

# Miranda finds dating can be complex

MIRANDA decided to enter the dating world. She liked dancing, so she went to a few ballroom nights at Cubberley, and they were fun.

But nothing came of it, romance-wise, so she opened a profile on match.com.

“What am I doing, Guy?” she wailed over the phone to her New York gay friend.

“You’re looking for love, sweet flower,” he said to her, “Just like all of us.”

The first Internet date Miranda went on was with a retired airline executive. They had dinner at Il Fornaio, in downtown Palo Alto.

The exec said, “Then I did this, and then I did that. And then I did this, and then I did that.” Or that’s what it sounded like to Miranda. He offered her a free vacation to the Caribbean, but the implied trade-off made her uncomfortable. So that turned out to be “Dating Strike One.”

Thinking she might play the cougar card, Miranda messaged a younger sales guy in Menlo Park, who eventually called her and announced, “I can talk to a woman on the phone for two minutes, and tell immediately if she’s the right person for me.” After two minutes he



MIRANDA’S date with the retired airline executive.

said good-bye and hung up. That was “Dating Strike Two.”

Over lunch, her friend Valerie advised Miranda, “Just remember — when a woman meets a man, she thinks, ‘Can I have a relationship with this person?’ But when a man meets a woman, he thinks, ‘Can I sleep with this woman?’ So you and your beaux are coming from two different points of departure.

“I’m not adverse to romance,” said Miranda. “I’m just being cautious.”

“I remember when you were younger,” said Valerie, “You would fall off a

bar stool drunk, and then call me the next day to tell me that you were in a relationship with a great new guy you’d just met.”

Miranda laughed. “Well I’m not doing that now,” she said. “But dating does seem more complicated than when I was 19.”

“Why is that?” asked Valerie, who was still married and had not dated in years.

“These older men all have houses, jobs, ex-spouses, children,” said Miranda. “I feel like they are auditioning me, saying to themselves, ‘Is this woman

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someone I can let into my complicated life that already has all these other people in it?”

“Or maybe that’s what you’re doing to them,” said Valerie.

“You’re right,” said Miranda. “I am.”

On her dates, Miranda often made a point of finding an appropriate moment at which she could ask her companion, “What is the meaning of life?”

Their answers varied. The airline executive said, “Make the most of it. We’re only here for a while.”

The Menlo Park salesman was like a deer caught in the headlights. To the question “What is the meaning of life?” he responded, “Oh, wow.” He was stunned “What do you think it is?” he asked Miranda.

Miranda’s answer was always the same: “Have fun and help people.”

**More tomorrow.**