

Let Me Be Plain About It

The plain boy has again whisked off the village belle, hand in hand in the unspeakable fantasy of a landscape surrounding the chimney-pots of Montluçon. We stood and watched the infirmities in their gait, and thought how wild bears always pick the juiciest of the grape.

This is not a scene in isolation, it occurs with vehement regularity in Oxford or York or in way-out residential courses. Those cursed with good looks, charm and sex appeal only to the mirror for a small taste of love.

— *Taner Baybars*