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THE
SEX
ISSUE



Inside: Sex Survey Results and More

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THE SEX ISSUE

A Letter From the Editors Welcome to the 2016 Sex Issue

CAROLINE C. CRONIN and SHAQUILLA HARRIGAN

Dear Indyites,

The staff of The Harvard Independent is proud to present to you the 2016 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, our most widely read issue, is meant to expand 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 lives in a campus 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.

In light of the Campus Climate Survey on Sexual Assault and Sexual Misconduct report, the Indy does not wish to trigger sexual assault and harassment survivors. Instead, we hope that our issue captures the various 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 on sex, something that makes you laugh, and something to which you can relate. Enjoy!

Yours truly,
Caroline and Shaquilla
Editor & Editor Emerita

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.

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OH YES!

Embracing the female orgasm and making it a priority.

By ANONYMOUS

I came late (pun intended) to the world of “the sex.” In addition to that, it didn’t help that I used to be grossed out by the vagina—my own—vagina. I used to avoid eye contact during conversations with my high school guy friends about the pussy, especially when I was the only one in the basement who had a pussy. I took an “ew gross” stance to cunnilingus. Everyone else around me said so, and I followed suit. “I don’t ever want anyone going down there; it’s embarrassing.” I was body shaming myself.

By the end of our high school senior summer, I was losing my virginity to one of those guy friends; who was also a virgin. His nickname was “Butters” and everyone was so stoked when we did it. I “got stuffed” they said.

But the sex? You can probably already tell it was “meh” at best.

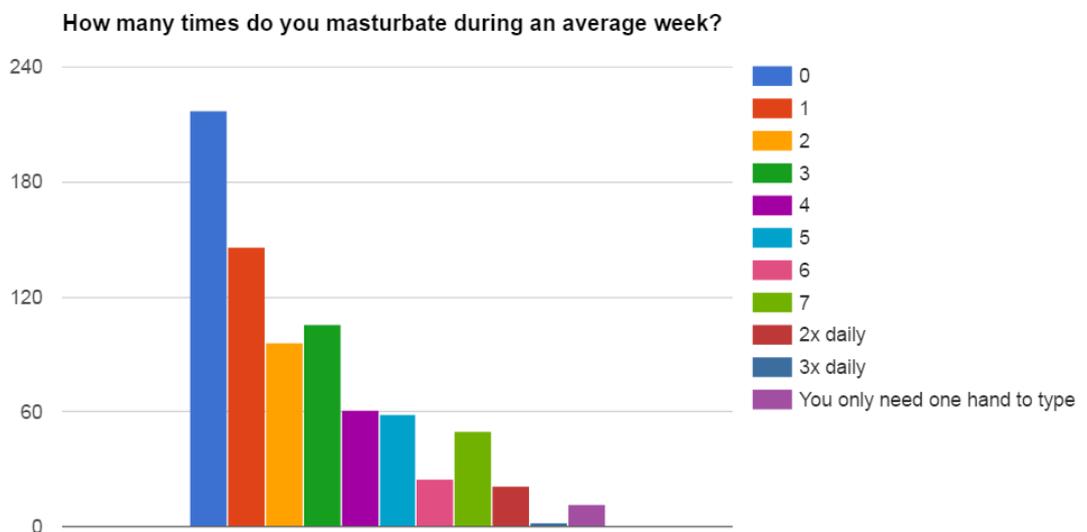
Nearly a year prior to this capstone experience with “Butters” I discovered masturbation. I remember the first time. It was a Wednesday night and I was lying on my bed fiddling for the hidden spot where a month before I had let my neighbor’s dog step repeatedly while riding on my lap in the back seat of her Volvo because it felt strangely good. That Wednesday night, I blindly felt around and went to it, and hot damn was it an awakening experience. Some people say the female orgasm is a myth, but my right hand would beg to differ.

But despite my excitement, I kept my discovery a secret because I was ashamed. While my best friend embraced her sexual prowess with pride (and everyone knew her to be that girl), I kept my new exploration my dirty little secret. Also influential was the fact that when I discovered the glory of the clitoris I couldn’t even tell you it was the clitoris.

When it came to sex, my clit and I took a little break. Sex in my eyes was how the guy defined it—he stuck it in, I’d enjoy it marginally, he’d finish, and we’d proceed to ignore each other in hopes to not reveal how we really felt. My pussy-phobia had me following homeboy’s lead, and just like that, sex became something to do, not to enjoy.

Until Junior year of college.... When a

According to the survey...



devout Catholic showed me the light.

With the stipulation that we would not have sex, my late-night friend and I had fun in other ways. I overcame my fear of someone else picking at my coin purse and experienced cunnilingus (done right) for the first time. For the first time, a guy made me come, and it was fantastic.

Besides realizing that I may be someone who never orgasms in vaginal intercourse, I also realized that never before had I been with someone who wanted me to come just as much as he did. “Sex”, as it was defined in this context, was not defined by him. I also realized that if I know I can achieve an orgasm every time by going about it in a certain way—there is no reason I shouldn’t make that a priority.

Many female readers may not have experienced an orgasm before. But the best part from my own experience wasn’t the “O” itself, but instead the change in perspective that came with it. I brought myself back into the bedroom and realized that being open, honest, and sometimes selfish made sex something to enjoy and no longer just something to do.

I’ve embraced my own body, with confidence, and started to make my own needs known early (and sometimes if a little nudging was needed, often) when I’m heading downtown to Sexy-Time-Town. Since then, I’ve had happier, healthier sex. Therefore, I leave you with this: Good sex starts with a comfortable understanding of your own body; knowing what works for you first is imperative if you ever want someone else to know. Then, don’t be ashamed to ask for what you need to make sex pleasurable. Sex shouldn’t be about leveling the playing field or making sex into an orgasm exchange program—it should be about getting what you want out of it, and making that a priority each time. Finally, you should only want to be with someone who wants to make sex just as good for you as for him or her.

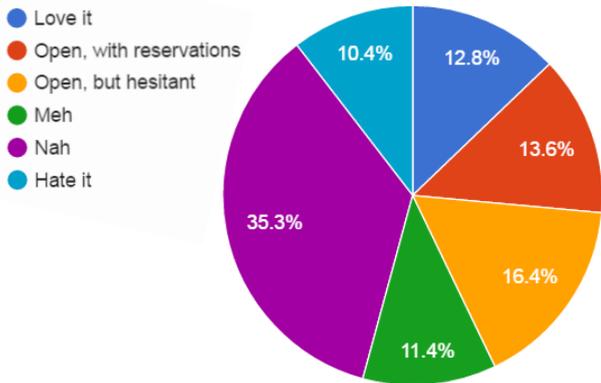
If you find that, I applaud you and suggest you tell your friends about it.

Anonymous thinks if you’re going to stay up until 4am for some non-committal sex, it can and should still be worth it.

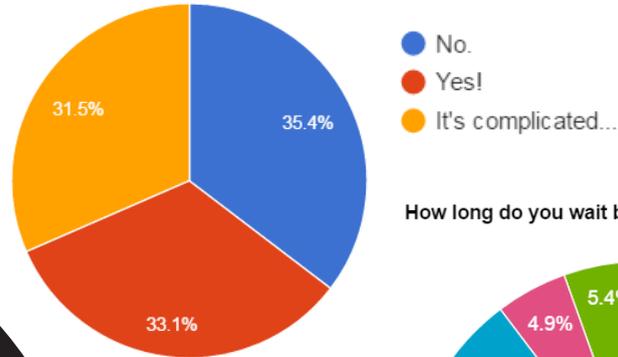
INDY *sex issue*

Q&A We asked, you answered.

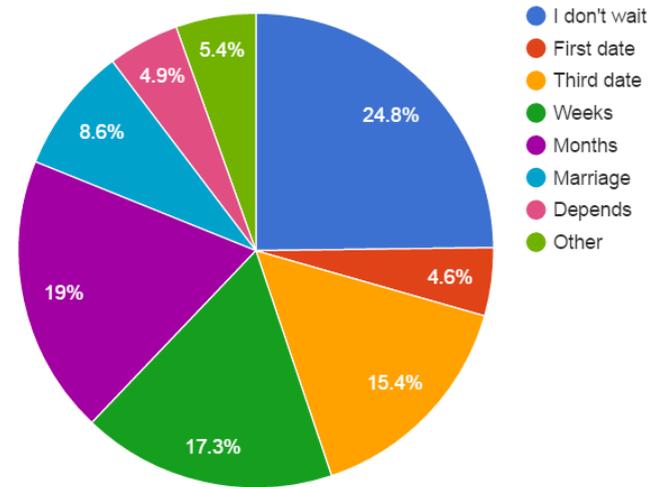
How do you feel about butt stuff?



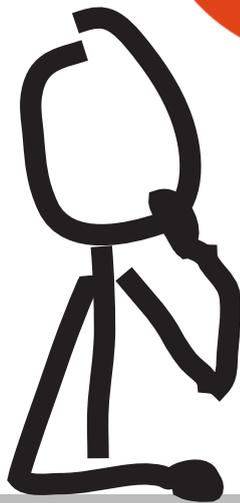
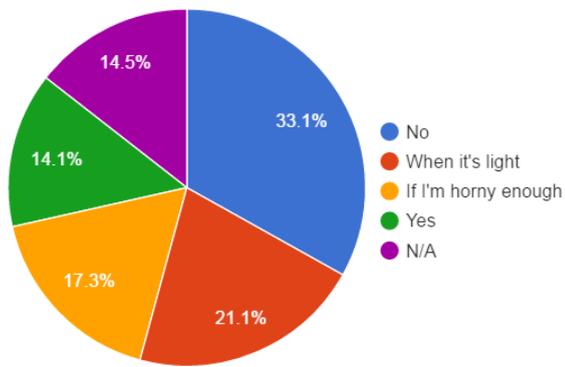
Is being exclusive the same thing as dating?



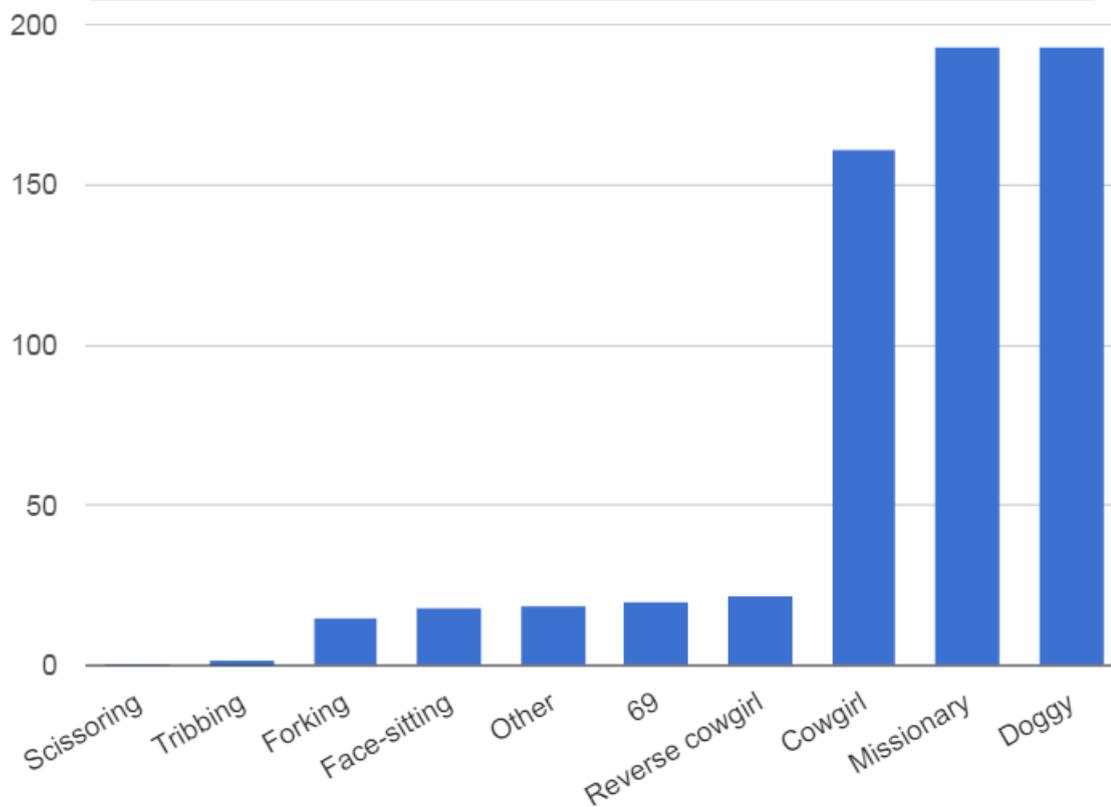
How long do you wait before having sex?



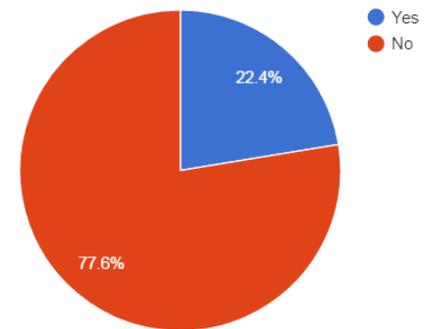
Period sex?



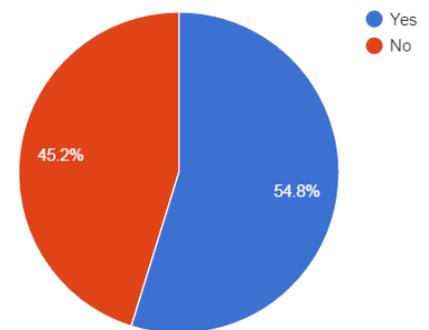
Favorite sex position



Have you ever faked an orgasm? (he/him/his)



Have you ever faked an orgasm? (she/her/hers)



Read more stats and stories at harvardindependent.com

Sophomore Slump (And Getting Humped)

By HUNTER RICHARDS

Your grades shouldn't be the only ones going down on you! Sophomore slump is no excuse to start slacking because, hey, if there were ever a time that called for excessive amounts of stress relief, it'd be sophomore year. Need some help on finding your "stress relief" buddy? I have got you covered! No, not in that way...that's messy and we both know there's no time for that kind of clean up when the PSet is due by 5.

1. Find a cute person in section.

You know you are about to sign your life over to this class and are resigned to the fact that you are moving into the building where you have office hours. The best part is that you can go from grinding away on that PSet to grinding on cute section person. Plus, you're both relieving that stress and going to be so productive when you get back to that PSet...until you realize you skipped lecture to hook up, in which case repeat the stress relief as needed.

2. Be reasonable.

You have 20 minutes before section. By this point, you and your slump-hump have probably gotten to know each other well enough to have faith that you can do the nasty with time to spare for you to fix your eyeliner in the window. This is not the time for you, under any circumstances, to "get creative" or try anything new. Those are good and well. But the a time and a place is not his stuffy double at the River while you are praying his roommate won't come home and you're crossing your fingers you can find your underwear to make it to class on Harvard Time.

3. Your linkmates's house is fair game.

"It'd be so convenient if I was seeing someone in my house. I wouldn't even have to put shoes on to go take my pants off!" No! This is a freshman sentiment! You are a

Sophomore, you are far more jaded now and should know better. Those crowded dining hall moments when you sat across from each other trying to avoid eye contact while you eat your Veritaffles the morning after isn't a good look. The houses in your neighborhood, however, are a whole other

no man and also just wants to be cozy. But it starts to be a problem when the guy from last weekend sends you a friend request on Facebook and you notice his cover photo is of his roommates. It now dawns upon you that those two Kirkland boys know each other; which you might have realized had

"Your pride is only the first thing I'd recommend you swallow. Just make a damn Tinder/ Bumble/ Grindr/ Farmers Only already."

story! There's nothing better than getting home within five minutes the next morning, and the proximity cuts down on the amount of sun you're desperately trying to shield your eyes from because both you and your liver took a pounding last night.

4. Accept the age of technology.

Your pride is only the first thing I'd recommend you swallow. Just make a damn Tinder/Bumble/Grindr/Farmers Only already. We both know you obsessed over Yik Yak, and we both know you love wasting time. The worst that is going to happen is spraining your finger from swiping, which is just as likely to happen playing Candy Crush but that is a whole different kind of frustration.

5. Pace yourself...but just a little bit.

You may think that this boy whose lap you are sitting in is going to be the only one you'll be kissing this year, but chances are, he's a dog. Unfortunately you don't find this out until right around November. Then you have to start investing in your own oversized hoodies because you're a single independent woman who don't need

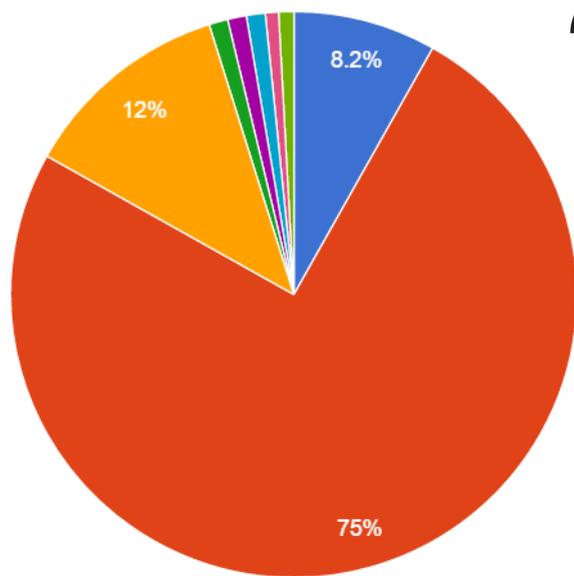
not always made them come to you...

6. Commute.

The rule of thumb (or really the rule of the index and middle finger) is to be the one doing the traveling. The ability to get up and leave is one to be cherished. The essay due at midnight waits for no one, especially the kid ready to pass out in your bed. However, there is no shame in interrupting your ex – as he tries to make the bed for you both after you "grab coffee to catch up" – to ask if he could hand you your underwear and also your pants and also your shoes, and while he's at it, does he know when the next shuttle is coming? In other words, both courts may have their advantage.

Sophomore year is the most stressful period of your college life so far, and you deserve all the stress relief you can get. After all, the cost of an Uber home is still much cheaper than any spa day alternative.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) would love to hear how it works for you since she's making it up as she goes.



75% of respondents are heterosexual
12% are bisexual or polysexual
8% are homosexual
Other sexualities take 1% apiece

- Homosexual
- Heterosexual
- Bisexual/Polysexual
- Pansexual
- Demisexual
- Asexual
- Queer
- Other

Asexy Article

An account of asexuality.

By AUDREY EFFENBERGER

The first time I heard someone my age say the word “sexy,” I was aghast. I probably would have used the word “aghost” at the time, too, because I had a slightly above grade level vocabulary that I was smugly proud of. “Sex” was not part of it, though. I knew what it was theoretically – 2 (or more?) people with their genitals in some configuration for enjoyment and/or procreation – but the concept didn’t register in my mind as something I should want to do. Not yet, at least. I was younger than most people in my grade, I figured, and it was okay if I was a little slow to pick up on some things.

But I did not. When my friends were gushing about how hot their crushes were, I didn’t get it. “He has well-defined muscles, and his eyes are an interesting color. That’s nice.” I tried to muster up the requisite enthusiasm that people seemed to have about body parts. “What do you like?” I’d dodge the question and offer what I hoped was a coy look to distract from the fact that there wasn’t really *anything* in particular I liked about people.

When I finally learned that asexuality wasn’t just a term that applied to unicellular organisms, it was honestly a relief. I was not stunted, or less human, or any of the other negative things that non-heterosexual people think (or are told) about themselves. Not feeling sexual attraction is growing to be more and

more accepted, and (s)experts are beginning to acknowledge it as a legitimate sexual orientation that exists on a spectrum. That spectrum covers everything from sex repulsion to ambivalence or sex positivity – essentially, anyone who does not feel attraction can call themselves an “ace” (short for asexual), regardless of their behavior or habits.

Recognizing asexuality has also led to a better understanding of the relationships between asexuality, celibacy, and other nuanced facets of human sexuality. Whereas celibacy is a conscious behavioral choice, asexuality is an orientation that manifests itself differently in different people. Asexual people can have high libidos and lots of sex; they can also choose to keep their love lives PG. The notion that asexual people physiologically cannot enjoy sex is very much a myth, as many aces can attest.

Furthermore, many aces are very romantic. An ace can be homoromantic, biromantic, heteroromantic, or any other combination of prefix and suffix. While the new terms may seem confusing or unnecessary to some, they are important for understanding that aces form emotional bonds that are just as deep and meaningful without necessarily being tied to sex. On the other hand, some people may not feel romantic attraction. The growing awareness of asexuality has helped aromantic people find acceptance, in

addition to a punny nickname (aro ace!).

Nowadays, there are plenty of online communities for aces, ranging from the Asexuality Visibility and Education Network (AVEN) to the subreddit r/asexuality. Groups like these help aces of all ages come to terms with asexuality, talk about common problems, and meet new friends who understand and accept each other’s sexual orientation. Aces have also found friends in the queer community – the A in BGLTQA+ now stands for asexual, aromantic, and other identities that embrace the absence of what some people assume to be universal.

I know quite a bit more about sexuality and sexiness than I did in middle school, so if you were to ask me now, I would probably be able to give a more “normal” answer. Yes, her butt is objectively cute. Your desire to do certain consensual things to your S.O. probably shouldn’t be printed in a newspaper, but is totally normal. What I want you to know is that being asexual is normal, too. We don’t need to set rules for sexuality. Our relationships will be all the happier without them.

But hey, if it were a test – I’d totally ace it.

Audrey Effenberger ‘19 (effenberger@college.harvard.edu) always has an ace up her sleeve.

Because sometimes
you just **can't wait**
to get home.



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You really thought you found the one. He is smart, kind of tall, funny, and said he loves giving head. What more could you really ask for? So when you've been seeing each other for a while now and he just brought you food all the way to the Quad from the River, it seems like it is all working out.

Then *it* happens. He promises this has never happened before...but by the third time you guys hook up you realize he was honest about his interests, goals, and achievements, but happens to be lying about something else. The "abort mission" moment comes (even though you don't) when he immediately falls silent after all his cursing and loud unintelligible grunts, at which point he refuses to make eye contact or maintain physical contact. It's almost like when you see someone waving and start to wave back only to realize it was meant for the person standing behind you. When he is waving white flag of surrender there are a few things to remember.

Rule 1: Refrain from comparing yourself to the shuttle, which also doesn't appear to be coming anytime soon. Yeah, he came up with some reason why he needed to head back to the river before too late because his roommate got locked out or he left the iron on, but that's fine. You really didn't want to try

Please Come Again

To get off or get out?

By HUNTER RICHARDS

sharing that twin XL with him anyway. Nobody likes competing for space with an oversized radiator. Plus, you are about to spend 10 minutes looking for some AA batteries that will put in the work he wasn't willing to...

Rule 2: When you fail to refrain from comparing yourself to the shuttle, don't ask "Too soon?" answered by, "Wouldn't be the first time tonight." He probably has a lot on his plate, which is probably why he was too full to eat you out.

Rule 3: Don't let him give you that "Wow, your head game is just too strong!" line. It may be true, but weak boys don't deserve your strong head game.

Rule 4: Forgive but don't forget. If it takes replacing the water droplet emoji with the umbrella of his contact name in your phone, do it. When you get that 1 am "You up?" text (complete with the space between 'up' and the question mark so you know exactly what's good), that emoji may be the sign you need.

A sign saying it is okay to stay cozy in bed and not put on pants to head to the River. Adding "Hoe Don't Do It" to the beginning of his name in your phone should do the trick if all else fails.

Rule 5: Do. Not. Fake. It. If it was not good for you, do not pretend it was. If he managed to set off the sprinklers in the 20 seconds he was inside of you then he's the real MVP. But you shouldn't be afraid to keep from going soft even though he has. If his first instinct is to check that you came but then not allow you the comfort to admit you didn't, it's okay to point him to the door...he might need help getting there anyway. While you're at it, some other navigational insights might be called for as well.

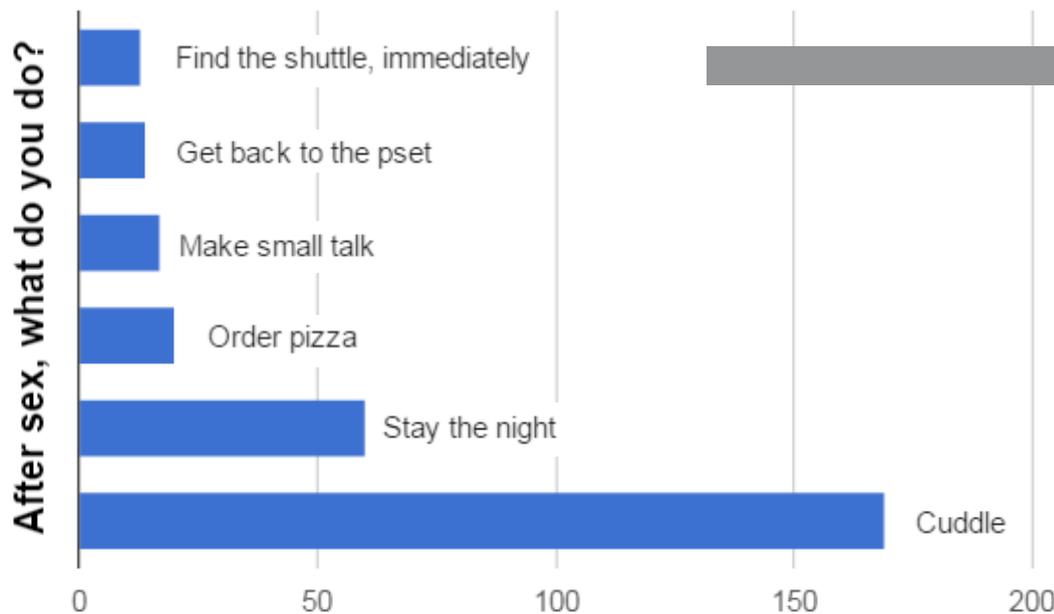
When he prematurely ejaculates and then flees the scene, he is making it clear that this was never about your pleasure. Don't be afraid to get yours.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) has a lasting patience.

Apologies for My Sex Life

Repercussions of a sharing nature.

By MEGAN SIMS



To my next-door neighbor in McKinlock, I am so sorry for the very loud sex I have been having all year. I know it must be the nightmare for which you did not sign up. Thank you for only banging on my wall in frustration once, even if I was seconds from orgasm.

To the girl who has gone down on me a lot, I am sorry for that one time I farted on your face. Also, I am sure you're sorry to my next-door neighbor for the very loud sex we've been having all year.

To the guy with whom I hooked up on Halloween, I am sorry I didn't give you a second blowjob before you left my room. (But not that sorry.)

To my best friend, I am sorry I keep making jokes about that awkward drunken night the summer before college. Even though, it was hilarious.

To that guy from orientation week, I am sorry for the mediocre handjob. I just really hate handjobs.

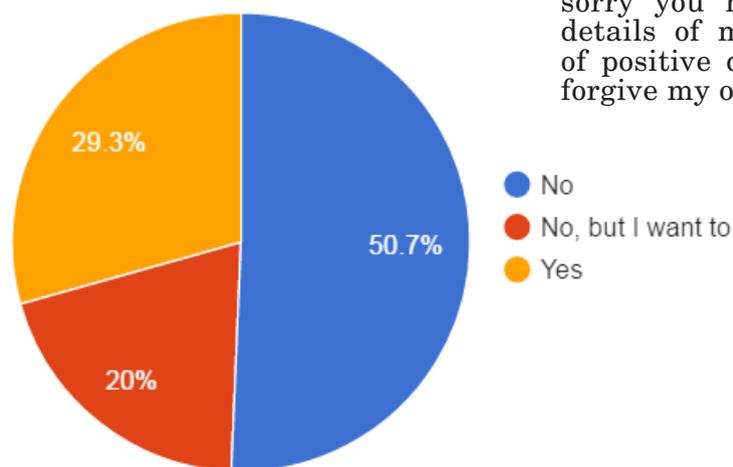
To all of my friends, I am so sorry I can't stop talking about sex. I'm sure it must be tiring to put up with my shamelessness and my inherited loud-

...talking gene. I have the feeling that I embarrass you often in public. I am sorry you have to feel embarrassed by me. I should keep that to myself, perhaps.

To the girl last semester, I am sorry I was not in the place to have sex with you. I am so sorry I hurt you.

To my ex boyfriend, I am sorry you got caught up in my figuring out my

Have you ever used sex toys?



sexuality, that I could not love you the way you loved me. I am sorry I never loved the sex. I am sorry it took me so long to realize that we weren't right together and that we had to break up over the phone (you're still so far away). I am sorry I deleted the pictures of you. I wonder if you've saved any of me. I hope your new Megan makes you happy.

To the former UC high-ranking official who matched with me on Tinder and then opened with "haven't we made out before?" (we have), I am absolutely not sorry that I ignored your repeated requests to hang out or come over despite my repeated no's. That right swipe was an accident. For a representative of a school trying to promote a culture of healthy relationships, you do a really terrible job of respecting that I do not want to go get ice cream with you.

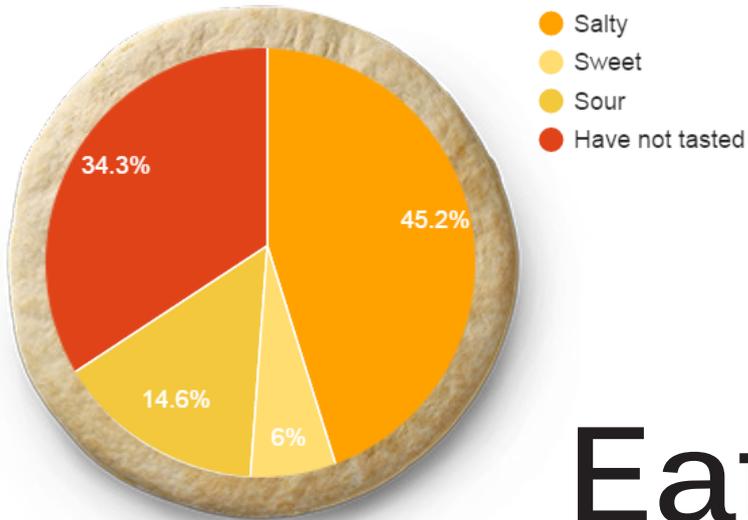
To the people who have napped in my room, I am sorry if I left any of my sex toys laying out for you to see.

To Sex Week Board, I am sorry you had to hear my "I love eating vagina... cupcakes" jokes way more times than is funny.

To the reader of this article, I am sorry you now know far too many details of my sex life. In the spirit of positive discourse, I hope you can forgive my over-sharing nature.

Megan Sims '18 (megansims@college.harvard.edu) has a lot of things to be sorry for - her enjoyment of sex is not one of them.

How would you describe the taste of semen?



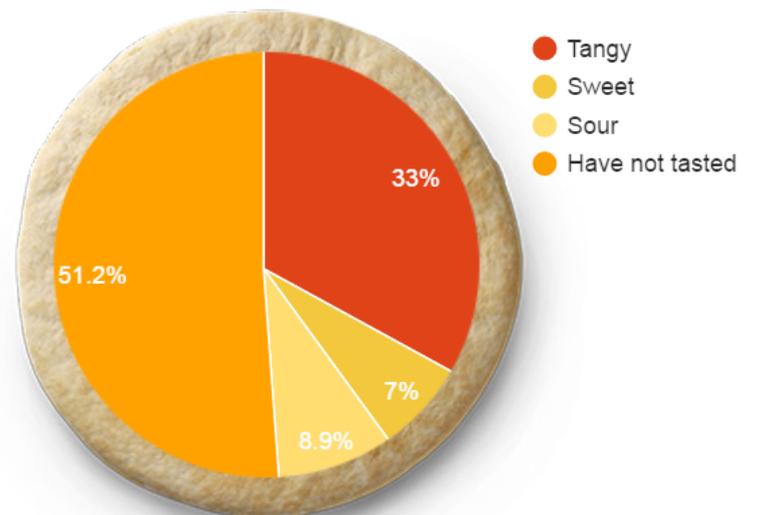
After-sex eats?

Pizza	93	Asian food	35
Chocolate	46	Ice cream	32
Junk food	46	Mexican food	22
Water, alcohol...	38	Burgers	21

Eating out...

1. Felipe's 2. Kong 3. Noch's

How would you describe the taste of pussy?



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The Breast Sex Ever

By HUNTER RICHARDS

If your chest is past a D cup, chances are you've had at least one boy ask if you ever tried doing more with them. At which point, you probably think, "Like what, my taxes? Does he think they're magic? Oh god, he totally thinks they're magic. He's rubbing the hell out of them hoping for his three wishes."

Luckily, he is quick to stutter out how one time in porn he saw a guy put his penis between the woman's (very very very V E R Y) large breasts and just go to town. You realize, this is the moment for which he has been waiting. You and your boobs are entirely at liberty to make this guy's dreams (among other things) come true.

Even so, you have a refined taste for the type of porn you've grown accustomed to, and have absolutely no idea what you're supposed to do. It is one thing to get propositioned but it's a whole other to attempt to get positioned. You see he's already sitting in the swivel chair and you're already getting nervous. Now you are fighting both gravity and thinking that the spinning effect is sure to become a problem somehow. But you're brave and also pretty damn curious, so you kneel down in front of him and wait for a cue.

For the love of all that is good, please remember to put your hair up in a pony tail. This boy is about to witness a miracle and therefore is entirely volatile. Your eyes and hair are not safe. The sting you're about to get from his trigger-happy penis firing directly into your left eye is almost as bad as the shade you will throw. Nothing strikes fear into a guy's heart quite like a girl with cum on her cheek and one hand over her closed eye getting up from being on her knees to tower over him asking if he has any common decency!

But you're not even there yet - you still have no idea what the hell to do with your hands or where to look.

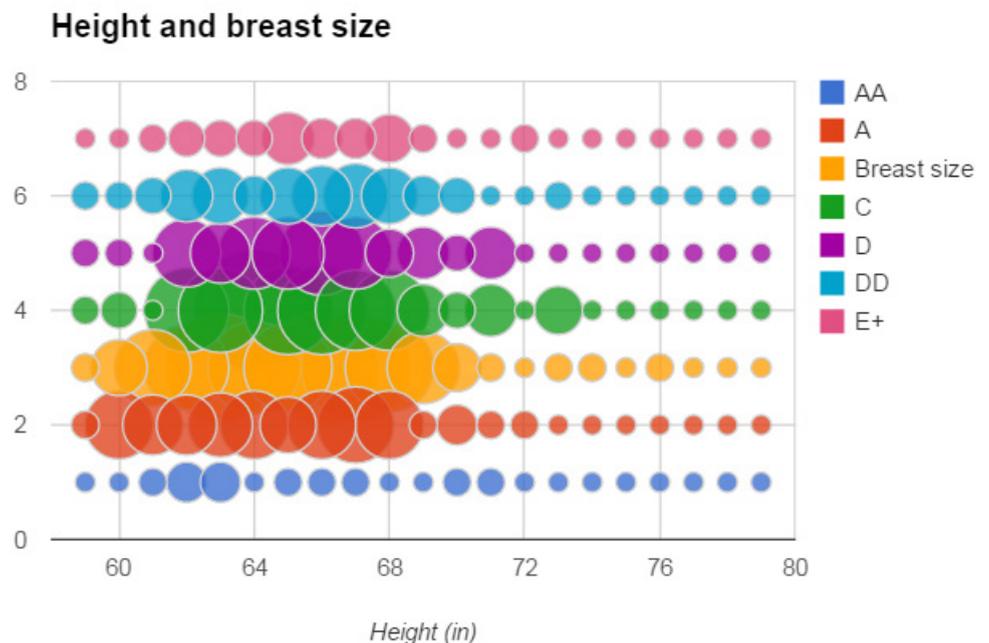
Good, he's got his hands on my chest! Finally some key moves. Okay, so I just hold my boobs together? That's not too bad... Wait, he's moving A LOT. I'm glad I worked up a sweat because this would be the worst looking rash. Ohhhh, if I kinda jiggle them he starts cursing... I always knew my breasts were going to make men weak but damn this is hot.

Average Harvard breast size: **C**

Average US breast size: **DD**

Naturally bad depth perception aside - it seems as if, when you look down, that dick is really about to hit you in the face. He really should not have his eyes shut for this; it is a safety concern. He is operating your boobs like the heavy machinery they are, plus he has probably the best view he's ever going to get, so why isn't he fully engaged?

Whether he's been going for 20 seconds or 20 minutes (which, in terms of titty fucking, who knows which is worse), he's going to ask at some point



where you want him to finish. When he does ask, you'll want to laugh because it seems pretty obvious what the trajectory appears to be for this situation.

I only recommend letting him finish on your chest, in his own territory. Not because of feminism or anything symbolic, but because it is messier than you expected. You only have one good towel and it would take more to save your Urban Outfitters rug you only just barely got the wine stains out of... Plus, you're about to make this boy's entire damn life so he might as well put in some work.

I can't exactly explain why I feel that the most chivalrous moment in a guy's life comes after finishing on someone's chest when he finds you the softest towel in his possession. This chivalry is complimented by when he proceeds to clean you up like the tourists in Harvard yard polish the statue's shoe in hopes of one day being accepted into the ranks. Moral of the story: don't be opposed to turning those D cups into the chalice of wisdom he's hoping to get a sip from.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) is happy to finally get this off her chest.

No Time for Wasting Time

A plea for more honesty in the college hook-up culture.

By ANONYMOUS

Let's be honest. The college hook up culture is not going to change itself. Countless articles have been written on the end of romance and the degradation in the sanctity of sex. Yes, that is probably accurate. Thanks to ~the media~ sex has become more visible to younger eyes, and technology has made it more accessible than ever before.

Is that necessarily a bad thing? When done right (read: consensually) more sex is more fun. The hook up culture has at least delivered this to our dorm room doorsteps; and laundry rooms around campus continue to be stockyards for condoms.

So why the bad rap? My astute analysis concludes that the reason the hook up culture is so often criticized is because the games people play are as nebulous as the italics make them sound in your head (as you read this article instead of writing your research paper due in two days).

College is hard. Being honest and open with each other is even harder. But it is my true belief that the antidote to the woes of the hook up culture is being direct and real, early and often.

And so here are some ground rules, to guide you from awkward to chill within the framework of the hook up culture. (Do I sound like a consultant yet?)

- If you just want to hook up with this person, don't act like you want to date him or her.

- o Do not ask about each other's day, or carry on a conversation with your Saturday night conquest that starts from menial shit like "how's section?" Small talk is the precursor to "talking" and "talking" leads to emotions. I'm all for respecting the other humans with whom you fornicate, but there's nothing disrespectful about being honest with your intentions—as limited as they may be. If you want to bang—just bang.

- Alternatively, if you're looking for something more than just a 2 am rendezvous, make it known.

- o You cannot get mad at someone not giving you what you want if you never tell them what you want. This takes a lot of

soul searching. From personal experience, I spent semester after semester telling myself I didn't want more out of my booty calls because I was afraid that admitting that would reflect some form of weakness. I couldn't have been more wrong. If I had been honest from the start, I would sure as hell have saved a lot of time, energy, and drunk, mediocre sex.

- Fuck "ghosting"—it's a coward move.

- o Ghosting: the act of pretending you don't exist in order to avoid a former hook up. Just don't do it. Don't ignore his or her texts, just respond saying you're over it. Don't pretend you don't see each other in the line to FlyBy—you do— so just follow up and give the poor kid some closure. Brutal? Maybe for a minute or two. But by saying you're not into it, clearly and early, will be better at the end of the day. You just prevented months of avoiding eye contact around campus. (Just kidding, we all know that happens anyway.)

Being direct can be tough, awkward, and sometimes hurtful for one or more parties involved. But unfavorable closure is always better than none. And sometimes, if you are honest, your "we're just hooking up" can turn into something magical.

Of all the accomplishments Harvard students have, a simple conversation should not be the most difficult. So take that risk and try honesty for once—it may just be the saving grace to the infamous hook up culture.

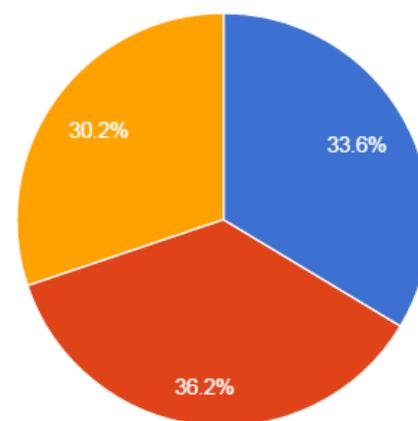
Anonymous thinks Casper is the only acceptable kind of ghost.

Speaking of honesty...

We asked:
Do you feel like you give oral sex more than your partner does?

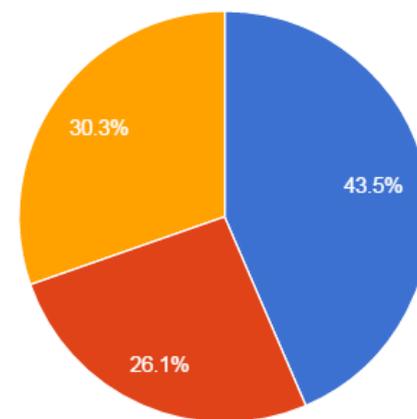
You answered:

Oral sex, he/him/his



- Yes, I give more
- No, I receive more
- We give each other oral sex equally frequently

Oral sex, she/her/hers



- Yes, I give more
- No, I receive more
- We give each other oral sex equally frequently

I am okay to wait, I thought, swinging my legs forward and back again, feet tracing pendulum paths in the air, not quite low enough to scrape the floor.

I am okay to wait, I said, legs criss-cross-applesauce,

fingers traveling paths between the freckles on my forearm.

I am okay with waiting, I vow, and there's this new feeling on my left hand, my fingers separated, not quite as familiar as my right.

I am okay with waiting, I laughed, taking another sip of beer

sour, wet cardboard saturating my tongue.

Yes, that counts.

That too.

Still.

I am okay with waiting, looking around the room,

heart straining against my sternum.

Pulsing.

Pulsing.

Pulsing.

I am okay with waiting,

I am okay with waiting,

I. Am. Okay. To. Wait.

I am

I am

I am

Am I?

You see, I don't want to compare, and I don't want to be compared—

I've been told comparison is the thief of joy.

I want to be joyful.

I want to be pure.

I am Okay to Wait

By CLEANNA CRABILL

Pure.

What is that?

Innocent, blameless, selfless.

What I was told to be, what I think I want to be:

the world laughs it in the face.

True love waits?

Ha,

Ha,

ha.

You see, it's like my skin is at war with itself,

Hairs bristling at the thought and shrinking away at the touch.

Yet

how can repulsion and guilt inhabit the same layer that

glows at the brush of a fingertip, the press of a palm.

It's a battle, my mind wandering,

lounging in sun-soaked sheets, an open window,

a fluttering curtain, and

fingers intertwined,

again my left and right feel the same, laced together with another's,

whole.

The sun goes out.

I am cold, so cold I'm on fire,

burning.

I can no longer feel the fingers that were once so beautifully woven with mine,

just the bitter cold

the hollow darkness.

One or nothing and Nothing or one.

Not alone when the lamp has been turned off, when you should be I should be counting sheep.

Turn the pages, dig deeper, shed some light.

Not fumbling with clasps and knocking teeth.

Don't run, grow roots, stand firm.

Not until the left fingers are separated once again can you draw close,

too long of blinks and breath on necks.

It's God,

It's not you.

Not him.

Not her.

Create in me a clean heart O God.

Is it worth the wait?

It's not everything and

I should be free, singing and lifting my hands

But am I from a rib

That You will show me

or am I clay myself?

See,

I am okay with waiting.

But am I?

What is it for, really?

Because he has earnest eyes, steady hands, and a yearning heart.

He has a smile so sweet,

grinning toward the ground.

God,

how can hands that fit perfectly together and bodies that meld like the flowing stones beneath the earth,

souls that swell like the great waves of the ocean,

crashing together,

peals of laughter,

whispers in the night,

how can that be wrong?

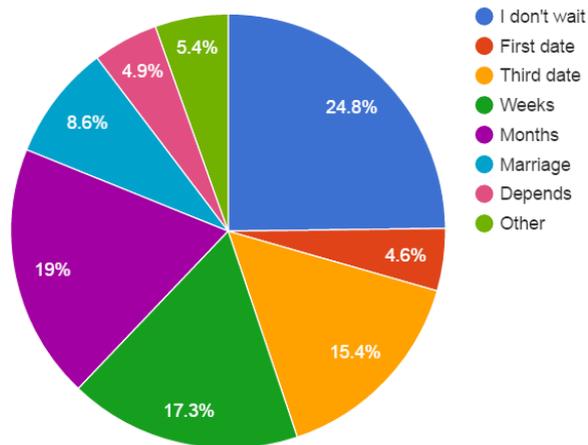
I've been asking, I've been searching, seeking, crying.

I was, I am, I thought

but

God, I just don't know.

How long do you wait before having sex?



45.5% of the survey respondents use dating apps
 83.8% would rather be approached
 16.2% would rather approach

Dating Apps, Decoded

By CAROLINE GENTILE

Some words of wisdom.

Two years ago, I decided to get Tinder so that I could write an article about dating apps. You know, for research purposes. I couldn't imagine actually trying to meet somebody through an app. After all, what would we tell the children if it worked out?!

As a matter of fact, though, according to the Pew Research Center, 5% of married American couples met their significant other online, and—if they are honest—that is what they will tell their children. Although 5% does not seem like many people, it is important to note that the use of online dating sites or mobile apps has nearly tripled since 2013; 5% will surely increase to a larger proportion in the future.

Part of this increase in the use of dating apps has been the proliferation of dating apps themselves. It's not just Tinder anymore. There is Grindr, Bumble, Hinge, Happn, and Coffee Meets Bagel, to name a few. Another reason for the increase is that online dating is starting to lose some of its stigma. When I told friends two years ago that I had downloaded Tinder, it was obvious that they thought I was desperate for love. Which, you know, may not have been entirely false. However, two years later, I am now happily dating someone I met on Coffee Meets Bagel, and those same friends have since downloaded Bumble. Entirely new to the world of swiping right, they came to me, our blocking group's resident expert of dating apps, for some advice, and here is what I told them:

1. Keep an open mind. If you hold any stigmas against dating apps, put them aside. You never know whom you will meet! Yes, there will likely be some weirdos, but you could also meet some really great people with whom you might end up being friends, hooking up, or even dating.

2. Choose pictures that reflect your personality and interests. Put up a real bio about yourself. Some people argue that dating apps like Tinder, where you decide whether you like someone based on their profile, are superficial and are basically glorified versions of "Hot or Not" in which people pick people they find attractive. Of course, this is true; whether we like to admit it or not, we tend to use

our attraction to someone as a basis for if we will like them as a person. But what is the difference between swiping right on someone because they are hot versus approaching someone in a bar because they are hot? In either situation, you want to put your best foot forward, so craft a profile that is really reflective of you and your personality. Don't use pictures where you are in a large group, and try to avoid using professional headshots. Instead, use pictures in which you not only look good and like yourself, but also are of only you (or maybe 1-2 other friends). Also, if you plan to use a picture of you with a puppy or another cute animal, keep in mind that people may be swiping right on you because of the cute animal, and not because of you.

3. Dating apps are supposed to be a way to meet people, not a way to actually get to know them - that part should be done in person. Once you match with someone and start talking with them, avoid getting to know each other virtually. So much gets lost in translation via text without body language and eye contact. While you may find it easier to be cute and funny over text, nothing beats real human interaction. If you ever do meet in person, you won't have as much to talk about because you'll have already covered most of the first date conversation topics while chatting through the app. Instead, try to establish a time to meet in person as early in the conversation as possible. Here is a nice example of how this could be done:

"Hey ____, how is your week?"

"So far, so good. Currently watching some Netflix with my roommate and eating sushi. How about you?"

"What are you watching? I'm on my way to meet some friends at a bar"

"Some good old How I Met Your Mother- do you watch?"

"Yasssss. Love that show. Almost as much as I love sushi!"

"Lol, maybe we could go get some sushi together sometime soon?"

* mic drop *

Of course, if you don't feel like you've established enough of a rapport to ask someone to hang out, wait until you have! The point is to eventually meet this person, though.

4. It really does not matter who messages first. While many will say that the guy should message first, or the other way around (as you'll see in the data from the sex survey) the vast majority of people, regardless of sex, prefer to be approached. So, since everyone would rather be approached, you might as well take the initiative to talk to someone you want to talk to!

5. If someone cannot carry a conversation with you, do not waste your time. Nobody wants to talk to, let alone hook up with or date, someone with the personality or conversational skills of a piece of toast.

6. Just because there are so many options, does not mean you should devote less time to actually getting to know someone. With so many options, it may feel like there is always someone better out there, so why settle? However, everyone has flaws, and writing someone else off for a minor flaw or a perceived stereotype before getting to know them is silly. For example, my boyfriend (or, my Everything Bagel, as Coffee Meets Bagel likes to call him) goes to MIT. I could have totally written him off as a nerd who plays video games in all of his spare time. But I didn't, and I got to know him well enough to find out that, yes, the latter is all true, but he is still an awesome person and I am so glad I took the time to get to know him better. That being said, if he were a cocaine dealer or something, I totally would have ghosted him. Which brings me to my next point...

7. If you do decide to meet up with someone, definitely make sure they are who they say they are. A quick search of Google and social media will do. You don't want to get catfished! Also, for a first date, try to go somewhere in public where there will be lots of witnesses in case your date tries to kidnap you! Safety first!

Caroline Gentile '17 (cgentile@college.harvard.edu), despite her approval of dating apps, will still likely tell her children that their parents "met through mutual friends".

Sex and the Chronically Single Girl

One gal recounts the lessons learned from her sexcapades.
By ANONYMOUS

For one of my classes, we had to read Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*. The book's protagonist Esther has an obsessive worldview of sex. At one point Esther says she sees the world divided between people who've had sex and those who haven't. To some degree, upon entering college and first discovering my own sexuality, I could relate to Esther's social dichotomy. I felt as though everyone around me was having hook ups, and I was the one on the sidelines. Though in actuality, the number of people hooking up was probably overstated.

I finally got to enter the game of sex January of freshman year when I lost my virginity to a friend after a dorm party. Since then, I have had four other sexual partners. Each of them taught me something about sex and also about myself. I hope these lessons are relatable to others in some capacity.

1) Losing My Virginity

The Story: I definitely didn't lose my virginity the way I thought I would. Coming from the south where I had friends who were already married or engaged, I came into college expecting to find my husband. In my dream world, I would lose my virginity to someone who I had been dating for a while and someone with whom I was in love. Instead, I lost it to one of my guy friends after a party. We started fooling around and next thing you know, my metaphorical cherry was popped. In the immediate aftermath, I ran back to my room crying in shock and disappointed in myself. A couple days later, the friend and I exchanged a brief "Are you good?" and moved past the incident.

The Lesson: Losing one's virginity is not always a fairytale. Though I probably would not wish my first time on someone else, this sexual experience helped me think more critically about what I wanted out of other sexual experiences. Losing my virginity also helped me discover that what I first needed out of sex was more self-love and confidence.

2) Sex in a Bathtub

The Story: During the summer before sophomore year, I was working in Cambridge. One night, I went out to a party with some friends who were also around for the summer. We all got obliterated and there was this sexual energy around us. We all started making out with each other, switching partners at random, and I ended up having sex with one of the guys at the party in the bathtub as the party was still going on. While this definitely wasn't my finest moment, it was the first time I allowed myself

to get caught up in the moment and have a rub a dub dub getting fucked in a tub.

The Lesson: Everyone is entitled to a sloppy and passionate sex session. While a bathtub is not an ideal place for sex (cramped spaces equal cramped hips), I let go of my inhibitions (though the alcohol certainly helped.) Sex isn't always going to take place in a bed, nor will it always be pristine. As long as you are safe (however you define it) and consenting, sex can be wet, slippery, and maybe even sudsy.

3) The Foreign Exchange

The Story: Right after finals ended sophomore spring, I went to a party in Quincy and met this cute British guy visiting a friend for the weekend. We ended up hitting it off (crazy dancing to Beyoncé can really bring people together), and I brought him back to my room. And this is where I forayed into period sex. We were making out and clothes started coming off. He was reaching to my panties when I said I was on my period. He said he didn't mind and we ended up having ~amazing~ sex. When we were done (read: I was exhausted) and he was getting ready to leave, he asked for a goodbye blowjob. I promptly showed him the door. I put in work without the 'thank you' of an orgasm, so I wasn't going to give him a third one after I made him cum twice before.

The Lesson: You are not obligated to do anything during sex. While I am a huge believer in reciprocation, if you are not feeling a sex move or the other person has not put in enough time, don't do it. The other lesson -- period sex can feel great, but it will wreck your sheets.

4) The One Who Got Away

The Story: About a week after *The Foreign Exchange*, I hooked up with a guy I knew from the volunteer program I did. I was about to leave campus in two days for an internship in New York, but I was hoping this hookup could turn into something more. However, the next night when I tried to make a repeat of previous evening activities, I was shut down. Yeah, it stung a little bit, but I had the summer to heal (hot finance interns in New York for eye candy).

The Lesson: Sex is not a tool to get someone to like you. If you want something more serious, you should make that clear from the beginning. The other person can't guess what is on your mind, especially if it is a first time

hook up. While hooking up can be easier, you will end up more disappointed going in thinking that sex will change someone's mind.

5) The Bed Warmer

The Story: The time between *The One Who Got Away* and *The Bed Warmer* was a long eight months. In that time span, I had not even kissed someone. So, by the time the *Bed Warmer* came around my junior spring, I was practically a starved woman. I went to a party with one of my roommates early in the semester where we ended up getting obliterated to celebrate our new 21-year-old statuses. The first night I brought this guy home, we didn't have sex. Instead, he spent most of the night going down on me, refusing my offers of reciprocation. He invited me over for a movie the next night and I foolishly brought popcorn to his room. I was not yet familiar with the "Netflix and Chill." We continued to have sex almost weekly for the remainder of the semester. With the *Bed Warmer*, I tried so many positions and started gaining confidence in my sexual abilities. I got comfortable asking for what I wanted out of the sex. Though the *Bed Warmer* has since graduated, I still think fondly of our sexcapades.

The Lesson: Communication and experimentation are so important to good sex. I also learned that you can have amazing chemistry with someone without being in a committed relationship. I also emphasize that if you are going to have a consistent hook up buddy, there's no reason to not get the best sex out of the deal.

6) ??????

This year has been a little dry on the sex front, but I am confident that the drought will be over eventually. Each of the sexual experiences I have had taught me a great deal about sex and, most importantly, about myself. I have learned what turns me on and that self-confidence makes all the difference. This is not to say that awkward sex moments won't happen (sex is particularly squelchy!), but that it is okay to revel in those moments. I am looking forward to recounting lessons about life, love, and sex in future sexcapades as I continue to build self-confidence.

Anonymous hopes to fill in number six by the end of the school year!

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- Healthy, not currently on Depo-Provera
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INDY *sex issue* Facts and Figures

Which US presidential candidate do you find most desirable?

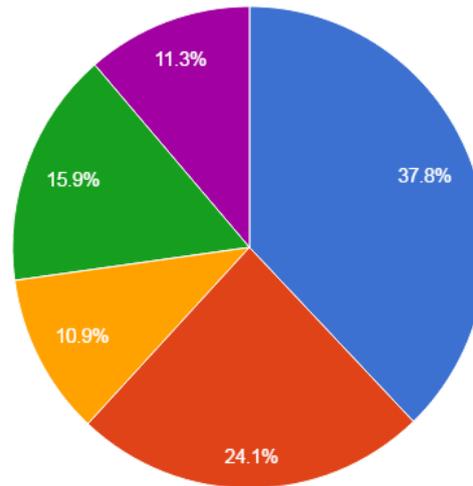
1. Marco Rubio (27%)
2. Hillary Clinton (26%)
3. Bernie Sanders (23%)

Which house has had the most sex?

1. Winthrop *They win this one*
2. Mather *More singles = more sex*
3. Leverett *Like bunnies...*
4. Currier
5. Kirkland
6. Cabot
7. Pforzheimer
8. Eliot
9. Quincy
10. Lowell
11. Adams
12. Dunster *Moose are solitary animals*
13. Yard *No surprise here*

For once, the Quad beats out the River

Concentrations



- Social science
- Science
- Arts & humanities
- Engineering & applied sciences
- Special/undecided

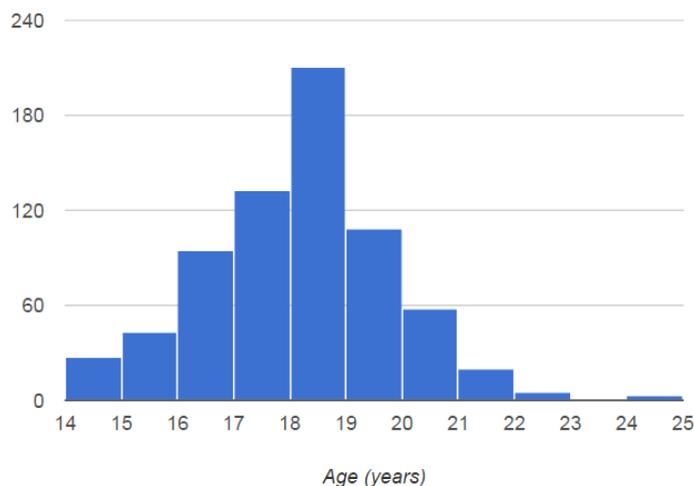
100% of VES, EPS, and South or East Asian Studies concentrators have had sex...

compared to 50% of HistSci and CompReligion

per class year... who've had sex

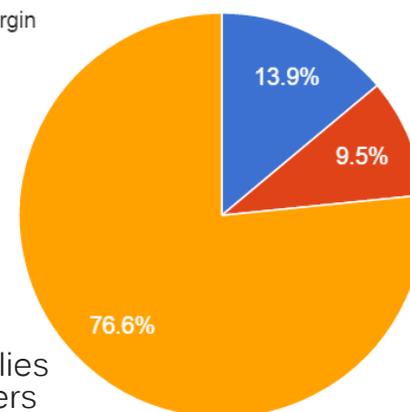
2016	171	84%
2017	213	74%
2018	261	77%
2019	275	60%

When did you lose your "virginity?"



Have you ever lied about your "virginity?"

- Yes, I said I was not a virgin
- Yes, I said I was a virgin
- No



"Veritas" applies about three-quarters of the time...