



TIME

GAME



START
HERE

NEIL STRAUSS

Introduction

On the previous page, you'll see for the first time ever an early cover for The Game – designed before the book was completed. The entire book jacket actually unfolded into a board game that Neil had designed. I often wonder if the book would have had a different reception if this had been the cover.

The small and often uninformed decisions that an author and a publisher make determine the future of a book. A different approach to the cover, the title, the design, the sequence, the page count, or the content can create a completely different reading experience.

Often, Neil will spend a week trying to perfect a story or a chapter, only to discover that either it doesn't actually help drive the story forward or it just doesn't work. If it doesn't, then it must be removed, even if it means that a week of writing has just gone down the drain. In the following pages, I've included a few of those cut scenes and chapters from The Game.

Enjoy these bonus tracks, and keep them to yourself. To quote Neil: "There's a reason they weren't in the books..."

THE GAME: THE SHADE MANUAL

STEP IV, CHAPTER 3

The following is the most discussed lost chapter from The Game. In the following scene, still new on the journey from AFC (average frustrated chump) to PUA (pickup artist), Neil encountered one of the community's most mysterious sexual gurus, David Shade.

In the underground world of seduction, like the world of martial arts, there are dojos. And these dojos are led by gurus, each with his own philosophy and system of seduction. My goal was to learn from them all, to collect all the pieces and keep the ones that fit, until I could finally put together the puzzle that is woman.

There's Ross Jeffries and the school of Speed Seduction, in which hypnosis and subliminal language patterns are used to get a girl aroused.

Or Mystery and the Mystery Method, in which party tricks and social dynamics are manipulated to land the most desirable woman in a club.

Or David D'Angelo and Double Your Dating, in which he advocates keeping the upper hand over a woman through a combination of humor and arrogance that he calls cocky funny.

Or Gunwitch and Gunwitch Method, in which the only thing students have to do is project animalistic sexuality and escalate physical contact until the woman stops them. His crude motto: "Make the ho say no."

Or there's David X, Rick H., Major Mark, Juggler, and David Shade, perhaps the most mysterious guru on the scene, whose nights out seducing women into threesomes

with his girlfriend were legendary in the community. And, after nearly half a year in the community, I was finally going to meet him.

He was in San Francisco, where I was helping Juggler (a stand-up comic by night; a pick-up artist by day) run a workshop. And Shade had invited me – along with a dozen other sargers, or apprentice pick-up artists – to dinner at Le Coloniale.

David Shade's claim to fame was the explosive David Shade Manual, a cheap-looking photocopied pamphlet about the final stage of seduction: sex. It included techniques on finding hidden erogenous zones such as a woman's deep spot in the center of her cervix; on having threesomes, foursomes, and orgies; on seductive scripts to give a woman an orgasm over the phone; and on using hypnosis to, as he writes, "slip in the back door."

He sat at the head of a round, knightly table, sporting a smooth shaven head and a large pocket protector. He looked like a cross between Vin Diesel and Jerry Lewis. He was a different type of seducer than anyone I'd met before. With Juggler, I had terrorized San Francisco bars, leaping in front of groups of women with my fingers outstretched like pistols and yelling, "Stick 'em up." It was fun. David Shade, however, was deadly serious.

He belonged to the old school of seduction, Speed Seduction. However, he had chosen as his guru a character by the name of Major Mark. A former military officer who claimed thirty-seven kills to his name and a fetish for hypnotized slave girls, Major Mark was a short, pudgy middle-aged man who wore short-sleeved Hawaiian shirts said "mmm-kay" a lot. He had helped Ross Jeffries develop Speed Seduction before

branching out to write his own e-book, *Scoring With Married Women*, which was the definition of what Twotimer, one of my first friends in the community, would call evil.

To show off, on my way to the table I stopped two women with the “Do you think that spells work?” opener. An opener is a prepared script used to start a conversation with a group of strangers; it’s the first thing anyone who wants to meet women must be armed with.

Both girls had black hair and thin bodies, except one was tall like a crane and the other short like a dove. I told them the usual spells story – about a friend who met a woman who cast a love spell on them, and now they’re dating. Then I transitioned into a mind-reading demonstration in which I guessed a number they were thinking of. They gasped and laughed at all the right places. I was in.

I flirted for a few minutes, talked about books, took their phone numbers, and sat down at the table in a blaze of glory, introducing myself as Style. I could feel the gravity that the name now held when I spoke it, the murmurs of excitement from the students at the table. The reviews of the workshop I had winged with Mystery in Belgrade had hit the Internet, and my pick-up knowledge and skills in the field had been soundly praised. People were curious to meet Mystery’s new wing.

The conversation at the table was focused on men who were naturally successful with women versus non-naturals like ourselves, who had simply learned to emulate their behavior. I have a theory that naturals, as a whole, tend to lose their virginity at a young age, so that they no longer feel a sense of urgency, curiosity, and intimidation around women during their critical pubescent years. Those who have to learn methodically, like ourselves, had suffered through high school without girlfriends or even dates.

Consequently, we had been forced to spend years feeling intimidated by and alienated from women, who held in their sole possession the key to releasing us from the stigma blighting our young adult lives: our virginity.

“I can not pick up at will,” a buff little man, who spoke in a French accent, was saying. “I feel like seduction is something I need to turn on and warm up, like an oven, before I can use it.”

I knew what he was talking about. “That’s a problem I’m finding too,” I said. “The routines and scripts are supposed to be training wheels, to get us started talking to girls. But I find that when I don’t use them, my interactions go nowhere. Is it possible to become a natural seducer all the time?”

Shade listened, evaluated, and then weighed in. “Major Mark told me a long time ago, ‘There is no off switch,’” he said. He did not smile. He did not blink. “You’re always on and there’s no way to stop it. All of us here are always seducers. To quote Major Mark again, ‘Energy follows thought.’”

Shade’s modus operandi was to be picky. Not every girl was worth seducing. “Major Mark said a long time ago that the really worthy women will provide you with all the material you’ll ever need to seduce them,” he continued. “It’s the ones who aren’t worthy that you end up having to entertain. Seduction is not about you or your material: it’s about her.”

That night, we went out to a cheesy downtown club called Ruby Skye, rolling in a cockfarm of fifteen. I wanted to watch Shade work. While the other guys ran around the bar, opening every set they saw, Shade just sat on a bench and waited.

“I’m starting to have doubts about this guy,” a PUA named Adonis told me. “You know, he’s forty-six. Maybe he doesn’t feel comfortable in clubs. He doesn’t do anything but sit around.”

Adonis grabbed a seat next to me. He smelled like pea soup. “I mean, I’ve learned a lot tonight about looking for quality woman to make my girlfriend,” he said. “But I want to learn to get girls who look like bimbos. I don’t care if they have a brain the size of a pea, as long as they are fucking hot.”

Suddenly, Adonis’s dream girl walked by. She hesitated for a moment near where we were sitting. She was alone. Both Shade and Adonis rose to their feet. Shade beat him to the approach by a breath. I could only catch bits and pieces of what Shade was saying. He complimented her on her grace and energy. Then he took her hand, sat her down, and began a palm-reading. Then he dismissed her.

Was this part of Major Mark’s advice? “She wasn’t what I was looking for,” he said. “I’m very picky. A woman needs to be smart, funny, open-minded, and bisexual.”

I began to wonder about David Shade, as I had about some of the other seducers I’d met. When I first joined the community, they were gods to me. They possessed the power that had eluded me my whole life – the power to attract and enchant women. I wanted to meet them, learn from them, be them. But it was hard to tell whether I was worshipping false idols. That lesson would come with time.

However, I couldn’t blame David Shade for having high standards. That was something I aspired to. Shade began to talk about his girlfriend. He was bringing her to Los Angeles, and wanted suggestions of places they could go tandem hunting for bisexual women.

I gave him some suggestions, then he turned to me and fixed my face in his intense, steely glare. “Be careful,” he warned. “You are getting caught in the middle of a lot of different agendas.”

“What do you mean?”

“You can only be a slave to one master,” he answered, cryptically.

I never saw him again. But I understood the implication. I’ve never been a true believer in anything. I’ve preferred to combine teaching and wisdom from various sources, find what applies to me, and discard what doesn’t. The problem is that when you drink from the source of knowledge, there is a price. And that price is faith. Every single teacher wanted to know that he was the best, that his students were the most loyal, that the competition wasn’t getting laid. Yet every single student wanted to absorb as much information from as many different experts as possible. It is a crisis that’s specific not to the community but to humanity: Power is retained by attracting loyalty, and subjugation is guaranteed by giving it.

I thought about his warning the next day, when I flew back to Los Angeles and received a phone call from Ross. “I’m having a workshop this weekend,” he said. “If you want, you can come sit in for free. It’s at the Marina Beach Marriott hotel on Saturday and Sunday.”

“Sure,” I told him. “I’d love to go.”

“There’s just one thing: you owe me parties. Good Hollywood parties with hot chicks. You promised me.”

“Got it.”

“And, before we hang up, you can wish me a happy birthday.”

“It’s your birthday?”

“Yes, your guru of gash is forty-four. And my youngest this year was twenty-one.”

I had no idea he was inviting me to his seminar not as a student, but as a conquest.

THE GAME: LOST CHAPTER

THE ORIGIN OF ROSS JEFFRIES

Ross Jeffries, by all accounts, was an angry man when he was in his 20s. His ambition was comedy: stand-up, screenplays, whatever would get him laughs. But instead he drifted between tedious office jobs, lonely and girlfriendless. That all changed when he was in the self-help section of a bookstore and his hand, as the story goes, involuntarily reached out and grabbed a book. That tome was Frogs Into Princes, the classic book on NLP by John Grinder and Richard Bandler. Ross went on to devour every book on the subject he could find. The power and control that had eluded him his whole life was finally his.

One of his heroes had always been the Marvel Comics superhero Green Lantern, who was endowed with a magic ring able to bring the desires of his will and imagination to life. Now, Ross Jeffries had that ring.

Sitting at the bar of the Viceroy Hotel a few days after our trip to the Getty, he told me about the first time he decided to use it.

I'll never forget one evening when I was walking on the UCLA campus, frustrated, because the fourth girl in a row not shown up for a date we had arranged. I screamed to the stars, "When am I going to solve this?" And a voice in my head said, "When you solve it for yourself, you'll solve it for everyone."

That didn't happen until seven years later, when I did my first real pickup. I was working for an attorney as a paralegal. Our secretary had just quit and my boss was going on vacation. Before he left, he told me, "Hire whoever you think is good."

My last interview of the day was with a girl named Megan. I can still see her clearly in my mind's eye. She was blond, with green eyes and legs to die for. She was sitting across the reception desk from me. I had just discovered NLP and I thought, "Let's just try this."

So I started talking to her in suggestive, hypnotic language. I think I did an early version of the Blammo pattern¹. She seemed fascinated, and I remember thinking, "This is really cool."

So I closed up the office and invited her for coffee. That turned into dinner, and during the meal, she said, "I bit my tongue. My tongue just fell asleep."

And I said, "That's because your tongue has a message for me. What does your tongue want to tell me?"

And she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I wanna suck your cock." I couldn't believe it. I had not been with a woman in four or five years. I was 6'1" and 127 pounds. I was so horribly skinny and unattractive that my parents used to tell me I looked like I'd escaped from a concentration camp.

We went back to the office, and that was that. Afterward, I remember walking through Westwood with her. All these guys were whistling at her, and I kept saying, "Thank you" to them. It was the same neighborhood where I had first heard the voice telling me I'd solve the problem and change the world. It was totally surreal. I kept getting lost taking her back to her car. It was such a break with my normal routine that there was a sense of

¹ A hypnotic pattern in which a seducer talks a woman into feeling a deep connection with him and conditions her to feel aroused by the sound of his voice.

complete unreality, like when you wake up and aren't sure whether a certain event was a dream or not.

The next girl was a really hot black girl I met at a garden party. The first thing I said to her was, "Why is that leaf spinning around? It's hanging by a spider's thread."

We started talking, and I remember programming her to call me and she did. She invited me to see a piano player. During the night, I did a version of the Blammo pattern with her. Soon she started giving me a back rub; then I gave her a back rub. We started making out, and she was all over me. She invited me back to her place. I was so stunned by how aggressive she was. In fact, I was so stunned that I couldn't get aroused. I didn't close the deal until the second time. And I thought, "This is amazing." I was really onto something here.

It got so easy after that. In a pet store, there was a salesgirl who looked like a ballerina. She was 5'1" and very thin, with curly dark hair and big brown eyes like a Walter Keane painting. I'm drooling thinking about her.

I did some hypnosis with her -- right there in the store. And she was totally into it. Later, she told me she had to go sit in the puppy room, because she couldn't work for the rest of the day. I wound up taking her out, and we went back to her house and just made out for hours on the porch. She didn't want to go inside because her roommates were there, and I was so inexperienced I didn't know what to do. I didn't know if it was okay to rip her clothes off right there on the porch.

I never closed that one, because it was confusing. It was so early on.

After those three, I realized that this stuff really works. So I set about proving the voice in my head right. In the end, I'd like to be remembered as a Robert J. Oppenheimer², a person who has given the world a new, explosive knowledge.

² The scientist whose research on atomic energy in Los Alamos, New Mexico led to the development of the atomic bomb.