

Sex and the '80s

The marketing blitz of a 'hush-up' product is likely to bring new meaning to responsibility.

I heard an interesting story on the morning news recently. Apparently condom sales haven't increased since the recent AIDS-scare marketing blitz, so manufacturers are going to switch their marketing direction from men to women.

Now that pregnancy has been usurped by a fatal disease, it looks like condom makers will have to try to cash in on the female "responsibility" compulsion.

Coupon use is on the rise. Coupons for condoms could be included in the packets inserted in Sunday's paper or in Wednesday's food section. Free samples could be inserted in the envelopes full of coupons mailed to residents. Some consumers probably would object and cry obscenity through the mail, though.

I suppose free condom samples could be included in soap and cereal boxes, or in dog food bags instead of picnic ware. Maybe McDonalds can start selling Happy Meals for adults that include a free condom. Just a suggestion Mrs. Kroc.

Women's restrooms in bus stations used to have condom machines in them. What ever happened to them? Maybe that idea would catch on again. College campuses and bars, anyplace where the sexes meet to mate, would be good locations for condom-dispensing machines. Hopefully they'd work better than the tampon machines. Those things are so unreliable.

I can't wait to observe the battle of the sexes on this one.

Hearing the story brought back memories of the "good ol' days" for me — the days of the sexual revolution when Germaine Greer urged women not to shave their armpits and legs,

thereby denying their sexuality. And I remember the days of communal arguments about whose responsibility it was to use the birth control and keep the maggots out of the kitchen garbage.

I remember talking with my girlfriends...er, women-friends...about the various merits (and demerits) of the men in our lives.

"I'll never sleep with that MCP again. He didn't even ask about birth control!"

"Well, sure. HE can't get pregnant."

"I know. Men are so selfish. The man I live with won't even wipe the stove off when he does the dishes. He says he doesn't care if it's dirty. And if I want it clean I should clean it myself."

"Hey, I started sleeping with this man last week who didn't ask about birth control the first time. But he did the second time. I guess that's a good sign."

When I get together with my girlfriends now, we talk about things like whether Lassiter and Ashley will become an item on "The Young and the Restless," how strawberries are finally in season, and whether Simply Red's new release is any good.

We might talk about who's trying to get pregnant, what mutual friends have had babies and what the labor and delivery was like. Somebody's got to keep up with the stats. Men certainly won't do it.

One friend had a baby two months ago, and the first person to report the birth was one of the men in my circle of friends. He knew the baby was a boy and that both mother and child were still alive and probably healthy. No weight, no length, no time of birth, not even a name.

Maybe the luxury of having a



Illustration by Lorraine Rath

I suppose free condom samples could be included in soap and cereal boxes, or in dog food bags instead of picnic ware. Maybe McDonalds can start selling Happy Meals for adults that include a free condom.

vasectomized husband for several years or getting my fill of arguments interacting with my 6-year-old son have lulled me into a sort of catatonic complacency. But I'd rather do repetitious housework than debate birth-control issues. At least that way I'd be accomplishing something.

I don't know if it's me being 34, my increasing lust for net-

work TV or a reflection of the '80s, but people don't seem to be into sex as much as they were two decades ago. Maybe open marriage is an idea that died with its 20-year-old bible. Are partners more into monogamy or are people just afraid of death?

The AIDS epidemic could add an exciting, albeit perverted, twist to relationships. Maybe there will be little fighting between the sexes over this particular responsibility in a relationship.

Human beings may be able to tighten the gap with the animal kingdom (insect kingdom actually) in that the lay me/slay me come on may really ring true outside of the sicko circles.

And now that men and women have had society's blessing to enjoy sex for a couple of decades, sex and its embellishments has become kind of boring and commonplace, hasn't it?

It might be kind of exciting to risk death together. And saying, "Till death do us part" may have more universal appeal and less likelihood of being an empty promise.

— JACKIE BARRY

Off the Cuff submissions should be about a humorous, real-life experience and about 750 words long. Submit them to the Oregon Daily Emerald front desk. Spectrum pays \$15 upon publication.

• FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE • RACK & PINION STEERING • REAR ELECTRIC DEFOGGER



EVERYBODY NEEDS A YUGO SOMETIME
DRIVE A NEW
YUGO **\$20⁷⁷** PER WEEK

\$4399.50 price, \$440 down, 12.5% APR, 60 installments of \$90 per month, \$90 per mo. X 12 months = 52 WEEKS = \$20.77 per week. Financing is subject to credit approval and not all cars sold at sticker price.

DUNHAM YUGO
Valley River • Eugene • 345-1511



\$ CASH \$
for
Records
Tapes
CD's

11am - 6pm Mon - Fri
12 - 5pm Sunday

Spectrum

A publication of the Oregon Daily Emerald

Editor Stephen Maher
Assistant Editor Stanley Nelson
Photo Editor John Giustina
Contributors: Jackie Barry, Shu-Shing Chen, John Giustina, John Henrikson, Lorraine Rath, Ellen Schlotter, Dan Wheeler.

The editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Submissions must include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Writer's guidelines may be picked up at the Oregon Daily Emerald office, Rm. 300, Erb Memorial Union. Mailing address for Spectrum magazine is P.O. Box 3159, Eugene, Oregon 97403.