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In Search of Tier de Amor

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SO YOU'VE MASTERED MAKING OUT BENEATH THE CAMPANILE. WAY TO GO, STUD. BUT HAVE YOU TRIED DROPPING TROU IN THE TIERS?

ACCORDING TO IOWA STATE LEGEND — AND A RECENT ISSUE OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE — THE OLD TIERS OF PARKS LIBRARY ARE THE BEST ON-CAMPUS SPOT TO GET SOME WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT. ETHOS DECIDED TO FIND OUT FOR ITSELF WHETHER THIS TRADITION HOLDS TRUE. HERE'S THE DETAILS OF A TWO-NIGHT TIER STAKEOUT BY EDITORS BETHANY KOHOUTEK AND PAUL KIX.

Night One: Monday

Paul: In the same issue, Playboy also rated Iowa State the 13th-best party school in the nation. Good parties here, yes, but really, 13th-best in the nation? I think this might be the 13th-best story idea ethos has had all year.

Bethany: Give the kids some credit, Paul. Iowa State students are resourceful, and love is in the air up here in Tier 7. I think I can smell it.

Paul: 9:17: I can't. Can't hear the sex either. In fact, the only thing I hear is the constant hum of the fluorescent light above my desk and the sound of me writing in my notebook, "the constant hum of the fluorescent light above my desk."

Bethany: The only thing I can hear is Paul. Not whispering. In fact, I'd say the actual volume is closer to shouting than whispering. Much closer. Then he asks me, "Bethany, why are we whispering?" Obviously, Paul, we aren't.

Paul: To prepare ourselves for the boinking Bethany says we're bound to see, we practice rising from our chairs, silently, when Bethany says "Go," then hiding behind bookshelves. This does not go well.

Bethany: Boinking? Does anyone who gets any ever refer to it as "boinking?" Anyway, as soon as I whisper "Go," Paul is up out of his seat, flailing, and tripping towards the shelves. After he brings down the entire
steel-rolling technology section, I suggest we split up. If there were any couples entertaining the idea of some library love, they’ve been scared off for good.

**Paul:** Fine. Go. You were none too graceful leaving your seat either.

**Bethany:** I settle in Tier 5, crouch down in the last row and listen. I don’t have to wait long. I hear a feminine giggle, followed by a kittenish, “C’mom, Josh. Jo-OSH!” We may have something here.

**Paul:** 9:58: What if people are having sex in Tier 7 and I can’t hear it? I mean, the florescent light’s hum grows louder every minute. And the hiss from the radiator over there is surely drowning out the rest of the silence.

All right. Every 15 minutes, I will get up and thoroughly inspect this place, peaking between the 40 rows of bookshelves and underneath all of the 30 desks lined and barren next to mine. Because no one—NO ONE—will have sex under my watch without me taking meticulous notes on it.

**Bethany:** I drop to a belly crawl, and inch forward on my elbows until I have a clear view of Josh and Giggly Friend’s knees. The knees seem to be moving closer to one another. Can it really be this easy? Then I hear footsteps to my right, and realize another student is staring at me. Worse, Josh and Giggly Friend have heard the footsteps as well and cleared out.

**Paul:** 10:10: It just turned 10:10.

**Bethany:** My cover’s been blown, and I look like an ass. I grab my backpack and retreat to Tier 4, where I hunker down, licking my wounds and regrouping. I’m optimistic, though. We still have almost two hours.

**Paul:** 10:12: There are 49 names in my cell phone’s phone book.

**Bethany:** Tier 4 is empty, so I lie in wait. Have you ever noticed all the hilarious graffiti carved into the desks in these godforsaken tiers? "I [heart] 12 Hour Viagra." "Kappa Alpha girls are hot." "Weed heals." This isn’t so bad. I could entertain myself for hours doing this.

**Paul:** 10:22: Luckily — and I can’t believe I’m saying “luckily” here — I’ve brought homework. But it’s much too hot in Tier 7 to pay attention to it. Friggin’ hissing radiator.

**Paul:** Bethany's message talks about a girl “with a coy smile” on Tier 6. I finish up shop shortly thereafter, and find back on Tier 6, only a woman studying, alone,
books here, algorithms there, no coy about her, no smile either. In fact, the longer I stare at her, the angrier she gets. She stares back, briefly, and I dart back to Tier 7.

Bethany: It's incredibly hot here in the bowels of the library. Probably conducive to some serious clothes-shedding. But I wouldn't know; I haven't seen jack tonight. The only thing it's conducive for right now is a nap.

Paul: Screw Tier 7. I'm not seeing anything tonight. I'm out.

Bethany:

Paul: Actually, I'm finding Bethany. I've watched about as much action tonight as an Amish man in solitary confinement.

Bethany: Paul and I leave, bleary-eyed and reeking of stale books, at midnight, when Parks closes for the night.

Bethany: It's 10:17. I've been sitting in Tier 6 for 45 minutes. At this point, something must be done. And every ethical journalist knows that if there's no news happening, you create some. If you're on the crime beat and you haven't had so much as a stolen candy bar, start a fire! Rob a convenience store! You'll be sure to get a byline and front-page story to boot. I turn my attention to finding a lady friend for Paul.

Paul: I'm supposed to rove tonight to the various Tiers while Bethany stays on 6. I'm not doing it. But if you want to know why the Columbia Journalism Review thinks Atlantic Monthly is a great magazine, I'm your man.

Bethany: A nice-looking girl in a green sweater sits down at a study desk. She looks like Paul's type. There are about 40 desks on Tier 6. They're all empty, save hers. I sit down right next to her and noisily remove my books from my backpack, hoping she'll get annoyed and find another Tier - and Paul.

Mission accomplished. She gets up and goes downstairs, to where Paul is supposedly roving Tier 5.

Paul: Yep. Still nothing. A girl in a green sweater shows up, but she's alone, and, like I said, fully clothed. I turn my attention back to the magazine.

Bethany: Paul didn't take the bait, and no one else shows up for me to herd downstairs toward him. It's getting hot, and I'm getting antsy. And hungry.

Paul: I'm grabbing Bethany. We're leaving and forgetting that we ever had to write this story. If sex happens here - and I still suppose it does — it doesn't happen when I'm around.

Bethany: It's 10:45. Jimmy John's is busy. And we've seen more meat here than we saw all night at the library.