

A letter from her to him

entertained my thoughts, interfering with my higher intellectual pursuits.

The activity of the party is roaring behind us, our senses synthetically dulled. . . my subconscious reacts and the beginning of role reversal emerges. The nervous of the moment was intense, the first steps towards opening myself to the possibility of rejection that men know to be so familiar. Desire surpasses

fear, my proposition is delivered. . . an evening with wine and relaxation. . . I feel euphoric and relieved by your positive response. But anxious feelings are not resolved. . . is the wine appropriate? the atmosphere conducive? will my hidden agenda be discovered too soon? The concerns of setting the stage are multiplicative and intricate, exhilarating and exhaustive. A delicious mixture of contradi-

tion!

We have made progress since that first evening. It has been my intent to romance you as I have often dreamed of being romanced. Requesting your company, showering you with symbols of my affection, flowers (I hope they were the right colour) romantic letters (to spur your interest at mid-week slump) the exactly perfect cologne, a silver chain around your neck (a reminder)

and more inclusive all that I have worked for shared freely. Each time trembling in the anticipation of your response and wishing feedback in the form of praise for imaginative ideas and a performance well executed.

Yet, I still had not truly felt the extent of my vulnerability and fear of rejection until last night. The culmination of my efforts. . . my manifest destiny! A new frontier. . . my proposal of partnership. I wandered into the Social Club, for a drink, to relax and collect my thoughts. I became aware I was participating in a traditional male ritual. Yes, arriving to pop the question smelling like I had recently escaped from a brewery vat. Oh! as females how we have shunned this behaviour, but there! sat in contemplation over my beer. You must have questioned my sincerity? In the past if roles were not reversed I might have.

The waiting game. . . you'll think about it and I'll wander aimlessly but patiently, my romance hinged on your decision.

Your company and understanding have taught me a valuable lesson. . . and your arms have provided a warm

shelter during this newness. The ultimate question is then, "WOULD YOU BE MY VALENTINE?"

Love Her.

In summary I have come to the conclusion that although the general trend has moved towards equality of opportunity, there remains some frontiers we have not ventured to cross.

Ladies. . . it isn't appropriate that we only choose the best of both possible worlds. The grass is always greener on the other side no matter which side you are on. The fear of possible rejection, the financial investment, the pressures to be creative with your romance, to always choose the right gift and to know without feedback when to ask those all important questions. Consider, all this becomes more difficult without the incredibly supportive partnership I've had.

No time like the present to begin to take some incentive towards making your relationships more at ease. Best achieved through a letter understanding of the role of the other. Create a space where your Valentine can realize his worth!

Name withheld upon request

To save us embarrassment

Editor:

The regular column named "Mugwump Journal" contained several unquestionable false statements, specifically with respect to the composition of

the CSL Board of Directors, the reasons for which the popular initiative on the information page was not discussed by council, and finally the references to the official Secretarial policy on free

press. On the assumption that these errors were unintentional I request only a retraction and correction. The precise errors contained in the column were directly referred to by the President at the last meeting of council. To save you any embarrassment, and to allow you to "regulate" your own activities, it is unnecessary for me to aid you in enumerating the exact incorrect statements made. Looking forward to swift response from you and the author. . .

Oliver Koncz
Secretary of Information
STUDENT UNION

Tupperware Party demands orange

Dear Mr. MacKinnon

I am on the CSL Board of Directors and don't belong to the Student Party. I am in fact head of the UNB Tupperware Party. In light of your actions I'm afraid we are going to have to return your 1 orange

membership fee unless an apology is forthwith.

P.S. Don Coombs is not in the S.P. And Tim Lethbridge is not even on the CSL Board. Get your facts straight.

Mike Pringle
Rep at Large

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