
Editorial (Sort of)

It's midterm time! (At least for me, anyway) I could whine about all the reading, cramming, screaming, note-photocopying and late-night panicking I have to do, but what I'm really trying to say is *ahem* yes, I'm pushing aside this week's editorial for academics. Excuses, excuses I know, but I think we're all in the same boat. Instead, I've gone through some of my writings and dug up a piece for this week. I admit it doesn't really discuss student-related topics, but I thought it might amuse you. Next week I should be back on track, (if I get through this week alive).

Who Opens The Door?

My friend, Jennifer, started going out with her boyfriend, Jeff, when we were all in high school. From the start, it was obvious that Jennifer and Jeff were going to be the "perfect" couple. Jeff is good-looking, intelligent, popular and always wears the right clothes, while Jennifer is pretty, never has a hair out of place and dresses like a fashion model. She sews most of her wardrobe by herself, bakes Jeff's favourite pies and adores children. Ambitiously, Jeff aspires to be a pilot, and most likely will succeed, as he has both brains and brawn to accomplish this dream. It is not difficult to visualize this couple in a few years' time with their children (whose names will begin with the letter "J"), dog, car and house. Being the planners they are, J. and J. have probably selected the typeface for their wedding invitations and the bathroom tiles for their summer home.

Jennifer's feat of holding on to a boyfriend for such a long period (four years) is an accomplishment that deserves recognition in the eyes of one, such as myself, who fails to successfully "trap" a man for more than a few weeks at a time. So, I have more or less resigned myself to the fact that Jennifer is the ultimate authority on what the perfect girlfriend does and does not do. She also is qualified to educate one on how the proper gentleman should

behave, which brings me to the title of this article.

Whenever I start seeing a member of the opposite sex, Jennifer, being the good friend that she is, does a complete personality analysis of Mr. Idiot-because-he's-dumb-enough-to-go-out-with-me, and offers advice on how to handle my man. Well, at one point in time, just to confuse things, Mr. Idiot happened to go by the name of Jeff. One day, Jennifer asked me if MY Jeff opened doors for me.

"What?" I stammered, not believing what she had just asked with utmost gravity. Jennifer proceeded to explain that a gentleman ALWAYS opens doors for his lady. It was difficult for me to suppress my giggles at her seriousness of what seemed to me to be a trivial matter.

Apparently, in the beginning of the "perfect" relationship, Jennifer would get very impatient with HER Jeff because on a very cold PEI winter evening, Jeff would unlock his car door, hop in, fasten seat belt, start up engine and clear windshield while Jennifer slowly came down with hypothermia, waiting to get into the car. Eventually, she confided in me, she was able to train her man to her satisfaction as far as door-opening (and unlocking) was concerned. Lately, she hasn't been getting frostbite quite as often.

Now I am not a girl who is out to prove that chivalry is still alive. I have a strange habit of looking at my men for qualities such as sex appeal, intelligence, sex appeal, empathy, sex appeal, good disposition, sex appeal, et cetera. I never really thought to check whether or not my potential victims open doors for me.

As it turned out, once Lady Perfect Girlfriend pointed it out to me, I did vaguely note the fact that MY Jeff did indeed open doors for me. I still don't view this door-opening business as the centre of a relationship. I have to admit I'm a bit of a