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Chemical Love in the Twentieth Century

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CHEMICAL LOVE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

In this pessimistic day and age, there are many of those among us who maintain that one of mankind's most widely held and cherished institutions—the idea of romantic love—is, in reality, no more than hogwash, fostered upon an unwary public by misty-eyed writers, lonely housewives, and unscrupulous advertising agencies. These cynics would reduce the age-old chase, the process of attraction, flirtation, courtship, and endearment as nothing more than a haphazard combination of chemistry and chance.

It is in answer to these cold-hearted pessimists, who would probably have children not believe in Santa Claus or the democratic process, that the following tale is presented. Although the story itself has been repeated countless times all over the world, we shall call our hero Fred.

As our story opens, we find Fred in extremely poor spirits. It seems he had no girlfriend. He longed for the comfort that female companionship would give to his aching, adolescent heart. He felt that the chances for losing his detested virginity were very few, and growing fewer all the time, as the loveless hours turned slowly to days and even weeks. The inevitability of his involuntary celibacy threatened him with a worthless life in which the carnal fruit hung tantalizingly forever out of reach of his drooling mouth. He was horny.

Now, in this modern day and age, there are weary travellers to take to reach his desired dest friends or relatives who are acquainted with members afflicted with a similar malady, informative text well—meant advice, fast—shiny cars, fashionable ages. Fred had tried them all with little or no success. persuaded one slightly inebriated young lady to p his hand between her chest and her brassiere, but feeling only worse than he had before.

This humble narrative, happily, does not le virgin, for the wonder of modern technology and entreprenuers created a miraculous panacea whose fable love—drug, love—potion, sop; call it what you will quantity of certain beverages, allowed people ye shackles of nervousness, anxiety, inhibitions, pre known by the name methaqualalone.

Strange enough, it has also been said to be sleeplessness, but this application matters as little those that use it.

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In this modern day and age, there are many avenues open for such a weary traveller to take to reach his desired destination: social events, helpful friends or relatives who are acquainted with members of the opposite sex who are afflicted with a similar malady, informative texts, anti-bacterial mouthwash, well-meaned advice, fast-shiny cars, fashionable wardrobes, and certain beverages. Fred had tried them all with little or no success. True, once he had delicately persuaded one slightly inebriated young lady to permit him to forcefully wedge his hand between her chest and her brasierre, but even this brief respite left him feeling only worse than he had before.

This humble narrative, happily, does not leave Fred as an aging, empty virgin, for the wonder of modern technology and the shrewdness of many entrepreneurs created a miraculous panacea whose fabled powers enabled many a man like Fred to succeed easily where before he had only failed miserably. Aphrodisiac, love—drug, love—potion, sopar; call it what you will. This drug, when taken with a quantity of certain beverages, allowed people young and old, to cast off the shackles of nervousness, anxiety, inhibitions, prejudices, and judgement. It is known by the name methaqualone.

Strangely enough, it has also been said to be effective in the treatment of sleeplessness, but this application matters as little to this story as it does to those that use it.

When Fred first overheard his companions discussing the merits of the drug, he was understandably skeptical. Why would this ‘quaalude’ succeed where other measures purported to have an equivalent effect had always failed? In patient reply, his friends recounted tale after tale of conquest, many of them first hand, in which the victors claimed it was only after administration of the drug that the vanquished quite willingly surrendered their charms. Perhaps it was the thought of hordes of young maidens answering to every desire as they had to so many others that prompted him to attempt such desperate measures, or maybe because it was either that or gamble a stamp on a popular physical culture course. At any rate, money changed hands, and after cleverly planning a rendez-vous at a social gathering with a young lady who, he had been told, was not loath to partake of the substance, he fitfully awaited the approach of that magic eve.

It is not necessary here to recount those long, hard days that preceded our hero’s night of bliss. Suffice it to say that by the time it arrived, Fred was willing to forcibly place the fabulous tablets down the throat of anything that possessed an orifice rather than an appendage. Thus, it will come as no great surprise that as
soon as his eyes met with those of his destined lady—fair, he felt the myriad pleasant sensations that signal the approach of a genuine meaningful relationship. No sooner did the two wash down the drug with a liberal portion of the spirits being served at the party, than they discovered that, at long last, two kindred spirits had come together. They talked merrily with the abandon of two long-lost friends; they talked of politics, then of current events, of mutual acquaintances, of their feelings towards life, of their innermost secrets, and finally of their perfect, undying attraction for each other. As the conversation continued, the bond between them strengthened as the quality of their speech digressed until it was not words that passed between them but rather the mutual acknowledgement of the inevitability of the decree Fate had made that night. They sweetly surrendered to it.

In deference to the privacy of the two young lovers, the details of the night that they spent in the young lady's dormitory room will not be recounted here. In fact, it is indeed a tribute to Fred's perseverance and the mammoth strength of instinct that they managed to consummate their relationship despite the presence of only the implication of a vestige of consciousness. And happily, when Fred awoke late the next afternoon wondering where he was, he needed only to look at the lovely maiden lying sick in the lavatory to know that his wildest dreams had been fulfilled.

And so, dear reader, you see that romantic love is indeed real for anyone with the desire and perseverance to try to obtain it. And incidentally, for those who are interested, Fred later went on to marry the girl and they lived happily together for a long, long time afterwards.

A. J. BRIZZOLARA