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Expectations in Relationships

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Bradley Cooper, Channing Tatum and Ryan Gosling: Three attractive men you may never meet. If you do happen to meet any of them, some of you may freak out. These chiseled men are the standard to which some women hold every man they meet.

Both sexes have internal wiring telling them to satiate their hunger for physical contact.

Yes, a man’s sex drive and testosterone levels are higher than a woman’s. But does that mean sex is all men want? Certainly not. If you believe the thousands of passive aggressive Facebook statuses or tweets pushing this argument, you are a fool.

Men were designed to judge appearance for procreation purposes. Checking a chick out is in our DNA. Now, there are some men that take this to the extreme and look no further. But do not make the mistake of grouping us all together into one big chauvinistic corral.

Take different groups of animals: Some male birds put on colorful displays with their feathers to attract potential mates. We are animals after all, and denying that fact is pretty silly.

Say you’re at a bar or party and a guy approaches you. He asks you your major, your interests and who you are there with. Now you have a few options. If you say “I have a boyfriend,” you are jumping to the conclusion that he just wants to get in your pants. Option two: you can engage in conversation with him and continue to chew the fat or walk away. There will be some girls screaming “it’s a trap!” Some will be right. But not every man talks to you just because he wants to take you on the train to pound town later.

We assume people want something from us the minute they talk to us: a ride, sex, food, you name it. This is a common mistake. It’s disrespectful to assume that when a guy approaches you to talk it’s a sexual advance.

The other day, I had coffee with this girl. I am also in a loving relationship with a beautiful woman. How can this be you ask? Gypsy magic? No, we just talked the entire time. I didn’t get sexual with her, I didn’t engage in what I would consider normal courting activities. We simply talked and listened to one another.

Sometimes that’s all we want: a friend. Other times we really do enjoy the aspects of a romantic relationship with a woman. I want to take care of my girlfriend when she is sick without babying her. I want to snuggle with her on the couch for a quiet night in every now and again. I want to take her out to dinner, but I’m also a poor college student who would like to be taken out for dinner for a change. Relationships should be about making each other happy, while putting in equal effort.

Chivalry is dead? Kiss my ass. It’s not dead; it just got its hair done and goes by the name “expectation.”

COLE KOMMA
it will find you someday, in some shape and form. (Though we all not-so-secretly hope that form resembles Ryan Gosling, amiright?)

The other week I was chatting with my girls, discussing our current dry spells in the love department. “Are our expectations too high?” we asked each other, knowing full well our lengthy laundry list was nearly impossible to meet, from Ames to the end of the world.

I’ve been cursed with bad timing—like, leaving-the-country-tomorrow bad—and a fear for anything resembling a formal date. I’ve missed out on some promising opportunities due to this sorted fate, but there’s one man who keeps my faith alive. He’s a half-Jewish, Death Cab-loving teenager who lives in Newport Beach with his best friend Captain Oats.

I suppose you could say I have been searching for the better part of my life for my own Seth Cohen. (And that epic kiss—what guy is going to don a Spiderman mask and kiss me upside down in the rain? Swoon.) It’s also safe to say that my search continues.

I’ve been single for long enough—completely by choice, or so I tell myself—to leave me pondering over the qualities I absolutely need and those I can live without. Back in the real, 3D world my expectations materialize in a checklist of more reasonable qualities. Does this mystery man respect my mind and my body? Does he share my sense of humor? Can he act his age yet not take life too seriously? Will he shamelessly jam out to One Direction with me?

I think it’s pretty safe to say most girls want someone who can handle the real—pardon me—shit of life, who can be supportive even when he doesn’t know the answer. We need a vent, someone to absorb our heated blows without being judgmental. And sometimes, every once in awhile, we just need a man to clear our minds and relieve our stress.

My news feed is filled with complaints of men dropping doors in ladies’ faces or paying for only his portion of dinner. I say to hell with chivalry. I’m not a feminist, but I do believe that every man and woman should be able to fend for his or herself. Drop a door on my face? Well, actually, that’s just kind of common courtesy, so don’t do that. But hey, if I want to eat ¾ of a pizza pie on a first date, I’ll pay my fair share.

Financials aside, the list of lustworthy qualities goes on. Having a true passion for your interests is such a turn on. And drive, drive to be something great, whether or not that pans out in the end. It’s OK to not know what that something great is right now, but sitting around on the couch playing video games all day won’t get you very far. (Nor will it get you a date.) Instead, why don’t you take us out for a surprise adventure? Teach us something new about yourself and your interests when it’s all an exciting mystery—after all, isn’t that the best part about dating?

ABBY GILMAN