

# College sex: No easier in the big time

## Freshman fantasies unfulfilled . . . .

### . . . hopeful Casanova strikes out.

Sex is a funny thing. Sexual desire stands unique among human needs in that one does not have it at birth, as one has the needs to eat, sleep, and breathe, nor does one learn it, as one learns to desire money or status. Instead, it lurks latently in some hidden hormone cache until the 12th or 13th year of life, when it gushes out and washes over the unsuspecting victim in great, suffocating waves.

Or at least it was suffocating in my case, because in the initial stages of my testosterone inundation I was trapped in a WASPish home and school situation that made exploration of sexual frontiers about as easy as touring the Martian Outback. My parents and teachers graciously informed me that 1) sex was the domain of the married, 2) there was something more than slightly obscene about the whole thing and 3) it didn't concern me anyway.

I could buy the first proposition by the evidence of my parent's locked door, and the second seemed plausible simply because I had no reason to doubt it. But every inch of my body from the knees up told me that sex had to concern me — why else would I begin gasping for air every time Sheila Jablonski did jumping jacks, even though the girls did calisthenics a football field away?

It soon became apparent that sex did concern me, and at the same time it was just as apparent that as long as I was in high school there was little to distinguish the concern from an affliction since I didn't have a room of my own, a car of my own and, most importantly, Sheila Jablonski didn't seem to be doing any gasping when I did jumping jacks.

Which was why I was so excited about going to the U of O. I had scrupulously saved three summers' worth of graveyard-shift bean-belt earnings to supply myself with two of the three essentials: my own car and a single dorm room.

And the third essential — the answering gasp — was, my friends assured me, going to supply itself. While high school girls seemed to be interested in nothing more than the standard dinner-and-a-movie, college, I was told, did something to women. Once away from the nest, they became wanton nymphomaniacs bent on collecting Experiences, and had conceptions of their own sexuality that were every bit as strong or stronger than my own irresistible one. This seemed impossible, but amidst numerous knowing winks and leering smiles, I was assured that it was true.

Needless to say, my final summer of picking dirt clods and dead mice from the jiggling bean belt had seemed interminable with the prospect of a sexual Nirvana awaiting me after my arrival at the University. Finally, September rolled around and with burning anticipation I checked into my dorm room and waited for one of the Experiences to occur.

And waited. And waited. After several months of fruitless waiting I decided that perhaps some effort on my part was required, though this didn't jive with my pre-college conception of these Experiences just "happening" several times each day. Undaunted, I pulled out my student directory and flipped

through it, hoping against hope that....

She was here. Sheila Jablonski was a student here at the University of Oregon, majoring in — my heart skipped a beat — health and recreation. Obviously, the invisible collegiate aura that alters feminine morality codes had done its work on my once and future dream woman, and with quivering fingers I

said resignedly "What time?"

"Seven," I said and the depressing onslaught of *deja vu* was complete. Every date I had in high school was at seven Saturday night, and all had been accepted like this one — about as enthusiastically as Socrates accepted his hemlock.

And every date that I had ever been on had been set up on Thurs-

day, and we arrived just in time to miss our reservation. We crossed the street through a gloomy drizzle and dejectedly munched DC burgers while I tried to make conversation.

"So...what's your major?"

"Health and recreation," she answered.

There didn't seem to be much

spit back at us in shreds. After 15 minutes of shouting, Sheila's roommate finally got out of bed and let us in.

I felt like a kidnapper returning his victim.

"Well," she said, "thanks for the nice time."

"Thanks for saying that," I said "but tonight was about as enjoyable as the Inquisition and we both know it. I'm sorry, Sheila — for some reason everytime I go on a date the Fates and my own insect



Graphic by Steve Sandstrom

dialled her extension. "Hello?"

"Uh, hi," I sputtered, cursing myself for not having planned anything to say. "Um...how's it going?"

"Who is this?" "Well..." I kicked the wall. I wasn't even sure she knew who I was. Fingers crossed, I told her my name.

"Oh yeah," she said finally. "Now I remember — the guy with the respiratory condition, right? You know, I always wondered why they let you in P.E., you were always gasping and..."

"Say," I said, shoving a casual voice through trembling lips, "What are you doing Saturday night?" How unbelievably original, I mused glumly.

"Huh? Oh, Saturday night I'm...uh...washing my homework." "What?"

"I mean, reading my hair.. I mean..." There was a sigh, "nothing, I guess. Why?"

"Great!" I said. Damn, I thought, where does one go on a collegiate date? This was Eugene, good old there's-lots-to-do Eugene. Surely I could think of something better than....

"Dinner-and-a-movie?" I heard myself saying.

"Sure," the voice in the earpiece

day, which was that day, and the interim had always been an ordeal of visitations by thousands of name-

less anxieties about the upcoming event that haunted my waking and sleeping hours. Every possible catastrophe was run and rerun through my mind in such an endless profusion that by Saturday I was convinced that no matter how horrible the date was going to be, it couldn't be as disastrous as my malicious imagination had pictured it.

### . . . we exchanged the most passionless kiss imaginable.

As usual, I was wrong.

The calamities began even before I stepped out the door, for during my traditional pre-date shave I suffered my traditional pre-date nick; or more precisely, gash, leaving me scarred, anemic and almost shirtless as the crimson tide from my chin flowed over my dress shirts as fast as I could change them.

The procession of mis-events continued unhesitatingly after I exited the dorm. My car non-started perfectly. I was late enough to make Sheila angry, but early enough to make a mad dash to the restaurant

else to say, so we stared mutely through the grease-streaked windows into the damp night.

Movie time was 9 — it was a campus flick called "Roofers Madness." A friend of mine had recommended it, saying it was a hilarious, campy anti-shingle film of the 1930s, guaranteed to loosen up the iciest relationship.

As we shuffled out of 150 Science three hours later I made a mental note to look up my friend

later so I could strangle him. Aside from the fact that it started a half hour late and the place was so choked with shingle smoke that we could hardly breathe, the movie was plotless, characterless and almost criminally boring — celluloid tripe of the lowest order.

But we endured it, and perhaps it was best that the film was such a travesty, for it ended the nightmarish date on a consistently depressing note. Like broken steeds, we trudged back to Sheila's dorm, where, in a last ditch effort at chivalry, I put her card-key in the slot, only to have it gobbled up and

urities gang up to put a double whammy on it. I don't know... maybe I should just give up on women...

"...Or on dates," Sheila said. "Why don't you try coming over and just talking sometime?"

"Sure," I said, but my heart wasn't in it. We seemed to have nothing in common, and I couldn't think of a single topic that we could discuss. Tired and depressed, we exchanged the most passionless

kiss imaginable and she slipped into her room.

I should have left then, but her roommate's voice passing easily through the thin door stopped me.

"Well...how was it?"

The sigh was so deep and profound that the door seemed to vibrate.

"Man," I heard Sheila say, wonderingly. "College sure isn't the mad sexual whirl I thought it would be in high school."

I smiled. We had plenty to talk about after all.