



Check this out

At **marie claire** GENDER STUDIES

NEW YORK CITY

Though everyone from Edith Wharton to Lil' Kim has catalogued the Big Apple's notoriously treacherous dating scene, truth is, there's someone for everyone in this big bad city: strivers, pilkers, scenesters, playas, aesthetes, firebrands, nomads, fameballs—yep, the gang's all here.

His haunts: Trivia night at Crocodile Lounge (free pizza!); the L train platform at Williamsburg's Graham Avenue; the Park Slope Food Co-op's meat section; the lunch-hour line at Shake Shack (now at Citi Field!); Washington Square Park's dog run; the cobblestone backyard of Ulysses' bar; happy hour at the Boat Basin; bocce ball at Union Hall; *Sunday Night Football* at 1849; the Runner's Gate on 90th and Fifth; CityView Racquet Club's squash courts; barbecuing at Manhattan Beach.

His threads: Lately, the city's been overrun by louche hipsters in Buddy Holly glasses, whiskered skinny jeans, and wink-wink tees (e.g., "Free Madoff"). "I have met very few guys in this city who genuinely don't care what they look like, no matter how hard they fake it," says Rachel, 38.

His ride: Mass transit, baby. There's no fresher hell than alternate-side-of-the-street parking.

Your prep: You're sporting a mani-pedi, neatly arched brows, and a blowout. But even if you look like Gisele, he'll wait a week to call you.

Keep in mind: The differences between *SVU*, *Criminal Intent*, and the original—and that he's still got the hots for Claire Kincaid.

Pickup line: "Where did you used to work?"



Photographs by Greg Kessler



"A lot of cute business-type guys hang out at the rooftop bars. I'm not promising they're nice guys or good guys. Just pretty cute."

—Kim, 28