

CLASSIFICATION AND DIVISION

FIRST DATE

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(1) All of us will encounter the interesting phenomenon of that "first date" with a newly acquired friend. In the period of this one evening a relationship can be made or broken. The experience of this date subjects one to disaster, mediocrity, or bliss.

(2) The disaster usually begins as a blind date accepted in a moment of personal weakness: it is the evening that horrifying nightmares are made of. Your date shows up at your door dressed in bell-bottomed jeans, his favorite Neil Diamond t-shirt, white tennis shoes and black socks; you can't help but notice his striking resemblance to the "before" picture in body building ads. The evening's agenda, he informs you, includes a Three Stooges' film festival and dinner at White Castle. After listening to him belly-laugh at Moe and Curly for two hours, you are hardly prepared to listen to him discuss the comedic genius of the Stooges over a dinner of greasy hamburgers. Dinner is over and he suggests, trying to muster up a suggestive inflection in his voice, that you go to his house for a while; it takes all the intestinal fortitude you have not to shriek and faint at the proposal. He then takes you home, asks if you will be busy next weekend; you reply that you will probably be out of town indefinitely. He wonders if you could carry on some sort of correspondence anyway, and you suddenly realize that you'll probably be

dealing with this menace for a long time to come.

(3) The mediocre date is with the man at work whom you never noticed before. He says he knows of a great bar that televises all of the Lakers' home games and, although that fact hardly thrills you, you go along willingly. In between jump shots, you discuss things and discover that you have absolutely nothing in common. You spend the entire evening conversing about independent topics: he talks about basketball, taxes, his car, and his ex-girlfriend; you talk about music, art, your car, and your ex-boyfriend. All in all, the evening is a lesson in conflicting personalities. He takes you home and walks you to your door. He mumbles something about calling you; you know he won't, but, curiously enough, you don't really care.

(4) The blissful date is with the man you meet while browsing through the art museum. He smiles at you from across the room and casually makes his way to asking you to dinner. You know absolutely nothing about him, except that he is gorgeous, and you, therefore, see no real harm in throwing caution to the winds. When he picks you up he is wearing a pair of tweed pants, a Christian Dior shirt, and a Shetland wool sweater; he smells of Halston cologne and is wearing a Piaget watch. He asks if dinner at the Pump Room and a show at the Blackstone will be acceptable. You nod, trying to pretend that you are all too used to this type of treatment. Dinner is sumptuous, but what is more, he is captivated by every word you utter. You are astounded by the things you have in common: you both love everything from Chinese food to David Bowie's music. The show is wonderful, especially since it is followed by a romantic walk along the lakeshore. The evening ends much too soon, though it is nearly four a.m.; he walks you to your door and requests to kiss you good night. It has been the perfect evening, though no

promises for the future were made nor were any expected.

(5) It should be evident that first dates are risky. It is difficult to be certain that when you utter that little word "Yes" to a proposition, the evening won't end up a failure. On the other hand, there is also a chance that the evening will lead to romance and life-long happiness. Perhaps it is that slim chance that makes us think twice before refusing that "first date."