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Title: Texting won't give you a real connection
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You sit at the bar bored as hell. No amount of vodka tonics can make the Pocket of Drool blathering on in front of you seem more tolerable.

You're so ready for last call, and text messaging seems like your best option at this point. You excuse yourself from your so-called conversation long enough to flip your phone, thumb it down and rock out a quick nonsensical line or two.

Spilling as fast as your thumbs can crank, you anxiously await the payback. The blinking light at the corner of the phone titillates your response mechanism. You open it. WHR U AT ... ah, the keying of romance ... or is it?

Although also used between friends, it's clear the main thrust of text messaging is all about the good old-fashioned hookup. While T-bombing is the fastest way to a reaction, it's the slowest to a connection. As a matter of fact, it's the perfect avoidance technique.

How we've gotten to the point where minimal conversation using only electronics can get you laid is beyond me. Texting is all about dexterity and implied emotion in missing vowels. No drunk dialing, no slurring, no live communication necessary. Just a couple of thumb presses and a night can be arranged. It's a logical approach. U HOME, translates much cleaner than, "Heyyy ... (insert petite belch) ... I, uh, was thinking about you ... and mmm thought maybe ... ifff you wanted to ... um, get togetherrrrr tonight, pleeease ... I love you."

Ultimately when you care, you meet. You dial the phone and communicate. When it matters, you let more than your thumbs get involved. You make the effort and create the connection. And then play. Earn some points at the end of a night together with an unexpected close: SWT DRMS.

Texting can be part of the tease when you've got mutual expectations. Once you guys understand each other, fire away. But don't underestimate the value of human connection.

Besides, as your head is down and your thumbs are going frantic, you might be missing what's right in front of you.

T-bombing is also used as a personal matchmaking system sans the fee, effort and actual date. Would you be calling as much as you're thumbing over WHT UP's?

Although these mini-e-mail sessions seem harmless, reconsider. It becomes all about availability.

You throw out the bait and see who's around to snap at it. No response? No worries. It's

not you. It's technology; phones are just bad news at some very specific but untold times.

"I didn't get your message" may or may not be a valid excuse, but who cares? Fact is, rejection isn't an issue when it comes to Texting. The stakes are too low to matter. It's just a game.

But as with any game, there are losers. One texter told me that every T-bomber has had a message get crossed at least once. His horror story goes like this: He was firing out some porn-style stats to his last night's hookup, texting play-by-plays of their romp. Little did he realize what was to come.

As he was piling on the raunch, the Lovely whom he had properly asked out a few nights back was texting in to just say HI;). The messages crossed. Poor guy was left with a screen that read WRNG1, and a Lovely he was never going to explore. Yet he isn't alone in Texting turmoil. T-bombing is the too-busy-to-call-but-still-wanted-to-be-polite obligatory handshake.

So, beware what you're getting served. Misunderstandings are common. ILKU to one means "I like you." ILKU to another means the other--"I lick you."

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