

Gettin' Some

It's springtime — and love, as they say, is in the air. Spring is nature's way of getting everyone laid. Sorry, but there are just no two ways about this. If you're not ensnared in a glamorous affair of seduction and lust by, say, next Friday — forget about it. You're hopeless.

Look, don't blame me — if I had my way I'd spend springtime like any other season, holed up in my room with first-edition Doonesbury books and a bottle of Old Smuggler's. But I must obey my primal urges. I must venture forth into the wild and find a mate. Ideally, within my own species.

We may as well resign ourselves and get this over with. If we all cooperate, we can make this as painless as possible.



C.S. Hendrix, The Daily Planet, U. of Atlanta

Step One — Preparation

First off, let's establish this — love is just a way to make lust seem noble. Flowers, romance, next-day phone calls — these are simply necessary evils. The sooner we all accept this, the happier we shall be. So forget about preserving any sort of dignity or honor in this process.

The initial step to surviving mating season is to maximize your appeal. This is enormously subjective, so you should just go with your instincts. There are a few basic guidelines:

- Hygiene is important. The fewer communicable diseases you carry, the more likely someone will choose to get naked with you.
- Lie like crazy. Impending inheritance, embellished social standing, straight-faced lies concerning the dimensions of certain body parts — all these enhance desirability.
- Be sure to fan your tail feathers to display the attractive bold colors of your plumage.

Step Two — The Approach

Honesty, in a perfect world, would be the best policy regarding sex. This is not a perfect world — most people still insist on innuendo and pretense. Except frat boys. Just kidding.

And so you must be crafty — some DOs and DON'Ts:

DO — blush coyly, act sensitive, engage in witty banter

DON'T — lunge, leer, drool, grunt, touch yourself, beg

DO — show up for a date well-groomed and personable

DON'T — show up drunk, naked and glazed in Wesson oil

DEFINITELY DON'T — bring out The Gimp

Step Three — The Deed

Man, I don't know what to tell you. You're on your own — all rules and reality tend to go out the window once the blinds are drawn. You are in a weird and unknowable world of primitive instincts, raging insecurities, shame, ecstasy and latex. Good luck. If you can make sense of it, for God's sake, write it down.

Step Four — The Denouement

It's over. Good work. You've gone through the motions and fulfilled your Darwinian obligations. Furthermore, by getting some, you have given your ego a booster shot that should get you through the next several months (or several hours, depending on your appetite).

You are now free to kick back and enjoy the more wholesome aspects of spring... gentle breezes, blooming flowers, baseba—

Damn.

■ Glenn McDonald

BlahBlahBlah Cutting Room Floor

The world of publishing is hard and cruel — a barren wasteland of geeks, retreads, sociopaths and sadists. It is no place for the weak. Most editors would as soon eat your liver raw as publish your writing.

We here at *U. Magazine* are the sole exception. We're your friends. We're not like the others. You can trust us. Still, there is a limit to what we can do. Over the course of this publishing year, we've had a number of quality stories we haven't been able to publish due to constraints of time and space. So we thought we'd clue you in this month to all the stories you didn't read this year in *U. Magazine*.

In August, we were set to run a scorching exposé on the movement to legalize marijuana. We ran out of space. In October, we had three students report on the best slumming activities available — bowling, backwater taverns and warehouse clubs. We ran out of time. There were stories written on student game show winners, on eating cheap, on athletes who chose to stay in school instead of going pro, on the special circumstances of nontraditional students. We even almost ran profiles on Quentin Tarantino (who blew us off), Tom Hanks (whose people blew us off), the Beastie Boys (who were very nice) and the elusive Shannon Faulkner, the first female student at the Citadel.

Alas, sometimes we're thwarted. We want to extend our thanks and regrets to all the fine student writers and artists who worked on these stories that never were. When you shed this mortal coil, at the Gates, St. Peter will hand you your manuscript and you shall be vindicated. We'll be looking up with pride — from the Ninth Circle of Editors With Empty Promises.



Leftfield

Steve McNutt, *The Bucknellian*, Bucknell U.

