get environmental and turn out all these lights?"

"Just shut up and kiss me."

"Oh, loose the chastity belt, already."

These are called "shots out of nowhere." When used correctly, they can actually come across as enchanting to women. And, you ask, when is that correct time? As always, I'll tell you.

Just wait until the middle of a conversation, then when it's your turn to say something, just go all thoughtful for a moment,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

like you're thinking of what to say back, and then throw in a shot out of nowhere. These wild flings can often have devastating effect and get you precisely what you want without a lot of waiting.

But now, class, let's say your fast line makes a fast tumble over the nearest cliff edge like a lead balloon. What do you do then?

You fucking forget it, that's what you do.

If she's not in the mood, or you've misjudged the timing of the moment, or whatever, just forget it. And for Christ's sake, don't start sulking. Acting like some wounded child is just what she's waiting for.

"Ah ha," the bitch mind snarls, "I knew that's all he wanted. What a creep/pervert/louse/bastard ..."

You get the idea.

No. If one of these goes wrong, you simply have to act as if it's no big deal. Now, don't go the stupid route and say something galactically imbecilic like, "hey, I was just kidding."

This is a lie and they know it's a lie and a liar they do not want. No, as always, a gentleman tells the truth (when it suits him, of course, but in this case, I'm telling you, it suits you).

"Hey," you tell her, "of course I want to dim the lights and make the beast with two backs. You're one of the sexiest women I ever met. But, we're not dogs. You're not in the mood; it's not the right time, that's cool. Let's pop in a movie."

Trust me, half the time you'll barely get through the first bag of Orville Reddenbacker before she's turning out those lights herself.

Gentlemen, start your engines.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Giving Her An Identity

Making Her ... Unique

Just a simple note. An easy trick. One picked up from those guys who know women best ... pimps.

Oh, get over it. There are all sorts of pimps in this world, those who prey on empty-headed teenaged ninnies, and those who charm and subjugate the most attractive, high society types around. No matter what class of twat they're spreading the banana oil out for, they all use the same techniques and they always work. Because all women are exactly the same.

If you want a woman to be yours, then you have to make her yours. Start out by giving her a nickname. Now, unless you've stumbled into a goldmine of a gal, things like "snookie ookiums," "dollface" and "sweetie pie" aren't going to work. But that doesn't kill the idea. In fact, it simply makes it easier.

The idea here is to make her special to you. So, when you're doing something together and a special moment comes along, and then you take the nickname from that.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Here, I'll give you some examples.

You have a great time dancing. Swell—she becomes your “Dancing Partner.”

“Hey, Dancing Partner, how you doing today?”

She makes you a dinner you love (or at least pretend to love): your little spaghetti queen. She beats a red light while you're going somewhere: NASCAR girl. She's whistling some catchy tune: Beethoven. (Because you make such beautiful music, darling)

This is an easy, easy one. But it's only the tip of the iceberg. Giving her a nickname based on something that happened between just the two of you ties her to your shared world. You have noticed something special about her. You have felt it was so special you had to immortalize the moment. Any time you call her by the nickname, you are telling her she's special to you.

Get it now?

Any way you can make a woman feel unique is just charming her further, and sliding those pants down her thighs even quicker. Indeed, it's no secret that making a woman feel unique or special is the easiest way to get her to do anything you want.

And, I do mean *anything*.

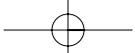
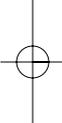
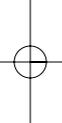
So, tell her how different she is from other women any chance you get. Have a reason to back it up—how much prettier she is, how much more sensible she seems, how much quicker on the uptake she is, how incredibly intelligent she seems, how much better a cook she is, whatever. Trust me, she won't push you hard because deep down she *wants* to fucking believe you.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Tell her you sense a deep spirituality within her that you've never felt with any other woman. You feel a deep bond with her you couldn't imagine with anyone else. Drop one of these lines when you're both looking at the same thing—a sunset, the mountains, children playing, birds flying, et cetera—and almost any chick will eat it up faster than she will chocolate ice cream.

Learn to make them feel special, my man, and believe me, they will want to make you feel special in return.

Woof, woof, you dogs.



CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Power

The Ultimate Aphrodisiac

“Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac.”

You know who said that? Henry Kissinger, that’s who. Man, no wonder they all say that stuffy little German is a chick magnet.

Okay, so ol’ Henry the K may have been talking more about missiles and troop movements than he was the bedroom, but a singular truth is a singular truth, and his really cuts across all bounds.

Power is *all* in any relationship—be they between nation states or between men and women.

Power is what everything is about.

In every relationship, someone has to have the power. Someone has to be making the decisions. Someone has to be in charge. And, guess what, Alexander ... if it ain’t you, it’s gonna be her.

The only problem is, women don’t want the power. Oh,

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

yeah—sure—the feminists will tell you that male power is nothing but chains and that all men are rapists and to submit to a man in any way is rape and blahblahblahfuckingblah. Yes, there are women in this world who crave the power in a relationship, but that's because they're scared little bitches who are afraid of men. Anyone who is afraid of something certainly doesn't want it making rules to run their lives for them.

But, as for normal women (yes, I know, almost a contradiction in terms these days, but you know what I mean), well, there things are different. Normal women want the men in their life to be in charge. It's true. And, as always, I will explain.

Again, women want to get married, settle down and have kids. From caveman days, we still have the instinct that when a woman is pregnant, she can't defend herself. She needs someone in charge of things to protect her when she's in this vulnerable state. And that's a state that goes on for months, remember, before, during and *after* the moment she shits out your little rug rat.

Now, of course, women aren't thinking that consciously today, but it's there in the back of their mind. And it influences directly how she looks at *you*.

So, trust me on this, you've got to start wielding all available power as early on in the relationship as you can. And I mean you've got to start immediately. As Konrad Heiden, another wise German once said;

“Unused power slips imperceptibly into the hands of another.”

Jeez, seems these Germans, they know a little something

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

about the subject, don't it?

Okay, jokes aside, it's absolutely true. If you don't grab the relationship reins early on, someone else is going to have to. Deciding what the two of you are going to do, when you're going to do it, who's going to be doing the work and who's going to be having the fun, et cetera, if you want the driver's seat, you're going to have to earn it early on, and you'd better grab it fast.

Women, like I said, want their man to be in charge. Yeah, there was a lot of noise about wanting men to be all sensitive, and to act like equal partners and all, but have you actually seen any of that shit work? No fucking way you've ever seen that.

So, from the beginning, you've got to set the tone. Put some power in your voice when you order drinks in a bar, or ask for something to be brought to your table. Don't ask the women in your life for things; tell them to give them to you. Learn to say things like, "kiss me now," and "give me a back massage."

And, of course, the reason for this is so that you get what you want, when you want it. Once you've got them used to accepting the commanding tone in your voice, then you just make a few commands about whose bedroom is going to get used and what shade lipstick you want ringing your cock.

Of course, there is that tendency that some guys have to go too far with this. So, let me give you the words of Alexander Solzhenitsyn (a Russian, but they've been known to understand a little bit about power in their time, too), who said;

"You only have power over people so long as you don't take

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

everything away from them. But when you've robbed a man of everything he's no longer in your power—he's free again."

Understand?

If you grind a woman down to where she's not allowed to do anything except to figure out "how high" when you say "jump," free she will be, because she will hit the road on you eventually.

Yeah, I know it gets complicated, but that's the way of things in this war.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Casting Aside Old Ideas

Giving Them What They Want

All right, let's take this talk about power just a step further. All throughout this book we've said that women want their men confident. Right? Of course, right. And just now we said that women, deep down inside, want men to be in charge, to make all the decisions, et cetera.

Okay, so what's the biggest decision that ever has to be made in a relationship? Yeah, you guessed it—sex: when to have it, how often to have it, what kind to have, how long it should last, what positions should get used, and how many costumes should be brought along.

If the woman is in charge, if she's making the decisions, or, if like some pouty boy with a pink triangle on his shirt you're thinking that in this one little itsy bitsy area you'll let her decide because you don't want to rush her, you want to consider her feelings, you want to be a nice guy ... oh, boo hoo, cry me a fucking river ... get ready for a long, frigid winter, because

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

brother, you are never getting laid ever again.

Now, I can hear the kulturesmog belching in the background, harrump, Gary, harrump, what the Hell are you talking about—it almost sounds like you're advocating rape for God's sake.

Well, you know what, I almost am.

Here's the skinny, guys. I said it last chapter, and I'll say it again here. For women it's, find a man, get married, settle down, have kids. Period. That's what they want. And fuck, why not? That's what the hell they're *supposed* to want. But, to keep a guy interested and around to get got, married and settled down, that means no sex for these two for a long, *long* time.

It's just the way things are. Men want sex. That's all we want. Hand jobs, lap dances, blow jobs, rim jobs, and all three thousand positions of the kama sutra thrown in on top. And all of it with every bitch we meet, all in one weekend, and then on to the next one.

Women want things a bit different. And somewhere in the middle is a happy meeting ground where everything works out. But, I'm not here to worry about what makes women happy, or even where the middle line is drawn. All I'm concerned about is getting you out there on the playing field, getting your hands on as much ass as the delivery doctor in a donkey maternity ward.

So, the answer is, give the woman in your life what it is you know deep down inside she really wants. Down and dirty sex. Demand it. Shove her down on the bed, and give it to her. This is the ultimate, godzilla-sized secret about women. This is what

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

knocks the pants off them every single time. *This* is what women want.

Rough sex.

With you.

When you want it.

I'm just saying the same thing I've said so many times already here. Women want men with confidence. A confident man *knows* when his woman wants to get ravished and he obliges her with a straight arm shove and a good healthy shagging when he hears the sex bells in her head.

And, no—believe it or not, this really doesn't contradict what I said before. Yes, women want to keep a man waiting for the sake of capturing him and dragging him to the altar, but women are human beings. They are just as horny as us, sometimes hornier. In fact, often the case is that they are just waiting for, dying for, a real man to just up and take them.

Now, if you've misjudged the moment, and your little cutie starts to mummer "stop, stop," well, then you've got a judgment call. If it's only a mummer, yeah, she's saying stop, but she's still kissing you and holding on for dear life, then the "stop, stop" is just face saying bullshit. You know, crap on the order of;

"Oh, dear, I couldn't stop him. He was just an animal. A warm, hairy, sensual master of an animal who was just so wonderful ... the beast."

Yeah, okay sweetheart. We get your problem.

But, on the other hand, Seymour, if you end up getting a really loud "stop, stop," accompanied by shoves and punches and

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

screams and digging fingernails and mace ... well, okay ... maybe you've got to work on your I-think-she-is-in-the-mood radar.

It is true, however, that women secretly dream about what Erica Jong called, "the zipless fuck" where both parties clothing just falls to the floor and the man has the woman just the way he wants her. You have probably missed a Hell of a lot more chances than you know by not moving in when you should have in the past.

No more of that now, troops. Okay?

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Staying Sexual

Avoiding The Platonic Zone

Okay, just one last little note.

Yeah, really, that's all.

Hey, by now you should be king shit supreme. I mean, by this stage of the game we should have you confident enough to juggle pythons and kick roaring tiger ass. How much more could you need?

Not much I would hope.

Indeed, the only thing I have left to tell you about the wonders of masculine charm is to be careful of that moment when it slips, when suddenly you can find yourself no longer her charming sexual partner, but her charming *pal*. Not a boy friend. But a best friend. A bosom companion. You know, just one of the girls.

Read that signpost up ahead. It tells you where you are. You just landed in—

THE PLATONIC ZONE!

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For those of you who are not in the know on this most terrifying of subjects, the Platonic Zone is that area where guys who are never going to get laid end up. This is the land of the purse-holding losers who accompany women to the mall, take them to movies when they don't have real dates, sit around with their other girl friends and talk about what pigs men are...

Oh, my fucking God. What a nightmare Hell that is. What a complete clusterfuck it takes to end up in that sad side kitchen to life. You do not want to be here. Understand? You abso-fucking-lutely do *not* want to be anywhere near this sorry state—ever!

Now, if the horrible happens and you do someday find yourself in the position of being in some chick's Platonic Zone, you have three options. And only three options. And, for those of you who simply can't guess what they might be, here they are.

1. You can just sit there like a fucking loser and take it.
And understand, if you chose this, you will be a dickless piece of shit to this woman forever. She and her friends will use and abuse you, and that will be it.
2. You can let her know that you don't play that game and walk out of her life. No phone calls, no "please can't we talk about this," no nothing except grabbing up whatever is yours and walking out the front door, shutting it behind you to symbolize the wall you want left between you and the miserable piece of castrating bitch pie that would be stupid enough to turn you down.

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

3. You claw your way out of that fucking platonic pit by keeping things between the two of you as boilingly sexual as possible.

You come to the realization that you've been dumped in Platonicville, and then you've got to do everything within your power to get out. And that means getting her to stop thinking of you as a sexless drone.

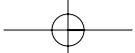
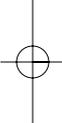
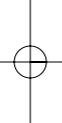
And, you say, how do you do that?

Answer: any way you can.

Grab her ass when she walks by; ask her if she showers in the morning or the night. Ask if she uses a brush or a sponge, bar or soap or gel. Ask her about her workout. Ask her to show you her moves. When she accuses you of just wanting to watch her shake her tits, hey—she's getting the idea. You're not some fucking eunuch. You're a man with a dick filled with piping hot semen she'd be lucky to add to her lunch menu.

Get her thinking of you as a sexual figure again (or maybe for the first time if you screwed something up from the very beginning), and suddenly you're back in the ballgame. Keep it up, and eventually you'll have her fantasizing about you at night.

And, hummmmmmmmm, night fantasies. Well, we all know where they lead, don't we?



CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Last Call

Our Final Words Of Wisdom

Well, Dante, that's it. That's all there is. At this point, you should be able to meet all the women you want. You should also be able to charm the pants off them as well. Hey, that's not bad.

Since it's so important, I'll go back to the beginning one last time. How do we meet women, gang? Confidently. With confidence, all is won. Remember the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, gang;

“Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.”

He may have said the words some two and half *centuries* ago, but the man was right. We're all confident. I mean, if you weren't confident the sky wasn't going to fall, you wouldn't be able to get out of bed in the morning. We're all confident. It's just that some of us have been known to lose a bit of our unshakable strength when faced with asking a woman out on a date.

And, gentlemen, for God's sake—*why?*

What is there to worry about?

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

They just women, for Christ's sake. They're just people. People you want to fuck, yes, but people nonetheless. Just keep in mind that there's nothing special about them, and you'll be okay.

And you will be okay. I guarantee it. Once you look yourself over in the mirror and make an honest assessment of what you see, once you wipe those problems out to the point where they're no longer problems, you'll have confidence by the bucketload and the long, fun conquest of every buxom Amazon in sight will begin in earnest.

You now know how to both meet them and charm the pants off of them. You have everything you need to score all the poontang on the planet. All you have to do is get started. Yeah, sure, some of it is going to take some practice. Some of it is going to take some getting used to.

But, so what?

And, listen—I *mean* it now. So, fucking what? Did you think this was going to be some book of magic spells? I hope not. The only magic involved here is the magic you want to see in your eyes when you look in the mirror, and you know, you fucking *know* that the man you see before you is unstoppable.

Do you remember the movie *Clockwork Orange*? The author of the book it was based on, as you might imagine, is a rough and tumble guy (for a Brit scholar). He takes no guff, calls 'em like he sees 'em, and is a pretty stand-up kind of guy. The type you'd want in your corner when there is any kind of trouble. Well, he summed it all up best when he said;

“Those who believe that they are exclusively in the right

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

are generally those who achieve something.”

Wimps do not achieve anything. Cowards do not achieve anything. Second-guessers, ponderers, middle-of-the-road toads, these losers do not achieve anything. They wonder if they are right or the other guy. They are afraid to call a criminal a criminal because, well, they might not have all the evidence. They're afraid to wear fur or eat meat because, well, animals have rights, too.

They get nowhere fast.

Ever.

These miserable scumwads are beneath your contempt. Pity them if you're feeling generous, but don't befriend them, don't listen to their arguments, don't give them the time of day. They are life's losers, and they love to suck other guys down with them.

You no longer have time for that shit.

You are not a member of the Do Nothing Club anymore. You are not a citizen of Loser Land anymore. You, you righteous bastards, are never again going to find yourself in The Platonic Zone, or anywhere else you don't want to be.

Not by a long shot. Okay?

Got the picture? You are men. Confident men. Charming men. Men who aren't afraid to walk up to any woman in the world and make your move. What's she going to do? What's the fucking worst she can do?

Laugh?

Scream?

Call you names?

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

Slap you wid her widdle hand?

So fucking what?

So fucking what?!

Who cares? Big deal. You move onto the next one. Like the old saying goes, there are plenty of fish in the sea. And, there have to be plenty of them, because every time I go into the supermarket, Starkist has more of those little round cans on the shelf than ever.

And that's all dames are, guys. Just products to be evaluated for the pleasure they are going to give you. Don't like this brand, move on to the next brand. It'll be better. Get tired of that one. Okay, move on again. After all, it's a goddamned big sea.

Remember these words, my students. Women are not scary. They are no big deal. Yes, they have what you want in between their legs, but so what? They all have one. And you know what, they all look the same. They're all just about as deep. They all have too much hair around them, and they all smell like fish.

Women are no big deal.

Especially not to the man you are now.

I'm going to tell you one more story, and then I'm going to take off. This comes from an old episode of "The Flintstones," and by "old," I mean the original series, back when they were good.

The set-up is that Fred has to learn how to dance for some big shindig. So, he goes to get dancing lessons. Before they get started, the old maid instructor asks Fred;

"Mr. Flintstone, how would you ask a young lady to dance

CHARM THE PANTS OFF ANY WOMAN!

with you?”

And Fred says; “Well, I’d say something like, ‘hey baby, how’s about you and me hittin’ the floor and mixin’ it up hot—what’dya say?”

And the old maid gets this shocked look and tells him;

“Mr. Flintstone! I’m surprised you didn’t get slapped for an approach like that!”

“Oh, I *did* get slapped,” Fred tells her, rubbing his face in memory. “Of course, I got a hell of a lot of dancin’ in, too.”

So, take it from the modern Stone Age dance master himself, you want a dance, just walk up and ask for one. You might get slapped. Sure, so what? You might just as well get a hot dance, too.

And, anyone who thinks Fred was really talking about dancing, sigh—what can I say?

That’s all for this time, gentlemen. Time to start your engines and get out on the field.

E-Yabba Dabba Doo!!

