

# STUSSAULT

february 13, 2004



# Paraskevidekatriaphobia

Paraskevidekatriaphobia, this means a fear of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. Even though, few of us actually fear the day, we are all familiar with the superstitions that center around its unlucky nature. But the roots of this superstition are vague.

For this issue, we thought it might be appropriate to look into the history of the dreaded day.

We began our search at a web site aptly titled *uselessknowledge.com*. According to their "experts" the day's reputation dates back to Friday October 13, 1307. It was on this day that the Pope and the King of France sentenced the Knights Templar to death.

At *howstuffworks.com* most of the folklore is attributed to the combination of the unlucky number 13 and the historically ill-fated sixth day or Friday.

Both Hindu and ancient Scandinavian traditions warned that it was unlucky for 13 people to congregate. (There were 13 people at the last supper.) Supposedly in western culture the number 13 was vilified by priests because it was a symbol of goddess worship.

Also, according to one urban legend "expert," Christians have always been wary of the day Friday because the early church speculated it was the day the Great Flood began, the day Adam and Eve were exiled from the garden, and the day Jesus was crucified (Good Friday?).

**By Erik Eilers** As an English major, I have been exposed to all kinds of poetry. While most of the time I have difficulty interpreting the meaning of the poem, there are a few poems which I have really connected with and feel that have something important to say. In the spirit of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> and Valentine's Day I have decided to share a poem with you, which I consider to be in line with both events, by Edgar Allen Poe (one of my favorite writers). And for all of you who do not like poetry, try reading it aloud and the rhythm just might change your mind about this poem. I would not necessarily, however, recommend reading this to a sweetheart. Enjoy.

*By Edgar Allen Poe*

I was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we  
Of many far wiser than we  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling - my darling - my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Text taken from [http://quotations.about.com/cs/poemlyrics/a/Annabel\\_Lee.htm](http://quotations.about.com/cs/poemlyrics/a/Annabel_Lee.htm)

# RULES FOR SURVIVING a horror movie

**By Erik Eilers** Having watched my fair share of scary movies, I have noted, over the years, several points that are common for main characters to make. Often they are quite avoidable, but in the heat of the moment people do dumb things. So, in an effort to prevent needless deaths, should you find yourself in a horror movie, I have compiled this list to assist anyone caught in that unfortunate situation.

-If you are not the main character, or the love interest, your chances of survival are about one in ten. Your best bet is to be the quirky comic relief, but even then it's a toss up.

-Do not trust anyone.

-Do not move into any house on Elm Street, never move to a small town in Maine, and avoid the Bermuda Triangle at all costs.

-If you are driving alone at night, and you run out of gas (even though you just filled up twenty miles ago) you are in trouble.

-Never rely on the friends around you. They will all die, one-by-one, and leave you alone to face the killer.

-Never, ever, go looking in dark corners and rooms for the source of mysterious sounds. If it was just a cat you have about two seconds to get away before you die.

-Never accept gifts from strangers, especially if you think they might be dead.

-Avoid situations that are suspicious such as: deserted towns and dark, empty rooms.

-If appliances or other machinery start operating on their own, it is not your friend playing a prank on you, you are about to die.

-Avoid phrases like: "I'll be right back," "Let's check it out," and "We should split up." They never lead to anything but a character getting slaughtered.

-Never, under any circumstances, run upstairs when being chased by the killer.

-At night, never put your face two inches from a window if you think

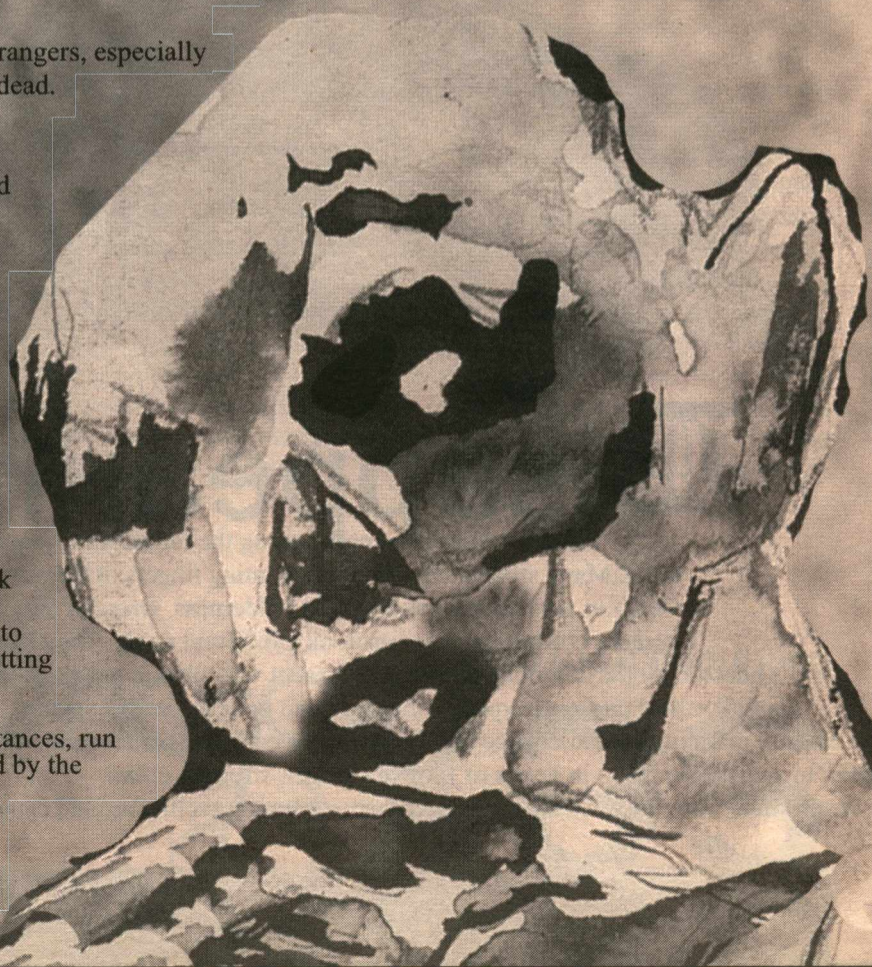
the killer may be on the other side waiting to jump through the window to kill you.

-When running from the killer you will fall down, get tangled, and will be generally slowed down. Keep your eyes on where you are going, you are probably faster than he is.

-Never, at the climax of the movie, climb any ladders, scaffolding, water-towers, or anything else for that matter. You have a much better chance to survive if you are not worried about falling to your death as well.

-The villains in horror movies are impossible to kill. Never assume the killer is dead until the credits roll. Unless you see his head come off his body, or some other massive life-ending injury, he is still alive and will pop up when you least expect it. Even after that kind of injury it is still possible for him to be resurrected for a sequel.

If you follow these simple rules your chances of surviving in a scary movie will increase dramatically. Your best asset, however, is your head. If you use common sense you should come out all right. Hopefully none of you will ever be put in that situation, but it always pays to be prepared.



# nnu animal obituaries

**By Sharece Bunn** Squeakers Squeakerson, 2 ½ died of a head injury Tuesday night. Squeakers was one of nine squirrel babies of the beloved Squeakerson clan. Squeakers took a serious interest in the art program at Northwest Nazarene University and posed for a sketch by Andrew Kerr last fall. Security guards say they heard a squeak near the fine arts building and they went to check it out. Biology majors say the head injury was caused from a fatal blow from the bumper of a Honda Accord. Close friends of Squeakers spoke at her burial, remembering all the fun times they had together. Many recalled instances when she would convince them to run after the students at NNU, begging for pieces of the chocolate chip cookies they would steal out of "the dex". The new school year brought out a new depression in Squeakers, as she began to lose the chub which kept her warm in the winter. The fact that students no longer snuck cookies to her brought out an insanity in Squeakers. Friends prayed that she would survive.

Those who missed the funeral are encouraged to

drop a cookie by the art building in lieu of flowers.

Gallant Gilbert Gull was found frozen in the courtyard of Morrison Wednesday. Security guards found themselves shocked at the sudden death on campus. No one expected anything as the Gulls had all flown south for the winter. It was quite a surprise when junior, Andrea Larson, found Gilbert in the forbidden courtyard. Andrea had been scoping out a new adventure for her former freshman wing when she encountered the frozen corpse. "I just thought it was my feather boa," Larson said through the tears. "I had no idea Gilbert was gone for good."

Gilbert was one of the quieter gulls. The other gulls would often scorn him because he refused to make the annoying "squawks" while flying through the air. He was an engineering physics major at NNU and looked forward to the day he would whittle his own wooden sailboat to cross Lake Lowell.

Mourners are encouraged to seek help at the counseling center and make special time with family and friends in these cold winter months.



## Disappearing cat conspiracy

Frequent disappearances among the feline NNU population has cause many concerns among students and faculty alike. Many students have begun pointing fingers at the outdoor rec club who at their first meeting discussed the ethics of eating cats and dogs to prevent starvation in the wilderness. One can only wonder what the menu was like on the recent snowshoeing trip.

Crusader conspiracy theorists took a different angle. They claim that the missing cats have not been eaten. Instead, believe the cats have been abducted by the communications department who plan to use them in their upcoming film, *The Raining Cats of Nampa*.

Still others on the conspiracy theory squad believe the disappearances are directly related to today, Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. According to NNU legend, the cats are planning a hostile takeover. They have been living off fat scraps from "the dex" to grow huge, frightening bodies. They recently broke into "the dex" to steal some Jell-o in hopes of growing longer, stronger claws.

Authorities warn students to watch after themselves if traveling around campus this Friday.

# The Long Expected Death of Chip

**You may remember a bit about** Chip the squirrel from an interview earlier in the year (Campus Creatures and their Tales, The Crusader, Oct. 10. Page 11). Here the story ends.

This past Wednesday, Chip was found in a squirrel trap behind the "Dex" and he was rushed to the school nurse. She said that there was nothing that she could do and recommended that we take him to Quick Care. I should have known things weren't going to turn out well when the paramedic slammed the door and the rear view mirror broke.

Unfortunately Chip did not have his insurance information on him, so the wait at Quick Care was even longer than usual. Chip was pronounced dead in the waiting room at 3:35 pm. Tyler took the blow really hard and began to sob vigorously. Chip's death had a very different effect on me and I was filled with rage. I was so mad that I slapped Tyler across the face and yelled "pull yourself together!" Tyler and I were both determined to get to the bottom of this.

We first went to Chip's mother's tree to see if we could get some answers. I asked Mrs. N'Dale if she had noticed anything different in her son's behavior prior to the incident. She replied, "No, not that I can think of... well, no, now he did seem to be eating a little differently. Almost

everything I made he wouldn't touch. I even made his favorite--Upside-down-nut-cake, but he wouldn't have anything to do with it. He claimed that he was on some new diet and had to watch his carb intake. "

Tyler knew a little bit about the diet and became suspicious. He asked, "on Wednesday how many carbs would you say little Chip had before the incident?" Mrs. N'Dale began to cry and exclaimed "I knew it was that stupid diet, I just knew it!" I looked over at Tyler and a tear was welling up in his eye. "Tyler, don't even start" I said. Mrs. N'Dale began to get rather hysterical and we couldn't get a word in edge-wise, so we left.

Near the front entrance of the student center we spotted a black cat eating cat food. We shouted at the cat and cautiously approached it. There were about five kittens in addition to the adult black cat. To our astonishment, as we got closer we noticed that different body parts of the kittens were missing, one had no hind leg, one was missing a tail, another an ear and still another an eye. I asked (being careful not to direct the question to the eyeless one), "did any of you see anything suspicious this past Wednesday?" Lucky, the kitten with the missing leg, spoke up. He said, "Well, about a year ago I was out trying to ambush

the Brick House Chicken, I was at the house (kitty corner from the Brick House) creeping along the garage wall when I ducked under a ladder. Right then one of the occupants threw something at me and it exploded right under my foot ...and that's when I lost it." Tyler and I were stunned, but our question had not been answered. So I asked (being careful not to direct the question to the eyeless one), "did any of you see anything suspicious this past Wednesday?" The kitten with the missing eye said, "well, I'm not certain, but I think I saw someone with a hair-net come out of this building and he was snooping around the garbage bin. He knelt down next to the bin and then I heard a snap." Tyler got all choked up and cried, "he must have set that trap!" I glared at Tyler and he looked away.

All we found out was that someone set a squirrel trap behind the student center and it worked. If you saw anything suspicious on Wednesday please contact Mrs. N'Dale. She lives in the tree outside of Morrison. Its the one with the neon lights. Thank you.

By Andy Kerr and Tyler Moyer

## A Squirrel's Eulogy

By Samantha N'Dale

Chip N'Dale was my son and the time I had with him I will never forget. I'll always remember his good humor and positive attitude. He was the nut of my eye. The only things he ever really complained about were the campus golfers and the Red Squirrel Killer Garbage Train (not the band). Chip can still live on in our hearts and in our minds if we never forget the memories. Thank you all for being his friend and for your love and support during this difficult time.

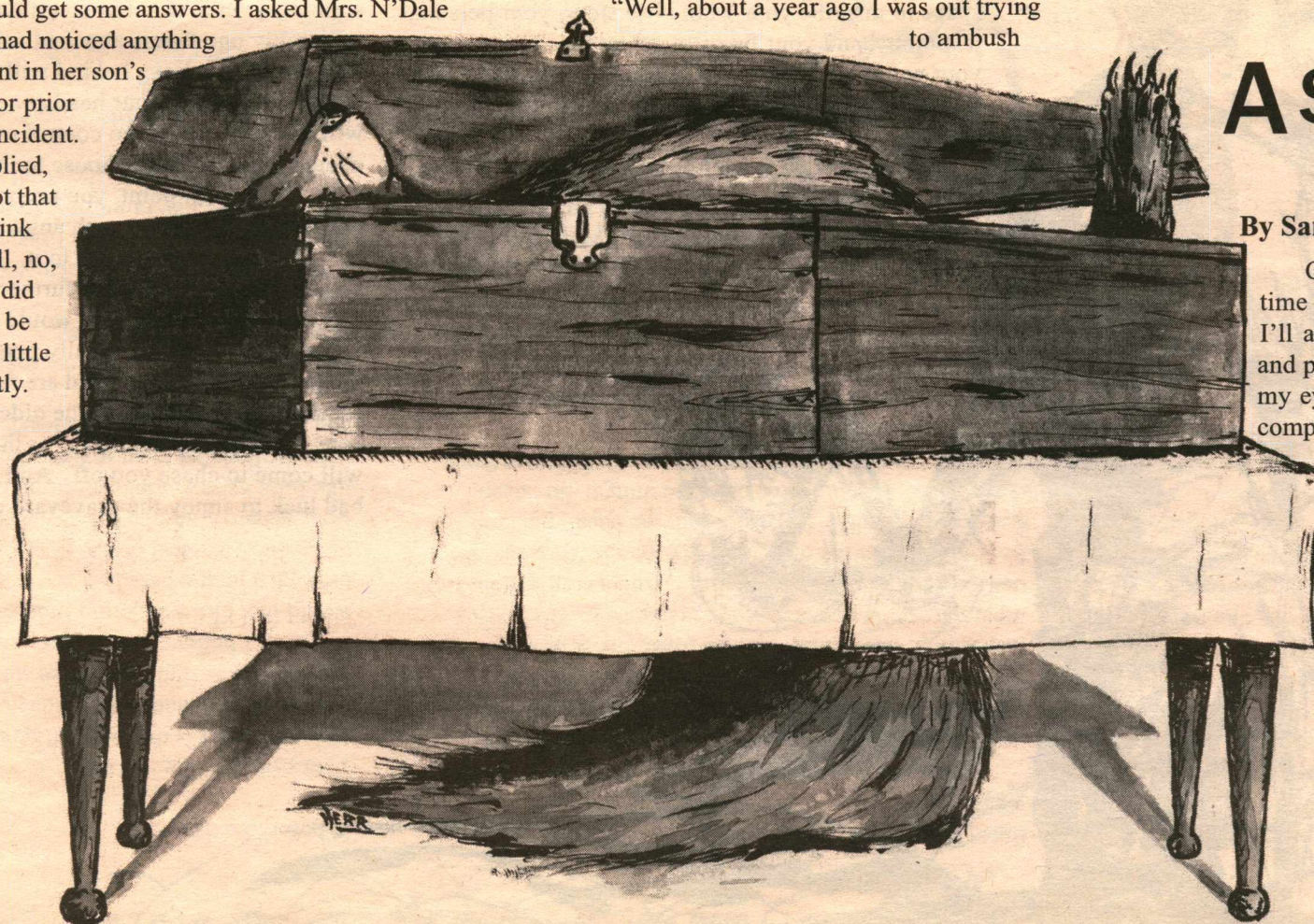


Illustration by Andy Kerr

# How to Write an Epitaph

by Tina Cutright

“Remember, Man,  
as you walk by,  
as you are now,  
so once was I;  
As I am now,  
so you must be.  
Prepare for death  
and follow me.”

--Anonymous

Some people would argue that preparing for death is an important duty in life. Of course, those of us who would make such an argument, are generally either apocalyptic Christians, Goths, or morbidly obsessed with death. It is possible to be all three at once, but I would not recommend it. Just the same, due to the myriad of dangers associated with Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>—dangers like tall ladders on public sidewalks, encroaching black cats, and leaky salt shakers—it is advisable to prepare for the worst-case scenario. One facet of such preparation is to be sure you have your say regarding the summary of your own life. Writing your own epitaph will enable you, once and for all, to have the last word.

To begin, you must sit back and consider your life, your personality, and the size of your tombstone. Your grave marker is not going to give you a lot of space to inscribe your whole life story, your personal testimony, and your favorite quotation. No, you get your name, your birth and death dates, maybe a little graphic, and a line or two for an inscription. Keep it brief.

You may wish to highlight something you have done with your life, or what roles you filled. And consider the tone of your statement—it will define your personality for many years after you are gone.

For example, something like:

“Katie Sue  
Loving wife and mother of two”

would project a different image than

“Katie Sue  
Stern matriarch and vicious shrew.”

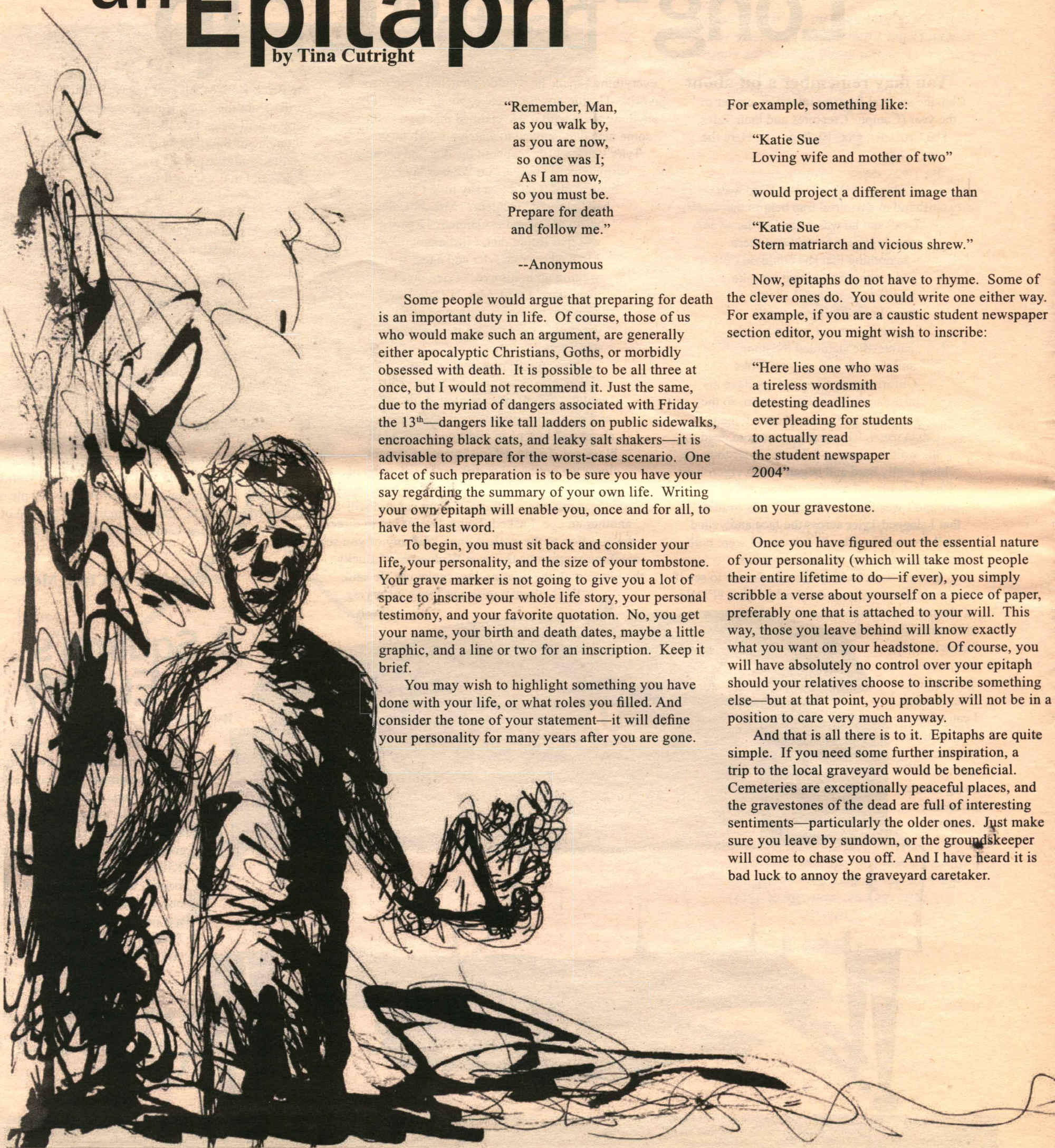
Now, epitaphs do not have to rhyme. Some of the clever ones do. You could write one either way. For example, if you are a caustic student newspaper section editor, you might wish to inscribe:

“Here lies one who was  
a tireless wordsmith  
detesting deadlines  
ever pleading for students  
to actually read  
the student newspaper  
2004”

on your gravestone.

Once you have figured out the essential nature of your personality (which will take most people their entire lifetime to do—if ever), you simply scribble a verse about yourself on a piece of paper, preferably one that is attached to your will. This way, those you leave behind will know exactly what you want on your headstone. Of course, you will have absolutely no control over your epitaph should your relatives choose to inscribe something else—but at that point, you probably will not be in a position to care very much anyway.

And that is all there is to it. Epitaphs are quite simple. If you need some further inspiration, a trip to the local graveyard would be beneficial. Cemeteries are exceptionally peaceful places, and the gravestones of the dead are full of interesting sentiments—particularly the older ones. Just make sure you leave by sundown, or the groundskeeper will come to chase you off. And I have heard it is bad luck to annoy the graveyard caretaker.



# How to Write a Love Poem

by Tiana Cutright

"Roses are red,  
violets are blue.  
Here is a love poem,  
my dearest, for you."

So you want to write a love poem. To start with, it really helps to be in love; that way you will be sure to have all these overwhelming emotions that will utterly decimate your personal vocabulary, reducing you to a blithering fool who desperately desires to express those same overwhelming feelings that reduced you to your pitiful state in the first place. Even if you are not in love, you can always pretend you are in love. This can be almost as much fun as the real thing because when you are not in love, it is a lot easier to write poems that blatantly mock

those who have actually succumbed to Cupid's mythical weaponry.

Next, you must think up a list of metaphors, similes, and adjectives from which you can pull phrases and concepts for your original love poem. Many aspiring poets look to their beloved (or would-be love) for inspiration, describing their personal characteristics. For the uninitiated, a metaphor looks like this: "Your eyes are deep pools of rippling water." And a simile would be something in the order of: "My love is like a playful kangaroo bounding freely beneath the eucalyptus trees!"

Adjectives? These words describe things. So "deep," "playful," and "freely" are examples of adjectives from the previous two samples.

Some purists believe that actually writing out a string of words like a shopping list (look, a simile!) defeats the purpose of poetry as a high art form. For the rest of us, who have difficulty remembering what day it is and what class we are supposed to go to next, let alone our passionate linguistic contrivances, a shopping list of poetic imagery will save the day when it comes to love poems.

For example, here is my "Lovely Love Poem List:"  
adorable,  
hair the color of just-ripe bananas,  
attractive voice,  
fragrant as an exotic zoo,  
a kiss like a sultry tropical day,  
glinting sun,  
bright raindrops,  
playful glance.

Now you take all your wonderful listed thoughts and slap them together on paper. No, not literally—you have to transfer your creative musings into written language with a writing utensil like a pencil or gel pen—this is poetry, for goodness sake! And be sure to make note of your own personal responses to the imagery you have listed. This makes your writing much more personable.

(Ahem) like this:

Your eyes are like raindrops  
and your scent is the exotic fragrance of a zoo.  
Your hair, as beautiful as a bunch of golden bananas,  
inspires me as it glitters in the sunlight.  
My love, I believe that to kiss your lips  
would feel like wandering timelessly together  
through a jungle paradise  
on a sultry, tropical day.  
Your glance is so playful,  
like little happy monkeys sitting in great trees.  
I am thrilled just to sit in your presence  
and I sorrow whenever you leave.

Of course, if you like making things rhyme, you would write your poem this way:

I bask in your presence whenever you're near;  
Each moment without you I rue.  
Your eyes are like raindrops, so bright and so clear,  
Your fragrance, exotic, the scent of a zoo.

The brilliant banana just cannot compare  
In hue, tone, or luster, my love,  
To the glorious beauty of your golden hair  
With the sun glinting down from above.

Your adorable features seem ever to say  
To my heart, full of love's burning weight,  
"My kiss is a hot, sultry, tropical day,  
And my glance impish as a tree-dwelling primate."

Whether you choose to write a poem with or without rhyme and meter, you should always make sure you give your finished work a title that encompasses the spirit of what you are trying to say. Something like, "Monkey Love" would be appropriate for my examples.

Now that you have completed your poem, you should creatively present it to its intended reader. He or she will be most impressed with the effort you went to in order to demonstrate your affections. Regardless of your poem's quality, the effort should definitely count for something.

However, if you were writing a poem to celebrate the utter silliness of the smitten, the best thing would be to share your work with a broad audience of like-minded individuals so that your cleverness can be fully appreciated. You will get as many gestures of annoyance as you will giggles of glee, but you will have a great deal of fun with both the writing and the sharing.



May 22  
Danica Andrews and Erich Harjo



June 5  
Rachel Russell and Geoff Harmon



June 12  
Julie Beymer and Mark Baas  
Riviera Maya here we come!!! (it can happen to you too, all you have to do is bug them enough!)



June 18  
Anna Salisbury and Ryan Lee  
Nampa, Idaho  
That's right, her name is going to be Anna Leigh Lee.



June 26  
Shelley DeBoer and Erik Eilers  
Othello, Washington



July 3  
Anita Nevin and Jacob Mong



July 17  
Stephanie Jorgensen and Jed Cates  
We pinky swear it'll last forever!!!



July 17  
Krista Blodgett and Bobby Jordan



July 24  
Megan Grigory and Derick Staffenson  
Newport, Oregon  
I still don't know how everyone on my freshman wing knew we would get married-when we didn't, but I guess they'll finally get their wish... and now so do I!

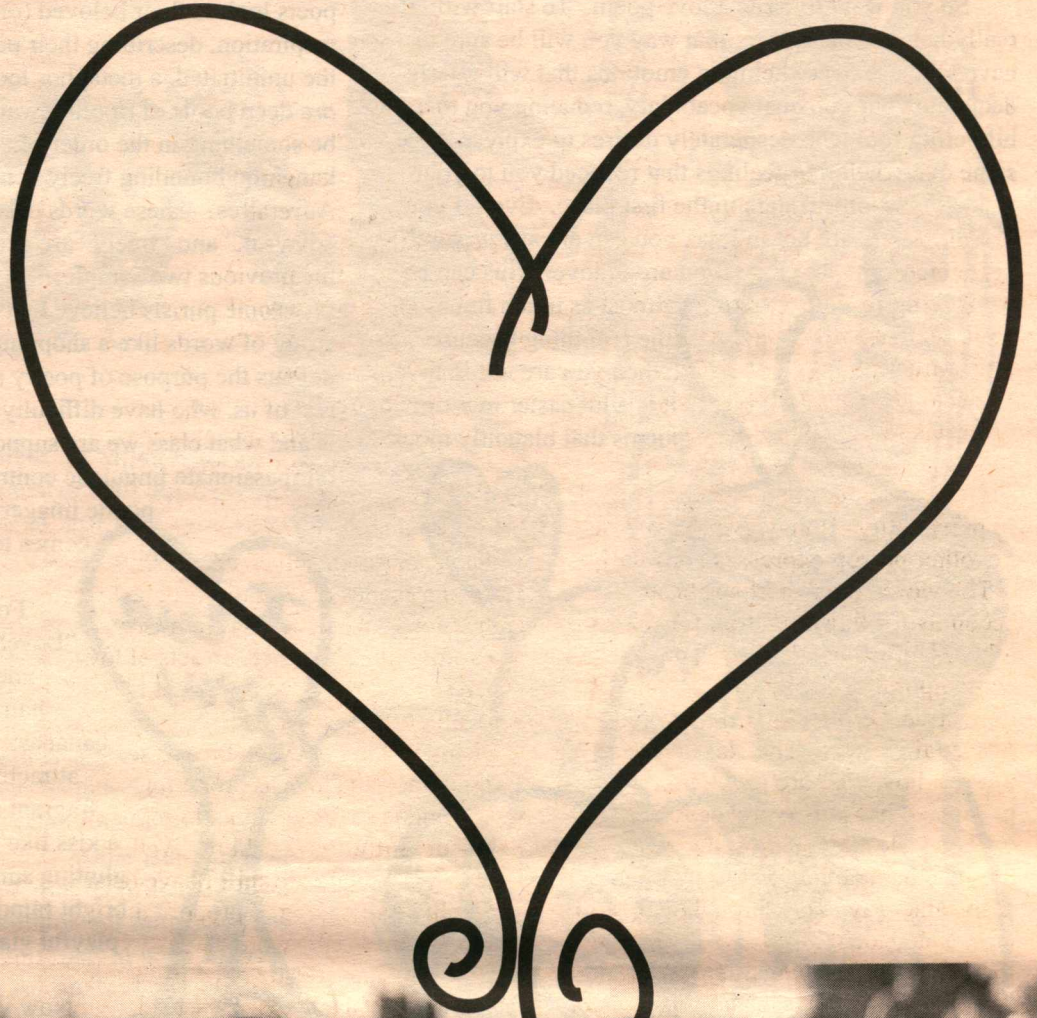


July 31  
Elva Boyd and Joseph Decker  
Joe nicknamed Elva, bean, through a word association game because he couldn't remember her name when they first started dating. Ask him how he got it, it's random!



August 7  
Melissa Robinson and Tyler Gilmore

# Summer Weddings





# SEX & Love

Thomas Jay Oord

If the lyrics of much poetry and song are any guide, love is all about sexual attraction. Harlan Ellison once put it this way, "Love ain't nothin' but sex misspelled."

The view that love and sex are identical may seem simplistic, wrong-headed, or crass. But the two words are often swapped. Few of us could honestly deny the intense sexual attraction that generally accompanies the experience of what is commonly called "falling in love." Because we can recall the feelings of attraction in some past romantic relationship, we might surmise that some basis exists for the widespread intuition that love and sex are at least related, even though not identical.

We who have once fallen in love also know that the initial burst of romantic attraction does not last forever. The flames almost inevitably disappear. Often only glowing embers – and sometimes even dust and ashes – remain. And when the fire of romance dims, we wonder if it is really love that keeps our relationships together. Perhaps it is friendship instead, perhaps habit, or perhaps social customs.

The ancients proposed a myth for why two lovers seek each other. As Aristophanes tells the legend, humans were originally joined together in pairs. The first humans had four legs, four arms, two heads and displayed the characteristics of both males and females. These creatures were in all ways complete and self-sufficient, and the people possessed great insight and strength.

Humans were so strong, in fact, that they began attacking the gods. In response, Zeus struck upon a plan to cut humans in two to weaken them. He along with the other gods did just that. And since this time of the great separation, we humans have been condemned to roam the earth seeking our other ("better?") halves. The moving force in this seeking is love itself, and we find satisfaction and strength when we find and embrace our soul mate.

This ancient myth identifies the attractions that apparently all humans have for others. It suggests that romantic and sexual acts are powerful expressions of the deeper urge to reunite with the one from whom we have been separated. The myth of love is the story of reattachment.

In the popular culture of the contemporary West, the myth of Aristophanes runs a distant second to the holiday named after St. Valentine when it comes to amorous attraction, romance, and sex. We find several different explanations of the holiday's origins.

One story has it that ancient Romans chose February 14 to honor Juno, the Queen of Roman goddesses and gods. On that day, each young boy drew from a jar the name of a young girl, and the two would be partners for

the next day's festival feast of Lupercia. Sometimes these pairings seem so appropriate that the two youngsters would marry.

The problem with this pairing ritual, however, was that the Roman emperor found that young men became unwilling to leave their maidens to fight for Rome. Consequently, the emperor banned the practice and cancelled all pending engagements.

A Roman priest named Valentine took pity on youth in love. Out of sympathy, he secretly married engaged couples despite the ban. For his disobedience, Valentine was sentenced to be executed on the 14th day of February. Additionally, Valentine fell in love with the jailer's daughter while awaiting his death. His farewell note to the girl was allegedly signed, "From Your Valentine."

For contemporary people seeking serious answers to the questions of love, romance, and sexuality, the ancient myths and stories of Valentine have largely been replaced by the explanations of science. In particular, many anthropologists, biologists, and psychologists speculate that the association of sex with love has a strong evolutionary history. Studies of our primate relatives – including lemurs, chimpanzees, monkeys, and apes – provide evidence for a variety of evolutionary theories about human sexuality. If human mating habits have evolved over time, it seems likely that the study of nonhuman primates will give us clues about the sexuality of human primates.

Research on nonhuman primates reveals that all primates are social. Social behavior is a prerequisite both for primate reproductive sex and for love. And researchers note that sociality is vital for caring for the offspring that sexual activity often produces. Research on human and nonhuman primates also suggests that the urge for sex has a genetic basis. It would make sense, of course, to expect a strong genetic component to our own desire for sexual expression given the role that genes seem to play in shaping who we are.

Many human sexual practices differ from nonhuman practices, however. For instance, humans are more likely than nonhuman primates to commit themselves to one sexual partner. This ability to commit is possible in part because we seem to have more self-control than other primates when responding to sexual urges. Notice that I said "more" self-control, not "total." And unlike nonhumans, humans marry and marriage is a phenomenon of all human cultures. To date, scientists have not observed events in nonhuman primate societies similar to the public ceremonies, rituals, and traditions that accompany human matrimony.

Explaining why humans are significantly more sexually faithful to one partner than nonhumans has

become a task for scientific theorists. Some speculate that the secrecy of human female ovulation is the evolutionary explanation for human monogamy. Unlike females of many other species, human females show little or no sign of their fertility. Barbary macaque, for instance, display puffy red backsides when ovulating. Other nonhuman females emit strong odors that indicate to males that they want to copulate.

According to this explanation, human monogamy arises because males who are unaware of female ovulation patterns are more likely to restrict their sexual activity to a single female. The risk that another male would fertilize the female with whom a male is sexually active is too great to leave her unprotected. And because all members of a species seek to extend their genetic heritage, the need to protect one's sexual partner leads humans to commit to exclusive pair-bonds.

A second explanation for human pair-bonds and sexual monogamy relates to the first. According to this theory, human sexual monogamy serves the genetic interests of both males and females by providing a better environment for the protection and nurture of children. A solitary female is more vulnerable to forces that may prematurely end the lives of a couple's children.

Although these evolutionary explanations for sexual faithfulness and pair-bonding have validity, they do not fully explain human sexual and marital behavior. To say it another way, romance, sex, and marriage cannot be entirely explained by genetics or the evolutionary drive toward reproductive success.

The most widely stated motivation for human sexual activity and marriage is personal attraction. These attractions can be physical, e.g., another's body features, mannerisms, gait, or voice quality. Or they can be nonphysical, e.g., perception of status, intimacy, friendship, or wealth.

Anthropologist Meredith Small notes that most major studies reveal that men and women are attracted to much more than even this when choosing a mate. The first and most important factors humans say they consider when choosing the ideal mate are factors related to caring, kindness, generosity, and other such personality traits.

In one study, psychologist David Buss interviewed more than 10,000 people. He asked his subjects to rate 18 possible qualities of a mate. Both men and women rated the same qualities among their top five most important. These qualities included dependability, emotional stability, a pleasing disposition, etc. Males and females differed only on items appearing further down the list.

continued on page 3

# sex & Love

continued from page 2

Although a great many factors affect our sexual and matrimonial choices, one element unites them all. All of these factors reveal that *attraction* is the driving force behind our choices to be sexually active and marry.

This attraction may be to something physical about the other, to what the other has to offer in terms of power, wealth, security, or status, or to something about the other's character or personality. It may even be to what the other person expresses spiritually.

The word "eros" perhaps best accounts for this attraction for the other. Unfortunately, however, contemporary people use eros and its derivative, "erotic," to refer exclusively to sexual matters. The classical uses of eros, however, are much more expansive in their references.

Plato's ideas about eros, delivered through the mouth of Socrates, have shaped the way many throughout history have understood attraction. We find in Plato the core meaning of eros as desire for or attraction to the beautiful, valuable, or good. He and those who came after him did not equate eros with sexual attraction. One could express eros for the gods, society, the good life, one's country, and a host of other nonsexual things. And we express eros, according to Plato, because we want to be fulfilled.

For those who want to speak clearly and consistently about love, an important semantic choice presents itself. One must decide whether to equate eros with love or to think of love as something greater than eros. In one sense, of course, eros must be the same as love, because the word means love. But we typically use the word "love" to talk about the way we sometimes act toward those to whom we are not attracted or do not find highly valuable.

Many of our religious experiences and traditions have shown us that love may not involve attraction to the beautiful, valuable, or good. Christians, for instance, are instructed to love their enemies. Presumably, these enemies are not deemed beautiful, valuable, or good in any immediate sense.

To help gain clarity about what we might mean by love, I define love in the following way: to love is to act

intentionally, in sympathetic response to others, to promote overall well-being. This definition suggests that love's goal is what might variously be called overall flourishing, general happiness, blessedness, or the common good.

To speak satisfactorily of eros as a *love* according to my definition, we must identify it with the promotion of well-being. The love-type eros entails intentional response to promote well-being when attracted to what is beautiful, valuable, or good. Given this definition, sex and romance may or may not be love expressions. When sex and romance promote well-being, they are acts of love. When sex and romance promote ill-being, they are not.

Distinguishing between love as sex and romance and love as promoting well-being is so difficult that I propose a linguistic shift for our culture. Well ... at least this is a linguistic shift I have been personally undergoing. I propose that we no longer use the word "love" when talking about sexual attraction, romantic feelings, or sexual activity. Instead, let's reserve "love" for those acts that promote well-being. And let's use words like "fondness," "affection," "passion," "attraction," "romance," "sex," "intercourse," and other such words when we talk about the various feelings and urges related to sexuality.

Of course, I'm not optimistic that - at least in the short run -- our culture will follow my proposal to change its language so that "love" refers only to acts that promote well-being. Part of the problem is undoubtedly the history of love language. And part of the problem is that many times sexual or romantic acts do enhance well-being. But I suspect that we would all maintain a greater appreciation and respect for the word "love" if we were more careful when we use it.

To sum up: Love is not sex misspelled. But sex and romance may be acts of love. And our falling in and out of sexual or romantic attraction need not lead us to conclude that we've fallen in and out of love. Love seeks well-being when the fires of romance rage. But love also promotes well-being when our attractions and passions die down to embers or even ashes.

Totally  
*Free*  
Checking  
(no strings attached)



- ✓ Free Gift!
- ✓ Free Visa® Check Card!
- ✓ Free Online Banking!
- ✓ Unlimited Check Writing!
- ✓ No Minimum Balance!

Stop by our Nampa Wal-Mart branch or our Main office on 12th Avenue to learn more!



**Home Federal.**

Nampa Wal Mart • 465 1956 | Nampa Main • 468 5100

Member FDIC

[www.homefederalsavings.com](http://www.homefederalsavings.com)

**Want to spend  
the summer  
getting paid to  
play in the  
outdoors?**

The Girl Scouts of Silver Sage Council are looking for energetic, positive, gregarious people to work at one of three summer camps located around the state of Idaho, serving girls ages 6-18. Jobs range from counselors, food assistants, program coordinators, lifeguards and more! For more information or to request an application packet, please contact Maria at 800.846.0079 ext. 121 or at [mpelayo@girlscouts-ssc.org](mailto:mpelayo@girlscouts-ssc.org).

# students seeking students

## d e s p e r a t e

23-Year-Old Computer Science major seeks female...ANY female...as long as she has a pulse....or not! Pulse optional! **DESPERATE!!!!**  
Reply to Michael W. Perry at [mwperry@student.nnu.edu](mailto:mwperry@student.nnu.edu)

**SWF, 20**, looking for surfer dude buff enough to replace tacky baseball boyfriend.

**SWF, 20**, in need of tall, basketball hunk, preferably from Oregon, who likes watching thrillers, Conan O'Brien and reading books while listening to Beethoven.

**SWF, 20**, searching for slightly older man who enjoys long walks on the beach and listens to the Beatles.

I'm not exactly single  
But I'd still feel a tingle  
If you'd give me a ring  
Sometime this Spring.  
XOXO~ K-Dawg #8508

**SWF, 19**, wishing for funny, handsome man to throw snowballs at.

**20 yr. old woman** Nampa, ID  
Seeking multiple men 21-28  
Let's see: I'm lazy, I can't cook, I hate cleaning, I can't stand kids or animals, and I ran once until I realized I could just catch the next bus. On a more personal level I'd describe myself as a manipulative and just plain boring person. I'm looking for a fast moving relationship and a man that I can mooch off of.

**MWM, 22**, looking for wife. The baby has thrown up on me and I don't know how to wash it out.

**single, white, female**, who hates peanut butter cookies, not looking for anything serious, but enjoys laughing and would love to have a male friend who could match wits.

**tall handsome male** seeking beautiful freshman female. Must love music and salsa dancing. Nursing majors preferred. Favorite color should most definitely be green. Must have a great personality, incredible smile, and gorgeous green eyes. Interested only in women born in 1985 in Japan. I am seeking one who is bilingual in English and Spanish. Must have initial L.C.S. for legal reasons. Must not be afraid of the "preacher folk" for I'm soon to be one of them. Sound like you??? Give me a call, 250-6083!

**moderately attractive male** seeking any kind of female that enjoys doing fun things, eating food, and not getting punched in the face. If you meet this description, call me at 8513. I would be perfect for you. I have only punched a girl in the face once in my life, but she was asking for it, believe me. Also, my mom tells me I'm kind of good looking.

I'm tired of all the lies.  
-Doni

**seeking female** to spend rest of life with. Qualifications--must have pulse.  
-Todd Fulcher

I need to wear the pants.  
-Nate Knodel

# poetic desires

**i'm 5 foot 9**, that's pretty tall,  
If you call sometime, we'll have a ball  
I like spinach, oatmeal, and hot water heaters  
and needs someone who wears sexy pink wife beaters.  
So ring me up (989-9050)  
And don't be a duff!

**If you like non-alcoholic pina coladas**  
And getting caught in the rain  
If you're not into yoga  
If you have half a brain  
If you like making out at midnight  
In the dunes on the cape  
Then I'm the love that you've looked for.  
Write to me and escape.  
~J. Totten

Roses are Red  
Violets are blue  
I need someone  
Just like you.  
~Desperate  
Doris

# crusader

february 14, 2004

