

# Animal Love



## So, ya wanna come back to my place?

That's right kids, it's time to get together. September and the early part of October are the prime mating season for young university students. Workloads are still manageable, new people abound and many are spending time in bars, diligently blowing the remainder of their summer income.

Booze is the aphrodisiac that sparks this game, and on many nights, in many bars, the players are a gaggle of university students. This is not to say that students go out looking for action. Often people are out someplace (a bar) and just happen to fall into something (a bed). If we all thought about it, I'm sure we'd discover that the majority of our 'encounters' with a new person occur while we are under the influence of a chemical not naturally present in our blood stream.

This being an editorial, I feel obligated to point out that such behaviour is bad. And so is smoking, drinking, staying out late, sleeping through class, pur-

chasing goods on credit, and picking your nose in public.

Good, now I feel like a better person.

But who am I kidding? Most of us need to be a little bit lush to kick those nagging self-doubts, stir up some courage, unleash that raging libido within, and massively lower our standards. Did I say most of us? Sorry I meant you...most of you.

Morning arrives — the booze wears off, the headache kicks in, and there are questions that must be answered — do I like the person I got together with? Does this person like me? Where am I? Where are my clothes?

Even if someone answers yes to the first question (hopefully they'll know about the other stuff too) it is not a given that they will pursue the matter. Especially since the line between showing interest in a person and being considered a possessive psycho-stalker seems to be growing thinner. Indifference is in, and passion is passe.

In many cases a steady rela-

tionship is when two people consistently go home with each other from a bar (that is if they happen to bump into each other and they're both leaving at the same time).

But now it's getting late October and the work is starting to pile up and the money is running out and suddenly, staying home on a Saturday night to rent a movie doesn't sound like such a bad idea. And hmmm, wouldn't it be great if there was someone to do it with?

Yes, people are now pairing up for the long haul (the snows are coming). There is an unspoken promise, an assumed commitment (commitment, oh what a dirty word) and such relationships seem to be popping up everywhere right now.

To help you understand people's thought processes, as I perceive them, I have prepared a little sports metaphor for your consumption.

So it's the start of tennis season (sorry I'm not into team sports), and many players are

searching for a new mixed-doubles partner. Of course, people want a talented and compatible partner, so they show off for a while to attract the best possible offers. Often a pair will play together for a while to try each other out. But eventually the pairing-up must occur. Others are pairing-up too, and nobody wants to be stuck without anyone to play with.

Most of the pairings will last the entire year but there are a few trouble spots. Many first year students who returned home for Thanksgiving (just recently) discovered their high school sweethearts aren't as sweet as they once thought. These spurned romantics are poured back into the singles pot, slightly bitter, and floating around for a loose commitment (oh, I wrote that word again).

Later in the year, as people wander home for the Christmas holiday, many will suffer from an acute sense of amnesia which can cause them to forget their 'attachments' at school. Upon returning to school, there will be some turnover, and the mating ritual will be played out again — this time on a smaller scale than in September.

I would like to use this opportunity to suggest a new way of doing things.

The relationship, as we know it, continues to erode so why not do away with it entirely. We should rework the way we interact with each other to better reflect the values of our generation. Just imagine...what if people were allowed to get-it-on with any member of their herd, whenever a pair wanted? And after sex, what if they could chase down dinner together? And then what if they could relax with a roll in the mud? What about that? Wouldn't that be great?

On second thought, perhaps I'm a little ahead of my time with that thought.

ANDREW SIMPSON

## letters

### I love you Abhi...

Congratulations to Abhi Samant for finally saying what needs to be said ("In defense of elitism", *the Gazette*, October 10). The issue is not — as Chris Riou wrongly interpreted — the questionable value of a liberal arts education, but the value of a subsidised liberal arts education for one and all. Simply put, thousands of university "students" are not here to learn.

Everyone knows to whom I am referring: that sea of puzzled faces in the back row — when they bother to come to class — constantly asking the professor that poignant question, "Will this be on the exam?" Don't kid yourselves folks, Abhi is right; just sit in on any first year class in liberal arts and count the baseball caps and blank stares.

If universities don't have enough money to go around, they should stop wasting on these people and improve the quality of the education for those of us who came for the right reason. In many countries in Europe, the complete cost of university is paid for by the taxpayers, but entry is restricted to those people who first demonstrate their desire and willingness to learn.

I see no reason that the people of Canada should continue to subsidise higher education for the thousands of psychology students whose idea of learning is to busy themselves copying the professor's overheads to the extent that they do not even listen to what is being said, while at the same time compelling brilliant but impoverished students who are keen to learn — be it in arts or engineering — to cripple their collective futures with monstrous student loans.

MILTON HOWE

### "Troll Boy" Delusional

Chris Yorke and I had barely met before I gave him a copy of my magazine, so it was quite a surprise to see that he chose to review it (in the Oct. 10 issue of *The Gazette*) with the frustrated fervency of a spurned lover. In coming to his summation, "Love it", he attacked my politics, my sexuality, my intellect, and if that hadn't been personal enough, he printed my home address after I'd expressly asked him to leave it out of any mass publications.

It's difficult to respond to such viciousness, but I do assure each and every *Gazette* reader that I am a hardcore feminist, who already gets plenty of attention. Whenever a troll boy like Chris Yorke tells a girl that she is just trying to be a feminist, then he is just trying to shut her up, and he should know that tactic never works.

It was especially embarrassing to be described as one "of the more prominent" writers at the Comic Jam, since I only spent about twenty minutes there, amongst truly dedicated individuals who set up tables to display their work or otherwise helped organize the event. Those people were the true gurus of the day, not Chris Yorke, who only articulated his own self-absorbed delusions.

HEATHER TALLY

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