

Dollar Shave Club Blog

Father's Day: *Dad, I Love You...But You're The Reason I'm Still Single.*

By Mallory Norton

Last weekend I went to an engagement party for a family friend. My parents were invited, but out of town, so I went solo. After a rushed hello, every guy in my age bracket jumped right to the important question—“Where’s Dono?” “Where’s ‘Fish?’” “Man, your dad is the best.” “He’s *the* man.”—Their eyes darting off in every direction, in case they might spot him over my shoulder or in line at the bar. Every single one of them went on a 15 minute gush-fest about how much fun they’ve had with my dad at other weddings, camping, surfing, golfing. They each had nicknames for him and were eager to tell me their stories about him, or how they tried to grow a moustache like his. And all I could do was gush right back. *Damn*. It’s not just in my head—he really *is* the best.

Ok, so maybe on a sliding scale, I’m falling toward the Electra Complex. Although unintentional, the truth is...I do compare every guy I meet to my father. The more I date and the older I get, the more I realize there are certain attributes I’ve come to admire and expect from a man.

He’s handy.

I mean, *really* handy. I grew up watching *Home Improvement* and in my eyes he was the real life “Tim-the-tool-man-Taylor” ...only slightly less accident prone. He built my sister and I a playhouse; he designed and constructed mom her dream kitchen; re-furbished a 1956 Ford with all the trappings of a modern vehicle (power windows, sound system, A/C); he transformed our turn-of-the-century orange grove garage into his work “shed” (it’s a full-blown man cave: fridge, flat screen, outhouse, dart board and drawers upon drawers of tools). He’d rather do everything himself. Even when he hires someone to help him with a big job, he’s out there after work sweating with them—plumber’s crack and all.

I’ll never forget when I came home from work to find him on my Manhattan sidewalk constructing me a custom desk to fit inside my ridiculously tiny octagonal shaped bedroom in my first NYC apartment. My mother, was dutifully playing his assistant, and alerting any pedestrians of flying wood chips.

At this point, I was dating a guy whose nails were more well-manicured than mine. While I could have appreciated his pride in self-care and attention to detail, it made me realize that I don’t think this guy had stepped foot inside a Home Depot. *Ever*. “Drill bits” and DIY were not in his vocabulary. I don’t want a house full of Ikea crap. I want to be the sexy handy-man’s assistant: batting off wood chips, spackling dings and digging ditches in the back yard. I broke it off.

He's laid back, down-to-earth, goofy, happy, low maintenance.

He quotes movies and sings little jingles around the house. I love going to see comedies with him because his laugh reverberates through the whole theatre. He's just as happy with a turkey sandwich as he is with a grass-fed filet. He survived living with three hormonal females with a sense of humor, patience of a saint and a "no worries" attitude. He doesn't hold grudges. He is a horribly embarrassing dancer—but he could care less what anyone thinks and has the best time—and this makes him the best dance partner.

For a while last summer, I dated a guy who on paper seemed perfect: entrepreneur, intelligent, well-traveled, active and interested in the arts. It unraveled the day I got lint on his black shirt. We met for lunch after I'd been away for a few weeks. It was August so I donned a new white linen tank top to survive the swamp-like New York heat. I hugged him hello and he immediately recoiled. Before even asking how my trip was or uttering a cordial greeting, he spent at least 7 minutes meticulously searching for every last microscopic piece of white lint that might be on his shirt. He could not rest until his appearance was once again, blemish-less. He then referenced it at least three more times during lunch—holding it over my head. In trepidation, I sat at least 24 inches away from him lest I mar his perfection again. *How romantic.* I had bigger issues on my mind—I'd just quit my full-time job and found out I owed my old company \$3,000. All I wanted was for him to tell me everything would be okay and he just kept babbling on about f*cking *lint*. He went on to lecture me about making a list of goals and writing "Okay" instead of "K" in a text message. It would never work. He would never understand where I came from. He could never hang out and have a beer with my dad in the shed. Or dance silly. Or "do voices." It was over.

He's handsome, but doesn't know it (and definitely doesn't try).

My hairdresser would tell me. Other mommies picking me up for a play date would tell me. And as I got older, friends would tell me: "Your dad is so cute. He looks like Tom Selleck." He, however, was totally clueless. A 6-ft lean, effortlessly muscular build with dark hair, olive skin and bright green eyes—he's ruggedly handsome without fuss or fanfare. His wardrobe consists almost exclusively of Hawaiian shirts, shorts and flip flops, and he's been sporting a moustache and Wayfarers decades before hipsters could grow facial hair.

I try to remain open minded, but if I had a "type"....that would be it. Trust me, I've tried to fight it. I've strayed from the norm, dating shorter guys, skinnier guys, gingers, jocks and Spaniards. While the physicality was never the only reason it didn't work out with these men, I never felt entirely comfortable or at ease. It never felt right. I need to feel protected, comfortable, supported and attracted. If I eat more than him or if he has a concave ass—sorry—it's not going to work out.

I've also dated my fair share of handsome ones, but most of them *knew it*...and they were more interested in collecting compliments and searching for the next, hotter

girl to come along. They seemed insatiable; knowing with their looks they could keep searching for hot, hotter, hottest. To them I was disposable.

He's active and outdoorsy and has lots of hobbies.

He's a dude's dude. As referenced, he's so much fun that all of my guy friends would much prefer to hang out with him than me (another problem all together). He likes to fish, surf, camp, bike, woodwork, hunt, grill, travel, play darts, golf. He's currently learning to play the ukulele so he can sing lullabies to his grandson. *Swoon.*

I recently reconnected with really sweet guy who I knew from high school in California. I felt we had a head start because we came from the same region and upbringing. Yet, by the fourth or fifth date, no interests had surfaced. I felt like I was begging for him to have a hobby. I kept leading the witness, but I was getting nowhere:

What do you do when you're not working?

Uh...I don't know. Read. Uh...workout?

What do you read?

Mostly young adult fiction. Like Harry Potter.

Oh. Ok. Well, I'm training for a marathon...maybe we could go for a run along the river one day?

Oh, yeah...I really prefer treadmills and elliptical. I get too hot outdoors.

Oh...well, do you watch any sports?

I used to play baseball, but I gave it up. I Tivo Jay Leno.

Then what the hell did he do all the time?? It didn't make sense. Jay Leno tivo-ed is only 42 minutes. Running out of things to talk about and self-conscious enough not to drown him in my run-on list of hobbies, interests and "to-dos", I stopped prodding and trying to fabricate things that might make him fun or interesting. I also stopped answering his calls.

He loves his family.

More than anything, dad is a family guy. He coached both mine and my sister's softball teams (to victory, of course). He works in the family business. He loves my mom, sister and I more than anything. He just wants the best for us—always. He has always supported us whole-heartedly, and believed we could do and be anything. He gives great compliments, and can find something positive in any of my sob stories. He encouraged us to go away to college and study abroad to have experiences he never had. One of five boys raised by his single mother, my dad never really had a father, which even though I've never asked him, I'm pretty sure has made him ever more certain of the loyal, loving, father and husband he wanted to be.

Yet all other attributes aside, the way he looks at my mom tells it all. He *sees* her. All of her. And she, him. I have yet to meet anyone that looked at me *that way*—that loved me that much—that accepted me fully and unconditionally (silly voices,

idiosyncrasies, ugly feet et al.) And *that*, above all, is the reason I'm still single. I know it exists and I won't settle for anything less.

Thanks, Dad.