

**THE NEW ART OF CYBERCRUISING**  
**The Misnomer ~ The KISS Method, With Perhaps**  
**Not So Much Kissing ~ Sour Milk From the Cyber**  
**Teat ~ CyberCruising Caveats ~ CyberCruising Red**  
**Flags & Deal Breakers.**

**C**yberDating is at once a misnomer. There really is no way to "date" in cyberspace, unless you are a disembodied soul who comes across another disembodied soul on the Web.

The dictionary defines dating as, An engagement to go out socially with another person, often out of romantic interest. The operative phrase is "go out"—something many of us avid onliners shrink from. Yes, you have to actually leave the house. You have to peel yourself out of your desk chair and have a real conversation with someone who is within touching distance.

CyberDating, then, is really CyberCruising. This is not to be confused with CyberFriends, or CyberSex. These relationships are solely via electronic communications and these people never meet each other in the flesh.

**The KISS Method, with Perhaps**  
**Not So Much Kissing.**

I was talking with a friend about how I need to learn to just enjoy the process of dating, since I never was able to do that until the last few years. I was a member of the U-Haul crowd. All my relationships overlapped, and when there was romance, a spark, it just segued into being a couple right away.

I think this is because in a small, often outcast segment of society, it's easy to be ruled by the fear that there will be no one else to love you, if you lose the one who does. So we tend to want another woman in place before we cut the ties with the last. But because of this insecurity, we miss out on the joys of slowly getting to know a woman, and just having a good time with that.

I recently made a pact with myself that I would pursue dating for its own sake and then let nature take its course. I joked that I needed to have 50 First Dates, before I allowed myself to get serious with anyone. It doesn't have to be serious right away. Just because I go out with someone, it doesn't mean I have to see them as longterm partner material. . . I must remain open. . . that's the advice I give my friends, anyway. Look at me, giving advice on something I suck at.

Those who can't, TEACH. . .

What happens is, if I am attracted to a woman, and I kiss her, and it's a good kiss, a kiss that lights a fire, then my thoughts become very testosterone-like. I think about what it might be like to make love with her . . . then I get more excited, and all my lofty ideas and good intentions go out the window in favor of that instant gratification . . . everyone wants to feel good, and let's face it: arousal feels good. It's rather like a drug. You just want it to continue and maybe increase.

But what if this girl has a great personality, is attractive, and I am sparkin' on her, and what if she's also a good kisser, whose lips match mine, and then I keep it simple and don't go all the way. . . then I'm investing in her.



An Example of Lips  
that Don't match  
mine

And what if, when we do make a commitment, and make love, I hate it? What if she's bad in bed? Then what? (or God Forefend, she feels that I am bad in bed)—I'm not.

Finding the right mate is so much like finding the right job. . .we really are interviewing everyone we date. Will we get along? Are we of like mind? Will the environment be to my liking? Will this make me feel safe and secure? Is there financial trouble? Will there be a chance of advancement? Are there any guarantees of any sort? Will I be passed over later, dumped, set aside for someone younger, more vibrant?

I wish those high-horsers would just get over themselves and realize that it's not shallow to be prudent, not superficial to want what we want, and not in the least insensitive to admit when something is just not a happenin' thing. Yet I realize there are ways to do that with the fewest casualties.

Ultimately, though, I cannot be responsible for everyone else's feelings. I tend to do that, and then I just get all stressed out worrying about how everyone else is feeling, to the exclusion of how I'm feeling. . . ostensibly, we are all adults, and should be able to handle the ups and downs of life and romance.

In our discussion, my friend said, "Well, I think if I could just get some good sex—"

But that argument doesn't wash for me, if I'm being honest, because I know that really good sex means MEANINGFUL, going-somewhere sex. It

means a connection with someone. The proverbial SPARK.

Now, I suppose I could learn to do the casual sex thing—as long as it was SAFE SEX, and as long as I was at least attracted to the woman. But is that really who I am? Or is it who I could have been, if I'd had a normal dating life all these years? Is it too late for the old girl to change?

Those who can, DO. . .

### **Sour Milk From The Cyber Teat**

As I continue my journey through cyberspace and online dating, I alternately become buoyed and then sink to the bottom. What I've found, overall, is that the women I'm attracted to are not attracted to me, and the ones who are attracted to me, I'm not attracted to.

Is online dating all that different from real time dating, then? Would I be on the same Dilemma Horns if this were happening by meeting a woman in a real-time restaurant, cookout, coffee shop or bar? Would I still come across constant liars, continual frustration, devious misinformation?

Then there's the absurd obsession with sucking on the Cyber-Teat. . .Do I have new mail? Is it someone I want to hear from? Is it someone I wish would go away? It's kind of a Christmas-morning feeling when I hear that Tom Hanks sound bite, "You've got mail" from the movie of the same name (one of my favorites; see? I am a romantic at heart). I know an email just got dropped in my Outlook inbox. It's really hard to ignore. And if I'm in another

part of the house, I tend to hurry into my office to check it out. Makes me feel like a silly teenager.

There are always a few ladies I am corresponding with whom I feel might be worth getting to know. . . but how long before we discover that the online correspondence needs to move into real-time, and the geological distance between us is an insurmountable obstacle? Or how long before they say or do something that suggests my investment of time in them has been wasted? Like, "Oh, I decided to stop taking my medication. I haven't had an episode in months. . ."

Since I don't go to a standard office to work, I don't meet people there. Since mainstream religion is not for me, I can't meet anyone there; I'm over the bar scene. And college? I've been there, done that—eight years worth. Because I'm also in a place that lacks the social life and dating choices I crave, what is left for me? Trysts in dark corners? Repeated discoveries of the unsavory kind? Lowering my standards to the point where I can't look at myself in the mirror each morning? Investing myself in someone who is ultimately ill-equipped for a healthy relationship?

Most of us want a lifemate, but don't want the quagmire that goes with it. We want the companionship and the social life, but not the dodging of landmines that ensue. . .we want the benefits without the effort. Unrealistic of us, isn't it? Yet we still hope, don't we? Even amid the usual pitfalls of just getting involved with someone new, we hope, we pursue. . .we ride the emotional roller coaster, swallow the fear of contracting a disease because no matter what the test results say, you can

never be sure; dread the inevitable domestic squabbles and power-plays, the dissatisfaction and disillusionment when you find out that person who appears to be so colorful and so well-adjusted, is just very good at lying to themselves, or to you.

Sometimes I think that if I placed an ad that had a picture of a woman with one eye in the middle of her forehead and missing teeth, whose introduction began, *"Hello, my name is Drucilla Snood, and I am unique..."*—that I'd have more luck. Periodically, I just want to have that sexual and social instinct in me surgically removed, so that I won't have to worry about it anymore. Maybe I should just sell everything and go to an ashram in Tibet.

I hear that Monks are very well adjusted.

Extreme solutions to extreme situations aside, here are some things I've noticed in perusing personal ads—things that I consider **Red Flags Or Deal Breakers.**



A profile that is void of any information, no stats, no photo, no text, nothing filled out, accompanied by the invitation, "Contact me if you're interested." My response: "In WHAT, for bloody sake?" This is a person who obviously thinks that her picture is all that's needed. No one has a picture THAT good.

A profile self-descriptive text that mentions any of the following:

► **I don't know what to say about myself.** (If you are not self-actualized enough to know what to say

about yourself, what could you possibly have to say to me?)

► **I'm just me.** (This means absolutely nothing. Does it conjure a picture of something? An idea of who this person is? Not even close. The whole point is to discover details about a person for the sake of common ground and maybe beginning some type of meaningful relationship. This sparse, vapid and meaningless phrase is merely a cop-out and another indication that this person has no concept of how to communicate her own identity)

► **I love to laugh.** (Not me, Ladies, I'm quite dismal in my demeanor and laughter really gets on my last gay nerve).

► **I am down-to-earth.** A person who lives in a tent in the woods and loves to birth baby spiders in her hair could be described as "down to earth." So could a woman who has a lovely home and grows her own herb and vegetable garden for cooking gourmet meals. See? If everyone says that, and it's a catchphrase, how does it in any way make a person stand out? (Here's a clue: it DOESN'T).

► **Yo just chillin' with my peeps.** (Obviously an urban/ethnic mentality, but more importantly, a person who has not yet evolved into an adult).

All of the following profile blurbs show a lack of depth, and a problem with communication, self-actualization, or intelligence.

Horrid spelling, sentence fragments, run-on sentences and sentences that have absolutely no punctuation...here's an example:

*Me well what can I say I am a outgoing fun party girl. I like to do just about anything. I love outdoors, the clubs, on my porch getting f\*cked up. I am down for whatever. I am open mined and not to shy. Theirs lots more but you would just half to get to know me. I would like some one who can start a conversion who is open mined likes trying new things i do not want a shy person I want someone who will take control sometimes someone with a nottie side no borning person.*

...this indicates an obvious lack of education, inability to pay attention, apathy, and/or generalized brain dysfunction.

A profile that says "lives with parents" when they are above the age of 25. Could be extenuating circumstances, here, like they returned home to care for an ill parent, or to go to school to advance themselves while their mother babysat the kid, but more times than not, this means they never grew up enough to be away from mommy, or else they are lazy, unmotivated freeloaders with little personal integrity.

Or when they are 25 and have children who "don't live with" them. While I understand that there are exceptions to every rule, I have to go with the majority on this one. Something is amiss when a young woman has children that are for some reason not living with her. It's not usually because she's being persecuted, or lost both her arms in a tragic

excursion with the Peace Corp. It's usually because she is not mature or responsible enough to care for her own kids. Does the phrase "unfit mother" ring any bells?

A profile that says they are IN a relationship, but are "looking." Big no-no. Why would you want to go out with a woman who is currently cheating on her Significant Other? If they'll do it WITH you, they'll do it TO you. No matter when you might discover this information, ditch her immediately. Date over. No discussion. See Ya. You do not want to be the "other woman." Sometimes the person these women are in relationships with are men, too. Some men who find out about this indiscretion, will hunt you down and put a bullet in your head. Not wise. Not wise at all. Either way, it never turns out well, and you'll begin with the biggest trust issue in the world.

A photo in her profile that reveals intimate areas of the anatomy, or is sexually suggestive. This screams a general disrespect for self and an erroneous



idea that self worth is somehow tied to anatomical aesthetics and/or sexual prowess, which is usually to the exclusion of mental, emotional and spiritual development.



A profile photo that is at best unflattering and at most worthy of inclusion in Ripley's Believe it Or Not. It just defies logic how

anyone can think that some pictures are the ones to choose when trying to make a good impression.

Or those photos reminiscent of that scene in Deliverance...(no, not that one, this one).



Or one that lists her body type as "a few extra pounds" when that's an obvious understatement (not to mention delusional).



Or the ones that are just plain scary. A beard? For real? You are a real bearded lady? Oh, let me gas up the car, I have to meet you right away. (newsflash: The guitar doesn't make up for it...if you imagine that crooning me a song will make me forget that I am not attracted to hairy women, you are sadly mistaken. . .and about the beard. . .get some therapy or get the operation, for chrissakes).



One of these days, I'm going to place an ad like this, and see if I get any responses:



*I'm not down to earth, but am unstable, flighty and undependable. I hate the beach and fresh air of any kind. Cuddling is abhorrent to me, as is cooking, exercise, healthy food and spending time with most people. I prefer to be alone. I am looking for a woman who will support me financially, give me sex whenever I want and be okay with the poontang I bring home. I will need my own room. I worship Satan, believe in human sacrifice, chew aluminum foil, and have several pet scorpions.*

## CyberCruising Caveats

With all of the aforementioned angst in mind, I offer the best advice I can give, having often learned the hard way.

During the initial contact, the communication that follows, and on the first date with anyone, there are certain considerations and precautions that should be heeded for the success and safety of the date.

Ideally, you might meet this person in a social situation while other mutual friends are present, but with CyberCruising, you meet them online, so some rules apply.

Spend some time perfecting your profile. I am constantly updating mine. I've tried many different approaches and tones, and have learned that unique but humorous is a good way to go. One of my profiles was so intense that it actually intimidated women. That approach was all wrong and created an uncomfortable dynamic when we met in person because it made them fearful that they wouldn't measure up to my perceived standards. That wasn't the impression I wanted to give. I just wanted to eliminate all the time wasters, like the women I knew for sure I didn't want to meet. I have since lightened up on it with more focus toward dating instead of searching for a soulmate. At this writing, I am still testing that one.

There are few things more likely to prevent you from getting a date than a bad profile. As illustrated earlier, you want to present yourself in a good light without seeming artificial or scary. Some women balk at posting a picture, but without one, you're guaranteed to be overlooked more often than not. That's because people are visual and they need to know if they are attracted to you physically, before investigating the other aspects of who you are. As long as you're not posting nude photos, you have no worries about them being misused.

The lack of a photo elicits immediate suspicion as it will appear that you have something to hide. Use a clear, well-lit, close up face shot as your primary photo, and also include others that show you full length, and in varying situations.

Women who say that they don't care what you look like are either lying, or so desperate that they can work up an attraction or attachment to anyone who pays them any attention, or are more evolved than 99% of the world. I seriously doubt the evolved explanation, simply because if they were that advanced, they would not be surfing the Internet for love, but would instead be in that ashram in Tibet, on their way to being an Ascended Master. We're human, we're imperfect, we're guided by brain chemicals and energies, and there's no legitimate reason to deny it. Just post a picture and be who you are. Everyone is attracted to different things. If the right person sees it, you will be starting from a position of honesty and connection, and not from some supposed Higher Plane.

Don't include pictures of your dog, or the sunset you saw last year on the beach. No one is looking for a dog or a sunset to go out with.

Don't use stupid, offensive or unintelligible usernames in your ad. They are a put off. If your name is LabiaLicker or TasteMEnow, you're only going to draw those with an overactive sexual appetite. If that's what you're after, fine, but the purpose of this book is to help you find a quality person that has possibilities for the long haul not the U-Haul.

If you want someone to be interested, give them something to be interested in. Don't give the impression that you avert your eyes and mumble toward the floor when asked to talk about yourself. Being able to describe yourself is not about vanity, it's about self-actualization and communication skills. If you have nothing better to say than you're down to earth, love your dog, love walks on the beach, and like to laugh—then perhaps you should consider enriching your life a bit. These are the most overused and meaningless phrases ever. You'll wind up alone on the earth, petting your dog, and thinking about how great it would be to walk on the beach or laugh.

And please, whatever you do, don't state in your profile that you're tired of being hurt. If you're tired of being hurt, that means it happens a lot and that makes you a chump and a victim. Not sexy.