Lady Hunter

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The Situation

By Devon O'Brien

A group of guys walk into the party. One looks around the room, spots the girl he wants, aims and fires. He approaches and she takes to it.在 an instant they are out on the dance floor until he gets her home and into bed. What happens from there stays there; this one doesn’t kiss and tell. Ladies and gentleman, meet the asshole. Across the room, another guy is introduced to a girl. She is cute and they have a connection. This is the one he is after. He aims and fires. The charm is turned up, they talk all night until he gets her home and into bed. What happens there stays there; this one doesn’t kiss and tell. Ladies and gentleman, meet the nice guy. Lady hunting isn’t a simple one-way-to-get-it-done task, ladies. This is why it is difficult to tell when you are being played. According to Mark’s there are two types of lady hunters, the asshole and the nice guy, and he has seen it all. Being a nice guy, Mark says he “goes out to have a good time no matter what.” But that isn’t always the case. Some of his friends go out with the sole intent to take a girl home every night. While being talked up by a guy leaves the chance of going home with them, it can be possible to sort the good guys from the ones who are solely trying to take advantage of you.

“She talks to a girl to eat. I go over and talk to her, and if it goes well I might take her home, but I play more of the nice dandy card. I will hook up with a girl if they are legitimately fun and we have chemistry,” he says. He always tries to kick things off with a witty comment but if that fails, “I compliment her looks – or tell her she looks good today.”

But don’t be fooled by what seems like a genuinely nice pick-up line. “I am notorious for my snarkiness. I generally wrap myself in alone time. I love to billboard. I constantly joke about the hundreds of cats that I will have someday. Naturally, my friends were alarmed by my pro-hermit attitude. In a desperate move to get me outside and interacting with actual humans my buddies collectively decided to set me up on a blind date.”

Blind dates are things of movie myths in our post-Craigslist killer world. People generally don’t like going out with complete strangers for fear of basic safety. Additionally, with the ascendancy of Facebook, it is impossible to go into a date completely blind any more. The purpose of a blind date is to date a stranger without any preconceived notion of who they are. A blind date is to give a chance to someone you would never regularly give a chance to. A blind date is to have dinner with someone you would probably never speak to. With Facebook, people vet out those potential blind date victims before they can actually happen. With Facebook, people memorize every fact they can grab out of the stranger’s profile so they can make a judgment before they even meet the person.

With this technological problem in mind, my friends decided to give me a rule. I would not be allowed to Facebook-stalk my blind date. It would be a traditional blind date. I would not be allowed to know what the person looked like, what his interests might be, what his favorite color is. I would be given no information other than his first name and his major. “This obviously terrified me. I was going to be set up with someone in a friend’s class. He was a philosophy major. My friend found him for me with the tools of Facebook. She gave him a list of my interests and asked if they matched up with his own likes. She then gave him a time and a place and left us to it.”

I meet the boy, “Samuel L. Jackson,” at Clyde’s on campus. Samuel L. Jackson is sporting long, straight hair that completely covers his face, with the exception of a patch of his pimply mouth. His hair is capped with a Nintendo beanie. Headphones are glued to the side of his head and it is questionable as to whether they will ever leave. Let me emphasize, this is not a person I would ever speak to in reality. This is a person I would run away from at a bar. He is not my type.

There are, unfortunately standing in the middle of the UDCC, unsure of what to do. Clyde’s is completely packed and we only have an hour to get to know one another. I don’t know why this is the meeting spot. I suppose mostly because he is a freshman and because he doesn’t have the time or the money to go anywhere else. However, as any student at Iowa State knows, going to Clyde’s during the noon rush hour is one of the dumbest mistakes you can make. The thought of standing in line for twenty minutes with this strange fellow terrifies me. I suggest grabbing some quick food at the C-Store. We quickly grab our gas-station-style food and take the only available table, a dirty table stationed near the door.

We begin the conversation with the basic get-to-know-you questions: year, major, hometown, etc. I try to remain optimistic when Samuel L. Jackson tells me that he works at Walmart. I smile and ask him if he likes it. He tells me that I shouldn’t smile about it. Sadly, things don’t get much better.

We continue to talk and he asks about my future plans. I explain my interest in the law. Samuel L. Jackson claims that he doesn’t have the morals to go into the field. I ask him why. He says that the justice system is corrupt. I am a little surprised, so I again ask him why. He says that it is because prisoners should not sit around prisons and watch television and get an education and be comfortable. Hammurabi’s Code should be enacted (an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth). I am in shock. I don’t know what to say and we wrap up our lunch shortly after. Samuel L. Jackson apologizes for the bad time. I say that it’s fine and I’ll see him around. He says yes, probably not and stalks off.

Ultimately there is a reason for Facebook and Facebook stalking. Facebook ensures that we only interact with people we know we will like. It guarantees that we will have pleasant conversations on a first date. It alerts us to potential problems in future relationships. It tells us if we will or won’t click with someone. It almost lets us know these things better than our friends. So for now the myth of the perfect, information-blind date victims should be buried and we all should go back to cyber-stalking our romantic interests.