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**If Chivalry is Dead, Blame it on the Selfish Feminists**

Thankfully, there are still men out there who will take your coat, pull out the chair and pay for dinner, writes Lucy Jones.

**By Lucy Jones, Assistant Comment Editor at The Telegraph.co.uk**

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Sisters, I have sinned. According to the Society for the Psychology of Women, I am guilty of ‘benevolent sexism’.

Let me confess.

On Sunday I asked a male friend to help me sell a computer (gigabyte? hard drive? You’ve lost me); on Monday, I happily took the tube seat of a strapping young gentleman who offered; on Tuesday, I forced my boyfriend to carry the groceries home; this morning I emailed a group of friends with the subject line “hey girls.”

Feminist psychologists cite exactly these four examples in a report published today rattling against women who are “not aware of the overall prevalence and extent of sexism in their personal lives blah blah blah.”

Apparently, I have may have caused “potential harm” to women. I can’t help but wonder whether the time of these academics might be better spent helping victims of domestic abuse or rape, say, or under-age prostitutes – rather than creating problems that aren’t really there.

I’m as “feminist” as the next woman – if that means supporting gender equality – but there’s nothing worse than a po-faced man-basher whose mouth purses up when the door is held open for her.

“You’ve abandoned the sisterhood,” they whine, when a woman simply wants to be looked after and treated like a lady. Do they really believe men think we can’t open a door ourselves?

In a world where you’re likely to be asked out on a date on Facebook or proposed to via tweet, it would be pleasant for some “old school” traditions to remain.

Thankfully, there are still men out there who will take your coat, pull out the chair and pay for dinner. Hairy bra-burners may be happy to walk on the outside of the road but what about the rest of us?

If chivalry is dead, blame it on the feminists.

Songs of Roland

And Oliver has cantered through the crush;

Broken his spear, the truncheon still he thrusts;

Going to strike a pagan Malsarun;

Flowers and gold, are on the shield, he cuts,

Out of the head both the two eyes have burst,

And all the brains are fallen in the dust;

He flings him dead, sev'n hundred else amongst.

Then has he slain Turgin and Esturgus;

Right to the hilt, his spear in flinders flew.

Then says Rollant: "Companion, what do you?

In such a fight, there's little strength in wood,

Iron and steel should here their valour prove.

Where is your sword, that Halteclere I knew?

Golden its hilt, whereon a crystal grew."

Says Oliver: "I had not, if I drew,

Time left to strike enough good blows and true."