

What Makes Tom Friedman Tick 40 Top Lawyers Under 40  
Cool Spa Treatments 2006's Best & Worst Good Eats at the Beach

# WASHINGTONIAN

## single in the city

July 2006  
washingtonian.com

sure-fire  
first dates

where to  
meet people  
and have fun

can you find  
love online?

solo at 60

20 fabulous  
singles

\$3.95



7 252 74 62 711 0



DAVID GREENBERG (1990)



Single life in Washington is nothing if not an adventure. There's the good, the bad, and often the comical. Here's a guide to making the most of it, starting with one woman's journey through the dating maze.

# single in the city

[ By JULIA FELDMER ]

I'M 25, have lived in DC three years, and have been unattached for most of that time. Sure, there have been a few short-lived romances, a handful of crushes and casual dates, a few ill-considered flings, and countless proffered business cards (later discarded into the free-lunch lottery at Chipotle: There was no chance I'd contact them, but they had a shot at a burrito). But not much more.

So when I set out to road-test dating services—from online matchmakers to speed dating—my friends were hysterical (“You’re totally going to fall in love!”). My mom was appalled (“You’re what?”). I was intrigued.

I started with Match.com, which boasts 8 million members. It seemed easy enough: Build a profile, find love.

Writing a clever bio? I marveled at my wittiness. Posting photos? I thumbed through albums and pulled out several of me at my most tan and blonde. (No matter that they were mostly from 2001, when I was in college. Who’s counting the years?)

Match allows users to build a profile and send cyber “winks” for free. I signed up for the \$30 one-month subscription, which lets users e-mail one another and see who

has looked at their profile. The “who’s viewed me” feature is both mildly disturbing and validating: Within one week, more than 200 men had peeked at my profile. Two hundred guys checking me out!

I waited for the winks and e-mails to roll in. And they did—but none of the guys appealed to me. They were too old (over 40), too remote (more than ten miles outside the District), or were just looking for a “friend with benefits.”

Because scrolling through Match.com profiles had become a top procrastination exercise, I’d compiled an impressive roster of guys whom I’d flagged “my favorites.” I decided to play pursuer, winking till my cyber-face hurt and taking the more proactive step of e-mailing. The first guy I e-mailed seemed perfect: smart (an Ivy-educated lawyer); funny (“The best part about my job: building up static electricity by shuffling across the carpet and then touching the judge’s ear”); seemingly cute (are those photos from college?). And of all the profiles I’d read, his was the only one that allowed that he drank “regularly.” An honest man with a solid liver—I was smitten.

So I wrote him a clever e-mail commend-

The author whizzes through mini-conversations at a speed-dating event at DC's K Street Lounge.