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Tweedledee and Twitterdumb: Social networking in the country
By Curtis Seltzer

BLUE GRASS, Va.—I lack four days on the far side of being a part of the Baby Boom. This might explain why I -- unlike the Boomers and Boomettes who came later -- have taken to social networking like a cat to water.

Still, I don't want to come across as a "double-dimmy dimwit," in the words of my wife, Melissa. So I thought I'd practice my networking by sending her some twits on Roy Rogers' horse, Twigger, or something like that.

Me: I'm tweaking you. Here's my first: I'm looking out the window.

Her: Why don't you do something useful?

Me: The grass is green. The sky is blue.

Her: I'm getting ready for court.

Me: I might have tuna for lunch

Her: I don't have time for lunch.

Me: My T-shirt is inside out.

Her: I'd guess that you have a 50-50 shot at solving this problem on your own.

Me: This isn't a problem. It's an observation of what's happening in my life. That's what this twiggling is all about.

Her: Why are you wasting my time with this twaddle?

Me: This is not wasting time. We are using microprocessors to twuth each other. We need to keep in touch with the world, because we live in a place where we have more black bears per acre than neighbors. I could send a you-toob video showing me and my T-shirt if you prefer.

Her: Do some pushups. Take a nap.

Me: Do you think we're getting old?

Her: Look. I have 14 cases scheduled for this afternoon. Felonies out the ying-yang. Leave me alone.

Me: I like Wendy's more than Arby's. Don't you find this exchange of personal twicks valuable?

Her: Twix are for kids.

Me: Our relationship would improve if we shared more. I could twizzle you, and you could twozzle me, then we could twazzle all of our friends, and they could tweeze us back. Even people who hate us could jump in. And then we could de-friend them on Facebook. Wouldn't that help build your country-law practice?

Her: You have been out in the sun again without a hat. You're twipping.

Me: We will be left behind if we don't participate in social media.

Her: You are the least social medium I know. You don't drink. You don't dance. You're lousy at chit-chat, and you fall asleep at 7:30.

Me: That's why we need to tweedie each other. If we don't twinkie about

ourselves, who will know we're here?

Her: We will.

Me: If a twee twunk falls in the forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?

Her: There's case law on both sides.

Me: If we don't engage with the twaddlesphere, we will be unlinked and unconnected.

Her: Good.

Me: I think we should begin texting each other.

Her: Is this quoting Bible passages back and forth?

Me: No. It's like the old two-finger typing technique, except you do it with your thumbs.

Her: Thumbs, that's progress?

Me: First, you buy something called a GooseBerry, which is a head-shrunk computer with a runty little keyboard. You thumb in your twopes and twash, letter by letter. Then you get carpal tunnel syndrome, which you twitzke about in the social media with other technology cripples.

Her: I need to go.

Me: Who's your fave band?

Her:

Me: Why do all the network news anchor women wear miniskirts?

Her: It gives them journalistic credibility.

Me: See, now we're having a meaningful twalk on the great issues of our day.

Her: I'm out the door.

Me: Thanks for helping me get my feet wet with tweezing. Just now, I knit my brow and scratched my ear...at the same time.

Her: You're spam. Consider yourself permanently filtered.

Me: Do you want to practice some more tonight after you get home?

Her: No! If you ever twickle me again at the office, I'll have you arrested for harassment.

Me: You're condemning us to a life of rural isolation. The twigsters want us.

Her: Let's play hard to get.

Me: But what if the grass really is greener on the other side?

Her: It doesn't matter. We're on this side. Now turn off your BoysenBerry before you and I have a twainweck.

Me: What color is your locomotive?

Her: You're twying my legendary patience.

Me: Happy twials to you, Mel. Roy.

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