

about the diseases this person could have? If he or she says, "oh we don't need to use a condom, I'm safe", what makes you believe this person? After all, they are having casual sex with you, aren't they? Who knows how many other people they have been with? These are obvious points I have been making, but what about the less obvious ones? Whenever I had casual sex, or sex with someone I knew I didn't love, something just wasn't right; not the sex itself, sometimes that was excellent, but the emotions that went along with it. I have never had sex with someone I didn't know, but that didn't protect me from the empty and lonely feeling I was left with, which I'm sure my partner shared. This is one of the less obvious negative aspects of casual sex. A moment of passion, sometimes drunken passion, turns into a few days of emptiness and wishing for love. I loved being single as long as I didn't start to care for someone, but when I did and we had sex too soon, it ruined everything. We lost all respect for each other right from the beginning. That is no way to start a relationship. After two years on the singles scene I fell in love; head over heels, in fact. I decided time would tell if this was right, and until we knew that it was right I refused to have sex with my partner. I had to feel the same kind of security with our relationship that I felt with myself. No, I am not going to tell you that it isn't sex, that it's "making love"; that doesn't even begin to describe the difference. Sex is what you want it to be, it does not have control over you, you have control over it. It's a matter of feeling comfortable with the person; knowing that he or she will go and get an AIDS test, just to be safe. It's knowing that you both can laugh at the embarrassing things in sex. It's knowing that you'll be happy to roll over in the morning and do it

all over again, not because your body tells you to, but because you want them to know how much you love them. In my experience sex with someone you love is incredible, not only because of the security that goes with it, but most importantly the overwhelming emotions that consume you during and afterwards. I knew I loved my partner before we had sex, but after our first time I knew I had fallen even more deeply in love. This was not because of the release of sexual frustration. This was because we shared something that was beautiful, and we respected what it meant. We did not use it

solely as a stress reliever, or a way to have some fun, we had sex to prove to each other how we felt. Each day that goes by I am thankful for this gift. How would we show our lovers how we feel about them if we didn't have the act of sex? We all know that words never do the feelings justice, and besides, sex is a lot more fun than words. I'm not trying to tell you not to have sex unless you're in love. I'm just saying that there is a difference. Some people never discover this difference, but if you do, don't ever forget it because it is one of the best things we can ever experience.

## Sexual sounds

by Kirby Ferguson

### *Exile in Guyville* Liz Phair (Matador)

A new school of aggressive, sexual and frank female singers including PJ Harvey, Tori Amos and Juliana Hatfield has invaded the music scene, somewhat recalling new wave's angry young men (Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, Graham Parker). The latest, hottest and, I think, best of the lot is Liz Phair, whose independent debut double album has generated quite a stir and landed her a deal with Atlantic records.

*Exile in Guyville* (3.5) has gained notoriety for its revelry in the stereotyped slut role: "I'll suck you 'til your dick is blue," "I want to be your blow-job queen," and "I want to fuck you like a dog" all appear in one song. Despite this, there are moments that suggest an emptiness ("I come when called / I come that's all", as well as the haunting, spare tracks that occupy about half of the disc.) But take away a few tracks and this could play on the radio, and it's not like she needs the porn for attention; her compositions are strikingly imaginative, though the spareness of the album is ultimately limiting. It's the more beefed-up tracks that stand out: "Six Foot One," "Never Said," "Fuck and Run."

Despite her radical sexuality, Liz Phair is a songwriting traditionalist in the spirit of Elvis Costello, and ultimately it is the music that makes groundbreakingly sexual work stand out. Here's a skim through other albums that creaked open the bedroom door:

*Let's Get It On*, Marvin Gaye  
*Dirty Mind*, Prince  
*Dry*, PJ Harvey  
*janet.*, Janet Jackson

