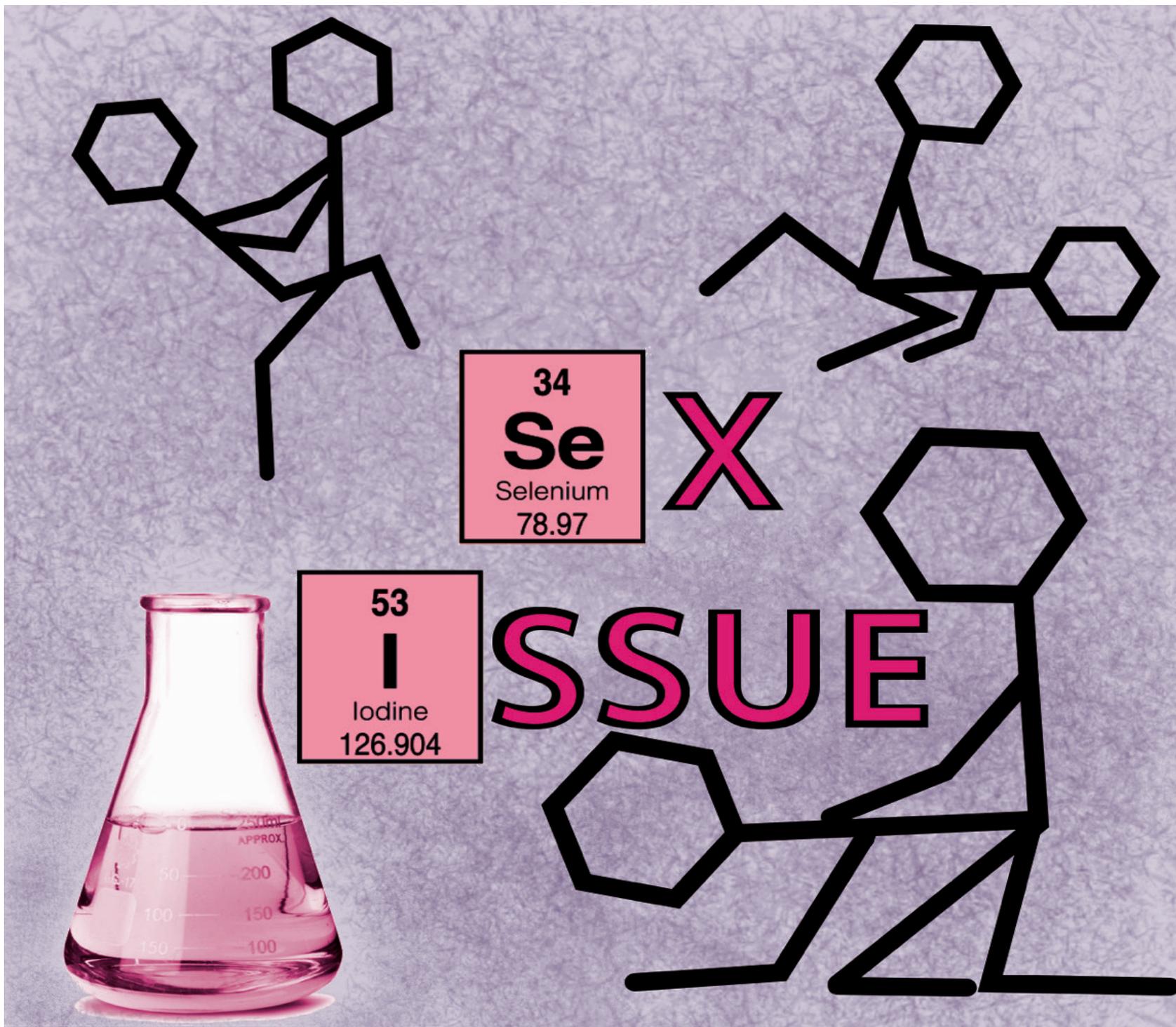


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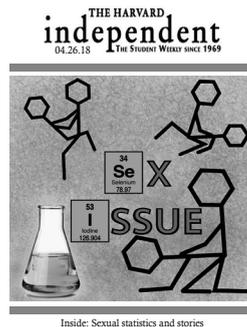


Inside: Sexual statistics and stories

04.26.2018

Vol. XLVIV, No. 21

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The Indy thinks you're 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.

For publication information, email subscriptions, and general inquiries, contact President Daniel Um (president@harvardindependent.com). Letters to the Editor and comments regarding the content of the publication should be addressed to Editor-in-Chief Tushar Dwivedi (editorinchief@harvardindependent.com).

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Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

The staff of The Harvard Independent is proud to present to you the 2018 Sex Issue! As an organization, this issue is one of the most exciting and interesting for us to put together, and we hope that translates to you as well. 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 by way of statistics, personal narratives, humorous, but accurate quotations, and poetry.

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, for freshman through upperclassmen. These aims are perhaps more important now than ever as we strive to live healthy and fulfilling lives amidst the stress and new adventures that Harvard brings. 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 and relinquish judgement, bias, or negative sentiment of any kind.

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 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,

Tushar Dwivedi and Caroline Cronin

Sex-Life Support

Balancing sex and section

By HUNTER RICHARDS

The sex lives of students on campus is far from cookie cutter. It's an inter-sexual topic, but we understand it's far from a strictly top-bottom issue and hope readers can embrace their various natures. People don't think of Harvard students being that sexually active but they also didn't think nerd could be active at all until we had the most D1 teams of all colleges (as if Harvard wasn't going to do the absolute most). You didn't think the head of class would have the best head game but hold onto your hat for this transformative experience, folks.

Gotta Be On Top

...in class

When you're on board for five extracurriculars, taking 7 classes, doing a joint special concentration in History of International Chemistry in Space and Literature with a secondary in Astrology and Cosmo Sex Tips and citation in Tolkien Elvish, and hiding a hamster in your dorm room, it can get pretty difficult finding time for yourself. It'd be easier to get off an email list-serv getting spammed than to just get off.

Tindependent Babe

Swiping right and then ghosting on people who message you leaves you with a bigger thrill than any sexual experience possibly could. Except for the HUDS strike when tinder dates kept you fed, you forgot you were even wasting precious space on your phone on the app.

Obnoxious Quadling

Yeah, you have a single but no personality so nobody's rushing for the shuttle to experience what it's like to climax without your roommates harmonizing along in your crowded double. It'd be easier to find someone down to get run through in a walk through double than someone who thinks your pillow talk about house pride counts as dirty talk. The only sext anyone wants from you is your room number and the shuttle schedule, and hopes they can keep your mouth busy enough for the next hour to avoid boring conversation.

Chronic procr-a-sturbator

Your vibrator has batteries in it but your electric toothbrush doesn't. You have a problem set due tomorrow morning and could either go to office hours and grind away on it, or hit up the kid from class and grind away in a less productive manner.

Socially liberal but sexually conservative

"I'll go to the parties you invite me to in hopes that I'll get drunk and sleep with you but will just end up stealing your alcohol and going home as soon as I'm buzzed. Yeah, you might have cum gutters of steel because of all the stadiums you run but I'm about to book it out of here faster than you'd finish if I gave it a shot."

Cum-petitive Type

"Back in my prime, I could've won the Strauss cup for how great I was at IM water sports. And I don't mean crew. Talk about going for gold."

You weren't sure what the stopwatch was for or why they immediately pressed the timer after beginning foreplaying, and then 45 seconds later when they got tired of it. They're the type that'd hold onto your underwear for a trophy, but would settle for a sock that got lodged behind their headboard during a position change.

Sexual Top, Emotional Bottom

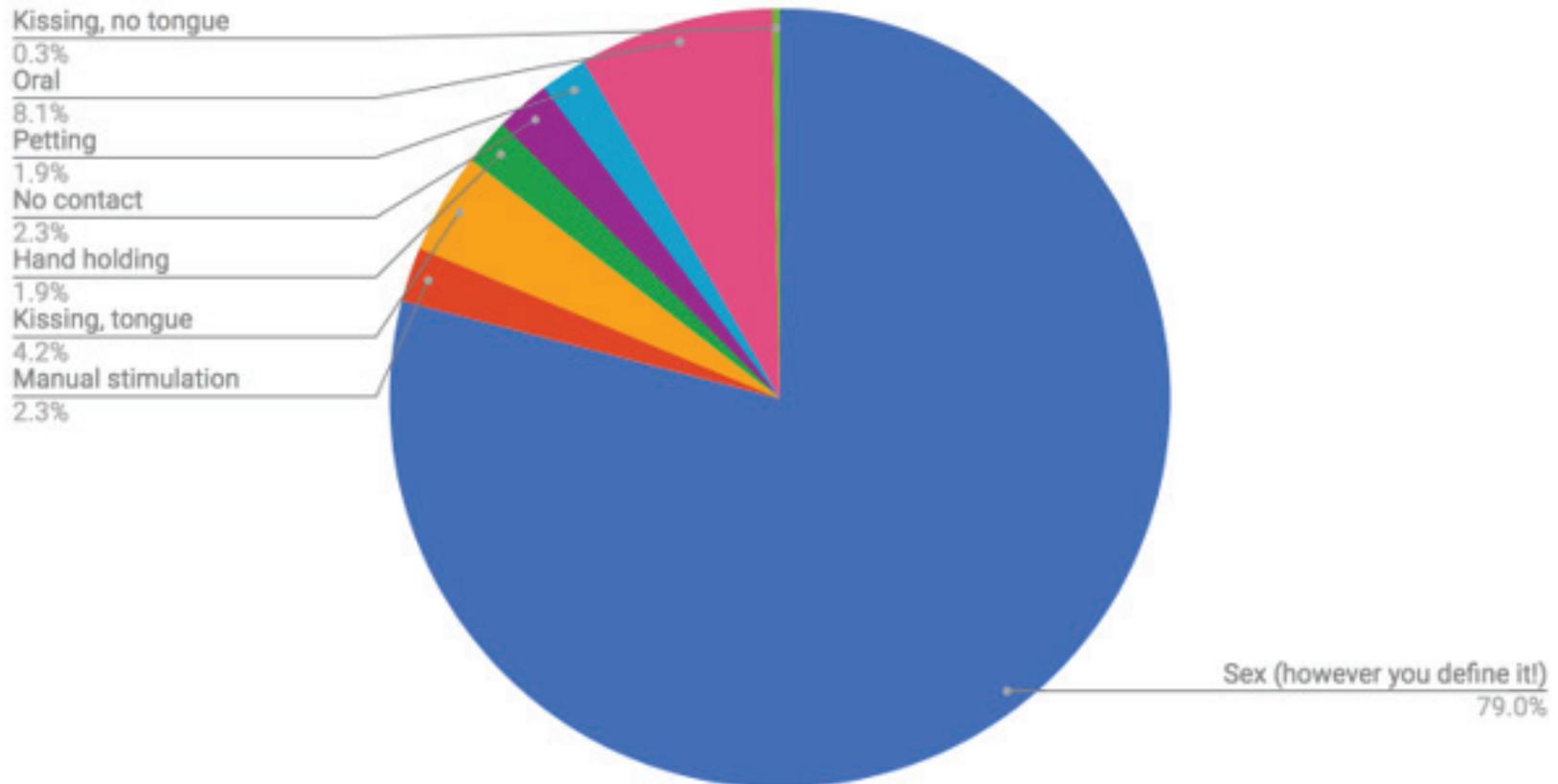
You're down to ride him harder than you've been riding your project partner's coat tails through this semester, but the only thing you're opening up about is your legs. You're more than happy to tell him where your G-Spot is but knowing where you're from is a bit personal, huh? Yeah, they know your whole schedule so they can fill out the doodle poll for when to hook up but your concentration is kind of out of the scope of this relationship, right?

No STEM-istry

"I said this pussy was quote unquote 'too bomb'" during an engineering class but my classmates were so sexually repressed that they didn't pick up on the joke. And that's the story of how my humble brag turned into Jefferson Lab getting evacuated. And also how the 90% of the Harvard student body who doesn't do STEM learned where Jefferson Lab was."

After studying how much of a load

How far have you gone?



Sex-Life Support, continued.

a material could take in a mechanical engineering class, you felt personally attacked for having to spend all your time in office hours unable to take any loads.

The Philosopher

To Swallow or Not To Swallow? That is the question.

It's not necessarily that you like swallowing, but spitting just fundamentally confuses you. Where does it go? Do you swish it around in your mouth like you're at an amateur wine tasting?

"The Only Thing Going Down Are My Expectations"

When hooking up with straight boys,

you could really says it's clit or miss. As much as they ask "Did you get there?" after their grand finale grunt before they roll off of you, "there" isn't a clear destination and they're shit at navigation if their poor sense of direction while aggressively rubbing at your pubic bone was any indicator. After the 15 seconds of vigorous attempts before he assumed he'd really given you the best time possible with some clit action, you wish he had really been pushing the button the entire time except you wish it was a self-destruct button. Pull the lever, Kronk.

Sex-ion Kid

The most sexually well-read person you've ever met, yet somehow still couldn't tell you where the clitoris is and can cite multiple sources that the female orgasm is an urban legend. As much as they've said they just "want to push back on that" during

class, they haven't spent very much time pushing up against anything or anyone.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) doesn't like putting her box in a box.

Sensory Overload

A Poem

By Anonymous

It's bittersweet.
I mean,
The idea that sex lingers.

And I don't mean
that it lasted too long
Or that we talked too much after.

I mean,
That when I'm alone
And I go to trace my own lips with
The tip of my tongue
I still taste him there
And I wish I didn't.

I mean,
That when he's gone,
And I go to put my hair up,
I catch a whiff of his cologne
Twisted in the strands,
And I wish I couldn't.

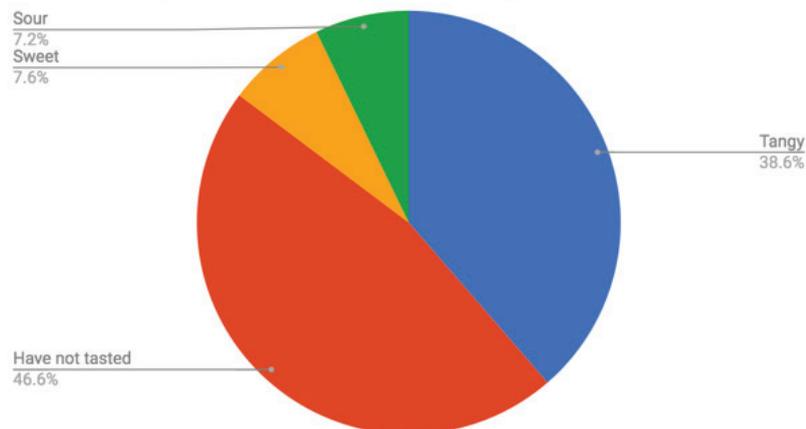
I mean,
That even after I left him
For the last time
He stuck around in the shape
Of an ink-stain on my neck
And I wish he hadn't.

I mean,
That I thought a hookup
Was meant to be temporary
So why the fuck
Is he still all over me?
And I wish he wasn't.

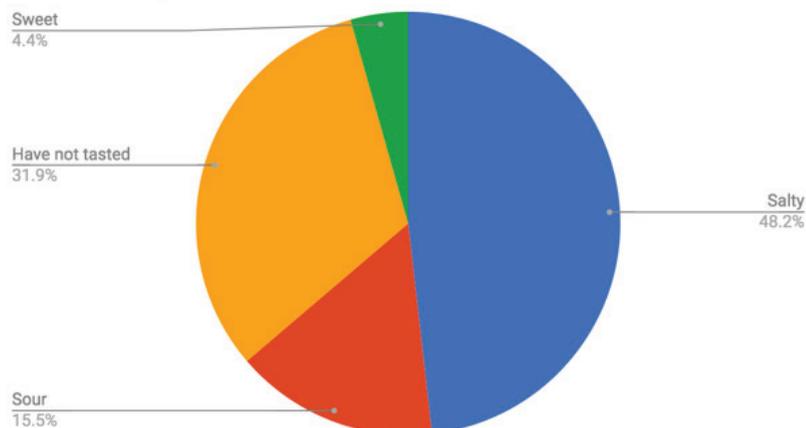
And I don't mean that
I wish we'd never screwed
Or that I'd never freaking met him

The idea that he lingered.
I mean,
That's bittersweet.

How would you describe the taste of vagina?



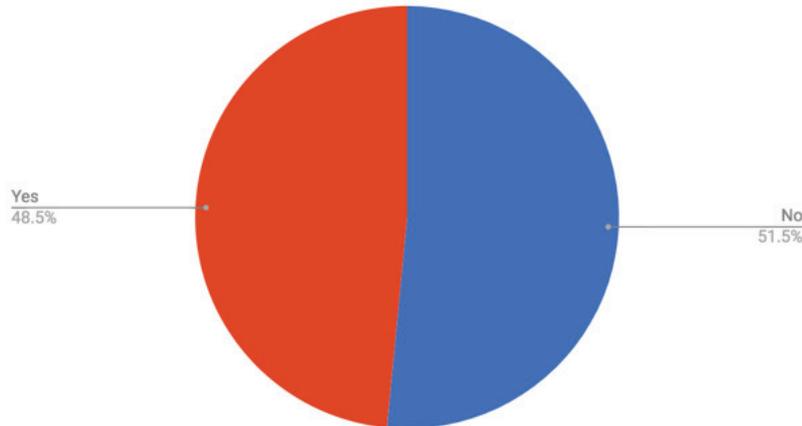
How would you describe the taste of semen?



Your Stories

Responses from
The Sex Survey

Have you ever faked an orgasm?



Strangest Porn:

"Right in front of my salad!"

Funniest sex stories:

"I went to lick his chest, he moved and I licked his armpit instead. His deodorant burnt my tongue and I started crying and ran to the bathroom."

"BF kissed his arm by accident thinking it was mine and was confused when I didn't react."

"While blowing me, she started laughing when All Star by Smash Mouth started playing in the background and promptly threw up on my dick."

Sext/Online dating message:

Guy: "Come over, I have a cat." Me: "I have a different kind of pussy you can play with..."

Are you constipated? Because i'd like to fuck the shit out of you.

I'll tickle ur pickle for a nickel.

With an established partner: Good morning text featuring description of their fantasizing about me the night before. :)

How about we take the Rocky Road to Poundtown where I can flick your Vanilla Bean and you can make my Banana Split?

You look like a serial killer...

Nicknames for Genitalia:

Wreck It Ralph

The Punisher

Princess Diana

The Tickler

Sweet Niblets

Arnold, the Sperminator

Vag Kilmer

Charles Dickenballs

Juanita

Sex Week

Events and Revelations.

By ANDIE TURNER

When I was young, my parents told me that people made babies when they “kissed, really fast, forty times in a row”. To punctuate their point, my mom would lean into my dad and he’d bounce his lips, woodpecker style, onto hers as she counted between breaths “...thirty-seven!... thirty-eight!... thirty-nineeeee!” But they never got to forty. My little brother and I would cover our eyes and screech as they approached, asymptotically, that mystical number.

So you can imagine my confusion when my mom took me to see Juno in the fourth grade. In the movie’s sex scene, the main character strips off her underwear and sits on top of a boy. The two whisper in one another’s ears, but they don’t kiss -- not a single time, and definitely not forty. And yet a few scenes later, contrary to everything my parents had told me about baby-making, Juno finds out that she’s pregnant.

Fast forward a decade. I am now one of the Co-Presidents of Sexual Health Education and Advocacy Throughout Harvard (SHEATH), the group that organizes Sex Week and Sex Weekend at Harvard. Each semester, SHEATH offers a program of events that educate the community about issues regarding sex and sexuality. While SHEATH has never explicitly rebutted the forty-kiss myth, we pride ourselves on demystifying and destigmatizing even the most taboo of topics. For example, during Sex Week 2017, we hosted events like “Feel Those Good Vibrations”, “UnLeashed”, and “What What in the Butt”, which explored sex toys, kink, and anal, respectively. “What

What in the Butt” actually caused so much of a stir that even Breitbart wrote an article about it.

While only some of our events receive media attention, each one is incredibly important and educational. For example, at Sex Weekend 2018’s event “Reproductive Justice”, we learned of Trump appointee Scott Lloyd’s stunning attempts to prevent undocumented minors from seeking abortions, even in cases of rape. So at the end of the presentation, we filled out dozens of slips to be sent to Office of Refugee Resettlement for Lloyd’s resignation.

But my absolute favorite part about Sex Week and Weekend is that our events provide a platform in which conversations about sex and sexuality are not only accepted, but embraced. Invited speakers provide engaging and thorough presentations, so people can walk into an

event hesitant to even whisper the word “condom” but can walk out with an intimate knowledge of the clitoral hood and an anal plug kit. As John Oliver says, “human sexuality, unlike calculus, is something you actually need to know about for the rest of your life.” I am so proud of the fact that our event can provide to people the same type of revelations that Juno brought to me so many years ago.

Kiss on, my friends.

Andie Turner '20 (turner_andie@college.harvard.edu) serves as the Co-President of SHEATH.

SOME FAVORITE SEX SONGS

- *Sleepover* by Hayley Kiyoko
- *Petals* by Biblic
- *One Time* by Marian Hill
- *Get You* by Daniel Caesar
- **SOVIET NATIONAL ANTHEM**
- Any Pitbull song
- *Moonlight Sonata*

- *Love on the Brain* by Rihanna

- **DO I WANT TO KNOW BY THE ARTIC MONKEYS**

- *Yeah!* by Usher

- *It's Raining Men* by The Weather Girls

- *Cinder and Smoke* by Iron Wine

Let('s) Lo(o)se Sometimes

A case for losing some control

By ALAYA AYALA

You've all heard the stereotype. Harvard students are uptight, competitive know-it-all's. Maybe the stereotype does have some merit, many of us got in here because of these qualities. When our high school friends wanted to get wasted, we knew we had to go study. When someone invited us to hang out, we had other responsibilities. We were busy, controlled ourselves, and managed our schedules with grips of steel. We had to, our futures were on the line.

Now that we're actually on campus though, maybe it is time to let go of the reigns a bit.

Now don't freak out, I'm not saying completely stop going to class and party all night long (I mean, if that works for you, go for it). But I am saying that stress is incredibly unhealthy. And I'm also saying that it's okay to lower your standards sometimes.

This is a lesson that I've had drilled into my skull this semester. I think I'm probably going to look back on the Spring Term of 2018 and call it an awakening when I tell my grandkids about my Harvard years. I had thought spring 2017 and senioritis was bad, but college spring terms are a whole other breed of done with bullshit.

So how did I let loose? How did I let myself lose control? What made this term an awakening for me?

You guessed it. I started owning my sexuality.

Not to go into too much detail, but I will say that I've had some adventures. From some risqué behavior at The Machine (if you haven't been, I highly recommend

going) that may or may not have involved a pole, to having my first experience with a friend with benefits, I've learned a lot about myself, as cliché as that sounds.

I've learned that I really enjoy wearing more revealing clothes sometimes. I've learned that sex can be really amazing when you learn to ask for what you want, exactly how you want it. I've learned that experimenting in bed can be hilarious and awkward and usually leads to a really good evening, and a fun story to tell after the fact. And I've learned that I deserve to enjoy myself while I'm having sex, that I don't need to overthink every little thing I say or do with someone.

It has been immensely freeing.

That's not to say every experience I've had with sex this term has been amazing. Some have been incredibly weird and disappointing, but I've learned that sometimes you just have to let those experiences go. You win some, you lose some, and sometimes you just won't orgasm. It happens, and I've learned that sometimes it's best to just appreciate the fact that I've been close to someone and had a generally good time.

So, all of that said, here's my unsolicited advice for anyone who decides that they, too, want to let loose and let themselves lose control sometimes.

First, figure out where you are at your sexiest. Is it when you wear that amazing outfit that you've kept hidden away in your closet all term? Is it when you wear just the right amount of perfume or cologne? Is it at home, with just you and someone else, or is it on the dance floor where you find yourself

vibing with every person there? When you figure it out, keep doing it or going to that place. Own your sexiness.

Second, take some risks. For me this came in the form of being the one to approach someone else, rather than waiting to be approached. It also came in the form of not being afraid to demand attention by jumping up on a stage and dancing where everyone could see me. Once it came in the form of being completely honest when something that someone I was hooking up with was doing just wasn't doing it for me. All of these were terrifying things for me, all of them could have ended kind of badly, but all of them paid off.

Third, forget about your responsibilities sometimes. There may be a test on Monday, but right now, you're only going to be young once. Go on dates. Go dancing. Get out of Lamont, or your dorm room, or wherever else you study and don't return until you've had a great time. I think one thing that Harvard students forget is that they are human too and should practice self-care in the form of getting out of their own heads.

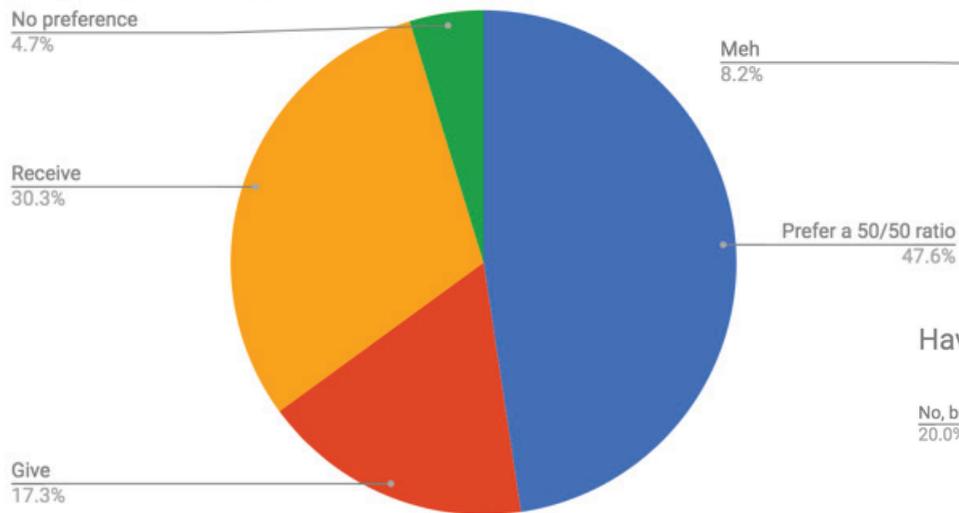
Alaya Ayala '21 (alaya_ayala@college.harvard.edu) makes a habit of encouraging people to own their sexualities.

INDY SEX

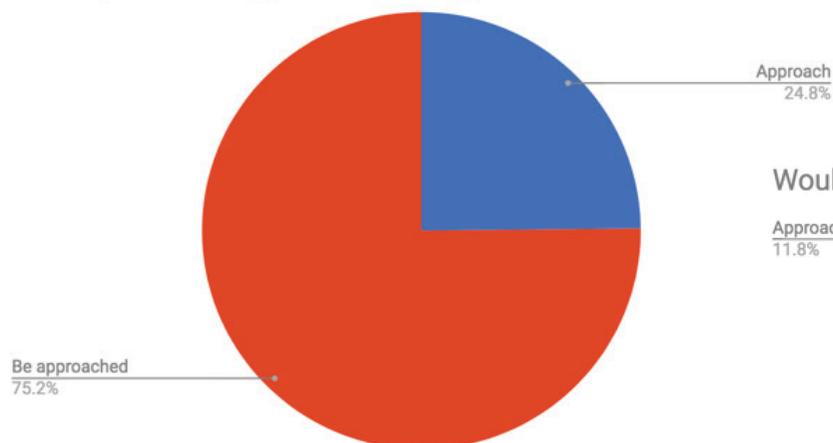
Sexy Stats

Based on the responses from The Sex Survey

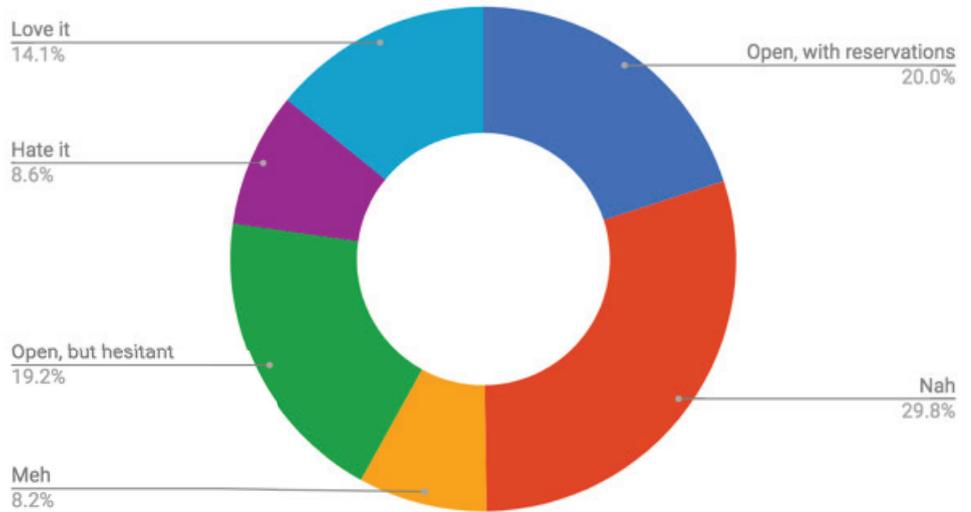
Do you prefer to give or receive oral sex?



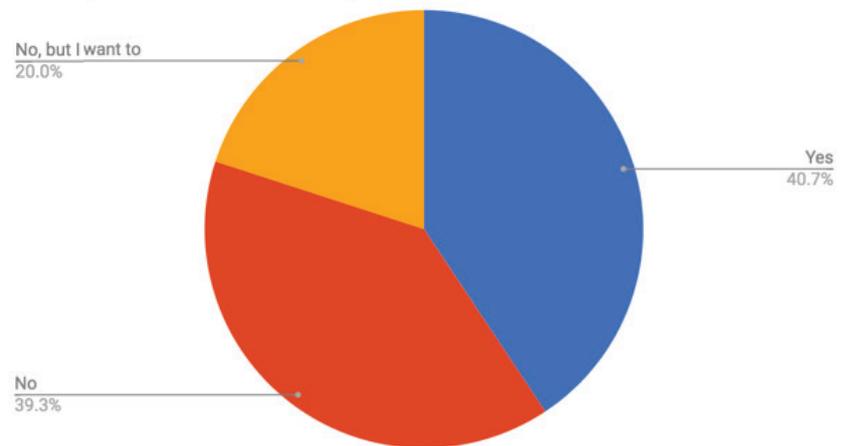
Would you rather approach or be approached online?



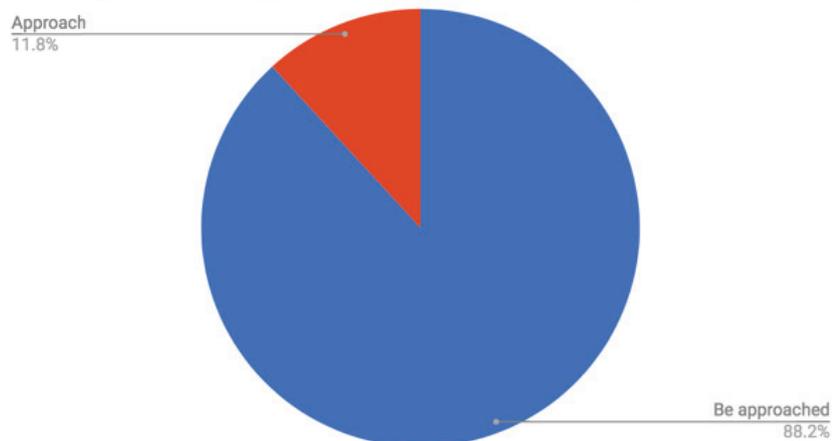
How do you feel about butt stuff?



Have you ever used sex toys?



Would you rather approach or be approached in person?



It's Been A While

From the aspiring E.E. (not)Cummings.

By HUNTER RICHARDS

I feel like I have unlimited minutes for texting but still only using facebook messenger

I haven't sent a legitimate text in MONTHS

I wouldn't even know my own number, that's how infrequently the old gal has gotten any calls

The only one blowing up my phone is my grill order notifying me it's done.

If I were to get felt up right now, my moans would sound like the old dial-up internet whirring

There would be a "page 404 error" because the site you're seeking no longer exists

It's been so long that you'd need to resubmit your two-step verification to log in again

My sex life is a lot like climate change:

1. Many people are sure it never existed and was always a hoax
2. I'm stressed out about it

The Earth is heating up but my sex life sure isn't

I feel like a broom closet in kirkland that nobody realized was there but a senior stored some boxes there and forgot them, so there's just a letterman jacket from 1963 accumulating dust.

And the old door handle is broken so even though there isn't a lock on it, it's impossible to jiggle it just right in order for it to open.

I'm like a class that got really great Q-Guide scores but isn't being offered this semester.

I took time off to get more involved with a nice research project I heard about last semester.

But my data all came back inconclusive.

And I didn't get any funding.

And my graduate students quit.

I spent a couple of months comping but realized that maybe it's not the club for me.

Except now I'm off all of the email list-servs and my extracurriculars are DRY.

I'm more tense than when Canvas hits you up with a notification that your midterm grade is unmuted.

But then after you grab lunch, get yourself a nice cup of hot chocolate, and settle into that really cozy chair to check,

You find that the teacher hasn't actually uploaded it yet.

The only thing keeping me up all night is this problem set and I have no idea what I'm doing but the satisfaction when I finish is the most intense reminder of what alternative plans could be.

Seeing my project partner doing the right hand rule during physics class to figure out the homework left me weak.

A strong gust of wind hitting me just right

would wipe me out and leave me leaning against the nearest wall needing a Gatorade break ASAP.

It's been so long that seeing the shuttle suddenly appear at the stop I just arrived at gets my heart rate pumping.

Seeing an email over the house list about leftover pizza in the dining hall is the only thing that's gotten my pupils dilated and my legs to quiver lately.

California may be out of its drought but I'm still out here watching FUJI water commercials to get my kicks.

My sex life is hanging on by a thread. My libido is in dire need of life alert, which is just a booty call but with more steps.

I'm 85% sure the mouse scratching on my wall has been trying to sext me via morse code, because after the second week I've started to pick up a pattern of long and short taps every time I try to fall asleep.

Hunter Richards '18 (hrichards@college.harvard.edu) hasn't taken herself seriously in a solid decade.

Untitled

A Short Story.

By ABIGAIL KOERNER

Remnants of the recently set sun, smoke swirling from a joint just lit, and a cool breeze that came with night set the mood. I liked looking at him through the clouds of white smoke which escaped his lips to the cadence of the rotation: puff, puff, pass.

At any moment I could have reached out to kiss him until I did—reached through clouds of smoke to greet him... A handshake of the lips.

It did not stop there. Like smoke would rise, we went upstairs. Soft voices and soft footsteps matched soft touches from soft hands. Hands that undressed, probed, poked, and slapped brought me back down again. To the ground. Where we laid.

There, in the haze, soft hands became harder. They pulled hair, scratched skin, and dragged us until we couldn't breathe anymore. Tiny thumbprints they left would remind me of my naked body wrapped around his... the joint we shared later, having come down from it all.

There was a curiously colored cloud where white smoke used to be.

Abigail Koerner '21 (abigail_koerner@college.harvard.edu) writes short fiction, but not always while reaching through clouds of smoke.



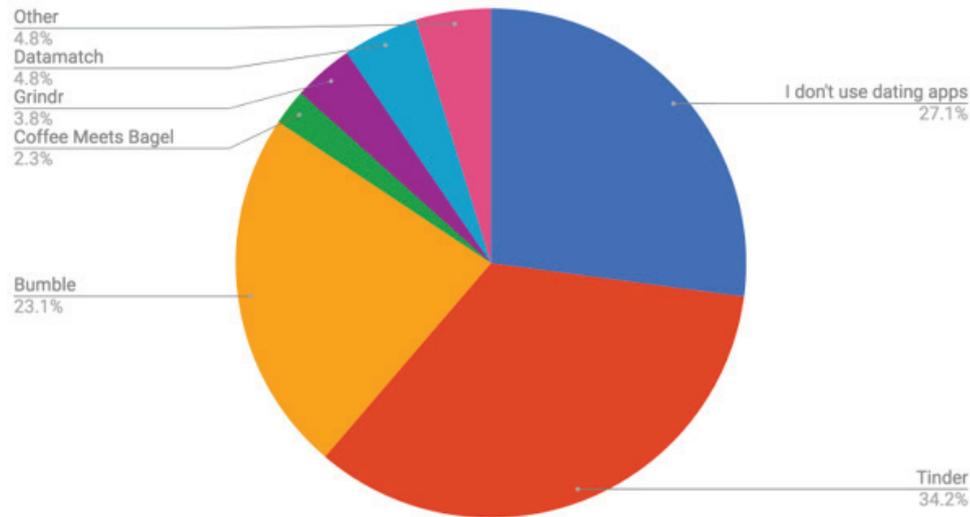
Isabelle Blair '21

INDY SEX

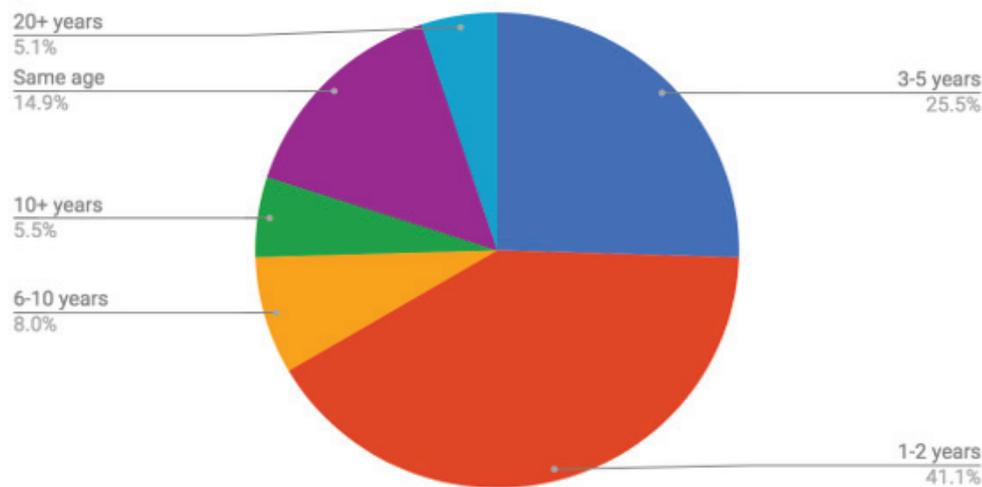
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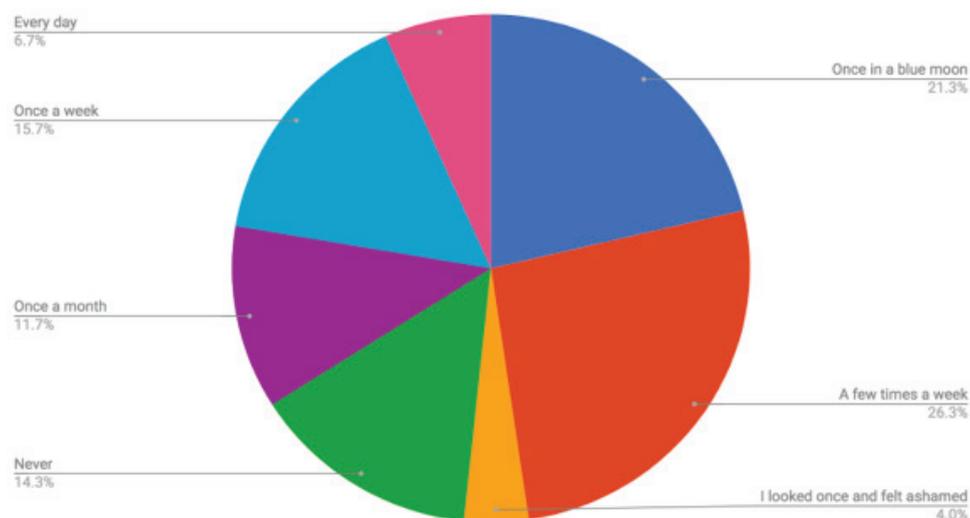
Which app(s) do you use for dating or hookups?



What was the biggest age difference between you and a partner?



How often do you look at porn or read erotica?



64.8% of respondents have sexted!

17% of respondents have lied and said they were not a “virgin”.

11.8% of respondents have lied and said they were a “virgin”.

We are so smoooooth...

“Hey, are you water in a drought? Because my demand for you is completely inelastic.”

“HOW MUCH DOES A POLAR BEAR WEIGH? ENOUGH TO BREAK THE ICE.”

Fantasies?

“Office hours. Hot TF. Only one to show up. You get the gist.”

“Group sex with all the attention on me!”

“Getting an A in Ec 10...”

INDY SEX

Carmen Americanum VIII. Genealogy

By C.

Today I went to Leverett for lunch;
I sat in the bright dining hall
The winter sun streaming through the windows
The loud chatter clouding my brain.

Nothing has changed since you were here—
I still see the tall twins walking around, and
My friend from that government class
You told me to take last spring.

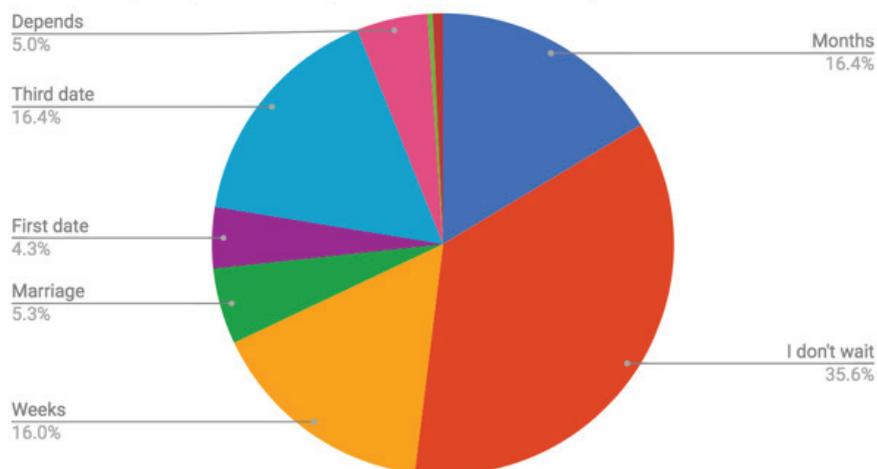
Today you called me to tell me that you
Got into Princeton and that you
Are settling in and after I said I missed you
You said you missed me too.

Tonight I saw that boy you liked at dinner;
He doesn't look back at me when I furtively
Turn my eyes to him.
Maybe I like him too, now.

Did he know who you are?
Does he know who you were?
No one around here but me
Seems to sing your song anymore.

Since you've been gone I've replaced you
With myself. Since the hero, my hero was
Forgotten, I inherited him,
I made myself your scion.

How long do you usually wait before having sex with someone?



I like the people you liked
I kiss the people you kissed
I eat where you ate
I smoke what you smoked

But there is one tradition of our family
One offshoot of our genealogy
That I am not continuing.
I can't love who you loved—

After loving you
I've never loved anyone again
Not because I didn't want to
But because I couldn'

The Indy Forum Board proudly presents this poem as the eighth piece in an original series titled, Carmen Americanum. Please contact forum@harvardindependent.com with any comments or questions!

Sex Data

A Poem

By ABIGAIL KOERNER

Roses are red
Violets are blue
17.4% of Harvard students say they're bisexual
Was one of them you?
11.2% gay
0.7% Queer
63.2% heterosexual
Makes the overwhelming majority clear
50% who aren't that
Are out to friends
But not to mom and dad
In our Indy Sex Survey
50 was a magic number
With half of Harvard penises
Circumcised down under
Such data can be seen
In naked pictures sent along
As 50 ish percent have sent nudes from their phones
Tastes of sex were also analyzed
People love pizza post sex
Not fries
You voted vaginas are "tangy"
Semen "salty"
And "Kiss me through the Phone" a sexy song-y

Abigail Keorner '21 (abigail_koerner@college.harvard.edu) writes poetry,
but not always after analyzing survey statistics.

captured and shot



"I'm bouta hit someone up, thanks for getting me in the mood."

By OLIVIA PRICE