

COLUMBIA SPECTATOR ARCHIVE

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[ARTICLE+ILLUSTRATION]

SPECTRUM

Condom skills for the intoxicated

In these pages, Conor Ryan and William Moormann have debated *ad nauseam* the skill with which the average college student uses the

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Shadow Boxing

average condom, but neither actually offer any constructive advice as to how condoms might be used more effectively. This is a serious oversight, especially considering that Columbia's fraternities have just gone through their various "pledge weeks," with their various attendant parties.

Fraternity parties are popular events at Columbia. You may not be able to recognize this from the typical Columbian's often-stated low opinion of fraternities and fraternity members, but no matter how truly one might consider frat brothers "Neanderthals," one is usually still willing to accept free Neanderthal beer.

The reason that frat parties are so popular is because everyone believes that the parties will be incredible meat markets, where just walking through the door confers upon the attendee a popularity usually reserved at college for alternative rock stars and dermatologists. The Average College Woman believes that when she goes to a frat party she will have her choice of any man in the place, jock or black turtlenecked *artiste*. The Average College Male believes that when he goes to a frat party not one single stunningly attractive woman will notice that he apparently styled his hair with a weed whacker.

So people go to frat parties expecting to "score" in the first 15 minutes. When this doesn't happen, they start getting a little depressed. So they start drinking heavily. Pretty soon, they've reduced their effective

attractiveness to that of an intensive, 4000-level class entirely devoted to Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."

So no one ever scores at frat parties. The few you hear about are actually actors, paid by the University to attract prospective students by perpetuating the myth that college is a hedonistic, sex-filled place where even the shyest, most awkward high schooler will be able to blossom into a Lothario obligated to use a Filofax just to keep track of his or her orgy commitments.

Still, even though no one ever scores at frat parties, you should still be concerned about scoring safely. That's right. Now, I know you're aware that we live in a perilous, disease-ridden world, and that we must always stand vigilant against the tides of plague and should wear condoms and things like that.

But when you're extremely drunk and at a frat party and falling over anything that smells even slightly like pheromones, you're not going to be thinking so clearly about safe sex. So the best course is to take precautions before-hand.

I suggest that you always have a spare condom, just in case passion and/or punch gets the best of you. Condoms are cheap around Morningside Heights, especially now that University Health Services distributes them free, without dirty looks. Of course, except for the mint-flavored ones, most of these condoms have all of the pleasure-giving, sensual texture of steel wool, and tend to break if extremely high notes are played on the stereo.

So I would suggest buying a name-brand condom from a local drugstore. You can then take part in the age-old routine of keeping it in your purse or your wallet, always

Most condoms have all of the pleasure-giving, sensual texture of steel wool. right by your side should someone in your psychology section initiate heavy petting in the middle of class. Of course, if you aren't able to put your purchase to good use, you can always keep your condom as a college memento. You can always show it to your grandchildren: "Yup, kids, this was my condom freshman year. Your ole granddad didn't get any play until nigh on spring break junior year."

Of course, just because you own a condom doesn't guarantee that you're going to use it. Sometimes you're going to be too drunk to remember little things about safety. Sometimes you're going to be too drunk to be able to undo the foil wrapper.

So, to ensure maximum safety, I always suggest that the male put on the condom before leaving for the frat party. I always do this, and I have not contracted HIV (though I do have a nasty rash I just can't explain ...).

Shadow Box with that wacky, smokin' junior-in Lit-Hum Andrew Jorgensen, alternate Thursdays in *Spectrum*.

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