

Etiquette For Men: A Book of Modern Manners and Customs

reviewed by brad deighan

written by G.R.M Devereux, 2002

Any book which professes to "assist the smooth-running of our everyday affairs, friendships, and social functions" while simultaneously assisting "any man who desires social happiness and success" (11) is a book which follows a worthy venture indeed. However, upon the most minute inspection, this compilation of etiquette is simply not stringent enough to uphold the values of any decent living man - it is maligned and horrific! What kind of degenerate monkey men would adhere to the callous barbarousness of this book I do not know. What I speak of will very soon become obvious to you.

Take, for example, what Devereux has to say of etiquette at the

table, in the area of dessert. "Grapes are placed in the mouth singly, or, rather, squeezed into the mouth, the skin being kept in the fingers. Many people remove the seeds with the fingers, but strictly the fork should be used." Now come on, you surely would not accept this depiction of how one might politely eat a grape?! How terribly horrendous! How absurd!! An affront in the face of human civilization all over the world! The grape should not be touched by the fingers where some juice might run down the hand, it should be delicately sliced on the plate using knife and fork, while the spoon is held by the handle, and between the teeth. This allows for the bowl of the spoon to catch any juice that may be released as pressure is exerted on the fruit. Furthermore, a slice equalling a 1/12 serving ratio should be divided off the grape where

the standard metric system is used, while a 1/10 ratio should be followed in areas where the modern metric system is used. However, if one is in an area of high forestation, one will want to have a basic understanding of mathematics, to ensure that the meal's set time period is divided into equal slots, which will serve as a calendar depicting when to slice, and when to eat the next grape particle. This will ensure that one does not run out of grape before meal time is up, and also that one is not left with an overly large hunk of grape which cannot be consumed by the ending of the meal in an honourable fashion - one does not, of course, want to play the role of glutton.

Furthermore, to conceive of serving grapes in which there is a layer of skin intact around the outer surface is simply ridiculous, for proper

grapes are now grown without this. As for the seeds, no ethical human being would ever think of growing such a terrible little problem these days. Gloves are to be worn at all times, and silk bed-sheets lined with gilt edges are now commonplace to be used as napkins in any normal household.

There are many other examples which I might quote for you, but I would not be so inclined so as to further upset your moral and mental balance by stating the barbarous slaughter of social hacks this book promotes. I am furiously disgusted with the etiquette within, and will do my best to promote a healthy standard of etiquette, as I feel it is my duty to publish a book which upholds those manners which are valid and which our American taste buds stand for. Tallyho partner, off to Burger King I am - now mind your manners!

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I don't got to UPEI

By Shannon Comeau

My name is Shannon Comeau and I don't go to the University of Prince Edward Island. You may have seen me wandering the campus, maybe even studying in the library and of course, at the Wave on Wednesdays but the shocker is...I don't pay tuition and attend classes. I may have the backpack, the binders, the mugs and the clothing that say U.P.E.I. but my student I.D. still says Charlottetown Rural. I even play on the U.P.E.I. dodge ball club. I have been out of high school for about two and a half years and am now upgrading those good ol' 621 marks at Holland College.

If you know me, you've asked, "when you will be attending U.P.E.I.?" and for the past 2 years, I've said next semester. It's been a good answer in my opinion as it gets people off my back. I also love stretching the truth when someone I don't really know asks me how school is going. Of course, they aren't asking about my Adult Education so I respond that I love the classes, so happy that I decided to enroll. I attended one class with

a friend once and it made me ache for the days when I could just doodle in my scribbler and make a list of the things I need to get done for the day. Isn't that what school is all about these days anyways? Oh right, that was just what my school is like.

I think that U.P.E.I. should hire me as a representative, just ship me off to far off places where I can wear my U.P.E.I. outfit complete with shorts, shirt, sweater and bandana. I'll only travel with my bookstore backpack and water bottle, a box of calendars and applications and a signed picture of me and Brandon MacKenzie. I would have a lot of good things to say about all the different faculties because I've been on almost all of their pub crawls.

I have high hopes for one day attending U.P.E.I. and I know that someday I will actually pay (with the help of the Government) the ridiculous amount of money to doze off in class and pass in assignments two or three days after they are due. I can't wait another day but alas kids, I am putting off my studies at U.P.E.I. until next semester.

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