# [***Pickup Artist's Quixotic Quest for Love***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BHH-CXT0-01T9-63SB-00000-00&context=1516831)

New York Sun (Archive)

January 2, 2003 Thursday

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**Section:** FRONT PAGE; Pg. 1

**Length:** 843 words

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**Body**

Pick-up artist Jon Rubin was on lower Broadway talking about personalized fitness equipment when he noticed something shiny across the street. It was a raven-haired hottie, snottily striding down the sidewalk. Without a moment's pause, Mr. Rubin, 39, bolted across the street, galloping after the woman in her white fake fur jacket. It was time to work his magic. Walking alongside her, he looked at her, looked away, then screwed up his face and did a double take. "Excuse me," he said, "did you go to Columbia?" "No," she started walking a little faster. "Are you sure?" he persisted. "Positive," she was starting to sound annoyed. Mr. Rubin hung back, letting her disappear into the crowd. "I'll call that crash and burn," he admitted. But he didn't seem particularly disheartened.

After a lifetime spent approaching women, he has grown inured to all forms of coyness, cold-heartedness, wiliness, and rejection.

All things considered, Mr. Rubin is perfectly fine to look at. (He gives himself a 6 1/2 on a 1 to 10 scale). And yet, despite the Harvard degree, Upper West Side brownstone, and pair of keen green eyes, women aren't chasing after him.

According to Mr. Rubin, it befalls him to approach potential mates. He uses baseball argot when describing his attempts (he calls them "at-bats") and estimates he instigates an "at-bat" once a day.

The subject of Mr. Rubin's encounters with the ladies is the subject of his autobiographical documentary "So Many Women, So Little Hair." It will air on HBO, Showtime, Cinemax and The Movie Channel next month.

Also in the works are a sitcom based on Mr. Rubin's encounters, as well as "Pick Ups," a reality show in which other people put Mr. Rubin's techniques to the test.

The hilarious and fast-paced documentary reports what happened when Mr. Rubin hit the streets last spring armed with three hidden cameras. He approached 20 obscenely comely women and asked if they went to Columbia. Three of his attempts elicited phone numbers.

The other 17 said he just wasn't their type.

While Mr. Rubin says he doesn't have a type, all the women in the movie are dewy-skinned creatures who appear to be two or three years out of adolescence.

"Age inappropriate?" he said over a bowl of red pepper soup. "That's a judgmental phrase."

When pressed further about his film's lack of thirty-something women, Mr. Rubin racked his memory, then countered: "Eva Herzegovina the supermodel. She's probably 30ish. She is in the longer version but she didn't sign the release."

Mr. Rubin has been up to his at-bats since his days as an undergraduate at Harvard.

Tired of waiting until Friday night rolled around before they could meet girls, he and his best friend took to "square duty," which meant approaching girls in Harvard Square at any odd hour. Their line was "Excuse me, do you know where Harvard Square is?"

His current line "Did you go to Columbia?" hasn't evolved much. Once he has a woman's attention, he steers the topic of conversation to something that has nothing to do with where she attended college. "I'm quick to tell them I'm very funny and smart. And I used to be a dolphin trainer - girls like that."

The inspiration behind Mr. Rubin's audacious project comes from his favorite book: Jack Kerouac's "On the Road."

"It talks about how a pain stabs his heart when he sees a woman he loves go in the opposite direction. So he gets the courage to approach this girl and he ends up dating her."

Mr. Rubin doesn't see his approach to meeting women as running counter to building healthy long-term relationships.

He is quick to state that he has been in four long-term relationships since college, and has met all of his ex-girlfriends via the at-bat method. "I'm just on a quest to find that special someone."

Unfortunately, none of the ladies whose numbers he got in the movie has turned into that special someone. Two of the women never returned his calls (he gives up after three times).

And Beatrude, the gaunt brunette, has been wily, to say the least. "We went out for coffee and the next day she asked me if I wanted to go to a modeling show. Three hours later I was backstage with her changing," he beamed. "But she's been flying around the world since then. She bops around a lot."

Things aren't quite as dreary as they seem, though; a month ago Mr. Rubin followed a Japanese make-up artist into Barnes and Noble, helped her pick out a make-up application book, and ended up having dinner with her that night. Over dinner, he started feeling sick and had to leave the restaurant and vomit. She followed him out with napkins. They went on a few more dates.

Now Mr. Rubin is dating another young woman he met on the street. "It's sort of like life is pretty absurd to begin with so meeting on the street is not that different."

On New Year's Eve, Mr. Rubin left a message on this reporter's ***cell phone***. He rambled on a bit about publicity photos, then segued into: "Hope you have a happy New Year. Do you have a date? Cause if not I - well, sorry I just felt like I had to - I know you have a date. I'm sure you have a date."

**Load-Date:** January 22, 2004

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