

# Sidesaddle

by Amber-Leigh Golding

One of the best things about attending a university, indeed the only good thing come to think of it, is the opportunity it affords a gal such as myself to come into delightful, close contact with numerous and often gorgeous members of the opposite sex.

This was the point of school orientation, at least as far as I was concerned.

This marvelous and wondrous realization first dawned on me when I started here last fall. It was during the early days of September, whilst shopping at the SUB bookstore for all those absurdly overpriced textbooks, that I discovered for myself what the bookstore was really for — narrow and exceedingly crowded aisles allowing for up-close inspection of a lot of great looking guys.

Needless to say, I've been rubbing bodies with Dalhousie boys ever since.

Now don't get me wrong. I am not a tramp. In fact, nothing could be farther from the truth. Just looking, thank-you-very-much. I make it a point to never — or almost never — fondle the merchandise, as it were. But I can see some people will think me crude.

Well I'm not.

Can I help it if I possess a naturally curious and gregarious sort of personality?

Is it my fault that I happen to be the sort of person who enjoys meeting new and interesting people — particularly people of the male persuasion, clad in clinging shirts and snug-fitting slacks with biceps and butts that bulge to bloody perfection?

Am I to be held accountable for simply having a preference for a well-built bod over a well-built IQ?

For that matter, is it right and just that I should be held up to public ridicule simply because, perhaps, mind your ass, I might happen to be slightly insatiable?

I think not.

Remember, I just look. I hardly ever touch.

Think of life as the scenic route, with the hills and valleys dotted with beautiful men, and the horizon beyond decorated with still more. Think of life so and you'll easily understand where I'm coming from.

Everybody is good at something. Every woman has a goal in life. Mine happens to be molesting men — visually that is.

Now, if you're like me, and you want to seek out the ultimate in male physiques, then you might as well go about it correctly.

For me the Dal bookstore was never the same again for the rest of the year. I guess there's nothing quite like the September rush for doing what I like to do best — spectator sport — and it wasn't long before I realized what was definitely needed was a new place from which to operate. Location is everything.

For the purpose of molesting men, I can think of no better locale than the Library. I don't know what you may have been told it was for, and don't much care, but I am here today to tell you that the Killam is for much more than reading dusty old books.

Make no mistake, there is a much deeper purpose to the place.

Like the aforementioned bookstore, the Killam is a near ideal location in which to flit about flirting. Or is that flirt about flitting? Either way, I've got the method down to a fine art. Gracious soul that I am, I shall share with all you new girlies to the school my modus operandi.

The first thing to do is secure for yourself a good position somewhere off the beaten path. Be careful that the spot you pick is not too out of the way, however, or you will wind up isolating yourself completely. Try to strike some sort of a balance between the two extremes; a spot which is neither excessively public nor too private. An aisle where the books look somewhat askew is a good bet.

What I do is prop myself up against a shelf with a volume in hand so as not to look too conspicuous. It doesn't matter really what the book is since you won't be reading it anyway.

Then there is nothing left to do but make like a spider ensconced in her web, laying in wait for some delectable prey to come sauntering by.

You will find that it's usually not very long before the first in a seemingly endless line of fascinating prospects will come your way.

The thing to keep in mind is to be choosy. With so many to choose from, there is really no need to molest the very first fellow that crosses your path.

Once someone shows up who proves suitable for your purposes it is an easy enough job to start moving in. I find a deceptive request works best. The old stand-by "I can't seem to locate a particular book" works very well indeed.

I was in a philosophical section once when this appealing creature waltzed within my grasp. Wasting no time, I enquired of him the location of a fictional book crucial to an equally fictional assignment.

"Pardon me, I wonder if you could help me find a book — I

just know it's here someplace — called "Maidenhead: the Ayn Rand Story?"

If the barbarian refuses to come to your assistance, then cut your losses and wait for something better to come along. If, on the other hand he claims he's come across this same book recently, rest assured — you are very much in business.

What you do with the pathetic sot after enticing him with your shrewd deception is your own affair.

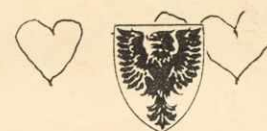
Most gals coming into the university think the best way to get at the fellas is to show up at official gatherings; Frosh Week, departmental parties, etc. I don't happen to believe they're the best places at all. The problem with

those events is that guys show up specifically to pick us up.

Now in all seriousness I ask you, how can you expect to molest fellow if they're too busy trying to molest you?

Be in charge. Take control of your own destiny. Catch a hunk off guard. Remember a man is nothing more than a commodity. He may be bigger than you but nine times out of ten you're smarter than he is.

You have to catch him when he least expects it. Try it in the library.



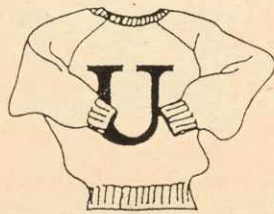
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