

Losing your V-card no big deal

RAMIN
OSTIAD

“What does change, however, is your level of confidence. Now that you’ve done the deed that you were probably sweating about since you were 13 and realized that that you can do more with your diddly than pee standing up and play the slap flute, the weight and fear of it are gone.”

Two years ago, in the Gateway’s Sex Issue, I wrote an article admitting to being a 20-year-old virgin. At the time, I felt like there were a lot of misconceptions regarding those who chose to abstain from doing the nasty—choice being key here—and that there were serious benefits to waiting until it’s the right time. Well, now that I’m 22 and my V-card’s been punched, I’ve realized something very important: all of you virgins out there are serious losers.

Ok, admittedly, that’s a blatant lie—though I have learned quite a lot about sex now that I’ve been, shall we say, liberated from my shell. But while I haven’t yet mastered the many intricacies of the act itself—and frankly, who has?—many of us come to realize two very important things: there’s far more to sex than just sex, and it’s only once you’ve done it that you realize just how unimportant the whole thing is.

What I mean by that last part is that many virgins have this idea that

getting their firsts will be a life-altering experience, which drives some to obsess about it until they come to fear the act entirely. Well, they’re half-right—having sex definitely changes your perspective, but only in that it makes you realize just how little losing your virginity changes anything.

I mean, really, what changes? Your genitals don’t explode, and you don’t suddenly become a casanova. What does change, however, is your level of confidence. Now that you’ve done the deed that you were probably sweating about since you were 13 and realized that that you can do more with your diddly than pee standing up and play the slap flute, the weight and fear of it are gone. It may sound hypocritical that I’m making virginity sound like a burden, but sometimes it doesn’t help.

The other realization is that there’s a lot more to sex than just the physical nature of it. In the aforementioned pro-virginity article, I talked about the inherent vulnerability involved

with sex, and that, ideally, your first time should be with someone you trust. As usual, I was right—but that rule can also be extended to every other time you have sex. I’m not saying it has to be someone you’re in an intimate relationship with, but it should be someone you’ve gotten to know fairly well. Why? Well, other than the usual suspects—STIs, pregnancy, not remembering their name in the morning—there’s the fact that communication is the most important part of sex—besides the condom, that is, let’s not get stupid.

That’s right, I just said talking is the most important part of sex. I’m not talking about a guy saying something like, “I want to fill your hoo-ha with goof juice;” if that happens, ladies, run like the fucking wind. For the most part, it’s very rare that two people are immediately sexually compatible, so it requires a little time, patience, and practice to make it all come together—ideally that’ll happen frequently.

Dating older gentlemen no big deal

MEAGAN
CLEAVELEY

makes you happy” and keep their judgments to themselves; those in the latter group erupt into a chorus of “Dude, that’s gross,” and voice all sorts of reasons as to why I shouldn’t be with my chosen partner—including, but not limited to, the infamous half-plus-seven rule.

If I were dating a woman, none of my friends would dare tell me it was gross, nor would they openly judge me for dating someone who is of a different gender.

Whether a relationship is heterosexual, homosexual, monogamous, polyamorous, interracial, or intergenerational, it’s nobody’s place to judge. And while most recognize this, the number of people who feel that it’s acceptable to voice their opinions about my dating situation while knowing nothing but how much older than me my partner is still astounds me.

If I were dating a woman, none of my friends would dare tell me it was gross, nor would they openly judge me

for dating someone who is of a different ethnicity. There was a time when such relationships were not only judged but were actually legislated against; however, nowadays they’re accepted by our generation. There’s no reason to assume that any relationship between consenting adults is going to be predatory, abusive, or exploitative.

It’s unfortunate that though we’ve come so far in regards to what’s considered acceptable in terms of relationships and romantic liaisons, those in which there are considerable age differences continue to be stigmatized. Just because it’s different than yours doesn’t mean it’s any less acceptable or valid. The only people that truly know what’s going on in a relationship are those who are in it, and as such, they’re the only people qualified to judge it.

I’ve been in similar situations in the past: when I was 14, I dated an 18-year-old; at 18, I was dating a 26-year-old; and now, dating someone 15 years my senior, I’ve been bombarded with people spouting the age difference as the reason why I shouldn’t be with these men and “daddy issues” as the reason why I am with them—which is both absurd and infuriating. If I want to see an older man who has a receding hairline, that’s my business. And if things don’t last with this guy, there are plenty of profs around campus who fit that description.

LETTERS • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

It puzzled me that the Gateway would consider my awkward defense of traditional sexual morality as either historically significant or hilarious until I realized with dismay that the letter appeared just as physicians were first noticing a mysterious illness killing gay men in the US.

Did I really criticize an ad for condoms just as the AIDS pandemic was starting to raise its ugly head? It’s humbling that I was, for however brief a period, so firmly on the wrong side of history. Ironically, since then I’ve been a strong advocate of

birth control, comprehensive sexual education, and rights for sexual minorities.

My first response to seeing that letter was embarrassment. The second was hope—my thinking has changed in many ways since 1979, so perhaps the boxes into which we slot ourselves and others aren’t as rigid as we often assume.

ROSS SMILLIE
Alumnus

Letters to the editor should be sent to letters@gateway.ualberta.ca (no

attachments, please).

The Gateway reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of any letter it deems racist, sexist, libellous, or otherwise hateful in nature. The Gateway also reserves the right to publish letters online.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 350 words, and should include the author’s name, program, year of study, and student identification number to be considered for publication.

Also, thank you for proving my theory that rocks are both boring and dumb.

OIL CITY
ROADHOUSE

Valentines
Day

**DATE-LESS &
DAMN PROUD!**

25¢ HIGHBALLS TIL 10PM
\$2 HIGHBALLS TIL LAST CALL

NO COVER ALL NIGHT!
(ladies only)



FEBRUARY 14TH

10736 Jasper Ave. 428.0099
oilcityroadhouse.com