

PLEASE DON'T LET THIS BE HER!

A COMEDIAN'S SEARCH FOR LOVE ON THE INTERNET

BOBBY KELTON

"I was thrilled to be single again
until I read this book!"

— Larry David, "Curb Your Enthusiasm"





Please Don't Let This Be Her! is a hilarious account of comedian Bobby Kelton's hapless search for love via Internet dating. It combines tales of the author's dating adventures with prescriptive suggestions for finding "the one," along with musings on the search for the right partner and the truths he discovers along the way. This accomplished humorist will have readers laughing out loud at his funny yet poignant real life dating horror stories.

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CHEMISTRY

My girlfriend would raise the thermostat to about ninety degrees. "I'm cold," she'd say. One time I woke up in the middle of the night, my tongue was fused to the palate of my mouth. I felt like an astronaut going through re-entry. "There's a new invention," I gasped. "It's called a sweatshirt."

To women who date online, "chemistry" is paramount. Almost everybody talks about chemistry in their Internet profiles. But to me it's a word that conjures up bad high school memories. Chemistry... why did I have to study it? What was I going to do with the knowledge, if indeed I ever grasped any of it?

Granted, I learned that H₂O was water. Still, it seemed totally possible to get through life without knowing that fact – and definitely without knowing about molecules and hydrogen. In fact, my chemistry teacher, Mr. Woodrow, was so goofy that I surmised that he'd escaped from some high security mental institution, like the Pentagon.

So now the subject of chemistry, the bane of my teenage years, comes back to haunt me as an adult, burrowing its way into my world of romance and sexuality. I've concluded that for many women, chemistry is synonymous with a desire for instant attraction. It has become the bottom line in the online dating world. I'll meet you in person, and I better want you right away! I can get to know you later.

Bobby Kelton

This is why, instead of meeting for dinner on a first date, two people might as well agree to meet on a street corner and just walk past each other. That's why a Starbucks is a good happy medium. You take a look and make the call.

Women seem more hung up on the "chemistry" thing than men. Don't get me wrong, we all want it. But for men, it is not an immediate deal breaker or deal maker. We guys certainly need to be attracted to the woman, but we don't need to want to have sex with them in the first five minutes. We can wait a half-hour or so.

This is where the Internet provides a reversal of typically understood norms. When two people meet at a party or at an event, they might be interested in getting to know more about each other. Here, the man might be more compelled by looks than the woman. But in the game of online dating, women are equally visual.

With the number of potential suitors out there, the more popular women get inundated with inquiries. And when a woman receives dozens of emails a day from men who tell her how incredible she is, how beautiful she is, or how special she is, her ego might get inflated – and so her chemistry criteria become loftier. Lest she forgets she's online as a last resort.

Most men don't get as many emails, so they become proactive and do the searching. Guys get just a few messages here or there, sometimes from women living in third world countries. I received a note from a cute girl in Thailand. "Wow," I thought, "dating is even tough over there." But hey, maybe I'd have more chemistry with her than anyone here.

Please Don't Let This Be Her!

But I wish that women wouldn't worry so much about chemistry. Let's do away with that buzzword. I'm over chemistry. In fact, my best relationships with women have been when there was little initial attraction. So maybe another high school subject would be better. Perhaps we should try to match up with somebody whom we have "history" with. Unlike chemistry, where you have to hope it's there, with history you can make your own.

I had a coffee date with a tall, pretty redhead named Becky. We spent a good three hours at Starbucks, walked on the beach afterward, and had a lot in common. I called and left a message a few days later, only to get an email telling me that, although it was her problem and not mine, she felt she was too tall for me, so she didn't feel the chemistry. Becky was 5'9; I am 5'11 – but she was too tall for me. Only in cyberspace would this translate into no chemistry. It's a subject that still doesn't make any sense to me.

At least I know what H₂O is.

MATCH POINTS:

- 1. DON'T LOOK FOR CHEMISTRY – IT WILL FIND YOU!***
- 2. IF YOU DATE A TALL WOMAN, WEAR PLATFORM SHOES.***



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