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THE HARVARD  
INDEPENDENT

# THE SEX ISSUE

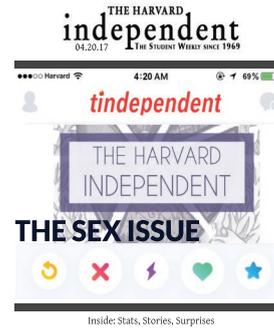


Inside: Stats, Stories, Surprises

# 04.20.2017

## Vol. XLVIII, No. 22

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*The Indy is super sexy!*

Cover design by  
Hunter Richards '18.

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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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## A Letter From the Editor

Welcome to the  
2017 Sex Issue.

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Dear Indyites,

The staff of The Harvard Independent is proud to present to you the 2017 Sex Issue! This issue is a collection of Harvard undergraduate sexual statistics based on the answers you provided while taking our annual sex survey. The Sex Issue, one of our most widely read issues, is meant to expand and engage in dialogue concerning sex on Harvard's campus.

The Indy's Sex Issue has a storied mission. For over twenty years, The Indy has aimed to demystify sex among Harvard undergraduates and promote sex positivity. These aims are perhaps more important now than ever as we strive to live healthy and fulfilling lives in a campus and national atmosphere characterized by turbulent discourse. We believe that it is vital to maintain an open dialogue for all voices and opinions in order to elevate the discourse of sexual positivity.

The Indy does not wish to trigger sexual assault and harassment survivors or in any way invalidate negative experiences with sex. Instead, we hope that our issue captures the various positive and consensual experiences people have in an affirmative space. We wish to offer this space where we may center ourselves in our feelings towards sex.

French philosopher Michel Foucault writes in his seminal work *The History of Sexuality*, "We demand that sex speak the truth [...] and we demand that it tell us our truth, or rather, the deeply buried truth of that truth about ourselves which we think we possess in our immediate consciousness." We hope that the Harvard Independent's Sex Issue helps each of us uncover something about sex, but more importantly, unearth our true selves.

Thank you for answering our survey, sending in your work and thoughts, and being a part of this year's issue. As you read the various statistics and anecdotes from your peers, we hope that you all find something that makes you rethink previous conceptions of sex, something that makes you laugh, and something to which you can relate. Enjoy!

Yours truly,

Caroline

Editor in Chief

If you have any questions, comments, or concerns about the statistics or articles in the Sex Issue, please do not hesitate to email [editorinchief@harvardindependent.com](mailto:editorinchief@harvardindependent.com).

## A Letter from the "Statistician"

No real statistics applied in  
the making of this response.

---

*"You are implying that everybody is interested in having sex at some point. I personally find this assumption to be incredibly allnormative and offensive. The fact that you don't realize some people aren't interested in sex has me seriously questioning your qualification to be running a survey such as this."*

Every spring, the undergraduate members of the Harvard Independent gather to drink (fruit juice), be merry, and write the questions that become the Sex Survey. Though some questions have endured through the decades, we always strive to come up with new, quirky, incisive, and – above all – fun ways to engage the student body.

I identify as asexual. I am also an active staff member, and I participated in the discussion when we wrote the survey. I wanted to make sure that the survey was inclusive of non-cis, non-hetero, non-sexual identities, and I know that my fellow Indyites wanted that, too. But the fact that we received this message indicates we didn't succeed. It was never our intention to make a single survey participant feel excluded or ignored by our questions, and yet we did. For that, I'm sincerely sorry.

We have been taking this type of feedback into account. Even before we received this response, I suggested that next year's survey could include an option to opt in or out of sexually explicit questions. While we intend for all of our questions about sex to be taken with a grain of salt and a sense of good humor, we acknowledge that there are always ways to improve.

I'm glad that we heard from you, anonymous participant. Here's hoping that next year's Sex Survey will (non-sexually) satisfy you!

Sincerely,

Audrey

Design Editor  
& person who is weirdly proficient at Excel

# Massage Not Sent

Chairs with benefits.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

Like my peers, I, too, am very stressed out. Although my efforts to sustain a healthy relationship that provided stress relief were not fruitful, it turns out I don't really need to bang one out to prevent a tension headache mid-final exam studying after all. Luckily, as an upperclassman, I've found that house spas are truly a blessing. There's no better way to "Treat Yourself" than some solitude in the spa's massage chair. It doesn't take long before you start to realize that this massage chair triumphs over nearly all of your previous stress relief ventures...

Don't believe me? Here are some reasons why a house spa's massage chair is better than straight boys (non-exhaustive list, to clarify):

## 1) Actually relaxing.

Not having to worry about what the massage chair is going to think of you afterwards if you ask for something different is a big perk. None of that small talk or attempting to decipher what it means when he "wow" reacts all of your recent Facebook profile pictures but hasn't texted you back yet. You can really just sit back and relax because it's just a half hour of fully concentrating on you and your comfort. With your typical straight boy, you're lucky if you can clock in some "me time" before he starts going on about how "I swear this doesn't usually happen" and is ready to pass out.

## 2) Worth a lot of money but won't remind you about it.

Massage chairs aren't permanently clad in salmon shorts and boat shoes like most straight guys on campus are. Yeah, it cost a pretty penny for this experience to happen

but you're under no obligation to recognize how much the chair is worth it or make it "worth its while" in the same way that its counterparts may.

## 3) Doesn't make you keep reminding it that it's the best massage chair you've ever been in.

There's something about being asked to affirm that this is the best experience you've had that takes away from it being that great of an experience. It's understandable to give credit where credit is due, but being direct about wanting someone to compare you to their past experiences and validate that this is the best time only implies they're skilled at multitasking and that you aren't keeping them that preoccupied at the moment.

## 4) You can literally indicate exactly what spot to get without bruising its ego.

I'm still unsure why sex sometimes turns into a game of telephone where "YES, RIGHT THERE, DON'T STOP" turns into "yeah, just feel free to take a break and switch speeds, positions, and target, you're doing great kiddo." It's astounding that in his search to find himself, your typical straight boy never quite mastered the art of finding the clitoris. Being able to indicate exactly what you like using a keypad is incredible. There's also the added bonus of telling it to flip you backwards or choke you a little bit without worrying that they're too vanilla for that.

## 5) The standard massage is 40 minutes, not 5.

It's one thing to tell me we're going to set up camp and vacation in Pound Town when we're really just going to drive through on our way to Snoozeville, but at least take the



scenic route beforehand so I'm not still awake staring at the ceiling an hour later wondering what I should have done differently in life. If I wanted to feel that disappointed, I could've just booked a Motel 6. If I want to go again, I can immediately press the button to start another round - no Gatorade breaks needed.

## 6) Can unhook my bra somehow...wow, when did that happen? We're moving so fast...

Having large breasts means my bras could practically double as a straight jacket. As a queer woman, as least I'm getting some support even if it's only coming from my underwire. Guys struggle to release them but also refuse to acknowledge they need any help with it, which just leaves me sitting there pretending that I couldn't give the ol' gals freedom with one hand and a quick tug. Massage chairs are kinda like that cool guy with the leather jacket who smokes cigarettes while leaning against buildings and has a flask in his pocket when it comes to how smooth they are at making a move. Not only will you not realize they've flawlessly unclasped your bra but you won't even remember that you had one on because of how relaxed you are and knowing that nobody has any business being that relaxed while wearing underwire.

7) Won't tell any of the other massage chairs about anything.

It's mostly because massage chairs are inanimate but I also like to think they would have a higher level of respect for your privacy than the typical straight guy at Harvard. You don't have to worry about running into one of their pset buddies in the dining hall only to recognize that knowing look on their face that says, "I know what your favorite position is and

the place on your neck to kiss to immediately unlock the floodgates in your pants." There's something really special about knowing that this isn't going to ever get brought up again and you can just live in the moment.

8) You both know what this is.

You're not expecting anything out of it except to be relaxed. You don't have to worry about whether you're ever going to come back to this spa or feel the need to reassure yourself that you deserved that massage. With straight boys, it gets confusing and

complicated somehow, regardless of how simple it was meant to be. It's surprising that for such a fortuitous gap year that he hasn't stopped talking about, he didn't manage to learn how to say sorry or ask how your day is going. But with a massage chair, you aren't expecting that and you are fine without.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) doesn't get good cell phone service in the spa, sorry not sorry for ghosting.

Like the well-educated person I should be, I try not to get caught up in whatever movies show me, especially when it comes to portrayals of sex. They usually sell only the sexy parts of sex, the pleasure, the passion, and sometimes the pain.

*American Pie* and its spin-offs aren't complete without bare breasts and spontaneous sex. But of course, the breasts and sex are all uncomplicated. Sex happens, breasts are exposed. *Fifty Shades of Gray* attempted to cash in on sex through a similar way; it showed watered-down versions of BDSM while leaving out important norms that make BDSM work.

## Wholesome Sex

Then there are stories of women feeling guilty for not indulging such a question.

A few friends of mine have said they felt guilty for not sleeping with a guy after making out with him, or just going on a date or dancing. I've been with someone who felt guilty after I stopped an enjoyably long make-out-and-grind session. I knew for a fact she wasn't ready to go any further yet. And I knew that my increasingly frustrated desire to have sex was starting to become more painful than pleasurable. All of this was communicated between us. So why did she still feel guilty, despite the numerous other ways we enjoyed each other?

I don't mention these movies and anecdotes to say that something is wrong with sex everywhere. Nor do I mention them to suggest that at one point in the past sex was better in movies or in real life. The important thing to see in them is the unsatisfying way in which sex is taken as a virtue for simply being a physical act. In truth, all the good things about sex are inextricably tied up with the whole of sex, even with its baggage.

One of the best examples of this truth is *Everybody Wants Some!!*, one of the few movies that makes sex wholesome. As a movie about baseball players that bounce from one party to the next in hopes of having fun and getting laid before fall classes start, *Everybody Wants*

On more than just the physical act.

By DAN VALENZUELA

*Some!!* could easily fall into stereotypes about male sleaziness. Refreshingly, the movie delivers something else.

For example, you see the same guy advise his teammates to take advantage of the fact that "girls can be as big of sluts as the guys" also admonish his teammates for publicly making fun of his effort to build rapport with a woman interested in astrology: "She was really fucking cute and you immature jerkoffs just fucked up my whole rap! . . . Now, we're actually around a few potentially interesting young women, all you talk about is baseball!" For this guy, sex is not just about the fact that everybody wants some. It's about "talking her language, meeting her on her level."

All the students involved in *Everybody Wants Some!!* have their fun once they overcome the obstacle of talking the same language. However, there's other baggage to sex. *Anomalisa* shows this best in a scene where

In truth, all the good things about sex are inextricably tied up with the whole of sex, even with its baggage.

To some extent these reductionist tendencies in movies are leaking into real relationships between men and women. The other day my friend showed me conversations she's had with guys on dating apps. Niceties and talk, small or large, were minimal. With few exceptions and many variations, her conversations quickly pivoted to a question posed by her match: "Wanna hook up?"

# INDY sex issue

## Wholesome, continued.

the protagonist and his love interest have sex, with all of the accidental hair pulling, the negotiating of who gives oral sex to another, and the sometimes awkward task of undressing. The funny thing is that *Anomalisa* is a stop-motion movie and its physical actors are puppets.

Many reviewers had the same “This is too intimate to watch” feeling that I had while watching the scene. Puppet sex had achieved the same level of seriousness as sex between two people just by looking at the difficult things that go into the pleasure. Though, if we were to take sex really seriously and as a whole, it would be difficult not to get into its repercussions.

David Foster Wallace’s short story “Good People” takes on sex’s repercussions by providing a glimpse of a moment between a young man and woman who are talking about whether to continue an unplanned pregnancy. The young man is “desperate to be good people” in the face of the difficult situation where the young woman’s Christian faith prevents her from ending the pregnancy and discourages her from having a child out of wedlock.

The young man also questions whether he truly loves her, thinking that if he had said “I love you” during their relationship there would be no question as to what he needs to do. If he had said “I do not love you” then there would be no question she would go to the clinic. He is careful not to commit himself to anything but he “knew something was required of him that was not this terrible frozen care and caution.”

In all, it seems that nothing good will result for his partner unless he decides to commit

himself to her. If he doesn’t, she will either face the difficulty of ending a pregnancy or the difficulty of raising a child alone. And this all stems from the near universal and often connected impulses of people wanting to be good and people wanting to have sex.

What all these stories about sex point to is the idea that good, satisfying sex requires something of you that is not just the physical act. Whatever one’s idea of what good sex is, it requires the serious task of taking care of another person, whether it be through talking the same language, getting over the awkwardness of intimacy, or unconditional love. Without that care, what’s left is a merely physical sex fraught with guilt and empty questions like “Wanna hook up?”

Dan Valenzuela (dvalenzuela@college.harvard.edu) is a biweekly columnist for the Indy.

The image is a screenshot of a Netflix advertisement. At the top, the Netflix logo is on the left, with "Browse" and "DVD" options. On the right, there is a search bar, a notification bell with the number 3, and a "NETFLIX INDEPENDENT" badge. Below the navigation bar, the text "Netflix & Chill may seem tacky, but don't discount a classic." is displayed in a bold, black font. Underneath this text, the words "THE INDY SEX SURVEY" are written in a large, white, serif font. To the left of the text is a cartoon bee, and to the right is a cartoon yellow bird. Below the text is a row of red tulips. At the bottom of the advertisement, there are four movie posters: "Friends With Benefits", "The Handmaiden", "Blue is the Warmest Color", and "Brokeback Mountain".

# TRANSFORMATIVE Sexperiences

By ANONYMOUS

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Sex Survey participants told us their favorite movie sex scenes. These were the top hits:

- 1) *Friends with Benefits* (2011)
- 2) *The Handmaiden* (2016)
- 3) *Blue Is the Warmest Color* (2013)
- 4) *Brokeback Mountain* (2005)

“Last year, my ex and I were reading the Sex Issue together in my dorm’s basement common room in between studying for finals. At one point, my ex started to get really into something we were reading and he started to get a little handsy. I told him to go ahead and keep reading, while I was ducking behind the paper he was holding up to start unzipping his pants and going down on him. There was a least half a dozen people in the connected part of this downstairs common room we were in who were trying to study, but that just meant we had to be quiet ;)”

“My roommate was hosting people from another college for an event with their club. When they all got back from the event, we all just sat around drinking and hanging out for a while.

My ex and I had broken up over a year ago, so it’s safe to say that I was long overdue for a rebound. One of the guests was going to be staying on the futon and I asked if they could help me get them a blanket from my room. My roommates and the other guests didn’t even realize that we hadn’t come back from grabbing it after over an hour.

The best part was that I didn’t even have to worry about grabbing brunch with them the next morning because the bus back to their school left at 9 am.”

“Being in a long distance relationship, my girlfriend and I have learned how to sext but it never compares to when we do get to see each other. After going over a month without seeing each other, we really go hard and give it our all.

But one time, giving it my all left my girlfriend sustaining a sex related injury. Did you know if you orgasm for long enough, it’s possible to strain muscles in your neck? Well, I do now.”

“I used to travel to MIT to hook up with someone I had been seeing for a while. By the time we finish our sex marathons, I’m always so exhausted and barely able to Uber home.

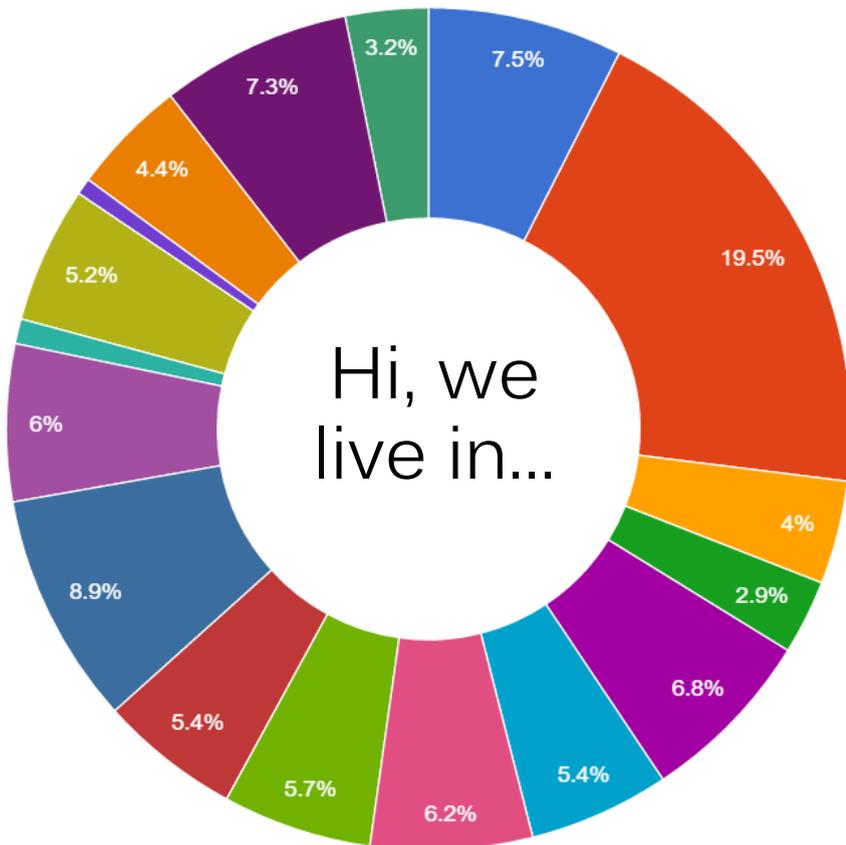
Problem was, for some reason, this time the condoms kept slipping and tearing. At one point after switching positions a few times, we noticed that the condom wasn’t on him anymore. We just put another one on and kept going.

After we finished, we spent at least 10 minutes searching the entire room for it but couldn’t find it anywhere. We figured it’d just turn up at some point, even though we both knew how gross it’d be finding a used condom in your futon cushion.

When I got home, though, I noticed something different when I was using the bathroom. Long story short, I found the condom. I nearly had to ask my roommate for help getting it out but you can bet I haven’t been back to MIT since.”

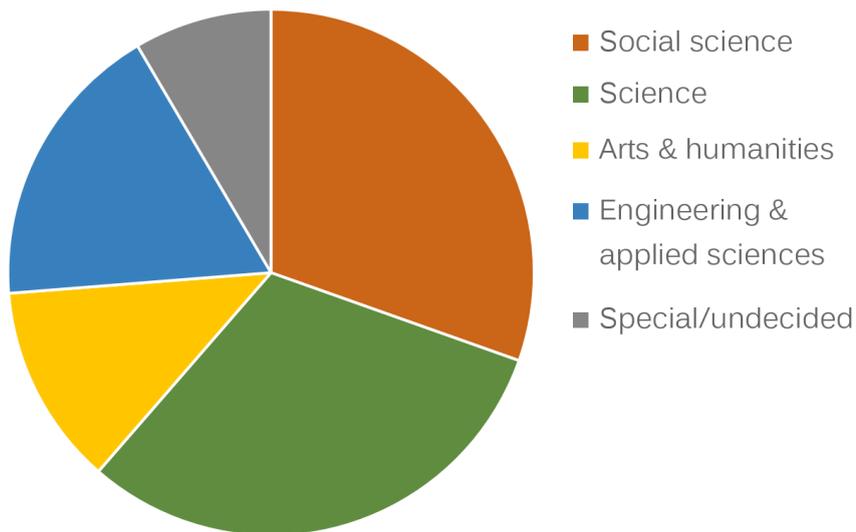
# INDY sex issue

Let us give you the standard Harvard introduction:



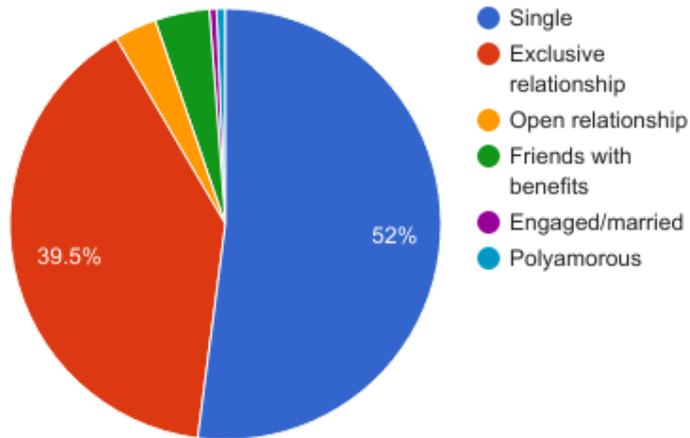
- Leverett
- Yard/Freshman housing
- Dunster
- Off campus
- Lowell
- Elliot
- Adams
- Winthrop
- Mather
- Pforzheimer
- Currier
- Dewolfe
- Cabot
- Dudley
- Quincy
- Kirkland
- Other

We study...

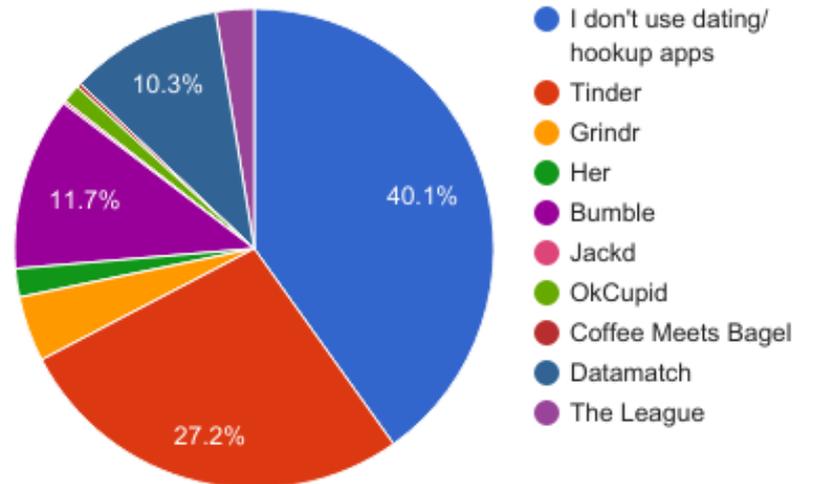


# INDY sex issue

We are...



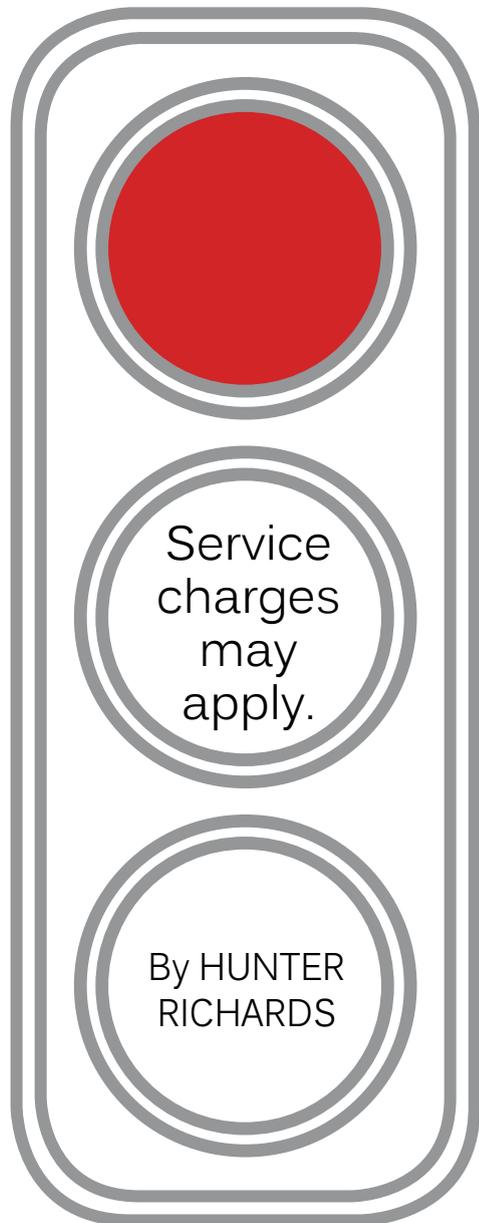
We use...



...and this is what we crave after sex.



## Left on Read



You realize that the night is winding down and your plans seem to have fallen through. It's 2 am and you're back in your common room. You're not yet tired enough to just pass out and call it a night, but you're also not conscious enough to put in much effort. Cue the booty call to Ol' Reliable. Maybe they have a different name or emoji in your phone but we all have one: they're that one person you don't really want to grab brunch with, but you love trying out the wildest stuff with them. Plus, you know

exactly where their room is and that they'll make the travel worth your while.

The problem is, Ol' Reliable doesn't immediately deliver. It's not the first time you've been slept on but it is one of the first times they were literally asleep for it. The 2 am "u up?" (or equivalent, if you're somehow still creative at that hour) goes unanswered until the next morning. Unfortunately, by the time you get an equally excited and typically raunchy reply, it is day.

When your iMessage notification pings with that dirty offer, you're already a Child of God™ now. Those desperate urges you had are long gone and in their place is a sense of regret and shame. Instead of replying to find a time to reschedule said rendezvous, you feel the urge to call your mom so she doesn't suspect anything of you or find an online chapel to visit for confession. They have practically presented you with a doodle poll for when works to get off and you have even less interest in filling it out than you did for the meetings with your distant adviser from freshman year.

Maybe Ol' Reliable and you tried to make it work once but you ultimately realized your favorite part was them going down on you because their mouth was too busy to talk. Every time you send a late night "u up?" text to them, you remember how, on one of your first dates, you went out for sushi and they admitted that they one time watched tentacle porn "on accident" while shoveling, hopefully unrelated, calamari into their mouth. They also went on to mention that they were 1/68th Native American, but (even though the impossible fraction they just claimed to be irks the hell out of you) they were still paying for your meal and you were still trying to get dicked down so it wasn't the right time for principles. They don't fully realize that you're only in it for the orgasms anymore. Around the time you admitted you didn't have time for another date because your gcal was too full but flirtily suggested something else that could use filling, you gave up on trying to get to know them better. You already know how many siblings they have, why their parents never let them get a dog growing up, and what they're doing after graduation - what else really matters?

The times that Ol' Reliable does come through for you, it's great. The best part is that Ol' Reliable is into some wild things. The slight history you've racked up with them accompanied by your lack of caring about their opinion of you at this point makes for a pretty good experience. They just kind of get you at this point. It's like how Spotify now plays music it thinks you might like after your playlist ends: You didn't ask for it and it's kind of just taken control, but you're actually really into it even though you wouldn't have ever asked for it on your own. You were just making out and the lights aren't even off yet but their hands are kind of tightening around your throat? You didn't really see it coming but also you're really into it. It wasn't even just a leap, it was practically Olympic pole vaulting but you're actually feeling this dominant move on their behalf. But times like this when they don't, you're pretty hesitant to make any plans while sober and past the desperation.

You're immediately brought back to trying to sneak out after he took a post-nut bathroom break but he caught you and asked, with those puppy-dog eyes, if you really couldn't just stay a little longer to hang out. Yeah, so maybe 95% of the reason you usually spend the night was because of their full-sized bed and mattress pad but that doesn't change the fact that you know the sheets are permanently dingy and always seem to have crumbs in them. You're already fully dressed and edging towards the door as you come up with a story about how you just really have an early morning and should get some rest. You start to reassure them that you remember where the door is and don't need them to walk you out when they start trying to schedule a next time with you. Unfortunately, the syllabus for this relationship is still being updated and you can't really commit to anything.

You know it's easier to just leave them on read but you also don't want to remove them from the roster just yet. Yeah, they're not the MVP but they're a pretty good understudy and might make it up to Varsity once your faves graduate. You know you're going to text them again next weekend to see if they're prepared to Uber back to your dorm when you get back from a party anyways.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is probably ghosting, R.I.P.

*YOU HAVE TO GO FULL LESBIAN VAMPIRE*

you say,  
breath ghosting warm against  
the burgundy butterflies  
we will discover in the mirror later

i swear it's the oxytocin  
but we are long past  
things making sense, and

maybe we are just tired:  
maybe we just want to be small  
and gentle  
and sleep,  
back to chest,  
ocean tide breaths  
carrying us through the wide quiet night

---

By ANONYMOUS

# Embrace All

Cultural organizations at Harvard support the well-being of our community in many ways. They foster a sense of home for students of similar backgrounds; they provide safe space to talk about issues related to racial and ethnic identity. But at times, social constructs and norms from home permeate into these very organizations at Harvard. Heteronormativity is one of them.

I have yet to see a case of active discrimination or blatant homophobia within these cultural organizations. I would like to believe that we are all sensible Harvard students who don't form misjudgments about someone's sexuality or gender identity. But lurking beneath the water of political correctness is often plain indifference or preconceived notions about sexual identity.

Take mixers at some of these organizations for instance. A classic activity involves each board member going around sharing who in the group they would hookup with. The crowd reels in excitement and poses the following

## Heteronormativity in cultural organizations at Harvard.

By ANONYMOUS

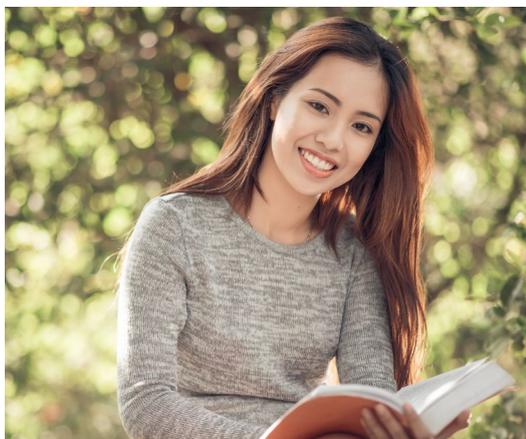
gendered question to a guy: "Which girl here would you hook up with?" They dare them to approach the opposite gender and make a lap dance. Even for the game "Never Have I Ever," heteronormative assumptions are built into the questions. It pains my heart to see my gay friends blush in awkwardness and crawl into a corner, feeling alienated from the rest of their group.

In another case, some members of Asian-American groups would comment: "I've never seen an Asian girl who's lesbian. It's just very uncommon." There was at least one closeted Asian lesbian in the room.

I don't mean to make a gross generalization, but these groups tend to attract foreign students and Asian-Americans from more conservative backgrounds, who often reiterate what their family members have to say about sexuality and gender identity.

Diversity is a value that these organizations often trumpet, but never seemed to fully extend to their LGBTQ+ members. Their testimonies reveal that they often felt uncomfortable joining the organization in fear of judgement and isolation. Many quit halfway through the semester in search of a safer space to open up.

It is perfectly natural for young people to go through sexuality crises. And that's precisely what college is for: a time of reflection and exploration, and cushioned against the pressures of real life. That's where cultural organizations should come in--to embrace all those who've felt marginalized.



You were born with the ability to **change someone's life.** Don't waste it.

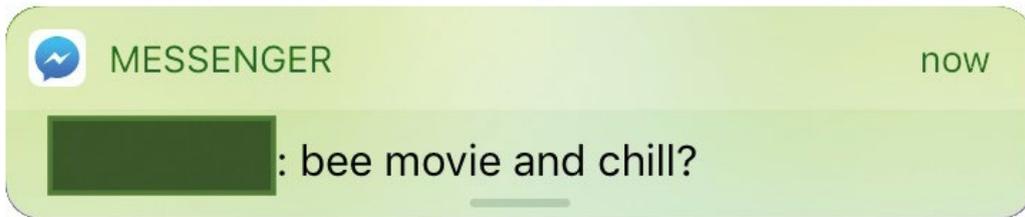
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Extraordinary  Conceptions



# Hard to Bee-lieve

## Do you want to be my little bed bug?

By HUNTER RICHARDS

Growing up, I learned pretty early on that I wasn't "The Hot Friend." Which is fine! I was happy to be the funny friend. The problem is, I didn't realize I was hot until college. That's part of the reason that I never noticed people were showing interest in my quirky habits for any reason other than a mutual fascination with weird things.

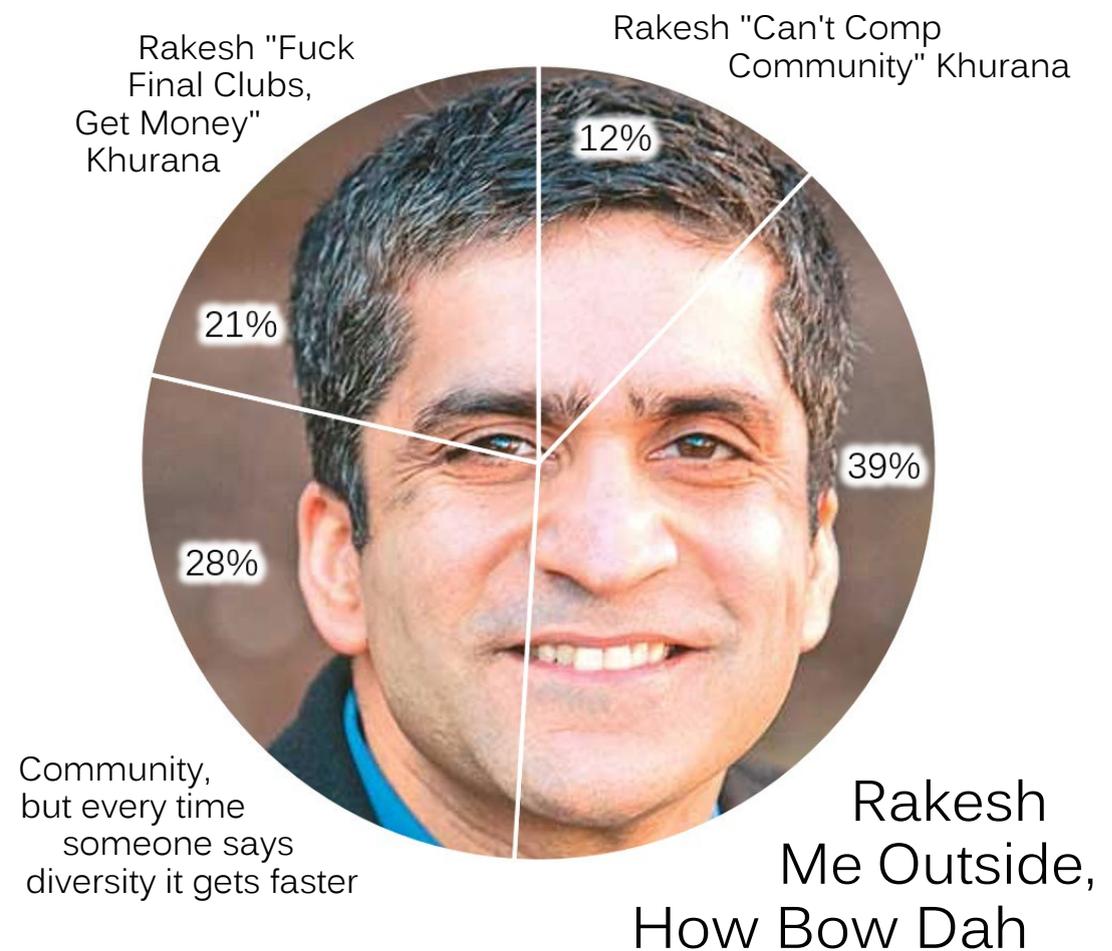
That's part of the reason I've watched Bee Movie so many times. I genuinely love NJBs (Nice Jewish Bees), and AEPi just doesn't do it for me anymore. Hearing someone say they've never watched Bee Movie is music to my ears. Once people figure out I'm meme trash, I suddenly start getting an inflow of messages with the obscure references and funny images. I'm also still young and naive enough to believe that someone could possibly be that excited to watch Seinfeld sue mankind over honey and laugh at my pollen jock jokes without any ulterior motives.

I didn't question it when I started getting Tinder messages from guys I already knew referencing Star Wars after appearing in the Pforzheimer Housing Day video as Rey. My optimistic Midwestern personality really wanted to believe that I had found a like-minded individual that just wanted to discuss this shared interest. Imagine my surprise when they invited me over to watch a Star Wars movie and suddenly their arm was around my shoulder.

It's hard for me to believe that I can be this weird and still have people wanting to sleep with me. It's stranger that I can get away with joking about how someone was only interested in watching Bee Movie with me because they were hoping it'd end with me getting "Stinger Blasted." It's even worse that I can still go for Round 2™ after making that joke.

Hunter Richards (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is buzzing with excitement.

## Sex Survey participants tagged themselves as...



## Be a Slut

Do whatever you want.

By MEGAN SIMS

I don't think I ever fully appreciated polyamory until I went into the psych ward.

Someone I was dating had told me about the midnight showing of *Mad Max* in black and white at the Coolidge Corner Theater weeks before. I'd initially hoped to go and actually watch the movie (which we'd tried and failed to do several times). But things got in the way and I checked into McLean the day before the showing. When I found out that he was going with another person he was interested in, I was excited, glad he was able to have this date he'd wanted with someone while I took care of my mental health.

He once asked me if it was weird that he was excited for me to hook up with hot people. I told him no, and that there was a word for it. Compersion is the feeling of joy you have when witnessing another's joy. For people who engage in polyamorous relationships, this often takes the form of being happy when your partner is happy, even if that happiness comes from someone else.

Poly can mean lots of different things depending on the people in the relationship. Broadly speaking, it's an umbrella term to describe relationships that are non-monogamous, meaning they involve more than two people in some capacity. This can involve having an open relationship with a primary partner, having a closed relationship with more than two people involved, having multiple partners without a hierarchical structure, or relationship anarchy, which outright refuses differences.

These are only a few different models among infinite variations that can constitute a poly relationship. It's all about negotiating with other people involved what will work best for you. I've been in relationships that were sexually open, romantically open, and now one that is non-hierarchical in that there is no set rule that I prioritize any one relationship over another.

Poly for me was at first a way to explore my bisexuality. Perhaps this contributes to some of the negative stereotypes about bisexuality, but I know many multisexual people who are

work and that I don't have to live in this model has given me the opportunity to get to know myself, and others, on a level I never expected.

Learning to have poly relationships has taught me a lot about communication and about what I expect from the relationships I have. I realized that I would rather have a relationship where we can wingman each other than one where the idea of attraction to other people is strictly off limits. I know this is particular to me. For many people, commitment means committing to rejecting other options. For me, it's about the continuous renewal of the desire to be in a person's life.

It made me *happy* to know that we were both getting what we *needed* in the moment even though what we needed was very *different*.

much happier being monogamous. Once I started having relationships with partners of many genders, I quickly grew to realize that there was more to my desire to be open. I can continue to have feelings for one person while developing them for another, and for me this only enhances all of the relationships involved.

Once I started feeling a little bit better, my boyfriend and I would talk on the phone every day while I was on the unit. We would talk about our days and I would hear about his boyfriend and other people he was dating. It made me happy to know that we were both getting what we needed in the moment even though what we needed was very different.

In most of our lives, we're not expected to rely on one person for everything. We have friends that are better to go out with and friends that are great listeners, and we don't expect these to be the same. Yet with romantic partners, our default is to assume that one person should be able to fulfill all of our needs. Realizing that this isn't how people

I would never say that everyone should be poly. They shouldn't. All I hope is that more people will begin to take a step back from the prescriptions of relationships to figure out what they really want and what will really work for them in the long run. My motto is, and always will be, be a slut, do whatever you want.

Megan Sims (megansims@college.harvard.edu) supports any and all relationship models as long as they involve respect, consent, and communication.



Harvard students may not have much free time. But when they do, they sure make the most of it. If you're looking for something to keep you up all night now that your courseload isn't, here are the Luckiest 7 events survey-takers said they were most likely to hook up after.

## 1) House formals - 35.7%

At least you know you'll be getting back home tonight.

## 2) Single Gender Social Org Events - 28.1%

The survey failed to ask if sanctions were a turn on.

## 3) Fête (Eliot) - 8.31%

Exclusivity really works!

## 4) Heaven & Hell (Currier) - 7.67%

Perfect theme for some good old-fashioned sinning.

## 5) Incest Fest (Kirkland) - 7.67%

Good luck at brunch the next morning.

## 6) Queer Prom - 7.16%

As any prom should.

## 7) Mather Lather - 5.37%

Worth the pink eye!

Sex Survey participants told us their best or favorite pick-up lines.

The Indy is not responsible for what happens if you see your crush at a formal and try one.

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"Carly Rae Jepsen is the greatest pop artist of our time."

"I do far superior and more personalized pickup lines than other people, often involving many uses of the word "grand" and sometimes including instances of grapefruit being batted into the woods, yet I have never found someone else as marvelous at the art... Quite a shame, really..."

"Is it weird that I see you all the time and never say hi but like all your memes?"

"I'm going to stop using Google... cus you've got everything I've been searching for."

"Do you have a raisin?" No. "Oh ok, do you have a date?"

"Wanna go to the Quincy grill?"

"Hey that dress is very becoming on you... But then again if I were on you I'd probably be coming too."

"I know my maths... and you've got one significant figure."

"Hey, girl the back of yo head is RIDICULOUS."

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# captured and shot

## *AN ODE TO MY GOLDMAN SACHS LOVER*

Dearest Finance bro  
For tonight, and tonight alone, make me your corporate hoe.  
I can see you're from a bulge bracket  
And tonight I hope your bulge makes a racket.

I like to keep a diversified portfolio  
So through my bedroom many of your kind go.  
But you best take a long position in your stock  
Or little attention will be received by your cock.

I've always enjoyed liquidity in my assets  
So let's do some double entry accounting with no ragrets;  
Keep going down on me until it makes you feel cheap  
And I'll buy you up so you're all mine to keep.

With my 0% interest, I can't blame you for offering little return,  
As it's for consultants that I truly do yearn.  
I know you Excel wizards are far from dumb  
So why is it so hard for you to make me cum?  
Oh finance bro, in the bedroom little do you know.