

sex! That is the subject I was asked to discuss in this week's column, but we all know that I do not take suggestions very well, so if the eventual outcome of this article is the sex life of a twentysomething, it is because I decided it to be. I cannot continue on without apologizing for the absence of my whining in last week's X-Press. I found myself afflicted with a most annoying virus last week, and I could not attend school on Tuesday. That is the truth. It wasn't just the typical slacker extended weekend, it was a devastating illness...a cold, if you must know.

Okay, on to this topic of sex, but before I disclose to you in no uncertain terms the scandalous reality of gen x sex, I invite you, the reader, to consider this thought. If McDonald's (as in 8 billion violated appetites) is spelled "Mc" and not "Mac", then I can only ask why the celebrated Big Mac is not a Big Mc. Write to the X-Press if you want, but this is not a ploy for participation. I am just curious. Back to sex.

According to the media, the establishment, and maybe even to this week's X-Press (I am writing this before publication, you see), the twentysomething/university crowd is being forced to deal with another sexual revolution, but this is not the free and liberated sex our parents were able to enjoy in those days of endless sex and sunshine, the seventies. We can all be assured that Prince Edward Island was at the forefront of sexual expression in 1968. The word "progression" has always been a bit obscene on the Island. We who have been ceremoniously filed under the category of generation X, though, are coming to terms with a new revolution -

T r i
a l s
a n d
T r i
b u l
a t i
o n s
o f a

one of abstinence, disease, and often fear. For most of us, our introduction to the world of sexual knowledge came with a discussion of "who is Rock Hudson?" and "what is AIDS?". It is somewhat dismal that it is this way, but one must face the reality of sex in the late twentieth century. People must approach sex with caution, and most of all with a conscience.

It is refreshing to see that university students are slowly beginning to realize that the Saturday night ritual of going to Myron's, picking up, getting laid, and introducing yourselves in the morning is not the most appealing way to meet people. You might not even be offered breakfast. And for those that have yet to realize that the debauchery of the early eighties just isn't cool anymore, it is not very encouraging to note the absence of condom machines in the majority of city night clubs. I give credit to the Student Union for its responsibility. There are machines in the washrooms at the Barn.

Well, I guess I failed to present to you the immoral ways of the generation X, but maybe that's because this generation, although more educated and aware of sex, is also more open about it. Even if as a generation we are getting less of it, we cannot be shocked. Madonna has already tried and failed. We've been through a lot, and are quite probably better in the end for it. Maybe we will grow up to be a more responsible generation where sex is concerned. I don't think we will all be in therapy because we missed the days of casual sex. You move on. As some really cheesy song once said... "let's put the X in Sex", but I don't think it was referring to us.

twentysomething

by S. Livingstone

special sex report