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Opening Extract from...

He's Just Not That Into You

Written by Greg Behrendt and Liz Tuccillo

Published by HarperElement

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THE NO-EXCUSES TRUTH TO UNDERSTANDING GUYS

He's just
not that
into
you

Greg Behrendt and Liz Tuccillo

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Greg Behrendt and Liz Tuccillo assert the moral right to
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note to the reader

The stories you will read in this book are illustrative examples, not based on specific events or people. No matter what anyone might think, they are not transparent attempts to publicly mock our friends, enemies, or exes.

(However, we're not going to say the thought didn't cross our minds.)

—Greg and Liz

This book is dedicated to all the lovely ladies out there
whose stories inspired us to write this book.
May we never need to write another one.

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foreword

The publishers of *He's Just Not That Into You* asked us if we wanted to write another chapter or add anything to the book for future editions. My response was, "Are you kidding me? It's perfect." But then I reconsidered my position. Do I have more to say on the subject? Not really. I feel we pretty much covered it. But the point of view I *hadn't* considered was what it's like to be a woman living in the post-*He's Just Not That Into You* world.

Hmmm . . . I pondered who could possibly have thoughts on this subject. I couldn't think of anyone, so I took a nap. Then Liz called. Surprisingly, as a single woman living in New York City, she felt she had some information she wanted to share. Thus was born the first of the two bonus chapters at the end of this edition.

Also, since the publication of *He's Just Not That Into You* I've been asked a million questions. Everything from "Did you think the book would be such a success?" to "Who the fuck do you think you are?" (The latter from a fairly upset marine who maybe wasn't as into his lady as he should have been. Sorry, man.)

As to the first question, the answer is a resounding no! It's not that I didn't think it was a good idea; it's that

he's just *not* that into you

I didn't have any idea there would be such a need. My goal was just to write a book so that I could tell my friends, "Hey, I wrote that pink-and-green relationship book at Urban Outfitters." Just kidding! You have to understand that both Liz and my wife, Amiira, had to convince me that such a book should be written. It's not like I woke up one day and said, "I need to wake women up to what's going on in their relationships, and then I'm going to the gym." I really had no idea that women were spending so much time obsessing over men. And I don't mean that in a negative way—I just didn't know. And I was sort of dumbstruck that a book like this hadn't been written before. That's why Amiira and Liz were so emphatic that I do it, because they knew a book like this did not exist.

But after our appearance on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, Liz and I suddenly became "relationship experts," which is hilarious to me, because if you ever dated me you would not believe me to be an expert on anything. We were asked to comment on all things dating, from celebrity dating to the mating rituals of dogs (they are quite similar, actually). Needless to say, I was overwhelmed by the response to the book. My website crashed three times due to the amount of traffic—mostly by women with questions they didn't feel were addressed in the book, though I tended to disagree. (Maybe we didn't use his name, but he's in there!) Sometimes I would write back things like

“Hey, you’ve just written a ten-page e-mail about your relationship to a comedian. How do *you* think it’s going?” But then I would give my assessment. I also got quite a few e-mails from men, and not just the “If I ever see you in a dark alley, you are going down like a sack of lead potatoes” kind, but the “I like this girl but she never returns my calls” kind.

There were some questions that kept coming up *over and over again*—some from people who had loved the book, and some from people who were really not members of the Liz and Greg fan club. The truth is, I loved the questions. We loved it. One person asked if it bothers me that people now come up to me in public and ask me questions about their relationships. And the answer is “Never!” Not even the time I stood shirtless in the dressing room of a fancy department store and explained to the pretty salesgirl that if he doesn’t want to marry her because she doesn’t speak German, then he’s just not . . . well, you know the rest.

I hope this book will answer some questions for you, and I hope your current and future relationships will be the better because of it. That’s why we wrote it—because we’re totally into you.

—Greg

He's just
not that
into
you



Introduction by Liz

It started out just like any other day. We were all working in the writers' room of *Sex and the City*, talking, pitching ideas, our personal love lives weaving in and out of the fictional lives we were creating in the room. And just like on any other day, one of the women on staff asked for feedback on the behavior of a man whom she liked. He was giving her mixed messages—she was confused. We were happy to pitch in and pick apart all the signs and signals of his actions. And just like on any other day, after much analysis and debate, we concluded that she was *fabulous*, he must be scared, he's never met a woman as great as her, he is intimidated, and she should just give him time. But on this day, we had a male consultant in the room—someone who comes in a couple of times a week to give feedback on story lines and gives a great straight-male perspective: Greg Behrendt. On this day, Greg listened intently to the story and our reactions, and then said to the woman in question, "Listen, it sounds like he's just not that into you."

We were shocked, appalled, amused, horrified, and above all, intrigued. We sensed immediately that this man might be speaking the truth. A truth that we, in our combined hundred years of dating experience, had never

he's just *not* that into you

considered, and definitely never considered saying out loud. "Okay, he might have a point," we reluctantly agreed. "But Greg couldn't possibly understand *my* very busy and complicated possible future husband." Soon we went around the room, Greg, the all-knowing Buddha, listening to story after mixed-message story. We had excuses for all these men, from broken dialing fingers to difficult childhoods. In the end, one by one, they were shot down by Greg's powerful silver bullet. Greg made us see, after an enormous amount of effort, that if a (sane) guy really likes you, there ain't nothing that's going to get in his way. And if he's not sane, why would you want him? He could back it up too: He had years of playing the field, being the bad boy, being the good boy, and then finally falling in love and marrying a really fantastic woman.

A collective epiphany burst forth in the room, and for me in particular. All these years I'd been complaining about men and their mixed messages; now I saw they weren't mixed messages at all. I was the one that was mixed up. Because the fact was, these men had simply not been that into me.

Now, at first glance it seems that this should have been demoralizing to us, it should have sent us all into a tail-spin. Yet the opposite was true. Knowledge is power, and more importantly, knowledge saves us time. I realized that from that day forward I would be spared hours and hours

of waiting by the phone, hours and hours of obsessing with my girlfriends, hours and hours of just hoping his mixed messages really meant “I’m in love with you and want to be with you.” Greg reminded us that we were all beautiful, smart, funny women, and we shouldn’t be wasting our time figuring out why a guy isn’t calling us. As Greg put it, we shouldn’t waste the pretty.

It’s hard. We’re taught that in life, we should try to look on the bright side, to be optimistic. Not in this case. In this case, look on the dark side. Assume rejection first. Assume you’re the rule, not the exception. It’s intoxicatingly liberating. But we also know it’s not an easy concept. Because this is what we do: We go out with someone, we get excited about them, and then they do something that mildly disappoints us. Then they keep doing a lot more things that disappoint us. Then we go into hyper-excuse mode for weeks or possibly months, because the last thing we want to think is that this great man that we are so excited about is in the process of turning into a creep. We try to come up with some explanation for why they’re behaving that way, any explanation, no matter how ridiculous, than the one explanation that’s the truth: He’s just not that into me.

That’s why we’ve included questions from women taken from real situations. They represent the basic excuses we all use that keep us in situations far longer than we should be. So read, enjoy, and hopefully learn from

he's just *not* that into you

other women's confusion. And above all, if the guy you're dating doesn't seem to be completely into you, or you feel the need to start "figuring him out," please consider the glorious thought that he might just not be that into you. And then free yourself to go find the one that is.



Introduction by Greg

So I'm sitting in the writers' room at *Sex and the City* pondering my good fortune to be the only straight male on the predominantly female writing staff (actually I'm just eating a cookie), when the writers begin talking about guys they're seeing. This is a common occurrence, as it is part of the writing process for a show that explores romantic relationships. It is endlessly fascinating. I know that sounds sarcastic, but I'm being for real.

So on this particular day, one of the ladies pipes up with, "Greg, you're a guy." She is very observant, this one, for I am indeed a guy. Then she says, "So I've been seeing this guy ... Well, I think I have." I know the answer. "See, we went to a movie and it was great. I mean he didn't hold my hand, but that's cool. I don't like to hold hands." Still know the answer. "But afterward he kissed me in the parking lot. So I asked if he wanted to come over, but he had a really important meeting in the morning so he didn't come over." C'mon. Are you kidding me? Know it!

So I ask, "Have you heard from him?"

"Well, that's the thing. This was like a week ago"—now *you* should know the answer—"and then today he e-mails me and is like, 'Why haven't I heard from you?'"

he's just *not* that into you

I stare at her for a moment while the answer is bursting out of my eyeballs. (Oh, ladies, you make me so mad sometimes!) Here is this beautiful, talented, super-smart girl, who is a writer on an award-winning TV show, a show known for its incisive observations about men, who you would think could have her pick of just about any dude around. This superstar of a woman is confused about a situation that to me is so clear. Actually, confused is the wrong word, because she's too smart for that. She's hopeful, not confused. But the situation is hopeless, so I break the news to her: "He's just not that into you."

And let me tell you, that's the good news, because wasting time with the wrong person is just time wasted. And when you do move on and find your right person, believe me, you're not going to wish you had gotten to spend more time with Stinky the Time-Waster or Freddy Can't-Remember-to-Call.

Look, I am not a doctor, neither real nor imagined. But I am an expert that should be listened to because of one very important thing: I'm a guy—a guy that has had his fair share of relationships and is willing to come clean about his behavior in them. Because I'm a guy, I know how a guy thinks, feels, and acts, and it's my responsibility to tell you who we really are. I'm tired of seeing great women in bullshit relationships.

When a guy is into you, he lets you know it. He calls, he shows up, he wants to meet your friends, he can't keep

his eyes or hands off of you, and when it's time to have sex, he's more than overjoyed to oblige. I don't care if he's starting his new job as the President of the United States the next morning at 0400 (that's 4 A.M., ladies!). He's coming up!

Men are not complicated, although we'd like you to think we are, as in "Things are really crazy right now. I've just got a ton of shit going on." We are driven by sex, although we'd like to pretend otherwise: "What? No, I was totally listening." And sadly (and most embarrassingly), we would rather lose an arm out a city bus window than tell you simply, "You're not the one." We are quite sure you will kill us or yourself or both—or even worse, cry and yell at us. We are pathetic. But the fact remains, even though we may not be saying it, we are *absolutely* showing it all the time. If a dude isn't calling you when he says he will, or making sure you know that he's dating you, then you already have your answer. Stop making excuses for him; his actions are screaming the truth: He's just not that into you.

Move on, sister! Cut your losses and don't waste your time. Why stay in some weird dating limbo when you can move on to what will surely be better territory? Don't want to hear it? Fine. Here's the answer you're looking for: "Hang in there, baby. He's not the loser everybody's telling you he is. If you wait and keep your mouth shut and call at exactly the right time and anticipate his moods

he's just *not* that into you

and have no expectations about communication or your own sexual needs, you can have him!" But please don't be surprised when he dumps you or continues to drag you through a completely unsatisfying relationship.

We've heard it and you're sick of it. That's probably why you're in possession of this book now. You know you deserve to have a great relationship. We agree. So grab a highlighter and get started. Liz told you I was going to say it: Don't waste the pretty!