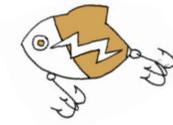


EVIE JASPER'S
DATING ACADEMY



VOL. 1



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MAKE HIM QUALIFY

Heidi Fleiss once stated, “I’m a handful...he should be able to handle me. If he can’t, he’s not a very good pimp.” Heidi dared any man to stand up to the challenge.

Qualifying is an automatic thing that girls who know they are high value as partners do without thinking. They might not even admit they even do it. But they do. I’ll admit I do.

We use qualifying to pre-select men that are compatible with us. Men that are worthy of us. Instinctually, men worthy of our future babies. Mostly, to make sure he’s not like the last jerk we dated.

But qualifying is a powerful little technique. It also happens to create an enormous amount of attraction.

During a good conversation in the Starbucks line, Malory asks the intellectual hottie, “Do you have a girlfriend?”

As a guy dives in for Emma’s lips, she says, “Are you always this upfront?”

Piper smirks and tells the man attempting to hit on her on the dance floor, “Do a funny dance for me.”

Andrea leans against the jukebox, flipping through the albums when a good looking guy swings over. “Put something good on,” she challenges him.

All these are qualifiers. Most nice guys offer straight-forward answers to our challenges. We reward based on creativity.

For instance if you ask a young whipper snapper his age and he replies, “65. I know...I look great for my age, ” you probably will laugh and deem him witty.

Qualifying simply refers to the idea of throwing tests at a guy that he must pass in order to win your approval. If a guy likes you, he'll be eager to gain value in your eyes so he'll go to great lengths to win your acceptance and respect.

A friend of mine clams up talking with men. She's scared she'll make a mistake. She spends too much time thinking about what she might say wrong instead of qualifying the guy first.

Qualifying establishes your role as the CHOOSER, and he as the CHASER. He must work to win your approval and acceptance. Anything trivial works as a qualifying question. The basic structure is this: you're insinuating something about the person. Usually an unattractive or uncool quality or preference. The question tests them. Now they must prove their value to you.

Keep in mind you aren't the Spanish Inquisition; you're not interrogating anyone here. For your delivery, act playful. Wear a smile on your face. Inflect your voice to over stress certain parts of the question.

You could say, “I really like creative and intelligent men. Are you creative?”

Use qualifying when you spot a quality in a guy that you don't like. Let's say you don't like smoking. Rather than hiding your dislike to impress him, have some guts and show the guy what you like and dislike. Challenge him on it. Tease him. Speak your mind.

“Did you get suckered in by that cute camel on the pack?”

“Is that a part of your breakfast? How does that taste

with your Wheaties and orange juice?”

Good looking men fall hook line and sinker for qualifying. They're used to women fawning all over them, qualifying to them, and chasing them. It's so rare when they have to work for a woman. When you test these hotties you appear more skeptical. Their good looks alone aren't winning you over. They'll wonder why you aren't like all the rest. Why aren't you sold? You'll appear as higher value.

Qualifying accomplishes two very important things:

- 1. You're setting yourself up as the prize. Qualifying, you make a guy work for you and invest in you and try to win you over.**
- 2. You're proving that you really want to get to know the guy outside looks**

How Can You Make a Man Qualify?

Let's start by making a list of the qualities you want in a man. Write down everything you'd ideally like out of a man you'd consider dating.

For example, your list could be:

- *He's an athletic person*
- *He likes outdoor activities like camping or hiking*
- *He's a positive person*
- *He's creative*
- *He speaks another language*
- *He likes to read*

- *He's well traveled*
- *He has a fun personality*

Now you try:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____

Use this list as a screening test that a guy must meet. So when you're in a conversation with a man you like, test him on any of these characteristics that you've highlighted as important.

HOW TO TURN A GUY DOWN

Erin:

Fridays, Erin and single friends congregate at a crowded bar on Water Street. Ted approaches Erin while she's shaking to Beyonce with one of her friends. He shim-mies beside her, pumping his fist which causes his paunchy stomach to jiggle. He grins beneath the squirrel on his upper lip. His hands sliding to her hips serve as his introduction.

"That's a great dress you're almost wearing." He breathes a puff of onions and garlic on her and raises half his unibrow.

Her red pucker lips stiffen. "Thank you." She drawls politely.

A Macklamore song begins. A group brushes between them. Her friend signals she's heading to the bar for another drink.

"Your accent? Are you from the South?"

Her green eyes roll to her right. Ted gyrates his gut and leans in closer.

"Yes." she says curtly, searching the crowd for her friends.

His hand takes her answer as a green light to grope her ass.

Erin's jerks away. "I'm sorry, I have a boyfriend."

Tanya:

Alan and Tanya work on the same floor. They have mutual friends, share lunches here and there, and a chit chat by the coffee bar almost every morning. Their conversations

revolve around Patti Smith, Dylan, and Leonard Cohen, concerts they caught over the weekend or the best spots to get a good burger.

Tuesday afternoon, when Alan knocks on Tanya's office door and asks if she'd like to try a new burger joint down the street after work, maybe grab a beer, Tanya thinks nothing of it.

Alan and her roll through two rounds of IPAs before they finally order dinner. They both grew up in Portland. They tear through anything Chuck Palahnick puts out. They dream of owning old muscle cars. By the time dinner arrives, Alan scoots his bar stool closer to her.

"Want to try some of my burger?" He lifts his dripping patty.

"Oh, you're just regretting your order now?" She grins through a giant mouthful of blue cheese and bacon topped beef, "And you want to try mine." She swallows and raises an eyebrow. "Huh, am I right?"

He blushes, drops his gaze and shimmies a sweet potato fry off her plate. "Maybe I just wanted an excuse to get closer to you," he mumbles.

He rests his hand on her thigh.

Tanya bites her lip, cups his hand and places it back on his lap.

"Alan, you didn't think this was a date, did you?"

"I don't know. Maybe? But like an official date-"

"Listen," she sighs, "I think you're a really great



guy, but I'm not looking for anything-"

"-I'm not looking for anything either but you're so cool and I've never met a girl like you-"

"It's just...bad timing." She fibs.

Truthfully she prays Logan in Marketing will ask her out. Alan, he reminds her of her little brother. A scrawny, sweet boy who will one day meet a cute, nerdy girl and they will have sweet, nerdy kids together.

Alan's chin lays on his chest in defeat. Tanya really feels bad. She didn't mean to hurt his feelings.

"But really you're such an amazing person," she reassures him with a pat on the leg. Alan's head rises, their eyes met and he smiles.

Lori:

"He's a nice man. You need a nice man."

"Where did you meet him, Ma?" Lori grunts.

"He was in line at the post office buying stamps."

"So you gave him my number?!"

"He seemed like a very nice man. When was the last time you were out with a nice man." Lori's mom sets her up with Herald and as soon as she arrives at the restaurant in Santa Monica she can tell this was the type of man who still buys stamps.

She survives dinner. Why does sushi sound like rocks being ground to smithereens every time he chews? She tries to focus on the lower half of his face. The few wisps of hair he has left he combs over his bald dome. All through out dinner he jabbars on about some medieval game online. His 'tribe' planned a 'raid' for later that evening. He warns her, he needs to be home by midnight; they need his army if they had any hope of victory.

“I wouldn’t want you to miss it.” No way Lori plans on hanging in there till midnight.

After dinner, Harold insists on walking to the Santa Monica pier. After much insistence, and two ferris wheel tickets later, their little cage climbs the horizon.

Herald points to a chain restaurant below. “If you’re lucky,” He jabs Lori in the ribs. “I’ll take you there on our third date.”

Lori forces out a laugh because she doesn’t know what else to do.

The ride jerks, stops and their cage swing. Somewhere a sea gull cawed.

“Why did it stop?” Lori frantically searches below.

Herald takes the opportunity to lob her a fun fact. “Did you know it’s good luck to kiss on the top of a ferris wheel?”

He lunges at her. She scoots back as far as she could go, but damn, the romantic seating.

His fish lips close in on her. Her back presses against the caged wall. She squeezes her eyes shut and clenches her lips as Herald goes in for the kill.

Back on the ground, she speed walks towards her parked car.

“I’ll walk you back!” Herald calls after her.

She waves. “It’s ok, I’ll be fine.”

That evening Herald writes her a text message, “I had a lovely time with you. I hope I can take you out again later this week.”

Lori puts off writing him for days. Finally soliciting one of her friend’s advise she replies: “I had a good time. But I’m sorry, I met someone else.”

Erin, Tanya, and Lori all find it easier to use excuses than be radically honest with Ted, Alan and Harold.

Erin's open to meeting men. Sharing a drink, a friendly conversation. If he's cute enough, going home with him. When Ted mossies over, Erin tries to be polite at first. She doesn't want to hurt his feelings or seem incredibly rude or presumptuous, screaming: "Fat, skin crowned creep, get away from me! You don't have a shot in hell!" Yet as soon as Ted grabs her ass, he crosses the line. Polite conversation is no longer in the cards.

Tanya thought she was going out for a friendly happy hour, while Alan hoped something more could develop between them. Having a good time, Alan read Tanya's friendly signals incorrectly. Knowing she'll see him every day at the office, and the fact that she would enjoy spending time with him again, Tanya didn't want to ruin their friendship or shatter the poor kid's heart. So she boosted his confidence with a compliment and subdued the rejection with a lie: it wasn't him, she just isn't ready for any relationship.

Lori, a little begrudgingly, decides to give her blind date with Herald a chance. Her mom might be right, she needs to meet more nice men. She attempts conversation with Herald over dinner. Bears his bad eating habits. Tolerates his odd stories. In the end, she's not attracted to him. They have little in common.

Yet, because Herald paid for dinner and asked her out, she feels obligated. She rides the ferris wheel although she'd rather be home watching *True Detective*. She closes her eyes and allows Herald to kiss her, figuring this will move the date along. Herald bought her sushi; it felt wrong to her if she cut the date short after dinner and said, "I'm going to go. You're really not my type." Even after he asks

her out again, she finds it hard to be straight-up with the guy and fess up: she's not interested.

Little white lies alleviate the stress of rejecting a guy. No one wants to break it to a dude that he's not attractive enough, not interesting enough, he's a downright goober or total sleaze ball.

Even if a man gives us the heebie-jeebies, we're taught from a young age to act polite. Not to hurt anyone's feelings. Calling anyone ugly is wrong. We're scoffed for criticizing. Everyone's special. Everyone's a winner. Trophies all around. "Best to say something nice, or say nothing at all," my mom ingrained in me from an early age.

On top of that, being brutally honest isn't worth starting a fight. If you call a guy boring or fat, there's a good chance he could retaliate and call you cruel names, even if they are not true, just for revenge. Assessing our risk, most of the time honestly isn't worth the effort or possible ridicule.

If you do a quick Google search for "How to turn down a guy," you'll discover many "helpful" tips on avoiding unwanted creepers. 'Lie and pretend you have a boyfriend/husband/fiance' tops the list. 'Pretend you're a lesbian' comes in at a close second. Followed by the ever popular: 'act like you're bat shit crazy.'

Hmm, so when should you lie? And when should you let someone down admirably, while still being sincere, but without an excuse?

Had Erin been boyfriend-free, would she be hopping on the dance floor with our harasser Ted, possibly jumping in the sack later that night? No. The boyfriend/husband/fiance cure-all excuse quickly and easily gets men, like Ted, to buzz off.

Should Erin feel guilty for lying? Hell no. Ted is a stranger. If he's using pick up lines and sleazy moves like those every night, he has learned to read women's body signals. Erin could have said that she was married, but if she's drooling over him and giving him the nonverbal green light, he'd still race in for the kill, married or not. In this case, Erin acted cold – she pursed her lips, closed her body off, and backed away. Ted knew she wasn't interested without her excuse. Her excuse solidified his suspicions. He won't waste his time groveling, he'll move on.

We could argue that Erin should have told Ted the truth, "I'm not interested."

This could spur a debate. Ted might launch into a series of questions as to why she's not interested. The cure-all excuse saves time. It's the fastest possible way possible to get an unwanted suitor to leave you alone. If the creeper puts your lie up for debate (especially if he catches you hitting on another man), own up to it. Confess, "I was just trying to be polite to you. Let it go man."

If you don't owe anything to the guy, get out the fastest way possible even if it means lying. This goes for strangers in a bar, or dates off Match.com. It's fine to blow off a guy by saying, "I reconnected with an old flame," if it gets them to leave you alone.

While Erin gave Ted the cold shoulder, Lori's body language wasn't congruent. She showed interest in Harold. She listened intently about his online gaming hobby, allowed Harold to pay for dinner, continued the date by allowing him to take her on a carnival ride, and didn't protest when he kissed her.

Tanya showed similar praise for Alan. They hit it off. One drink turned into two. They discovered they possessed

even more in common.

Men test women to gauge their interest. When a woman complies with small acts - like laughing at their jokes, delving into details on their families and relationships, staying for several drinks or dinner, and allowing them to touch them - they assume a woman is attracted to them. Each step works like a ladder, indicating how much further than can advance.

We can gather that neither Harold or Alan are good at reading body signals.

Harold thought their date went well, she had a nice time, and they shared a romantic ride on a ferris wheel. Harold would point to the passionate kiss as proof. More than likely he was hoping their make out would continue at her car. Of course he's asking Lori out again. Maybe to that chain restaurant. Oh, wait, he's saving that for date three.

Alan misinterpreted the situation as well. Tanya acted friendly, but Alan's infatuation clouded his judgment. He was too caught up in his own head, thinking: *I need to be bold. I need to put my hand on her leg. Then I need to tell her that I like her. Maybe after that, I'll kiss her. Wait, should I put my hand on her leg now?* He doesn't even notice her lack of attraction.

Both Lori and Tanya should have been more direct so they didn't lead Harold and Alan on.

Lori shouldn't have allowed Harold make out with her if she didn't want to. She took the easy route and chose to avoid conflict. Although, had she stopped him from mouth raping her and said, "Hey, I had a nice time. But I don't see you in that way," she could have sent an honest signal, and avoided having to lie to him later. And Harold could have avoided planning another date, building the courage to call

her, and telling all his friends about his future girlfriend. He could have spent that time planning another 'raid.'

Tanya works with Alan, she'll see him everyday at the coffee bar. She likes him as a friend, and would hope to remain friends with him. Sure, having loyal orbiters waiting in the wings can be flattering. But if she respects Alan she shouldn't waste his time. Five minutes of rejection is far better than wasting hours, weeks, months or years waiting with a glimmer of hope.

"There just isn't a spark between us."

"I like you as a friend."

"I don't see this going anywhere."

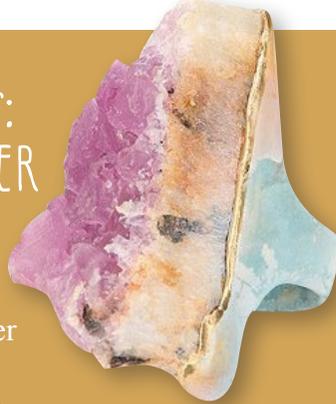
These statements still convey, hey, we gave this a shot. You're not a bad person. I respect you, so I'm going to be radically honest so we both can move on quickly and find people that better suit us.

Unique Piece of Flair: FEATURED DESIGNER ADINA MILLS

Adina Mills is a fantastic bohemian jewelry designer from Southern California.

Her story is wonderful - she goes around in her hippie van collecting stone. The settings are made of clay, each hand-painted by Adina. The stone's size, character and brilliant colors attract attention. And they look pretty intimidating too.

www.adinamills.com



Cat Lady Says: Sign #1 You're Becoming a Crazy Cat Lady:

You walk in the park, alone, and feed pigeons. Parks are for picnics with friends, sharing wine with a lover, teaching your kid how to play Frisbee or watching a concert. It's just not normal to be at a park alone unless you're going for a jog or reading a book

under a tree. Has any news story that began with, "The 26 year old young woman was in the park last night..." ever ended well?



REAL MEN ANSWER

CHASE
NEW YORK, NY
AGE 29. CONSULTANT

How do you know a girl is interested in you?

When the space between us becomes less and less. Regular touching of the arm/shoulder/back is usually a good sign too.

Would you seriously date a girl you slept with on the first date?

I would most definitely pursue a relationship with a girl who slept with me on the first date. I'm not saying that the relationship would work out, but I'm happy to give it a shot.

What's the biggest compliment a girl can give you in the sack?

Any compliment related to my penis is a good one. Those never get old.

What's your biggest turnoff?

I'm a simple guy and it doesn't take a lot to make me happy, so if a girl asks me to do something, I'm likely to do it. But if she gets controlling and starts telling me what I have or do or how I have to be, I get annoyed and lost interest pretty quickly

What gets you back? Home cooked meal or really good blow job?

Sadly, a great meal (I know this from experience).

Have you ever been scared to approach a girl?

I am often scared to approach a girl. I'm most comfortable when conversations happen naturally.

ASK EVIE: DATING AT THE OFFICE

I have a crush on one of my co-workers. How do I tell him that I like him? How I get him to ask me out? Also I'm scared that if he's not interested our work relationship could be really awkward. What would you suggest?

- Bridget B., 28, Denver, Colorado

You've heard the saying: "Don't shit where you eat." I'm not saying I discourage work relationships. Personally, most of the men I dated seriously I met a job of some sort. Working closely with someone you get to know a person on a very intimate level in a non-threatening setting. But you want to be careful because you will see that person again on a daily basis. So it's important that you really think through the situation before acting. The first thing I'm going to ask you Bridget is how much do you like this guy. Is it someone you feel a strong connection with? Do you feel an intense attraction? Or are you just bored and he's your latest crush.

Alright, so that said, I'm going to give you a simple but powerful line that really works. After some playful banter, some flirting back and forth, say, *"It's a good thing that we are just co-workers because we'd get into so much trouble if we did anything otherwise."*

Right away, the word 'trouble' jumps out and gets him thinking. His mind reeling, conjuring up all sorts of cheeky scenarios, all the trouble you could get into.

This line works marvelously because as much as it eludes to some naughty activities, it's subtle and safe. You aren't directly admitting your feelings to a guy. You aren't asking him if he likes you. You aren't even telling him he's attractive. You've said nothing that could call you into HR's office. In actuality you're telling him that you wouldn't pursue anything further with him and that you enjoy him as a co-worker.

It's powerful because you're putting the thought in his head. The line green lights him to make a move.

TRY THIS TONIGHT: MEMORABLE LEAVE BEHINDS

The next morning, Amir smiles as he wakes up. He recalls his interaction with Nikki last night. She was attractive, a strawberry blonde with curious hazel eyes and a smile like she had a secret. Her gauzy maxi dress flowed to the floor. She lived in Williamsburg, Brooklyn too. They talked about their disdain for Dave Matthews. He got a few quarters and they played the arcade game Big Buck Hunter in the back of the bar. She won. Then he asked for her number.

Amir rolls over on his mattress, snatches up his phone and smirks as he reads his first message from someone named 'Norma.' He nearly forgot. Nikki asked that instead of their real names, they give each other nicknames.

She'd just won at Big Buck Hunter and with that orange gun slung over her shoulder he'd proclaimed her a Norma. God, she suggested Cooter for him. Said it had a good slightly dirty po-dunk ring.

She'd asked him to write her a text so she'd have his number. She explicitly instructed that he write something cute, but a little sexy. It took him a moment, then he wrote, "Dave Matthews should write a song about crashing into your sexy cankles."

She'd lifted up the hem of her dress to show off her slim cankle-free legs, smirked and fired back, "Just for my buddy Dave I'll hike up my skirt a little more.."

"Oh, yeah, show your world to me." Amir replied.

They weren't touching but he could feel the electricity between them.

"Cue violinist." She wrote and then giggled.

She had to go shortly after that. Her roommate was tugging at her arm and telling Amir they had to leave. Nikki launched at Amir to give him a hug and nearly knocked his beer of his hand. "Redneck foul." she whispered, "Bye Cooter." Then that smile like she knew something as she disappeared out onto DeKalb Avenue.

And maybe she did know something. The exchange made Amir's chest swell. He'd text her this afternoon and see if she wanted to go watch a band tomorrow night. He'd tell her to wear something camouflage. A Norma would wear camo.

Nikki made herself far more memorable and created rapport by transforming their meeting into a fun, flirtatious game. First, she suggested they pick personalized nicknames for each other. We generally receive nicknames from close friends based off inside jokes. Giving each other quirky nicknames, Nikki created familiarity with Amir. They were good buddies now, they shared a private connection, they were in cahoots.

Then, rather than just giving her number away, she made Amir qualify. She instructed him to write her something 'cute, but a little sexy.' Nikki's texting game made Amir work to impress her, but also initiated a memorable exchange that would jog his memory the next morning, after the initial excitement and hangover had worn off.

Additionally, teasing banter would help when Amir wanted to follow up for a date. Their quirky exchange offered plenty of material to draw from.

Coming Next Month...

I Hook Up But No One Will Date Me

No More Excuses

Unique Piece of Flair

Cat Lady Says

Real Men Answer

Dating Mad Libs

Ask Evie: Dating Etiquette

Ask Evie: Getting a Guy to Go Down