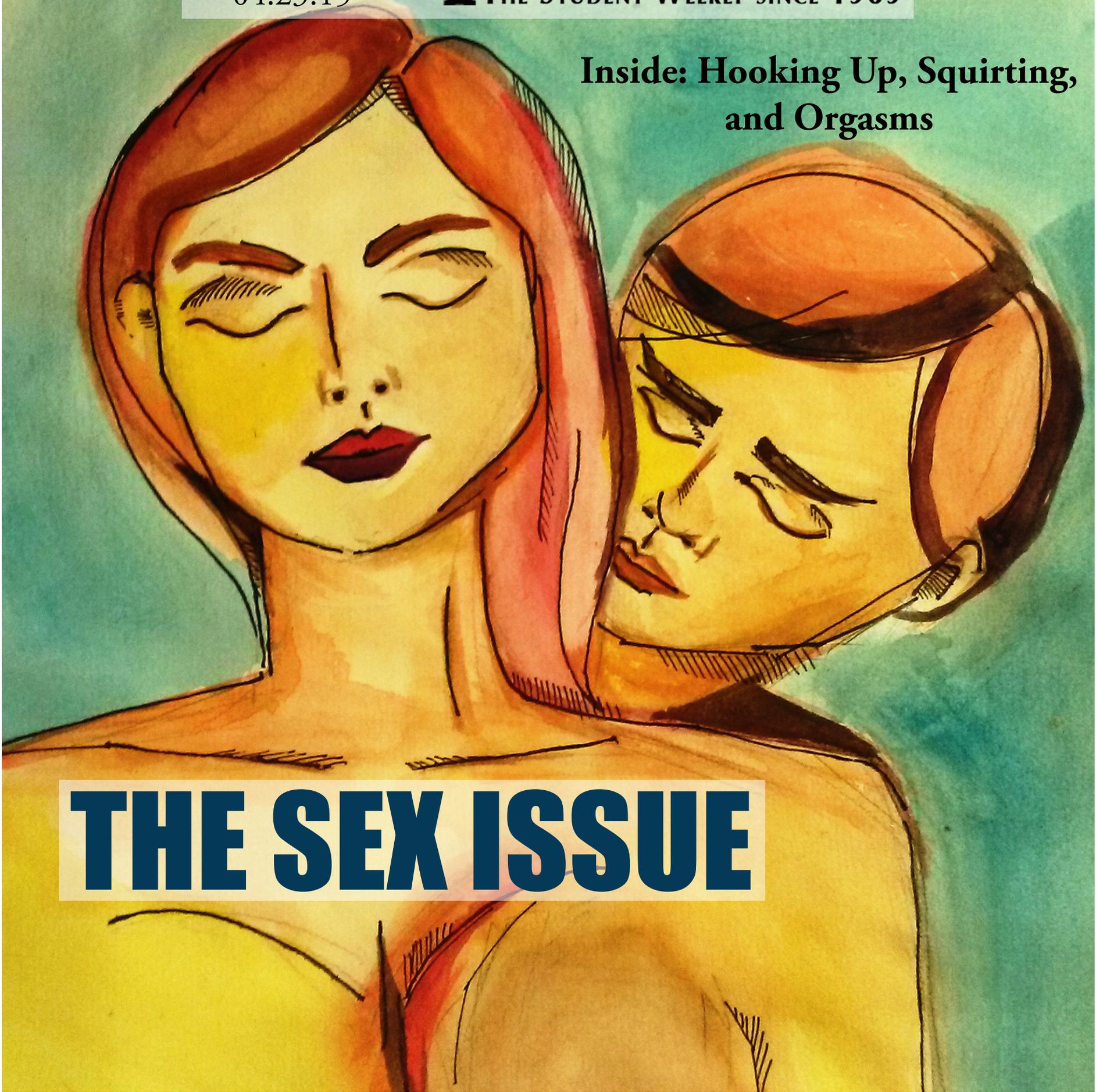


THE HARVARD
independent
04.23.15 THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969

Inside: Hooking Up, Squirting,
and Orgasms



THE SEX ISSUE

04.23.15

VOL. XLVI, NO. 21

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As Harvard College's weekly undergraduate newsmagazine, the *Harvard Independent* provides in-depth, critical coverage of issues and events of interest to the Harvard College community. The *Independent* has no political affiliation, instead offering diverse commentary on news, arts, sports, and student life.

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The *Indy* is turned on.

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THE HARVARD *independent* THE STUDENT WEEKLY SINCE 1969

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Getting the Job Done

How to successfully hook-up when you have a roommate.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

- 1. Be tactical and practical:** Figure out your roommate's schedule for classes/events/meetings/clubs and plan around this for optimal privacy. Give yourself enough time to kick the lovely individual you've copulated with out and spray air freshener to cover up the smell that could betray the sanctity of your room.
- 2. Be cautious:** Check your bunk bed before jumping in the sack. Your roommate might have started de-bunking the myth that the top bunk is impossible to pull off. For those top bunk heroes: 'Hitting it' might actually refer to one of your heads and the ceiling this time.
- 3. Be obvious yet aloof:** Turn on that playlist you know you made instead of studying for your biochemistry final (@ me). Your roommate knows you only listen to Partition when you're gettin' some but at least they don't have to hear it.
- 4. Be courteous:** Clean up after yourself. You can spill the details after you've taken care of any spills. Nothing will cum-pare to the awkward stare of disappointment your roommate will greet you with if they find out the hard way.
- 5. Be creative:** Your roommate would torch the futon if they knew where that stain actually came from. Come up with fun, inventive excuses! Sure, you passed out eating Greek yogurt, happens to the best of us!
- 6. Be silent but studly:** Don't bring back the screamer. Your proctor didn't let the kid with the cello or violin practice in the dorm, so it's probably unlikely that you're going to pull off that strange yodeling coming from your room.
- 7. Be thoughtful:** Leave your roommate a pillow and blanket on the futon, because it's already pretty cold that you sexiled them for the third time this month.
- 8. Be kind:** Your roommate deserves to get some action every once in a while, too. Coily mention that you'll be in a review session for 2 hours since chances are they'll only need thirty minutes.
- 9. Be exclusive:** Don't invite your roommate. That's just strange and going to make it awkward to be passive aggressive about who's turn it is to take out the trash, and we both know you're double isn't big enough for all that baggage.
- 10. Be crafty:** Knit the sock you hang out the door and embroider your name on it so your roommate can marvel at your amazing artistic abilities from the futon you already christened without their knowledge.
- 11. Be a civilized human being:** Don't do anything sexual on any piece of furniture that doesn't belong to you. When it comes to mutual purchases: Feel free to hump on the corner of the futon, but only stick to the 20% of it that you actually paid for.
- 12. Be neat:** Throw away the condom wrapper (see tip 4). It's easier to forget than

Let's Talk About Sex Baby

A quick guide to some of Harvard's sexual awareness groups.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

The Sex Issue comes but once a year, but you don't have to! In the meantime, check out some of the great organizations here at Harvard! Some of these organization titles can be a real mouthful so we've explained them for you.

Harvard College Munch is a group of students interested in kink and alternative sexualities who meet and organize events with speakers, discussions, and screenings to promote a positive and accurate understanding of alternative sexualities here at Harvard. Munch creates a safe space to find a community of peers and acceptance within their sexuality. While other groups represent many different sexualities, Munch seeks to create a forum for students interested in exploring their sexual identities.

Sexual Health Education & Advocacy throughout Harvard College (SHEATH) empowers Harvard students to explore their romantic and sexual experiences. Providing information through events such as Sex Week, SHEATH addresses issues relating to sex, relationships, dating, sexual health, and sexuality. Promoting open, honest, and inclusive sexual health education and discussion, SHEATH welcomes all members of the Harvard community. SHEATH promotes a community comfortable with sharing experiences of love, sex, sexuality, and relationships.

your hook-up's name but your roommate's mom is going to remember it forever when she comes to help you all move out and the Trojan wrapper slips out from behind the bed. Note: Honestly if I have to remind you to throw away the condom itself, you're gross and your roommate deserves better.

13. Be smart: Wrap it up, boys. This advice is the only time you're allowed to say that it's 'just the tip' and, roommate or not, safe sex is better sex.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is always coming up with new ways to help others succeed in life.

THE SEX ISSUE

SHARC Attack

The Harvard Independent profiles one of Harvard's sexual health groups.

By HUNTER RICHARDS and MILLY WANG

In light of our annual, infamous and fabulous Sex Issue, The Indy had decided to interview SHARC, one of the student organizations on campus that provides resources and education around sex health.

The Indy: What's SHARC's objective or mission? What role do you serve on campus, why do you think that it is necessary to have an organization like yours, and how would you like the campus to be impacted by your organization?

SHARC: Sexual Health and Relationship Counselors (SHARC) are College students who provide information and counseling to their peers about issues related to sexual health, such as contraception, sexually transmitted infections (STIs), and relationships. We are non-directive and non-judgmental, and as a result are a resource that helps our peers help themselves. We also provide condoms (external and internal), lubricant, dental dams, and a library of sexual health materials at our office in the UHS After Hours Urgent Care Clinic. Through our organization, we hope to dispel myths about sexual health and empower our peers to live the sex lives they want.

The Indy: What are some of the events you've put on in the past?

SHARC: We sponsor the Sexual Health Career Fair with the Office of Career Services, co-sponsor events such as "Get Wet: The Or-

gasm Seminar" with Sex Week and Sex Weekend, and have started to give sexual health workshops to freshmen entryways. We are hoping to eventually reach every incoming freshman through our workshop.

The Indy: Are there any safe sex tips that you'd like to offer students?

SHARC: [Here] Some safe sex tips from our staffers:

1) Lubricant is really important. Don't use oil-based lube with latex condoms. Even lubricated condoms aren't lubricated sufficiently; have extra on hand.

2) Don't wear two condoms at once.
3) Plan B is free at the UHS pharmacy for students who identify as female on their HUID.

4) Get STI tested every 6 months if you are sexually active.

5) IUD = Intra-uterine device. You can get an IUD for free if you are on Harvard's secondary Blue Cross Blue Shield insurance before you graduate.

Any other questions? Come by our office, call us, or visit our website at harvardsharc.squarespace.com.

The Indy: Any sex advice?

SHARC: Communication, foreplay, and lubricant are very important.

The Indy: What's the most common misconception about sex/safe sex and how has SHARC worked to educate people about this?

SHARC: The misconception: there aren't STIs at Harvard because

we're smart. The truth: The STI rates at Harvard are on par with the national averages. As I mentioned, we are now giving workshops for freshmen (it's called Sexual Health 101) in order to provide each incoming student with the necessary information to make decisions regarding their own sexual health for themselves and make them aware of the resources on our campus to help them to do so.

The Indy: Is there anything you want to add about your organization or to tell students?

SHARC: We staff every night of the week on the fifth floor of UHS (follow the blue signs); Mondays - Thursdays, we are there 7-midnight, while Fridays and Saturdays we are there 8-10PM. We offer a wide selection of safe sex supplies, including non-latex condoms, many different brands of condoms (Trojans, Kimonos, Magnums, Durex, and One included), both silicon and water-based lubricants, and dental dams. We are happy to answer questions, but if you want to come by to get some condoms, you certainly don't have to speak with us.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) and Milly Wang '16 (keqimillywang@college.harvard.edu) think that going to SHARC is way less intimidating than what you'd find in the ocean.

Get Wet

The Science of Squirting.

By ANONYMOUS

Girls are generally thought to be confusing creatures. But nothing seems more confounding than the female anatomy, especially with regards to sex. Unlike males, not all females can come during intercourse—why is that? Is the G-spot even a real thing? Can females, like males, ejaculate? Is female ejaculation the same as “squirting”?

My most recent ex-boyfriend asked me if I could “squirt.” “It would be so awesome if you did,” he said. “Um, not that I know of,” I replied, “but maybe that just means you need to try harder?”

His question got me thinking—are all females supposed to “squirt”? Or is it just a skill only a few females possess? How does it happen? What is the difference between squirting and female ejaculation, if there is one?

It turns out I’m not the only one who wonders about these things. Squirting is, in fact, what a well-known sexologist called “one of the most hotly debated questions in modern sexology,” and nobody is actually sure how or why it happens. One thing people have all seemed to agree on, though, is a definition for squirting: the expulsion of fluid through and around the urethra during or before an orgasm.

There is a lot of scientific evidence that the fluid expelled during orgasm is actually just urine. Perhaps squirting is simply just incontinence caused by stress, or in the case of sex, orgasm. However, most women who have experienced it have said that the fluid neither looks, smells, or even tastes like urine (oh, the things people do for science). And not all science supports the fact that the fluid is urine—there is a lot of inconsistency. In fact, the Journal

of Sexual Medicine published a study in which researchers found that this fluid showed all the characteristic of prostate plasma—not urine—and concluded that this might be proof that the female paraurethral, or Skene’s, gland, which is where the fluid comes from, actually functions as female prostate glands. A more recent French study also showed that the fluid contained prostate plasma, but the fluid, they concluded, was still mostly urine, and its emission was involuntary.

If the fluid released during squirting comes from Skene’s glands, which all women have, then does this mean that all women have the capability to squirt? Depending on the study, between six and 60% of women have reported that they have experienced it before.

Every woman has different anatomy, though. The placement of a woman’s Skene’s gland and the ability to produce prostate fluid are both factors that may determine whether or not a woman is able to squirt. Thus, not every woman can physically squirt, no matter how hard their boyfriends try to make them.

There is some speculation that squirting may also be caused by stimulation of the G-spot. However, there is a lot of uncertainty about the existence of the G-spot itself, so its possible role in squirting is far from confirmed. The Skene’s gland is usually located on the back wall of the vagina near the lower end of the urethra, and may be near or part of the G-spot. Stimulating the G-spot during intercourse could very well lead to squirting for some women, but not for others. And that’s assuming G-spots even exist!

Squirting and female ejaculation are

commonly used interchangeably, but there is actually a slight difference between the two. Female ejaculation involves the release of a thick, whitish fluid from the female prostate, whereas squirting, which is most often seen in porn, is the release of clear fluid from the bladder.

The presence of squirting in porn makes the phenomenon seem much more normal and frequent than it really is. Classic porn, with its unrealistic sexual standards it sets for us. Squirting is involuntary, but porn makes it seem like every woman can squirt every time, or on command. That is simply not true. There are many ways to fake squirting on camera, including simply having the woman pee, or putting water in the vagina before shooting the scene.

That said, many people, especially men, still hold the belief that women can squirt, and if they can’t make them squirt, then maybe they aren’t good enough in bed. Women also feel inadequate when they can’t squirt on command or at all, because squirting is associated with intense sexual pleasure. There are many articles that you can find on the Internet that offer a multitude of tips for how to get a girl to squirt. But as science has shown, it all comes down to anatomy, and just because a woman cannot squirt, does not mean that she does not enjoy sex to its full potential.

Anonymous hopes that squirting is made a little less confusing.

If you have comments or concerns about this article, please email editorinchief@harvardindependent.com

THE SEX ISSUE

The Sound of Sex.

69 songs I've definitely listened to while having sex.

By ANONYMOUS

(That's a sex joke in the title, but really there are only 10 songs on this list).

1. "Fly Away" - Lenny Kravitz

How could I begin this list with any song but this, the first song I ever listened to while having sex? It was with a beautiful girl, and it was sex.

2. "Surrender" - Cheap Trick

It was merely good sex at first, but then things got really steamy right around that that famous key change. As Robin Zander howled his most powerful, "AWAYYY," we simultaneously orgasmed. It was one of the sexiest moments of my life filled with lots and lots of sex.

3. "All the Small Things" - Blink 182

Our relationship had fallen into what had seemed like a hopeless lull. Soon enough we started fighting, and I began to question why we were even dating in the first place. I mean, why would I limit all of my sex to just one girl? But as she pulled her car onto Cameo Drive, this song came on the radio and the Blink Boys made me realize that it truly was about all of the small things. After the second chorus she pulled over that Silver Jetta SE, and we had sweet, sweet makeup sex.

4. "Don't Stop Believing" - Journey

A singer, in a hotel room, the smell of wine and cheap perfume, we did share

the night. And in the morning, she told me that it was good sex, the best sex she ever had in fact.

5. "I Just Had Sex" - The Lonely Island ft. Akon

I kept thinking how meta this was, and I couldn't focus on the great sex I was having. In my expert opinion, you should not have sex to this song.

6. "Like a Virgin" - Madonna

This one was tough to relate to because it had been years since I had lost my virginity; to Lenny Kravitz's escape anthem if you'll recall. I suggested we listen to a different Madonna song. Soon enough we were engaged in a heated argument whether, "4 Minutes" was a better song than "Holiday." When she finally agreed that "Material Girl" was better than both, we got back to having sex. This was merely adequate sex.

7. Bruce Springsteen, "I'm on Fire"

Great song. Great sex.

8. The Beatles, "Hey Jude"

We met at a bar, and she told me her name was Jude. In that deeply sensual moment, I knew we were going to have sex to this song. After I took her back to my place, I treated her to vintage wine and artisan cheese. Finally, I popped on the boom box and played this song. She told me that she did not find it funny and proceeded to leave. I did not have

The Survey Says... Top Songs to Have Sex To

- 1) "All of My Love" by Led Zeppelin
- 2) "Arms of a Woman" by Amos Lee
- 3) "Often" by The Weeknd
- 4) "Bump and Grind" by R. Kelly
- 5) "Closer by Nine" Inch Nails
- 6) "Burning it Down" by Jason Aldean
- 7) "I Just Had Sex" by The Lonely Island ft. Akon
- 8) "Intro" by The xx
- 9) "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye
- 10) No Music—sometimes the sounds of sex are the only music you need

sex on this particular evening.

9. Ice Cube, "Today Was A Good Day,"

Just like the song's narrator (presumably Ice Cube himself?) I, too, had sex that day, and boy was it good!

10. "Purple Rain" - Prince

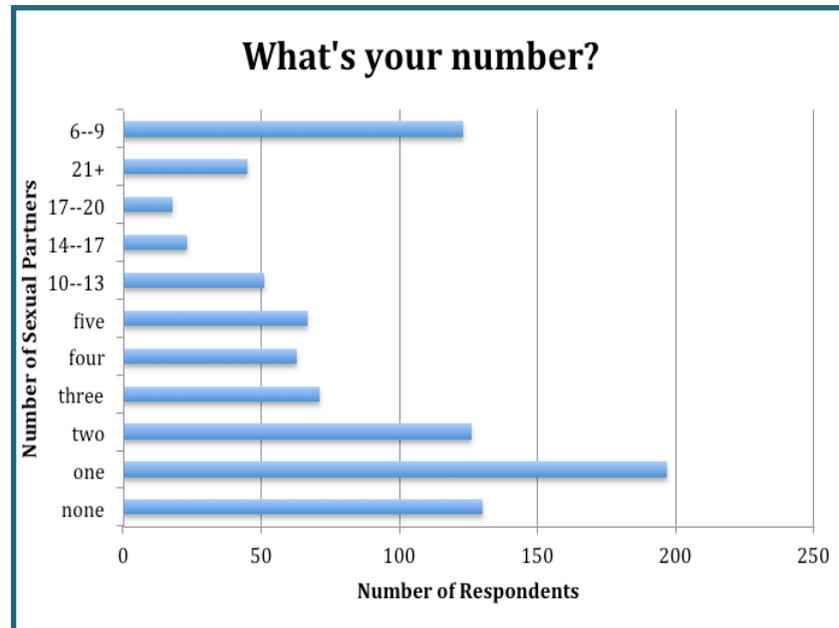
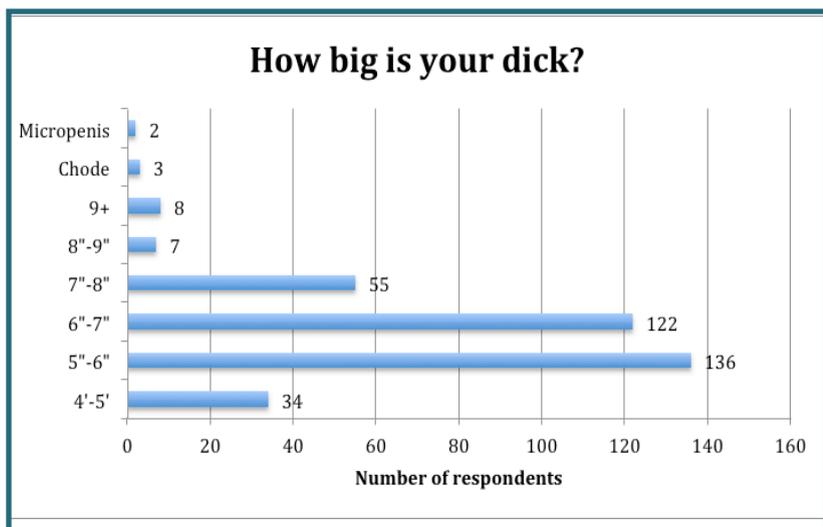
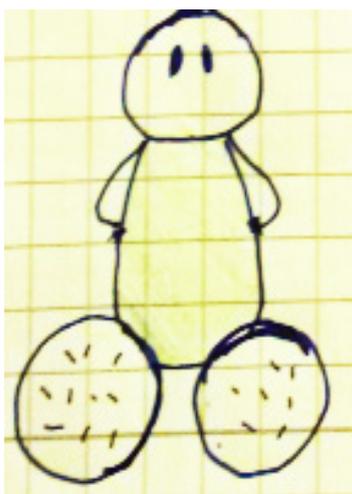
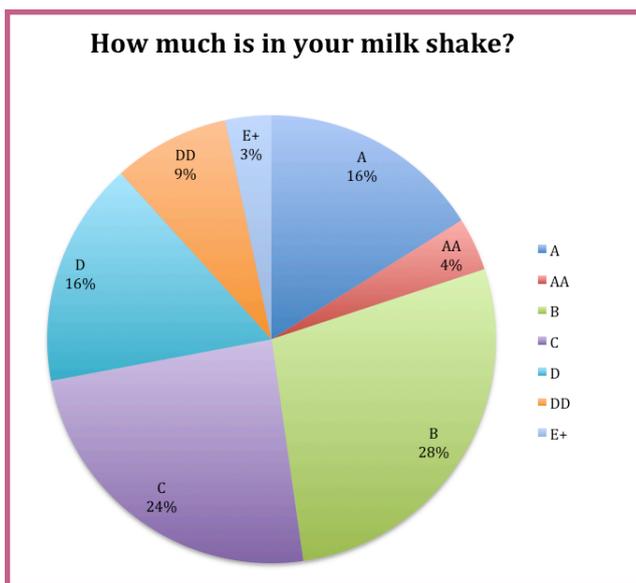
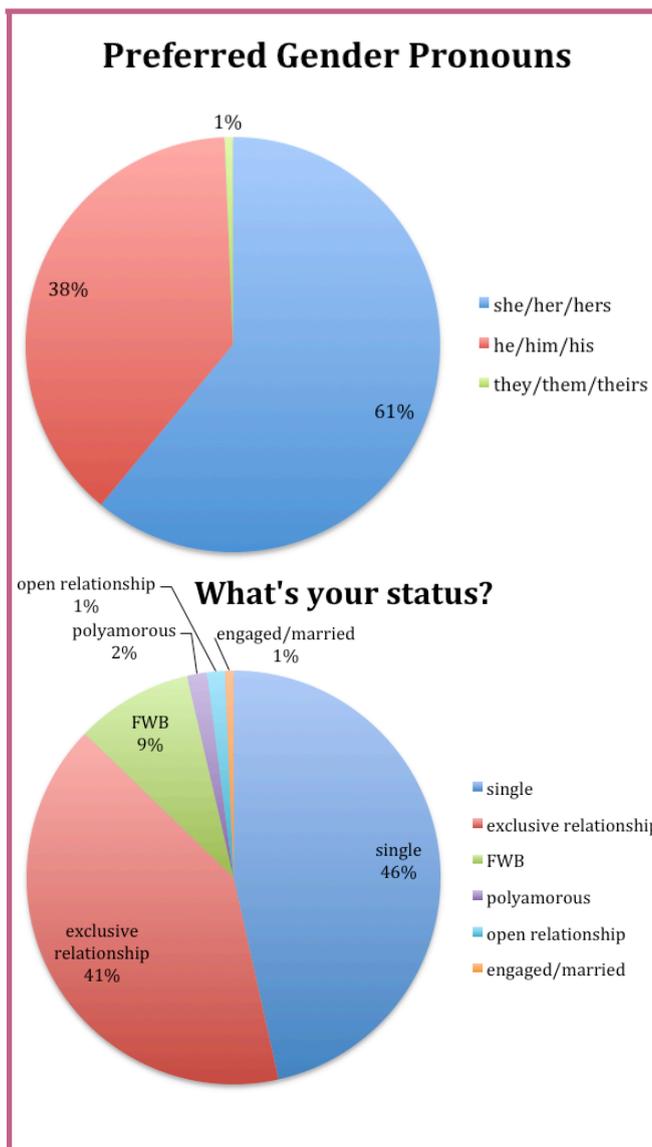
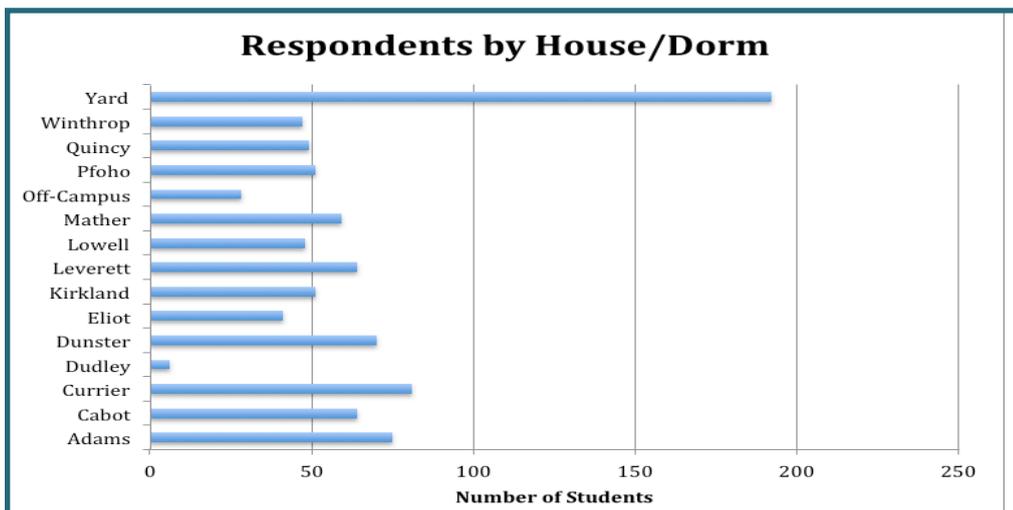
Months later, our relationship again was on the rocks. I didn't find her beautiful anymore, and she didn't have that same look in her eye when she spoke to me. I started drinking more and more to ease the growing fear that she would leave me. Even if she did, would I even care? In a desperate attempt to regain any kind of feeling, I booked a (not cheap) Prince and the Revolution cover band. They performed this song and even decorated the room purple for us. I wasn't too comfortable with them watching us have sweet makeup sex but she insisted they stay. Thanks Prince for helping me have some great sex once again!

Anonymous hopes that you can have a music montage for all of your best sex moments.

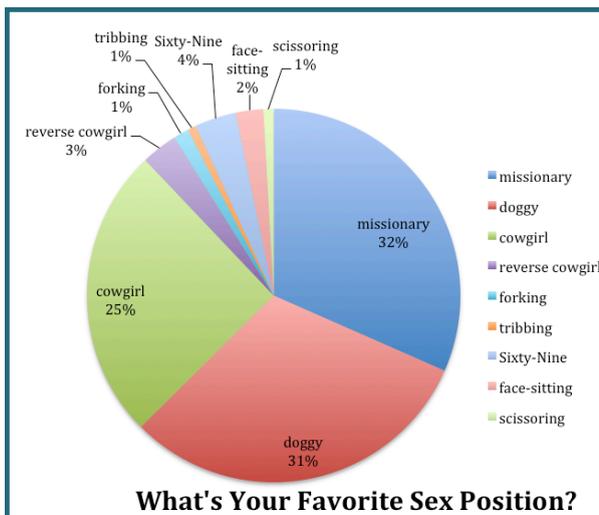
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THE SEX ISSUE

The Basics



THE SEX ISSUE

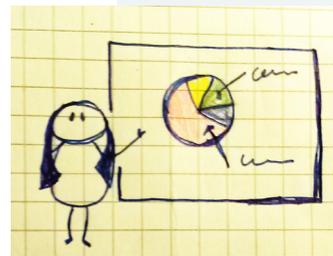


Kinks: "When people pluck the hairs around my buttole. Oh, and anything involving earwax."

Top Kinks:

- 1) BDSM
- 2) Hair Pulling
- 3) Biting
- 4) Handcuffs
- 5) Doing it in public spaces
- 6) Role-playing
- 7) Choking/ Gagging
- 8) Outdoors
- 9) Blindfolded
- 10) Armpits
- 11) Water Sports

PILF (Professor I'd Like to Fuck):



- 1) Paradise Sabetti
- 2) David Malan
- 3) Steven Levitsky
- 4) Kevin Eggan
- 5) Steven Pinker



Sexual Fantasies

"Going down on Hillary Clinton while she sits in the president's chair in the Oval Office—while Bill watches as a cuckold."

"Seduction by MILF. I'm not even lesbian, but it would be interesting."

"Pizza."

"Meeting someone on the Appalachian trail and sharing a tent that night."

"A threesome in which I am a bottom and top simultaneously."

"If I had a penis growing from my forehead."

"Done and Done. Need to think of new one. Get back to me next year."

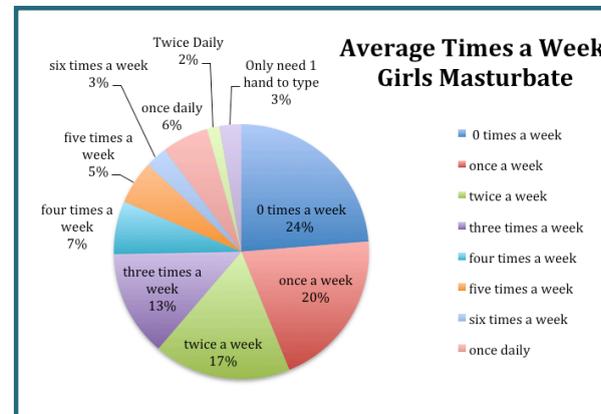
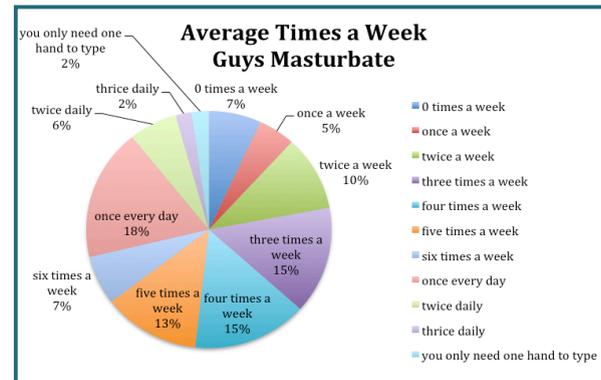
"Sex in a church."

"To be rich and successful, married to someone rich and successful, and we just have a lot of rich and successful sex."

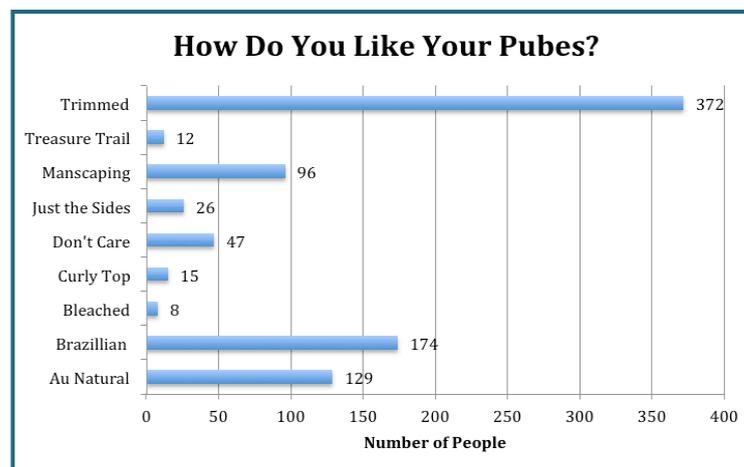
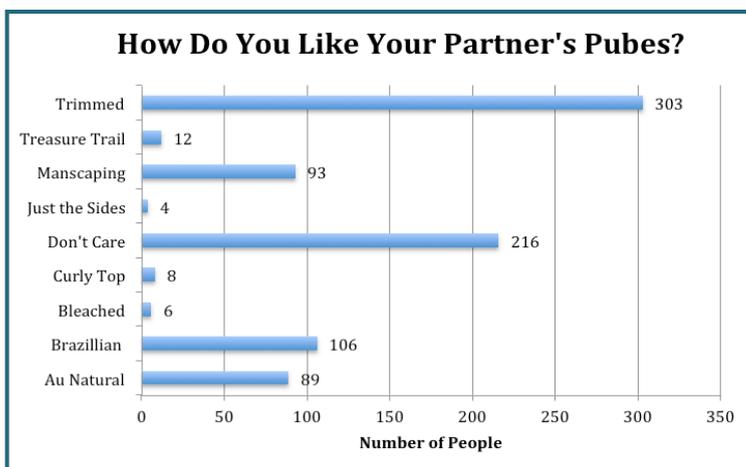
"50 shades style billionaire who's obsessed with me, minus the weird controlling overly violent sexual fantasies stemmed from his destructive childhood."

"I want to have sex in space. I *will* have sex in space."

"Hayden Panettiere fucks me in a pool of Jello, and then we eat chocolate cake in the shape of a half-pipe."



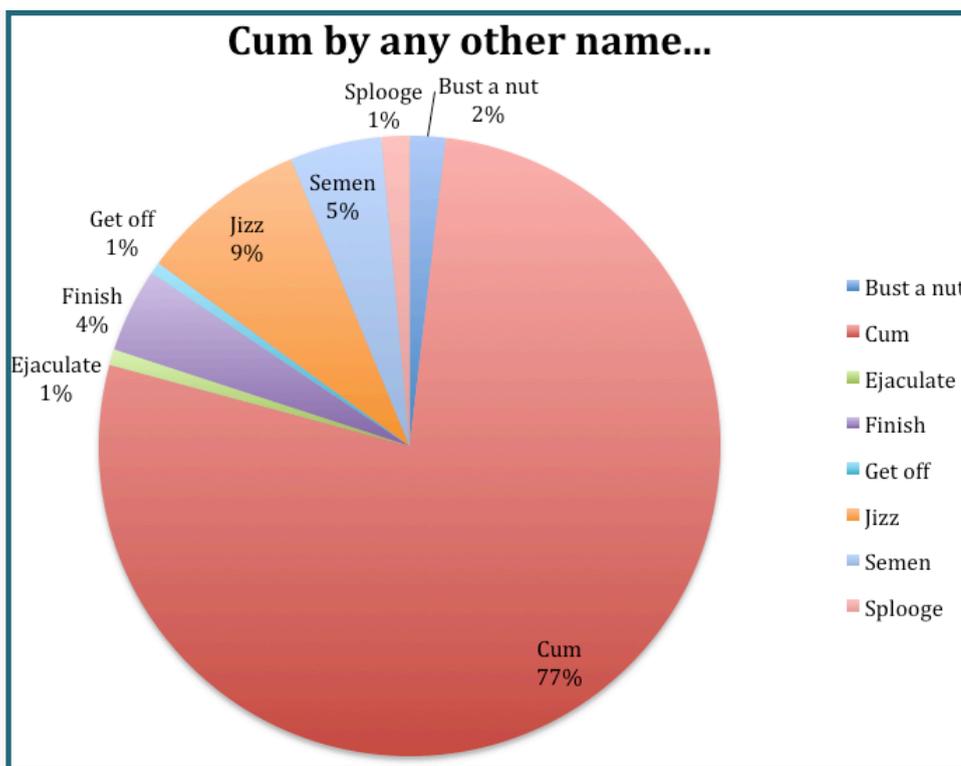
"Whatever guy I'm into at the time, maybe a girl if I was into it in the moment. Generally I just want to have sex on top of a mountain."



THE SEX ISSUE

Top 15 Most Awkward Boner Stories

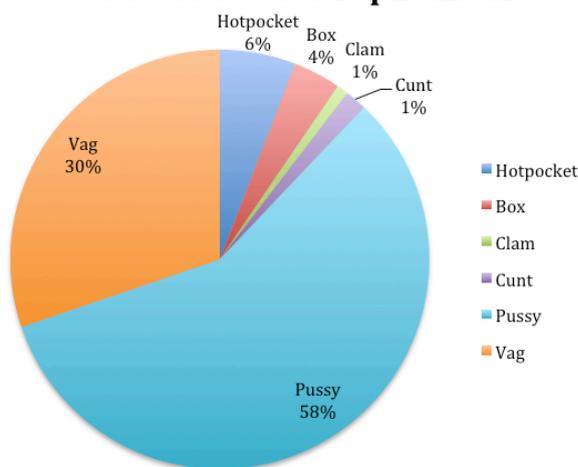
- 1) "Didn't understand what a boner was when I first got one and showed my mom."
- 2) "Forgot to close zipper, fell asleep in class, woke up to see my penis looking at me through my pre-cummed underwear in Sanders #justice2012."
- 3) "I saw some really delicious pizza, and you know how it goes from there."
- 4) "About to see my girlfriend's mom."
- 5) "Got a raging boner when showering in the women's locker room."
- 6) "Church. That's all. Just church wearing slacks.... Awks."
- 7) "Posting a picture of my junk on my Snapchat story before I knew how those worked."
- 8) "A girl bit me on the neck really hard and broke skin and I don't know why but I had a semi-chub."
- 9) "Anytime you get called up in front of the class when you have a boner. So anytime I get called up in front of the class."
- 10) "Every time I stationary cycle at the gym."
- 11) "Uhh...every horny day."
- 12) "Got a bruise from grinding too hard against a guy with a boner."
- 13) "Hot nurse during the hernia check portion of a physical exam."
- 14) "The old church boner...but my gentleman's sausage goes from all quiet on the western front to 'gas! gas! quick boys!' as I'm walking towards the altar for communion and my mom was the celebrant...escalated quickly."
- 15) "None. I AM THE MASTER OF MY BONER."



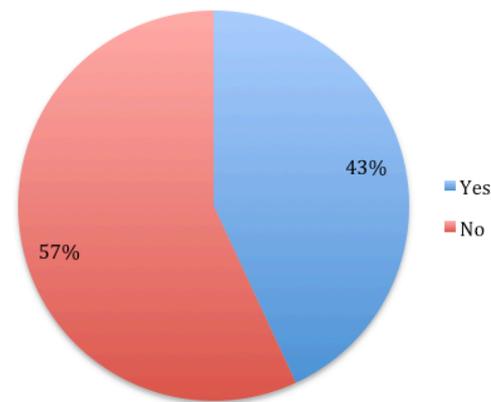
Favorite Penis Euphemism



Favorite Vulva Euphemism

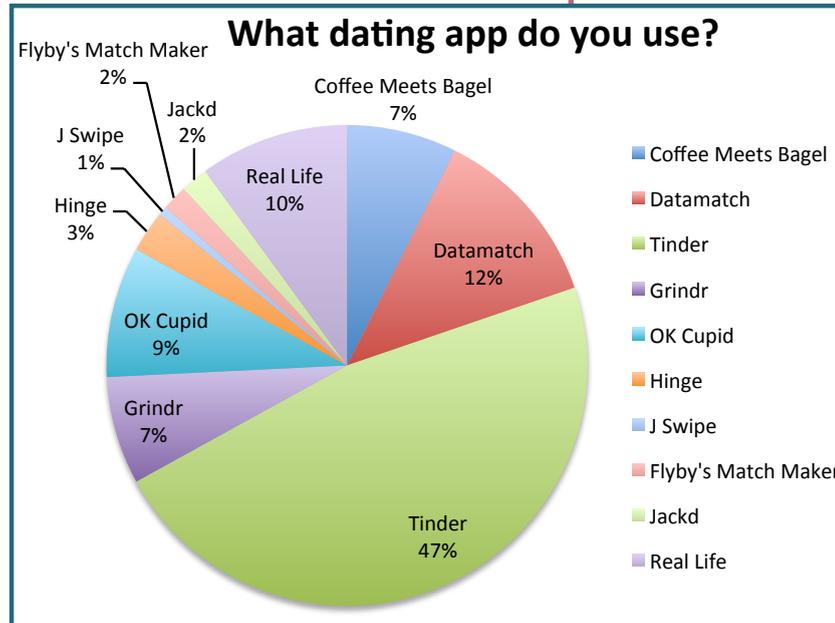


Faked the Big O?



THE SEX ISSUE

Digital Dating



Best Pick Up Lines

“were you raised on a farm? because you sure know how to raise a cock”

“Oh my god, your abs are so hot I want to bake cookies on them.”

“If you were a booger I'd pick you first”

“do you have pet insurance? Because I'm about to smash that pussy!”

“1 order scalpan, crab rangoons, and sesame chicken for pick up”

“Are you a 30 degree angle? Cuz you're acute-y.”

Weirdest Messages

“Do you like dragons?”

“Yeah...”

“How about me dragon these nuts across your face?”

“How do you feel about an activity in Widener not involving books?”

“A dick pic (snapchat) with a little emoji top hat on the tip.”

“Hey wanna cum over and fuck I go to Harvard.”

“You have pet insurance? Because I'm about to wreck that pussy!”

“a photo of them penetrating themselves on a bat”

“do you work at dicks because you're sporting the goods”

“I am staring deeply into your eyes right now. No, don't look to your left, the lamp is only trying to deceive you. No, don't look right, the portal to Hell I've summoned is mostly for cosmetic

appearances and also so that it's easier for me to keep track of how many souls I owe to continue sustaining my life through my Master. Don't look up! There's a coffee stain on the ceiling, and I'm pretending it wasn't me, I told you nothing. Yes, look down, look...nevermind. Do look to the left, I give up on our lovemaking venture.”

“I'll flip your switch if you turn up the heat. The gears will turn as we get rolling and finally the power surge will complete the circuit between me and you. ;)”

“let's do it and then eat a whole pizza”

“The dog emoji”

“The emoji of an eggplant + the emoji of a peach”

“Usually a series of pictures starting with cute fuzzy animals that quickly devolves into dickpics, and then eventually into campaign photos of Mike Huckabee.”

“Blunt honesty, actually. I'm not really into pickup lines, but a girl once straight up told me she wanted to peg me and she hoped it wasn't too forward to ask. I went home with her. It was great.”

“Are you a thing of Pillsbury rolls? Cause I'd love to bang you on my kitchen counter”
Hey girl, you smell like trash. Can I take you out? (;)

“I'll respect and validate you like you've never been respected and validated before”

“Are you my pset? Because I want to do you all night long ;)”

(He was British, it was at first chance dance) “Can we pretend that we're at Hogwarts?”

“Umm ... ok” ~whips out a glow stick to use as a wand~ “Accio (insert name)!” ... I died

“You're so hot frodo could have melted the ring on your body. (also the worst pickup line)”

“I'm no weather reporter but 9 inches tonight would be much appreciated”

“Are you irish, because my penis is dublin”

A Sexual Re-Education

Best Sex Advice

1. “When the river runs red, take the dirt road instead.”
2. “Judge not lest ye be judged.”
3. “Spend as much time as possible on foreplay, as in be ready to explode.”
4. “Lube up, Johnny!”
5. “Best foreplay move: kiss her neck while you finger her.”
6. “Go in circles around the clit.”
7. “Communication and Lubrication.”
8. “Poop a little.”
9. “Sleep with as many people as you can while you’re still young...life is about stimulation”
10. “There’s no need to be self-conscious during sex! Be in the moment, and you’ll enjoy yourself much more.”

What High School Sex Ed Didn’t Teach You...

“THE DEFINITION OF CONSENT.”

“You will queef. You can’t not.”

“Women have three holes. The urethra and vagina are the not in the same thing. Mind blown.”

“What sex means for people who vary along the sexual and gender spectrums.”

“THE IMPORTANCE OF LUBE.”

“Harvard has free Plan B, yo.”

“That masturbation is nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Desire can be a shifting, changing thing and there’s nothing wrong with embracing that and seeing where it leads you. (Also, to be frank, getting into kink/BDSM taught me way more about healthy communication and sex than my high school sex ed[ucation] ever did).”

“How to use a condom, how not to slut sham, anything the least bit helpful about actually engaging in sex.”

“Sex is noisy in a lot of unexpected ways.”

“Peeing after sex!!!”

Best Sexual Experience

“Actually being comfortable with my girlfriend and having awesome, healthy sex every night.”

“Every one is the best in its own way.”

“Going down on my girlfriend and making her cum so hard she was shaking and squeezing my head with her legs. Then doing it 2 more times until she couldn’t move anymore.”

“Having my best sexual experience put in the Indy Sex Edition last year. Meta-orgasm.”

“I once had sex on the main foot-path of a national park. A thousand visitors walk this beautiful gorge every day that time of year, and there’s only one route down. My partner and I were among the few who started at opening time.... Eventually we had so much of a head start that there was nobody around and exercise makes me horny.”

“Or sex on a beach at night in Mykonos. Finishing inside a girl’s mouth, smelling the sea, looking up at the moon and stars,

hearing chatter and cars from the nearby road—also amazing.”

“I recently put my Boy Scout training to good use, along with my tie collection, but attaching a girl to my bed and blindfolding her while going down on her with an ice cube. It was loads of fun, and the sex afterwards was phenomenal.”

“Oh man. Me and my high school girlfriend hooked up again a few summers back, and we had the wildest, most intense, most incredibly beautiful simultaneous orgasm that I have ever experienced....on the family couch in my family’s TV room.”

“The first time my boyfriend and I fucked without a condom—it was the last night of the semester, we were about to not see each other for a month, v[ery] emotional. Also damnnnnn... fuck condoms.”

“We were going at it in this hotel after not being able to have sex in almost a month, and just had sex everywhere: on the table, on the dresser, on the counter, on the floor, on the chair, and obviously on the bed. We left the curtains open, and he told me that

people had passed by our window and were watching. I told him to keep going anyways. I don’t think either of us had ever come so hard.”

“When I was studying abroad in Italy, I matched with an Italian girl on Tinder who was also bisexual/bicurious, and after a few exchanges and a week of not hearing back, she invited me out for drinks one night... with her boyfriend. I had a pretty fair clue what was going to happen, but the buildup was still suspenseful as fuck. They bought me dinner and drinks, and then we went back to her boyfriend’s apartment. He was a DJ, and played chill house music in the background while this disco light threw colored patterns of light on the walls. They offered me more wine and some cigarettes as they sat on either side of me. I kissed the girl first, then the guy. Then we went to the bedroom and had FANTASTIC sex together—the girl and I thoroughly explored each other first, and then her boyfriend joined in. It was my first threesome, and their first time bringing a third person into the bedroom with them. Afterwards we drank and smoked some more...”

THE SEX ISSUE

Going Down to P-Town.

A how-to cunnilingus guide for the maladroit straight man*
(*and any other labia-licking lovers of vulva-clad partners)

By ANONYMOUS

My high school boyfriend was abysmal at, shall we say, pearl diving. Being my anxious and insecure adolescent self, I lacked the confidence to actively direct his carpet munching away from the slobbering and jackhammer-like finger fucking towards, well, the clitoris. I'm not sure I even knew what I wanted myself; though we dated for almost three years, he'd never given me an orgasm, and I wasn't sure if my body was even capable of it. I resigned myself to a sad and dry existence, and eventually (reluctantly) embraced my utter inability to achieve the big O.

Then he dumped me, and I cried for two months before realizing I'm into women. Not exclusively, I guess, but after my first sexual encounter with a woman, I wondered why I had ever settled for anything else. If you achieving sexual pleasure shouldn't be difficult; unfortunately, we're socialized to view (male) ejaculation as the main climactic event, with all other acts playing second fiddle. Unfortunately for me, I couldn't get off from penetrative sex alone (which is actually true of most women!), and my ex-boyfriend's shitty muff diving skills didn't help at all. Learning how to have sex with women taught me to prioritize mutual pleasure in sex — which, for the vulva-clad, often involves some skillful and intentional box eating. Now, when I do the nookie with a man, if he doesn't love going down, I say fuck that shit because his sex is not worth my time. Seriously, oral is awesome, and I rarely enjoy sex without it.

For some good oyster gargling techniques, I recommend reading Ian Kerner's *She Comes First* (my first girlfriend and I spent a lot of time reading this to try to figure out what the hell to do with our bodies), or honestly even watching Key & Peele's "Cunnilingus Class" on YouTube. The technique part shouldn't be hard if you listen to your partner's body and have a dexterous tongue (which is totally a muscle — tongue-flicking the bean gets a lot

easier to maintain for ~20 minutes, or however long your partner wants, with practice). Or ask your local lesbian.

For those of you without access to the above resources or a local lesbian, I can try to give you some tips here. Vulvas are all different and beautiful and perfectly complex, so you'll need to feel out your partner with some mouth-loving yourself, but this can be a start.



A Step-by-Step Guide to Better Cunnilingus (cont.)

1) Ask your partner if you can go down. Enthusiastic consent is sexy and also necessary.



2) LUBE LUBE LUBE. LUBE!



Lube is the shit. Some people produce less vaginal fluid than others when stimulated, and wetness might have nothing to do with how good your badger growling technique is. Hell, even if your partner's vulva is dripping with hot and steamy juices at the mere touch of your tongue, lube is still awesome.

3) DON'T dive right for the clit. Some people like that, but as a default, you want to warm it up first. Kiss around the pelvic area and outside of the underwear. When the underwear is off, give that coochie some long and loving licks from the bottom to the top of the vulva, only brushing on the clit briefly at the top of every stroke. You want to drive your partner crazy with this. Play around in the labia with your tongue, seeing what your partner responds to. Going right at it too quickly sacrifices the buildup, which can be really erotic and sexy, and is totally necessary for some people to even be able to get off at all.



4) When your partner can't take the build up anymore (and I don't mean 30 seconds later — REALLY make them want it), go in for the clit. Try up-and-down flick motions with the tip of your tongue, or circles, or whatever other stroke your partner likes, but don't start off too fast. Make sure it is sufficiently lubricated — there's nothing worse than feeling like there's sandpaper grinding on your vag. Here, too, you should build it up so your partner is writhing with desire for you to open the floodgates.

Hold back your fastest tongue strokes until it seems like your partner will crush your brains in a leg lock if you wait any longer.

5) Nipples! Some people like nipple stimulation, and some don't, but for those who do, it can really enhance clitoral sensation. The nipples are also an erogenous zone, and I know, at least for me, clit sensitivity pretty much triples in strength when both nipples are also being stimulated. Try circle motions with your fingers on the nipples while you're also going to town. Whatever discomfort you feel in your arms from this position is negligible compared to how fucking awesome orgasms feel, so if your partner likes it, do it.

6) If your partner likes penetration during oral sex, you can stick whatever penetrative object (fingers, dildo, hairbrush, chili dog) up the vagina while you're fanny noshing. If you're using your fingers, do it in a come-hither motion towards you, which will hit the g-spot (which feels like a spongy lump on the upper vaginal wall a few inches in).



7) Make pleasure the goal, and pleasure alone. If either you or your partner is feeling anxious about the end goal, as if busting a load is the only acceptable outcome, you're doing it wrong. Oral sex is awesome even if it doesn't end in an orgasm, and that is totally fine. Feeling pressure to come makes it WAY harder to finish in the first place. So just ENJOY IT, and go as long as your partner wants you to. If you act like you're in a rush, nobody's going to have a good time.

I hope this helps. You're welcome.

If you have comments or concerns about this article, please email editorinchief@harvardindependent.com.

THE SEX ISSUE

Losing It

A lot less glamorous than *Gossip Girl*.

By ANONYMOUS

I remember playing truth or dare in seventh grade at a quintessential middle school sleepover. Most of the dares involved calling boys we admitted to having crushes on during truth's using *67, except for the one dare which forced me to eat cat food because I would rather do that than say the name of the first boy I had kissed (my friend admitted to me that he was gay quickly after the kiss). With the aftertaste of cat food in my mouth, I asked my friend Erin a loaded question for her truth — "truth: when are you going to lose your virginity?"

Looking back on it, that question makes no sense to me. How are you supposed to know when in the future you are going to lose your virginity? Are you supposed to plan for it? Erin paused, and then said that she was planning on losing her virginity when she was 16.

I was 17 when I lost my virginity. Erin and I had a fall out in early high school, so I never knew if she ended up losing her virginity at 16 like she had planned, but for me, losing my virginity wasn't something that I was expecting to do in high school. I felt like it was pretty important to me to lose my virginity after marriage for a while, and then as I got into a serious relationship, with the guy that I was planning on marrying. If you asked me in that truth or dare game in seventh grade if I was planning on losing my virginity in high school, the answer would have definitely been no. But when I did, I didn't regret it.

We were in my room, or his room, or in the park on the concrete tunnels we would make out on during the summer, or in his car, or somewhere when I said it: "Why don't we have sex?" He was surprised, but not against the idea. Once I had established that I was fine with losing my virginity to John, it was no longer a question

of after marriage but of when, and where, and what contraception we would use. I knew that I couldn't ask my mom for birth control, but at the same time I thought that getting pregnant my senior year of high school was going to ruin my life. I didn't trust condoms, especially after the *Friends* arc where Rachel gets pregnant from a failed condom and Ross shouts "WHY WHY DO BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE?", but there didn't seem to be many other options. There was pulling out, but I didn't know how much I trusted John to do it. We decided after a good week of rapid texting back and forth that he would pull out and wear a condom, because there was like, a 1 in 1000 chance of getting pregnant, and so the matter was settled in an entirely non-romantic, non-spontaneous fashion.

After being a devout reader of the *Princess Diaries* book series, I knew that Mia lost her virginity at a hotel room, and being a rom-com lover, I knew that it would be super cool to lose my virginity after a school dance. I did neither of those things, passing up the chance to do it after my last homecoming dance when we were able to be home alone by some miracle, instead losing it in my twin sized bed while my parents were at a dinner for work. John hadn't gotten his license yet, so he biked over to my house (there were no *Gossip Girl* limos in my reality), and I turned on classical music — a steady playlist of our favorites, Tchaikovsky 5, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade* — in an effort to make the day (not night) special.

Movies and books make losing your virginity sound like some sort of beautiful experience free of blood (there was blood) and pain (it hurt — a lot), and it was awkward (how do you even put on a condom? Do I put on the condom? Does he put on the condom?). He lasted like, the first

three minutes of the first movement of Tchaikovsky 5, and we sat listening to the rest of the 49 minutes cuddling with me feeling too bad to ask him to help me finish. Those 49 minutes were weird, because I thought about how much society builds up on losing your virginity to women and saying that it's "losing your flower" (Monica Gellar) but in reality it's not even pleasant. I didn't have rose petals, fireworks, or champagne, and there may have been music but it ended up being more awkward than some sort of movie soundtrack.

However, I'm happy I went into the process with pretty low expectations and a with good grip on reality, knowing that I was going to lose my virginity in broad daylight in my twin-sized bed where my parents could come back any minute with my high school boyfriend who rode his bike to my house. But at the same time, I'm happy I lost my virginity this way, because it helped make every time we had sex after that feel like it was infinitely better than that first time.

Going into the whole 'losing' process made me feel scared — that I was losing my innocence, as society was telling me, and that I was becoming tainted, as the church was telling me, and that I was not desirable anymore, as my Asian community told me. Yet it ended up being painful and funny and awkward, and I realized how lucky I am that I was able to laugh throughout the whole process because it wasn't half as seamless as people make it out to be. Virginity is something that means something different to everyone, and to be honest, losing my Felipe's nachos virginity was a lot more of a spiritual experience.

If you have comments or concerns about this article, please email editorinchief@harvard-independent.com.

Gay at Harvard

Musings of an ex-sex addict.

By ANONYMOUS

All I ever dreamt of was getting away from my small town with its small people and big mouths and small thinking. Get away, I did. To Harvard, with its rosy possibilities, heart wrenching diversity and speeches about discovering oneself. It was here that I first encountered a gay being. It was confusing, and it was liberating.

Freshman year was a mess. Harvard is a sea of gayness, and my first reaction to the sea that swept around me was a flat out denial. I camped away in Lamont, trekking back to my room in the dead of night to ensure minimum interaction with roommates. I made friends: friends far and friends wide, but none deep. Intimacy, I thought, was revelation, and revelation: self-annihilation.

Things turned sophomore fall. It is hard to pin down a single reason. Getting thrown into unfamiliar surroundings, compounded by the pressure to make life decisions and juggling punch events, things took a toll. Unhappiness peaked, as did hormones. I turned to the one Bible gay men live by: Grindr.

My sophomore fall sex life was the best mistake I've ever made. I fucked and sucked in ways pleasurable and ways immeasurable. At my peak, I was fucking over three guys a week; I took to sex like a kid takes to his first

ice cream, like Drew Faust takes to oil investment.

It is hard to explain how unready porn had left me for real sex. I went in expecting orgasms and ear licking and gymnastic rigmaroles. The real deal gave me just 10 minutes of unadulterated awkward — 10 minutes of tickling down my dick and down my ass. It got better with time, but disappointments still lingered.

Why do they never tell you that dicks actually taste like inflated balloons? Why do they idolize big (>= 7 inches) dicks when they are really the hardest to enjoy — the hardest to throat

“We live in a culture that says to care is to be vulnerable and to be vulnerable is to be I-don't-know-what (but something bad).”

in, and the hardest to take in. Why do they never tell us how hard it is to actually come during just a blowjob or how important it is to shower beforehand? That sweaty balls and asses are actually super gross?

Sophomore spring marked, once again, a new turn of events. I am not sure how well this speaks to the lived experiences of other gay men, but I hit my satiation point. Call me a ro-

mantic, but every hook-up had left me reeling for more. You know that feeling when you hope (against hope) that your just climaxed hook-up curls up and breathes warm nothings against

“At my peak, I was fucking over three guys a week; I took to sex like a kid takes to his first ice cream, like Drew Faust takes to oil investment.”

your neck? Ever got the feeling when you hope (against hope) that your hook-up asks you to shower with him, or asks you about your life and your stories after a delightful fuck that has you breathless?

We live in a culture that says to care is to be vulnerable and to be vulnerable is to be I-don't-know-what (but something bad). Gay relationships in college (if any) almost invariably begin with a hook-up; dates and the tingly mush of straight dating come only later. Insofar as this statement holds true, it becomes vital for us to occasionally embrace our vulnerable selves during sex. But we have steeled ourselves against the prospect of being vulnerable. It would serve us well to remember that vulnerability allows for honesty; at our most vulnerable selves, we give most and gain the most? True: it sets us up for possible disappointments, but there truly never can be any gain without some loss.

Cultural critics write that the 'hook-up' culture fails to provide an authentic emotional experience. The merit of such a claim is debatable.

THE SEX ISSUE

Gay at Harvard, con.

What isn't debatable is the fact that hook-ups could be universal sites of emotional satisfaction, if only we — straight or gay — were to be a wee bit more vulnerable, a wee bit more open to emotional penetration during such encounters. While even such an 'ideal' hook-up might not flourish into anything greater, it will reaffirm — by both sides — the basic humanity of the other participant. Even a simple act of 'reaffirmation' can provide self-worth and well being to college students and young professionals, given the pressure cooker lives led by both segments. This need to be 'vulnerable' is all even more pressing for gay men; unlike in the straight world, most often it's these very 'hook-ups' that almost exclusively provide the jumping point for deeper relationships.

Have we ever wondered why we feel the need to be so emotionally insulated, so emotively airtight?

Foucault theorized that power systems shape specific discourses of knowledge that affect the way we experience sex. Is it possible that systems of power have, over the years, crafted the gay experience as one rooted only in fleeting carnal pleasures and interchangeable bodies, such that gay men down to our time and age believe that being unemotionally untethered and sexually promiscuous is part of what makes a 'normal' male gay experience?

It is not hard to see the system's incentives behind doing so. Throughout history, the sexually promiscuous has always been the 'other' to the prim, tempered-body proper. During colonial expansion in the late 1400's, the exotic women captured in foreign lands were seen as the promiscuous foils to the re-

strained women back home in Europe; their perceived promiscuity fuelled, among other things, European conceptions of foreign the 'uncivilized,' a savagery in need of restraint and civilization.

By shaping the gay experience in terms of physical experiences, the system seeks to undermine the legitimacy of the larger gay project. By crafting the gay existence as grounded in just physical experiences, the system projects us as the 'savage' other, as the 'uncivilized' mass whose existence does not hold the same claim to legitimacy as do sexual existences grounded in both physical and metaphysical experiences.

This is not to say that promiscuity is — by itself — bad. It is when an acute lack of personal vulnerability, or at least a pretension thereof, undercuts this promiscuity that it starts playing doubly to our loss. It robs us of an authentic intimacy, of infinite possibilities of loving, and making love, in infinite ways. Secondly, it downplays the authenticity of our own collective experiences in the eyes of the larger body politic; it downplays the authenticity of our struggle for equal recognition.

Let us then look at our Grindr hook-ups as humans with human needs and human feelings; let us look at our own selves as humans.

Let us be open in demanding a post-fuck cuddle or giving one ourselves if so we feel.

Let us open the floodgates to the sea of humanity that flows inside us.

Let there be floods.

Anonymous hopes that people find comfort in vulnerability.

If you have any comments or concerns about this article, please email editorin-chief@college.harvard.edu.

Sex Terms

By SHAQUILLA HARRIGAN

"What position is that? You touched their huh?! That's what that is called?!!!!," are all thoughts you all probably had as you learned the definitions of doin' the dirty. I know I've Urban Dictionaried a phrase or two to expand my sexual vocabulary. Here are a couple of words or phrases that came up in the sex survey results and the Indy's interpretation of them.

1) Truffle Butter: Made most popular by the song of the same name on Nicki Minaj's Pink Print album, truffle butter refers to the creamy cum-poop combo that happens when you pull out of the butt and immediately stick it in the vagina. This also sounds like the fastest way to get a urinary tract infection. #NoJudgement #YouDoYou, but, you should probably clean up before double-dipping.

2) Spit Roasting: No, this is not a Hawaiian luau. Spit Roasting refers to being penetrated orally and either anally or vaginally simultaneously. Food for thought: what would a kebab be?

3) Grundle: Also known as the gooch, the grundle is the area between the balls and the anus. Pro Tip: Depending on your partner's sensitivity, stimulating this spot can mean a super powerful orgasm for them.

4) Cunt Nugget: These little vaginal chunks are totally normal! These coagulated conglomerations of cunt-juice, menstrual fluid, and occasionally pubic hair shouldn't weird you out too much.

Have some more terms we should know? Email editorinchief@college.harvard.edu!

‘Do My Boobs Look Weird?’

A stream-of-consciousness account of having sex.

By ANONYMOUS

What’s more deafening and mood killing than my roommate occasionally blasting the Game of Thrones soundtrack or “Ode to Joy” when I bring someone over? My own mind! It distracts me from fully enjoying the sex I’m currently having!

Watching sex scenes in movies and television shows gave me a very unrealistic expectation of what sex would and could be like in college. Surprisingly, there was no fade to black montage of backs gracefully thrusting with Mazzy Star’s “Fade Into You” playing in the background. While I definitely wouldn’t call myself a sexual wizard, I will say that my limited sexual experiences have taught me a lot about myself. In many ways, the awkward-as-fuck moments, the unexpected vulnerability that comes with having sex, and the in-depth roommate debrief sessions have all helped me have my own little sexual awakening. I’m not going to pretend that all of my insecurities and neuroticisms have completely vanished just like my patriarchal cherry, but I will say I’ve learned a lot about myself physically, emotionally, and sexually.

I’m hoping my stream of consciousness tidbits are somewhat relatable or at least make you feel like you are not alone in the weirdness that sex can be. We don’t have to be perfect at sex and we don’t have to feel 100% confident all the time. However, we should remember that we’re human, and you know what, occasionally, queefs happen.

On making out...

“Oooh...minty?”

“Wait...what’s he doing with his tongue. Should I be using more tongue? Ahhh...how do I do that tongue swirl thing?”

“Why won’t he kiss my neck?!”

“Stubble, stubble, stubble, stubble.”

“Oooh...I like being pinned down.”

“Do my lips feel soft? I should have worn chap stick.”

On masturbating...

“I wonder if my roommates are home.”

“Ok...let’s get in the zone.”

“Oooh. Hot guy from section. Wait, section. Shit. I have a response paper due.”

“Ok. Let’s get back into the zone.”

“Using a vibrator is hard. I wish I had three hands.”

“Hmm...maybe I’ll try fingering my asshole.”

“Ooh. I like that.”

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Yes. Yes.”

“YES (orgasm).”

On being fingered...

“Too. Much. Thrusting.”

“Is it normal to be this wet?”

“Am I moaning too much?”

“Am I moaning too little?”

“YESSSSSS!!! Wait...no. Go back to doing that other thing.”

“I should have done a better job shaving.”

“Damn these razor bumps. Is he going to think I have an STI?!”

On being eaten out...

“Too. Much. Teeth.”

“.....(brain non-functional).”

“I wonder what I taste like?”

“DO NOT CHANGE A THING.”

“YES. YES. YES. YES. YES.”

“Stubble. Stubble. Stubble. Stubble.”

“What’s he doing with his tongue?”

“Surprise! Finger.”

“I wonder if my roommates can hear me. Fuck if I care. Oh God.”

“SO. DAMN. CLO—fuck. He moved his head.”

On being titty fucked...

“This is such a weird angle to see a dick.”

“Yup...not really doing much for me.”

“Please finish soon. Your dick is hitting my chin.”

“Please. Let. Him. Cum. Soon.”

“Hmm...jizz isn’t so bad. Wait, I think there’s some in my hair. Eh.”

On 69-ing...

“Why do people like this position?!”

“This is not a flattering angle. My ass must look

huge.”

“I think I’m too heavy to sit on his face.”

“Wait...this isn’t so bad. Ooh. Fuck. Keep doing that thing with your tongue.”

“Hmm. Blow jobs aren’t so bad from this angle.”

“I wonder if he can hear my over-active gag reflex?”

Gags “My jaw hurts. Cum already!”

“Focus on blow job. Not on your lady bits.”

“Did he just slip a finger into my butt?”

“What if I queef?!”

On being on top...

“This. Is. Not. A. Sexy. Angle.”

“Jesus. My boobs are bouncing so much.”

“Hip cramp!”

“I cannot physically bounce that fast.”

“Dude, seriously, you are going to do a little bit more work.”

“Ow. My knees hurt.”

“What if I accidentally break his dick like in that one Grey’s Anatomy episode?!”

“How do I get back on rhythm?”

“My hips still are cramping.”

On post-sex cuddling...

“Am I crushing your arm?”

“Oooh...you are so warm.”

“Eeep. I have to pee!”

“Stop taking all of the blankets.”

“Am I snoring? Jesus, I bet I am snoring loudly.”

“Jesus, he is snoring so damn loudly.”

“How awkward will the morning be? A kiss goodbye? A handshake?”

“I’m gonna need to do laundry tomorrow.”

“Big Spoon. Or Little Spoon. Big Spoon. Or Little Spoon.”

“Hmm...I love sex.”

Anonymous hopes that you can shut off your inner monologue so you can focus on awesome sex.

If you have any comments or concerns about this article, please email editorinchief@harvardindependent.com.

THE SEX ISSUE

Ommmmmm

Meditating to orgasm.

By ANONYMOUS

The YouTube tutorial for OneTaste begins like any other instructional video. Canned intro music plays over the titles “OM: a How-To.” The shot opens on a young, clothed couple. They sit side by side in an apartment that wouldn’t look out of place in the pages of a Pottery Barn catalogue. A voiceover plays:

“I’ve been OMin’g for seven years,” says the woman.

“I’ve been OMin’g for about four and a half years,” says the man.

We learn that their names are Rachel and Eli.

What a charming couple; they seem nice enough.

But they’re not talking about yoga.

In the next scene, Rachel and Eli are in the bedroom. There is a white foam mat on the floor. On the mat lie a blanket, three plush cushions, and a small wash towel. Rachel undresses and lies on the mat with her butt on the towel, knees bent, legs spread. Eli, fully clothed, kneels by her side so he can both see her face and access her clitoris. This is what is called a “nest,” the voiceover explains, and it is essential to the practice of OM.

Rachel pulls out her iPhone and sets a timer for fifteen minutes. Eli puts on his latex glove and starts stroking.

This is OM. This is Orgasmic Meditation.

In 2001, Nicole Daedone started a business called OneTaste. The business began with two clinics in two major cities—San Francisco and New York. These clinics functioned as education and retreat centers for couples looking for romantic and sexual counseling. In the past fourteen years, Daedone has spread her practice to London,

L.A., Austin, Portland, Santa Cruz, Pittsburgh, Aspen, and Melbourne. For \$149 per person, well-off couples like Rachel and Eli can come to OneTaste, where they are assigned a personal trainer and taught how to do Orgasmic Meditation, or OM. The trainer meets with them regularly and trains them in the techniques and helps them hone their sexual skills.

The first rule of OM? Go slowly. The OM philosophy applies the principles of mindfulness practice and meditation to carefully controlled, timed clitoral stimulation. The goal, Daedone says, has nothing to do with a climax. Instead, trainers attempt to strengthen a couple’s spiritual connection and extend the window of female pleasure through direct physical contact between finger and clitoris. When engaging in OM, the male participant’s sole objective is to focus on the minute and nuanced movements of his index finger. The female’s goal is to mindfully concentrate on the stimulation she feels around her clitoris. On their website, OneTaste explains that OM allows a man to “access his innate capacity for sympathetic pleasure,” while it allows the female to experience a sense of erotic satisfaction not always felt during conventional forms of sexual intercourse. OM asks couples to tap into their sexual relationship in a new way; through subtle movements and mindfulness, OM teaches partners to be intimate on a truly intimate level.

Every session ends with what Daedone calls a “frame,” or when each participant turns to the other and shares a moment when they felt a strong “connection.” Back in the Pottery Barn apartment, the tutorial closes on Rachel and Eli sitting by a fire, arms wrapped around one another. “There was a moment near the end where I felt you slow down,” says Rachel, “and I felt a buzzing right at the tip of your finger.” “Mmm,”

says Eli, as he gazes deeply into Rachel’s eyes.

I guess this is what a nuanced spiritual connection looks like.

Skeptical? Never fear, you can try OM yourself. If you don’t have \$149 to drop on a personal trainer, here’s a step-by-step list of how to experience OM in the comfort of your own home:

1. Ask someone to OM (a spouse or a lover or anyone you like or trust).
2. Build the nest (a mat or blanket, several pillows, firm cushion, hand towel, gloves, lube, and timer)
3. Get in Position (get close and comfortable, she keeps her top on and her partner remains fully clothed)
4. Communicate (tell her what you’re going to do, make yes or no offers, verbalize what you’re feeling)
5. Ground & Connect (start and end with pressure and a firm, massaging touch)
6. Apply lube and begin stroking (use a nickel-sized amount of lube on stroking finger and thumb put palm under bum and rest thumb on introitus)
7. Focus on your feeling (use short, gentle strokes, same pressure as for eyelid, stroke for your own pleasure)
8. Use slower downward strokes (slower, broader for the last two minutes)
9. Apply pressure with palm of hand
10. Pat down with the towel
11. Share a frame (After she sits up, describe a moment you each felt something)

Anonymous wishes everyone Happy OM-ing!

If you have comments or concerns about this article, please email editorinchief@harvardindependent.com

Reflections on Sex

The lessons we learned working on The Sex Issue.

By THE HARVARD INDEPENDENT STAFF

Dear Indy Readers,
First of all, I hope that you all learned just as much as we did from reading the 29th annual Sex Issue. As a staff, we want to say thank you to everyone who participated in our survey — your funny, informative, and personal responses made this issue happen. So congratulations, you have finished part one of the Indy's Comp!

In all seriousness, we hope this issue provided a space for all students to talk about sex in an inclusive and safe way. The purpose of the Sex Issue is to spark conversations and share the various sexual experiences among Harvard students. Putting this issue together was incredibly fun, and we hope that you all enjoyed reading!

Indy Love,

Shaquilla Harrigan '16, Editor-in-Chief

I had the privilege of helping compile the data for the Indy's 2015 Sex Issue, most notably the question that asked what your best sex/online dating message was. Having dated my boyfriend for over two years, I have never swiped left or right on Tinder, and I'm thankful that I'll never download the app. I don't know how I would react to "a dick pic (snapchat) with a little emoji top hat on the tip" or a picture of someone "mounting a baseball bat." However, I applaud many of you on your straightforwardness ("let's f*ck," "cum over," etc., etc.), because I don't think I would have the balls to say that to anyone. TL;DR I'm grossed out and realize that if I ever break up with my boyfriend, I'm never going to survive in hookup culture because I don't enjoy unsolicited penis pictures and if I wanted to see one, I'd watch a Steve McQueen movie.

~Sally Yi '18, Staff Writer

My peers at Harvard are very, very interesting people, and I am not talking about their impressive academic/professional achievements. Whether they're fantasizing about being pissed on in the basement of a final club or fucking their TFs in Harvard buildings, Harvard students consistently transcend norms. It's reassuring to know that the future high-power bankers of the world have extreme power complexes where they have the urge to either tie down their significant

others or, surprisingly, be tied down by them.

~Anonymous

Dear Readers,

So I had to do this thing called The Sex Issue. And anyone who knows me kind of knows that nuns probably have more experience than I do. You think I'm kidding, but I'm not. So when I looked through the survey data, I had many questions and learned a lot (#ThatHarvardEducation). Pubbing for The Sex Issue was also a bit interesting. Yes, I'm talking about that alumni on the Currier Underground list. He lives forever somewhere deep in the abyss of Currier. Seriously dude who are you? Also this is a joke... please don't come for my life. J

<3,

Farhana Nabi '16, Vice President

At a place like Harvard, sex goes beyond the personal; it begins to occupy the space of collective idea. The unique dynamics on campus shape the way we perceive, practice and think of sex, and the Sex Issue allows us to tap precisely into these perceptions and practices. Honesty is a function of anonymity; it is refreshing to read the elaborate (and sometimes disturbing/ alarmingly frank) answers that students put in for the survey; to see the sexual economy at Harvard kicking well and alive! And then there is the matter of personal edification; I just feel so vanilla every time I compare my own responses to the ones from the majority of the other 964 respondents; the Sex Issue, I feel, motivates me to keep myself more in sync with America's smartest kids on matters of sexual prudence and practices.

~Aditya Agrawal '17, News Editor

Dear Indy Reader,

The Indy Sex Issue is full of surprises. Some of us have had foursomes with our roommates, some of us want to have sex in space, and most of us (all of us?) fantasize about our TFs. Personally, I think talking about, reading about, and writing about sex is great. Not only is it endlessly entertaining, but also it's also infinitely comforting. If the Harvard Independent's sex survey taught me nothing else, it taught me that no one, not one of us, is without our fellow sexual equiva-

lent. For everyone out there with a small penis, there's another guy whose is just a little bit smaller. For everyone who's slept his or her way through the class, you've got a counterpart somewhere out there on campus. And for all our virgins (because let's face it, we've got a lot), I can guarantee you that there's someone else who won't even let a tampon up there. Let's face it: whatever you're into, whether you're an intellectual who's into your courses or a player who's into intercourse, you know you can't resist reading about other people's sex lives. Some of us enjoy the foreplay, and some of us just want finish. Congrats on finishing.

Indy Love,

Eloise Lynton '17, Forum Editor

The survey is always a fun, exciting experience. Storyboarding the questions can lead to some big laughs, and collecting the answers feels almost investigative. Sex is an undeniably significant part of college life, and whether it is spoken out in the open or kept in private, sexual experiences year to year are illuminating of the social lives of Harvard students.

~Anonymous

Dear Indy Reader,

Most of us Harvard students are so unfathomably busy and stressed and this survey shows me just that. We seem to be so time-sensitive that we need to ensure that our sexual experiences remain either ridiculously kinky or forceful. It is as though we need to ensure that the few minutes we spend having sex are more than worth it. While I know that the publication of Fifty Shades of Grey and songs lyrics such as Rihanna's S&M encourage this sexual behavior, I believe this survey shows how students take their strive of "being the best" out of the classroom and into the bedroom. It's as though many students think "Well if I'm giving up time writing my paper to have sex, this better be awesome."

I hope we can replace our strive for excellence with a strive for happiness; in the classroom, on the sports field, in the bedroom... or in Widener Stacks.

Xox,

Ritchey Howe '17, Staff Writer

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