

past, present and future

This just in: love sucks! *Love after infatuation*

If you're the type who has trouble comprehending Shakespeare, just keep this in mind the next time you're perusing the Bard: much of his material breaks down

was the last kid picked for ratball, the fashion outcast of the church youth group, and the dateless wonder amid budding Lotharios. I'm pretty sure I

mean fish) in the sea, after all. And I have plenty to offer a potential mate: unmaterialistic mindset (broke), freewheeling lifestyle (I take the bus), unconventionality (geek hobbies), creativity (insufferable art snob), charm (bad jokes) ... why, these days my loserhood is practically dormant! There's not a woman in the world who wouldn't kill to have me!

A few days ago, I was watching a movie on TV about two people falling in love. The girl had a smile plastered on her face, the guy seemed to be walking

There is a love far more powerful and far more satisfying; it's love after infatuation.

when you're planning out what to talk about next.

Now, the conversation flows or, if it doesn't, we understand that it's OK to be silent sometimes. We finish each other's sentences and have a plethora of looks we give each other that mean anything from "you're embarrassing me" to "you're beautiful."

We know each other's likes and dislikes. We can tell if the other person is tired, or has had a bad day.

He knows all my faults and I know his. He knows my strengths and my weaknesses.

He won't leave me even if I act unreasonable and immature. He puts up with my horrid morning breath, stubborn streak and messy car.

He loves me. I love him.

I can

only hope that everyone can experience true love once in their life. It's a feeling I wouldn't trade for anything in the whole world.

To Jeremy, my best friend and soulmate: Happy Valentine's Day. Thank you for everything you do for me and everything you are in my life. I love you with all my heart.

Confession of a loser



Joel P. Shempert
Contributing Writer

top the loser list—even Charlie Brown at least had a baseball team.

I suppose I should be grateful. After all, with a love life that once consisted of "loved and wished" and later became "loved and rejected," "loved and lost" should seem a veritable paradise.

Strange; that's not what it feels like. I guess I just can't get as excited over getting my heart dislodged and trampled as the average individual.

Still and all, I suppose it could be worse. She could have waited until I had spent a month in Eastern Europe pinning for her before deciding to "move on with her life." Oh, wait; she did.

Or she could have let her reservations about our relationship well up for weeks or more before finally pouring out her frustration. That's right; she did that too.

But at least she didn't break up with me by phone. Oops—strike three.

But hey; I'm not bitter. Far from it! Why, by golly, I'm quite the catch! I'm still in the game. There are plenty of cliches (oops, I

Ok, move over, Ramses—there's a new King of Denial. You know, I'm honestly not a misogynist. I like women. Really. A lot. And though that may sound like the last-ditch backpedaling of a loser who still wants a shot at love, may I submit that perhaps the problem is not with women but with humanity? Oscar Wilde offered this cheery insight on the matter: *Yet each man kills the thing he loves, by each let this be heard... the coward does it with a kiss, the brave man with a sword!*

Like the man says: *Love sucks.*

Valentine's Day is focused mainly on this type of gushy love. It's a holiday where we thrive on the flowers, candy, and romantic movies.

(As a weird side note: When I was a little girl, I used to have this recurring dream where every Valentine's Day, Cupid would come and shoot me with an arrow so I would fall in love with him. So, I would spend my days in love with the god of love...I was a strange child...but I digress.)



The view from the soapbox



Shelbi Wescott
Feature Editor

on air, and they both exchanged coy, flirtatious glances.

I thought back to the beginning of my relationship with my boyfriend, Jeremy. We were like that at the start. We had our "puppy love" stage.

We all know the signs of "puppy love" or—the less friendly term—infatuation. It's a state of perpetual bliss, having your nervous system breakdown (sweaty palms, increased heart-rate, blushing, etc.), and putting on those rose colored glasses.

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While infatuation can be fun, true love, real love, is the most intense feeling any human can feel. It is stronger than anger, stronger than hate-love is a powerful tool—and it shouldn't be taken for granted.

I made a promise to myself that I wouldn't say "I love you"

to anyone until I knew I meant it. I kept that promise. And now when I say "I love you" to Jeremy, he never has to wonder if I mean what I say; he knows my love is real.

It frustrates me when I hear people use that phrase in vain. I feel they are cheating themselves out of reality and potency "I love you" carries.

I don't miss being infatuated. I don't miss the awkward moments when you're still trying to convince the person that you're worth staying with, or the silences



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