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### **Chuck Woolery Wants You!**

*Chuck Woolery's got my number. Don't laugh; he's got yours too.*

A senator wants my vote. Two teens and a toddler wonder if I've seen them. And Chuck Woolery has been looking for me. It said so on the envelope with Chuck's familiar 'ha ha' grin but the words "Open Me if You're Ready to Change Your Life" really intrigued me. OK! Who couldn't use a little life changing now and then?

Chuck starts off a bit presumptuous, addressing me as "Single." *Dear Single*, he begins. Maybe he thinks 'Single' lives at my address and I'm going to jail for opening their mail. I've been called worse but still, there are better salutations he could have used. What's wrong with Kitten Pants or Rock Star? Brave Weary Soldier always had a nice ring.

Reading on, Chuck says when it comes to dating most of us don't want to play games. Pretty funny coming from the love connecting game show master himself. He says single bars are humiliating, office romances are risky and blind dates are disappointing. And oh yes, everyone knows how dangerous Internet relationships are. He's selling a service that will put me in the palms of the dating experts who will let me take control of my own romantic destiny. But that's not very cosmic. I thought destiny did all the work for you. If I wanted to work at this I'd go out on a Friday night instead of staying in to update my TiVo season pass manager.

Chuck promises his members are attractive, intelligent and not interested in wasting their time. They're real people wanting real relationships. Recent pictures, lighthearted video clips and accurate data are waiting for my uncommitted eyes. Chuck will even contact the person I want to meet. Maybe he'll set up our first date and order for me in the restaurant. Might as well ride shotgun and use those hosting skills to break the ice. First dates can be so awkward no matter how contrived and computer generated your chemistry is. Not only does Chuck take the guessing out of dating, he takes the dating out dating.

*Why go through life without a partner?* Chuck wonders. What's keeping me from looking for that special someone to share my life with? I quickly skip to the bottom of the page to see if this letter is actually signed *Love Mom*. I think having someone always by my side would get real annoying not to mention difficult in toilet stalls and dressing rooms. Still, I'm a sucker for multiple choices, so I fill out the questionnaire. Annual income, social situation and long-term goals, work schedule, educational background and moving plans for the next six months is all anyone needs to know before putting me in touch with my mail order love connection. It's really not much different than the club card application at Safeway.

The 'Who I'm Seeking' profile goes into a little more depth—age preference, athletic inclination, do they want kids, do they smoke? Religious? Educated? Cultured? How attractive do they need to be? Wait a minute. I didn't see a box on the profile asking what my personal perception of attractiveness was. But they do request a photo. Hmm...Now that's the job I want—quantifying the physical appeal of complete, desperate strangers. After all, isn't that what I do in bars for free?

Chuck is certainly credible in the fix-up field but he's got competition. You can't shake a stick without hitting a potential matchmaker and believe me I've tried. Organizations all around the world are making their livings enhancing the living situations of single folks. If you're single and enjoy rafting there's an organization for you. Enjoy volunteering but find the experience more rewarding with an available do-gooder at your side? Easy enough. If you're looking to start cooking with a saucy singleton, taste-test Single Gourmet—the social club for singles with taste. For the love of Aphrodite, if you're single, homeless and have access to the Internet there's an organization for you too. Single is not just a status, it's a stigma. And Chuck, among others, has the cure.

I think about all the single people I know—my friend in Vegas who has dated his way through seven casino's cocktail waitresses (and picked up the skills to mix a mean martini on the way.) My esthetician whose weekend recaps are hotter than the wax she pours on my unruly eyebrows. Renee Zellweger? (Okay, I don't actually *know* her but my subscription to *Us Weekly* makes me feel like I do.) Seems life's pretty good for these partner-less peeps, so why go a changing? (Renee's status is subject to change by press time. Come to think of it, she's not a very reliable single. What's one more Carolina Herrera gown?)

Sure it's great having a standby date to your friend's wedding instead of hiding out the slow songs in a bathroom stall blaming your absence on the beef stroganoff and couplehood is a welcome reprieve from ignorant but well-meaning pseudo open-minded relatives who think if you didn't get hitched out of high-school you must be gay. But hey, *that's cool! We watch Ellen. Rock on with your single gay old self!*

Still, I'm not convinced the unattached are the ones Chuck should be investing his do-gooder energies in. I, for one, could use some help flossing. And I know plenty of people with ridiculous jobs (You know who you are, and yes thirty-three *is* too old to be a paperboy!) How about bad wardrobe guy who'd be really cute if he docked his Dockers below his bellybutton instead of letting them sail up his irrationally large ass-crack? Or the excruciating lazy pal who refuses to walk down escalators because, "*The man owes me a free ride, dammit!*" And heaven help all the cheap bastards who won't split the dinner bill down the middle. "*You know there's a dollar-fifty charge to sub out hash browns, right?*" With all due respect, Mr. Woolery, these are the people you should be helping.

Chuck might want to take a page from his fellow D-list celebrities who pick on people with real problems. Bob Dole can get you hard. Vanessa Williams can clear your zits. And who better than Sally Struthers to help unmotivated, agoraphobics onto the path of interior design and medical transcription, all from the comfort of their Cheetos stained couches? A portion of their freshly earned wages will be garnished to help feed children in Africa.

I'm no celebrity but I am a judgmental bitch. Maybe I should start my own mail-order fix-you business, writing letters to hopeless cases to offer my services. *Dear Ass Crack*, Is your wedgie riding so high your morning oatmeal tastes like Polyester and Lycra? *Dear Cheap Bastard*, Ever wonder why your friends are having more fun than you? It's because they're laughing at your expense! Expense! Get it? Of course you don't! *Dear Always the Victim*, Do you pawn off your laziness as anarchism? I've got

exciting news for you! The Man owes you nothing but an apology after his briefcase knocks your immobile ass down the moving staircase.

Phew. All this helping people isn't nearly as invigorating as I had hoped. I'm almost too tired to watch the thirty-eight hours of TiVo in my queue. Perhaps I'll get back to do-gooding after I walk to the post office to priority mail Chuck's questionnaire. What? If I'm going to be successful at this life-changing thing, I should probably get a business partner.

*Shelly Mazzanoble isn't really judgmental but she might be if she bothered thinking of anyone but herself.*