

## Marketing our lonely hearts

Mar. 24, 2004

I feel like the East Valley Lonely Hearts Handyman lately. And I'm here to say that any stigma associated with Internet dating in the Valley of the Sun is officially gone.



JIM VEIHDEFFER

In one week, I was approached by galpals in Scottsdale, Mesa and Tempe for advice on their Internet personal ads. Calling on my dual expertise as Mr. Advertising Person and Mr. Male Friend, I agreed to help.

It was thus that I found myself holding court at Kazimierz's wine bar with keen ad hoc insights on the male psyche to help speed Cupid's arrows on their way.

Luckily for you, I remembered some of the points. (Guys, feel free to jot me a note telling me what an idiot I am for giving away our secrets.)

The reason the gals were so entranced is that I started my impromptu discourse by proclaiming that I would give them *the one single word guaranteed to draw males in droves*. (Why anyone would want a drove of men is someone else's problem.) I will tell you the word — along with the reason you probably shouldn't use it — in due course.

Let's start with what the ladies *shouldn't* say.

For one thing, never use the word "lady." Guys hate it almost as much as you do. A lady is older. You're in your prime. At no time use the phrase: "I am a lady and expect to be treated like one."

See, if you really *were* a lady, in the grand sense, you wouldn't have to announce it. Real ladies get treated as ladies because they have innate dignity and are non-demanding of petty privileges.

Next rule: Don't demand things about your would-be suitors. Remember, you're advertising yourself — in the most pleasant sense of the word — not telling everyone how *they* have to be. Your job is to tell a good story about yourself in order to attract the maximum number of acceptable swains. Try being open.

And that brings us to the prime strategy. Good advertising is like a good party: It brings all the people you want and none of the people you don't want. Which is why, by the way, my secret word (patience, now!) is not always the best thing to use.

My Mesa friend headlined her ad with "Former Swimsuit Model." Now, I think she's pretty, but I was surprised to hear that she had been a model. "Of course not, you dodo," she said. "It's humor! See? No one will take it seriously but it will get them to read the ad."

Wrong. "I know guys and I know that when any guy sees that he will not get the joke," I said, rather more sternly than necessary. Besides, people don't like to be tricked into reading an ad.

"How many responses did you get?" I continued.  
"Eight hundred people read the ad and 400 responded."  
"Yikes! And how many turned out to be 'live ones'?"  
"Well, 99.9 percent were creeps or just looking for sex."  
"Nuff said."

If all you want to do is attract bozos, creeps and perverts, go ahead and call yourself a swimsuit model.

Another phrase to avoid: "Ready to try again" or any other variant that suggests neediness. The idea is not to talk about what *you* need, but what lovely qualities you have to offer. Besides, no guy really wants to be part of a coming-out experiment after your long self-imposed dry spell.

One of my all-time hated lines is "Love to laugh" (or worse, "luv 2 laff"). Is there anyone on the planet who doesn't enjoy laughing? Are you thinking that you'll weed out the stiffs that way?

And while you're at it, get rid of "no head games," "no players," "honesty a must." Do you think all the "head gamers" (only women seem to know what that means) will just say, "Ooooh, I've been warned. I'd better leave *her* alone!"

Finally, have a realistic expectation of your true drawing power. If you're 43, don't list your mate's desired age range as 30-43. No matter how many sultry looks you get from the younger studs when you're cruising the bars, this ain't gonna happen. But if it does, you won't like it for long.

OK, time for the magic word. It never fails. The word is, simply, "legs."

As you now know, though, all that does is bring out the dawgs. What you want is a nice selection of guys who think they'd be a good match for you.

I really should get paid for this kind of thing. I'll settle for one of those Cupid's arrows though.

---

**Jim Veihdeffer is a freelance public relations writer living in Tempe. Author of the Amazon.com e-book, "Stories I Never Told My Family," he can be reached at [VeedsJ@aol.com](mailto:VeedsJ@aol.com) or through the Web site [www.words-in-action.com](http://www.words-in-action.com). The views expressed are those of the author.**