

A close-up photograph of a person's legs and feet, partially covered by white, crumpled sheets. The skin is a warm, light brown tone. The lighting is soft and intimate, highlighting the texture of the fabric and the contours of the legs. The top portion of the image is partially obscured by a black banner containing text.

# SEX WEEK™ AT YALE

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SEX WEEK™  
AT YALE

MAGAZINE

# CONTENTS

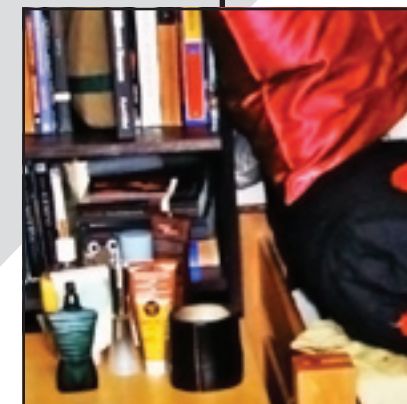
- 008 CLASSES YOU WISH YOU WERE TAKING**  
We explore the sexiest ways to get college credit
- 009 ONE GIRL'S GUIDE TO THE NON-EROGENOUS ZONES**  
Where to touch, pinch, and nibble - or not
- 010 HOW DO YOU DEFINE "HOOK UP"?**  
Investigating how college students across America define "hook up"
- 011 A "THOROUGH EDUCATION" IN "SEX" // Molly Green**  
Reflecting on the sex "education" experience
- 012 MAKE YOUR DORM A COLLEGE LOVE PAD**  
10 easy ways to turn your living space into your loving space
- 014 QT WITH PT**  
An interview with top porn director, Paul Thomas
- 016 STANDING OUT BY HOLDING OUT**  
SWAY Mag talks to Sarah Kinsella, the founder of an abstinence group at Harvard
- 018 TO LOVE OR TO... ORGASM? // Charles Gariepy**  
One take on the age-old question
- 019 DEMYSTIFYING THE FEMALE ORGASM // Ian Kerner**  
Kerner navigates through the ins and outs of the orgasm
- 020 DEBUNKING THE TOP TEN MODERN SEX MYTHS // Pepper Schwartz**  
Schwartz dispels popular sex misconceptions
- 022 MAKING A CASE FOR MATING IQ // Glenn Geher and Scott Barry Kaufman**  
There is more to mating than meets the eye
- 023 STEP-BY-STEP: A COLLEGE HOOK UP**  
One night's journey captured in photographs
- 027 STRIPPED DOWN // Vivian Nereim**  
We take a closer look at the storied *college sex party*
- 032 COLLEGE SEX DIARIES**  
Four anonymous Yale students track their sexual and romantic lives
- 042 WO/MAN'S ROOM // Sarah Raymond**  
The issues facing transgendered collegians range from institutional policy to finding bathrooms
- 047 SEX GAMES**  
A photographic exploration: who's playing whom?
- 054 MAKING THE GRADE AS STUDENT... AND PARENT // Molly Fischer**  
Meet college students who are juggling papers and parties with. . . pacifiers and Pampers
- 060 COLLEGE LOVE IS LIKE THAT SOMETIMES**  
We search for answers the only way we know how...



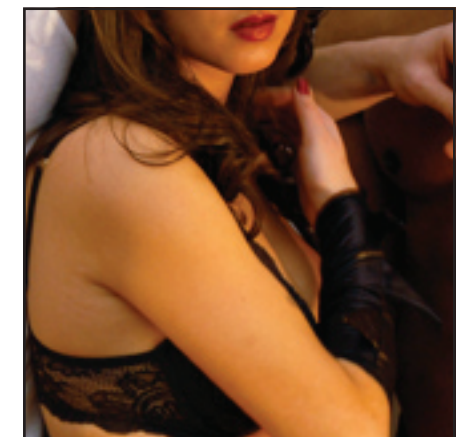
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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

Let's talk about sex.

Why not, right? After all, this is the *Sex Week at Yale Magazine*. If there's one thing we college students love, it's sex – talking about sex, thinking about sex, gossiping about who else is having (or not having) sex.

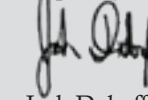
Along these lines, we explore three broad themes in this magazine – all relating to love, sex and relationships in a college setting:

1. **In case you weren't already aware, sex can be hot.** We explore the strange world of college sex parties in Vivian Nereim's look at Brown University's infamous Sex Power God party and other similar events as she tries to discover if the eager partygoers end up gettin' lucky or gettin' pizza by themselves at the end of the night. We also feature several top sexperts doing what they do best: giving advice about how to be a better lover. (That's as close as we get to *Cosmo* or *Maxim* territory, by the way.) And the front section of the magazine is filled with fun little treasures: a guide to turning your dorm room into a sex palace, a roundup of classes relating to (you guessed it) sex, and more. Plus, there are lots of pretty pictures of pretty college students doing pretty things.

2. **But, lest you think it is all fun and games – sex can be serious.** Sex is fun – you'll be hard-pressed to find many people who would argue with that. But it is not something to be taken lightly: there can be major consequences. Molly Fischer introduces us to two college students who have to juggle midterms and meal plans with a very different kind of challenge: raising newborn children. We also take a look at the complicated identity issues some college students confront. Sarah Raymond explores the challenges faced daily by transgendered and gender-questioning students at college who must fight for even the most simplistic of equalities – like bathrooms they can use comfortably.

3. **And, we are fascinated by the sex lives of others.** Turn to page 32 and start reading the Sex Diaries right now. I promise you won't be disappointed.

Hopefully this magazine will give you and your friends plenty to talk about. Enjoy!



Josh Duboff  
Editor in Chief

## LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Readers,

You hold in your hand what is arguably Yale's most intriguing publication. With the first edition in 2006 proving wildly successful and widely read, the *Sex Week at Yale Magazine* enters its second edition in conjunction with the biennial Sex Week at Yale programming. It is a tangible and enduring legacy of what has proven to be one of Yale's most popular – and controversial – student programs.

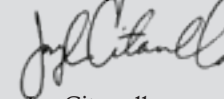
Throughout its history, Sex Week at Yale has elicited a wide range of responses from students, professors and the media. We have, some might say, a love-hate relationship with the broader public. These varied perspectives come as little surprise – sex, after all, is a loaded topic and Sex Week is not afraid to promote open discussion about what happens in the bedroom in often unconventional and unabashed ways.

But Sex Week is much more than just an exploration of animal urges. Love, intimacy and strong relationships are integral elements of fulfilling lives, but each is often tragically misunderstood as we strive to achieve and maintain them. Misinformation pervades our daily lives. Taboos hamper discussion. Prejudices prevent understanding. Pop culture pressures young people to be something other than themselves. And when push comes to shove, our society too often leaves college students fending for themselves.

There are no easy solutions to these problems, and we do not claim to have all the answers. But we do seek to give students a useful outlet to engage in discussion on some of their most relevant and pressing concerns so that they can more intelligently make up their own minds. By bringing to Yale those who shape our perceptions of the birds and the bees — professionals and experts, professors and pornography stars, authors and moguls – for a jam-packed week of learning and fun, Sex Week goes far beyond the average sexual awareness program, allowing students to openly explore a multiplicity of topics and viewpoints in a way they will likely never again experience outside of Yale's campus.

So I encourage you to make the most of Sex Week and this remarkable publication. Read it, enjoy it, hold on to it. Go to Sex Week events. Talk to one another. Don't be too shy, embarrassed or afraid to ask questions. Share your own perspective. In short, just dive in and have fun!

Sincerely,

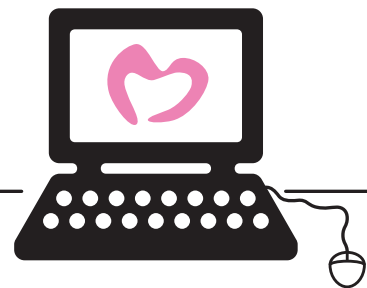
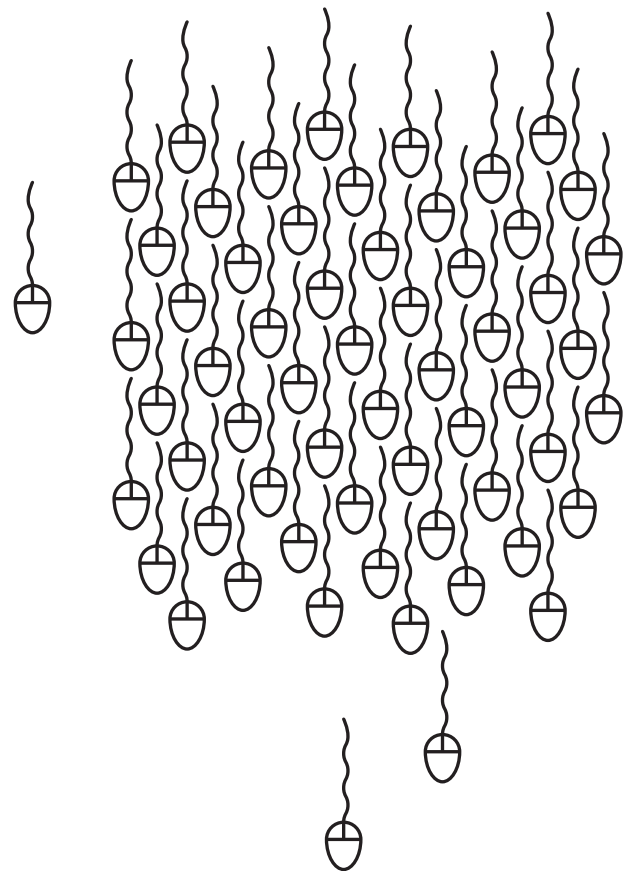


Joe Citarrella  
Sex Week at Yale Director

Questions or comments? E-mail [swaymag@gmail.com](mailto:swaymag@gmail.com)

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Millions are logging on. Why aren't you?  
[www.pureromance.com](http://www.pureromance.com)

## WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR: PURE ROMANCE

Dear Readers,

I founded Pure Romance in 1993 with the goal of giving women a safe and comfortable place to explore their sexuality. As the leading party plan company specializing in relationship enhancement products, Pure Romance continues to provide couples with a wide range of fun and playful ways to strengthen communication and increase intimacy in their relationships.

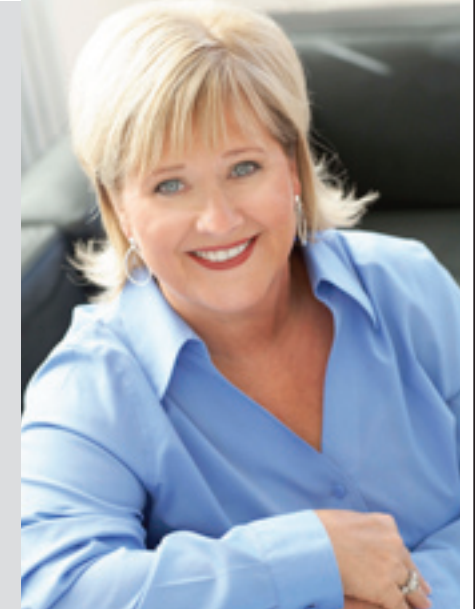
Many people wonder how Health Education fits with Pure Romance. Pure Romance teaches individuals about their bodies and opens the doors of communication. Many women find it difficult to talk about sexuality with their doctors, families or partners. However, Pure Romance provides women the opportunity to break down those barriers by reassuring them that it is okay to talk about their sexuality and sexual health, to explore their bodies, and to not be embarrassed or ashamed. Our parties allow individuals to learn about the specifics of sexuality, as well as how to tackle controversial issues. Information about human sexuality is not designed to impose values on individuals or teach them how to have sex, but rather to give them the knowledge and information they need to make their own informed choices.

The sexual revolution has been a slow and challenging process for women since it first began in the late 1800s. Pure Romance continues to fight this battle today by establishing groundbreaking efforts to serve as an educational resource to millions of women. We are proud to be involved in a national college tour, *The Naked Truth*, speaking to students at colleges and universities across the country, encouraging them to "get the truth before they get naked." We also participate in several research projects with the Sexual Health Research Working Group at Indiana University, home of the Kinsey Institute. Pure Romance Presents: *Sensuality, Sexuality, Survival* is an innovative program that serves as a resource to give women back their quality of life associated with intimacy during and after cancer treatment. Pure Romance continues to create programs to educate women across the country on a wide variety of sexual health and sexuality topics.

Everyone at Pure Romance is excited to once again be a part of Sex Week at Yale! It is an honor to be invited to participate in the week's activities. With that being said, what are we waiting for? 'Let's get the truth before you get naked.'

Truly,  
 Patty

Patty Brisben  
 CEO and Founder  
 Pure Romance, Inc.



## THE WORD ON YALE'S CAMPUS: "What's your favorite hook-up song?"



"Bullet and a Target" by Citizen Cope



Conor, 19



Becky, 20



Constance, 18

"My Love" by Justin Timberlake

# CLASSES YOU WISH YOU WERE TAKING

Alfred Kinsey started a proud tradition: Since 1936, when Kinsey first offered his Indiana University students a class on orgasms instead of organisms, undergrads have been jumping at the chance to get credit for more mature and detailed variations on their high school health classes. Today, college students around the country can take courses that cover all the appropriate ins and outs. Here are some of the hottest:

### BIOLOGY OF GENDER AND SEXUALITY, YALE

Three years ago, when Professor Bill Summers first offered the class that came to be known as "Porn in the Morn," the lecture had to be divided into two sections of nearly four hundred students each in order to contain all of the horny Yalies looking to fulfill a science requirement to one building. With entire lectures devoted to topics like "The Female Orgasm" or graphic slides depicting various STDs (both great for later reference during paranoid moments) and many weeks spent discussing the finer points of transgender and intersex, those who actually make it to lecture will pick up both a deeper (ha!) sexual know-how and the ability to be politically correct when talking about topical issues of sexual identity and orientation.

### HUMAN SEXUALITY AND DEVELOPMENT, UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Professor Jason Hans actually does require his students to take a field trip to a nearby strip club, lingerie store or gay bar in order to expand their sexual horizons. While most students were unfazed by the assignment — finding it a welcome respite from doing readings and writing papers — at least one awkward business major, Luke Lautzenheiser, felt uncomfortable looking at strippers: "The room was small and very dark," he told the *Kentucky Kernel*. "It smelled of baby oil and tanning lotion." Sure, Luke, sure it did.

### MALE SEXUALITY AND FEMALE SEXUALITY, UC BERKELEY

Both courses were the product of Berkeley's popular "DE-cal" (democratic education at Cal) program, in which students can design a course on basically anything they want (past favorites included "Sein-

feld" and "B-Boyin") as long as a faculty member signs off on the curricula. However, around 2001, the Male version provoked the ire of State Senator Ray Haynes for "encouraging" students to rent pornos, discuss sex toys and overshare on their first masturbatory experiences. Now male Berkeley students have to make do with the much tamer and more academic-sounding "Sexual Cultures" in the Sociology department ("trace the paradigm shift from late 19th century sexology to early 20th century psychoanalysis!") or the inherently depressing "Sexuality, Culture, and Colonialism," while Cal women continue to revel in classroom debates over boxers or briefs.

### ATTRACTION AND RELATIONSHIPS, YALE

Though many lonely Yale girls have been known to wander into Margaret Clark's class with the intention of finding out why that guy she keeps hooking up with won't ever take her out on a proper date, this class is unfortunately taught in Psychology major-technobabble and you are more likely to read case studies than *Cosmo*. One student summed it up like this: "If you're semi-interested, and have stable relationships, it's no earth shattering information."

### FEMALE SEXUALITY OR FEMSEX, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

After 500 students attended a seminar on the Female Orgasm two years ago, someone figured out that neither male nor female Cantabs have any idea what they're doing down there and decided to make it an official class. Based on Berkeley's model, the Harvard seminar focuses on female "empowerment" — a clear euphemism for using diagrams and discussions to help girls who were too busy doing their homework in high school to find their clitorises.

# ONE GIRL'S GUIDE TO THE NON-EROGENOUS ZONES

### EARS

#### Function:

Letting in Coltrane, compliments, Coen brothers; keeping out politicians, professors, parents.

#### But, seriously?!

Everyone can get behind lobe-nibbling and the occasional ear-hickey, but the tongue-in-ear debate has been quite divisive for me in the past. Team Ear Wax has a point, but so does Team Feels So Fucking Good. An Ex really liked it, so I added it to my repertoire, but at least two boys since then have been too ticklish or awkward to handle the move, pulling away with a freaked out look. The problem is that there's no real way to determine how someone is going to react, so I often find myself doing a mid-hookup cost-benefit analysis of whether the guy will be thrilled or disgusted.

### HAIR (ON HEAD)

#### Function:

Attracting the menfolk with its lusciousness.

#### But, seriously?!

I never realized how annoying it is for the person on top of a make-out sesh to have long hair until I hooked up with a boy with artisanal hipster hair. Gravity + hair = awkwardness. I used to only pack a hair clip when I thought I'd be heading "downtown," but now I have true sympathy for the guys who have pushed my hair out of their faces in the past and always wear an elastic on my wrist.

### BELLYBUTTON

#### Function:

Post-womb proof that you are indeed related to your mother, as much as you try to deny it.

#### But, seriously?!

A (somewhat inexperienced) friend once told me that a boy caught her off-guard mid-hookup by trying to have bellybutton sex with her. There was a silence during which we both reflected on the fact that some guy had jabbed his ween into her stomach, probably because she wasn't letting him put it anywhere else. A third friend sitting with us sighed and said, "The world is fraught with perils like unforeseen bellybutton sex."

### ELBOW

#### Function:

Arm bending capabilities.

#### But, seriously?!

I had a boyfriend once who used to rub the skin on my elbow between his fingers while we were hooking up. All this did was make me think about how my dad likes to mock me for having dry skin on my elbows because I never remember to put moisturizer there. You don't want to make me think about my dad while we are hooking up. Stay away from the elbows.

### STOMACH/LOVE HANDLES

#### Function:

Proving to yourself that you don't care about society's beauty standards. Also that you love cheese.

#### But, seriously?!

Conventional wisdom tells us that you should never touch someone else's stomach fat. That being said, I'll admit now that the moment when I realized I was in love with my first (only!) serious boyfriend was during a post-hookup stomach-caress. His fingers were soft and loving, and I wasn't self-conscious at all. How comfortable you are with love handle touching is a good litmus test for whether or not you're in a random series of hookups or an intense love affair.

### TOES

#### Function:

Going wee wee wee all the way home.

#### But, seriously?!

One of my one night stands put my toes in his mouth during foreplay. By the time I realized what was happening, it was too late to stop it. I thought about how whenever I wear heels out I end up drunkenly walking home barefoot, and how that week I'd worn the same gross flip-flops in the rain, to a bar and to his room that night. Oh well. His loss of hygiene.

### SECRET TATTOOS

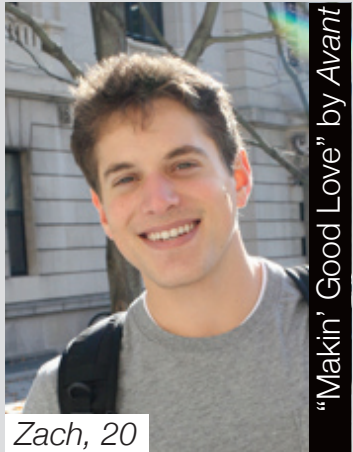
#### Function:

Proving to yourself that you are impulsive and don't care about material things but one day would like a serious job.

#### But, seriously?!

The three guys I've hooked up with since getting my tat have had varying reactions upon clothing removal and tat discovery. (Oh yeah, add to "function" that you get to use the word 'tat' as much as you like.) Only one guy has shown the amount of excitement I think the tat merits. The other two definitely didn't care. Listen, guys. Please justify my having spent two hundred dollars on this. If you see a surprise tat, at least try to act excited. We fake orgasms for you all the... actually, no, I've never been good at that kind of fakery. But other girls do. And what goes around comes around.

## THE WORD ON YALE'S CAMPUS: "What's your favorite hook-up song?"



Zach, 20

"Makin' Good Love" by Avant



Rico, 20

"She Is Beautiful" by Andrew W.K.



Liz, 18

"Grind on Me" by Pretty Ricky



David, 22

"The Four Seasons" by Vivaldi

# HOW DO YOU DEFINE "HOOK UP"?

"I would say students at Northwestern define the term 'hook up' as going further than making out with someone... Any sexual act between two people that involves more than your lips is a hook up, but it need not necessarily be sex."

-Kurt, Northwestern University

"I have often heard the conversation 'I hooked up with her last night' 'Wait... like 'hooked up-hooked up'?' To me this implies that it does not automatically mean sex but is something substantially more than kissing."

-Kurt, Fordham University



"'Hooking up' is anything more than making out but less than going all the way, often involving one person spending the night in the other person's bed."

-Courtney, University of Colorado at Boulder

"My friends and I typically define a hook up at Vanderbilt as any kind of sex (oral included). I know – we're not prude down south."

-Jacquie, Vanderbilt University

"Well we still mostly just say 'hooking up' or 'getting with' someone, referring to usually anything but sex (though sometimes sex is implied as well)... As for kissing, we usually say the standard 'made out with' or possibly 'sucked face' when we want to be more nonchalant about it."

-Travis, Pennsylvania State University

# A "THOROUGH EDUCATION" IN "SEX"

by Molly Green, Yale '09

The most compelling argument for abstinence I ever heard came from my mother. She told me, "Molly, if you have sex now - it just won't be good." Then she said that when I chose to have sex she could give me some tips that would make the sexperts at *Cosmo* whimper. So right then, at age thirteen, I decided to wait. I also suspected that my mother was a sex goddess.

The phrase "sex education," when used to describe an abstinence-only curriculum, is a misnomer for two reasons. The first is that it contains the word sex. The second is that it contains the word education.

I prefer the more accurate moniker: "perdition."

When I was in eighth grade the fine state of Kentucky finally decided to give me some real "sex education," in the form of PSI (Postponing Sexual Involvement) training sessions led by high school students.

Before this, the only sexual education I got was from girlfriends at sleepovers and a Russian boy named Pirooz. I met him at summer camp – he had small lips, a goatee and the best Frisbee arm of anyone other than me. Our maladroit fumbblings were so spectacularly God-awful that I thought I was either gay or asexual for an entire year.

I'll never forget the theme song of PSI, sung at the beginning and end of all sessions. You know that scene in *The Birds* where there's this eerie singing drifting from the schoolhouse as you watch hundreds of crows gather on the playground? Those kids might as well have been singing the following: "It's okay to think about sex; it's okay to talk about sex; it's okay to have feelings about sex, but it's GOOD to postpone sex." BAM. There's the judgment.

That girl who lost her v-card last night is doomed – and the gulls are gathering.

I became a PSI leader in high school in hopes of staging a minor coup d'état, in hopes of sticking it to the man, so to speak. In fact, I wrote about this failed attempt in my college admission essay, in which I managed to use the word "ejaculation" four times.

My fellow teen leaders, who were probably a lot less tense, did not participate in PSI to Round Robin the captain. They signed up because it was one of the few activities that gave students permission to leave campus during the school day. Ironically, by sanctioning abstinence, the public school system also sanctioned Jeff and Tiffany boning in the parking lot afterwards.

As teen leaders we were under oath to follow the strict regulations surrounding the dissemination of information. Banned subjects included masturbation, sexuality, and birth control. Even individual terms were disallowed – desire, arousal, ejaculation, orgasm, abortion (in no particular order) were all not only inappropriate, but irrelevant. As part of our PSI training, we were even taught how to re-direct conversation should some miscreant ask about an item on the black-list.

It was Barbie-doll sex we were dealing with.

This refusal to teach about birth control reveals a deep prejudice, one which holds that 'good,' 'normal' students won't be exposed to early sexual activity, and that the delinquents who might consider it are beyond hope. It also reveals a prescribed preference for mating as opposed to fucking. If only humans could avoid penetration and pleasure while still making babies. Too bad artificial insemination is so expensive, and usually limited to stallions and mares.

Wet dreams and male masturbation were treated with knowing smiles. But female masturbation didn't even need to be banned from discussion – because it simply didn't exist. Who's threatened by a unicorn?

While I don't remember much about my 8th grade PSI training, except that the boys in my class would take turns going to the bathroom so they could jerk off, I do remember thinking that if I masturbated I would probably die.

A California replication of PSI sprung up for a while, called "Education Now and Babies Later." The program was ineffective at both diminishing teen pregnancy or STD infection rates, but at least it didn't beat around the bush in designing its title. I have taken the liberty of designing the subtext: Sex Ed is for Women. Women hold the burden of purity. Women have the responsibility to resist temptation, because sex isn't something they should want so much as something that could happen to them if they abandon constant vigilance. In teaching women to say no, abstinence education sews a long-lasting scarlet letter on saying yes. It can be so difficult for women to accept that desire is real, legitimate and necessary.

And let me amend that subtext further. Sex Ed is not just for women, it's for Straight Women. Because straight people make the babies. By overlooking or banning sexuality, these programs tell young gay people that any sex they have or want is, and will always be, immoral.

Abstinence-only education comes from a Puritanical administration that relies on fear and censorship to achieve its agenda. Fanatical and unscientific claims about Plan B make it near im-

*"In teaching women to say no, abstinence education sews a long-lasting scarlet letter on saying yes."*

possible to get access to what is essentially a large dose of normal birth control pills. Organizations that refuse to take an anti-prostitution pledge won't receive their federal AIDS funding. But while fear has been an effective political tool to keep the Patriot Act in place and to keep American soldiers in Iraq, it has been proven largely ineffective in keeping girls off the dick. **7**

# MAKE YOUR DORM A COLLEGE LOVE PAD

## IMPRESSIVE ALCOHOL

Don't spend your lonely nights bemoaning the disappointing sexual encounters that tend to be the collegiate norm. Buy a bottle of something classy and experience the benefits of civilized drinking. Provided, of course, that you and your date are of age.

## TISSUE BOX

This one is a toss up. The functionality for two is the same as the functionality for one, but the question is whether you're willing to admit that to yourself.

## LOTIONS

There are few more effective ways of getting your hands on your date than to offer a massage. Plus, who knows when they might come in handy later?

## IMPRESSIVE BOOKS

*Good:* Joyce, Proust, Foster Wallace, anything McSweeney's

*Bad:* Hilton, Hefner, Flynt, anything Marvel Comics

## HANDCUFFS

It takes a very special guy or gal to agree to be handcuffed on the first date. When suggesting some gentle restraint, choose your words and your partner wisely or you may end up in jail.

## SUPER COMFY BED

One of the most critical aspects of a bedroom is, of course, the bed. Make it. Make it comfortable. Make your partner feel comfortable. Most importantly, make your partner feel certain that he or she will not have to act as your mother.

## SUPER SEXY MUSIC

Twenty years ago, you would have made a mixtape. Today, make a sexy playlist and have your computer at hand. But call it something like "night moods," rather than "sex playlist."

## MOOD-SETTING POSTERS

Chances are, the walls of your dorm room are cold, uninviting, and rough enough to skin the knee of anyone you might lure into your bed. When selecting posters, look for something that reveals the sensual, art appreciator buried in your adolescent soul. Steer away from centerfolds and gang members.

## TELEVISION AND DVDS

You're sitting close to your date, in the dark, in your bed. The room is softly lit and you're both intently focused on the task at hand. Has it finally happened? Are you making out? Maybe. Or maybe you're just watching a movie. Recognize the line, then blur the line. (Our favorites are "The Notebook" and "Say Anything").

## IMPRESSIVE CANDLES

Dorms have fluorescent lights. Fluorescent lights make even the most lovely among us look like zombies. So buy some candles, light them, and pray you don't get fined by the fire marshal.



# QT WITH PT

Adult actor-cum-director PT Thomas has been in the pornography business for over 30 years. He has won Best Director at the annual Adult Video News Awards six times. He's already a member of the AVN Hall of Fame. He's one of the biggest names in porn and, like his actresses wouldn't, he gave me his cell-phone number. — THOMAS HOWELL



"What is your favorite thing to do?"  
He laughs. "I have a lot of favorite things to do. I love to have great sex."  
"One second, my phone's cutting out. I'm having trouble understanding you."  
"I think we got on the wrong line. Call me back."  
"Got it. Alright."  
Two minutes later:  
"OK, let's start over. What are some of your favorite things to do?"  
He laughs again. "Going to a... going to a Lakers game."  
"You go with family and friends?"  
"With my son."  
"Oh you have a son? How old is he?"  
"Eleven."  
"So I guess most of your favorite things to do are with your son?"  
"No, no, I like to..." A pause. "I like to be with my girlfriend."  
"Do you work with your girlfriend?"  
"Do I work with my girlfriend? No, no, I don't work with my girlfriend."  
"Oh, okay."  
"She's special."  
"Have you ever dated someone you worked with?"  
"Yeah, sure," he says like it's a stupid question. "But that's a long time ago. I'm a lot older than the people I work with now. I try to stay away from that."  
"I looked through your filmography and I noticed a bunch of familiar titles: *Scorpio Rising*, *Heart of Darkness*..."  
He cuts me off. "It doesn't matter that these films have existed in the mainstream—is that what you mean?"  
I just wanted to know if he was inspired by these other works.  
"Well, *Heart of Darkness* has nothing to do with Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, nothing to do with it at all. The movies have to have titles, and I don't know where that movie title came from. It just seemed like a wonderful title."

"What about *Taxi Dancer*?"  
"That's about a taxi dancer," he says. "I don't know. It doesn't matter whether a similarly titled movie has existed in the mainstream or not. It was simply about taxi dancers. You know."  
"How about more generally, do you draw inspiration from popular culture?"  
"Oh I draw inspiration from everywhere, absolutely everywhere. Mainly from my own life." Suddenly his voice becomes animated. "Listen, I have a question for you: do you think these movies are being watched for any reason besides some sort of masturbation?"  
"You mean along the lines of more traditional entertainment?"  
"You know when I sit down and try to watch my best movies, when I just want to watch a movie with somebody, without some sort of sex on the horizon, on the *immediate* horizon—and I'm using words I think you can use in your magazine—they're ridiculous. They're ridiculous. I admit it. You know as I'm creating them, I think I'm creating some real motion picture, some film?"  
"And people only watch them in ten or fifteen minute increments."  
"But they don't. They don't. It's like the emperor's clothes. I'm the emperor and these are the emperor's clothes. There's nobody in the whole world who puts more drama, more socially redeeming value, more story. It's tragic. I mean, *nobody*. I'm the most successful guy out here, but I admit you can't sit down and watch them as standalone, you know."  
"Do you think of yourself as an auteur?"  
"Yes. Well I've been called an auteur. Thing is, I'm surrounded by a bunch of morons. In relation to the people around me, I'm a fucking genius. But, come on, I'm not an auteur, not at all. Think I'm going to

critique it like I got James Lipton up on the stage with me?

"Do you think there's another critical rubric we can apply to your films to highlight its redeeming value? Can we evaluate them in another way?"

"Yeah, yeah, sure," he says with resignation. "You can look at them any way you want to."

"I don't get the sense that you make your films for your audience, though. You have this huge clout in your industry. You can make the films you want to make."

"No, I don't make the films for the audience. But when you're creating the film—I'm just always keeping in mind that the purpose

*"And people are always tempted to go fantastic with sex, with eroticism — it's so easy. I think a direction that I like to go is to that of John Cassavetes. He's a good sort of model for what I'd like to be doing."*

of the movie is to get people turned on, and hard, and wet, and ultimately to give them the best orgasm possible. The only thing in my approach is that I think if I enable you to get to know, to engage in the relationships and the characters, by the time the ultimate act happens, physically it'll be better for you. It's like, some people just want a quick fuck, you know, and some people want to take her out to dinner, get to know her first. You know if I want to make you feel like you're having sex with somebody, I want to give you some of the feeling of the character, and hopefully give you more excitement. That's why I bother with the story."

"You are at the top of your industry," I say, getting a feel for his character. "You're working for Vivid, the world's largest adult film producer, and you're Vivid's top director. Do you have any ambitions you have left to achieve?"

"Well, I mean, in erotic films, my ambitions are just, as I said, to create the most real moments possible. I think in film — period — it's a real challenge to recreate reality, no matter what the genre, to the extent that, you know, you could have the emotional effect that you wish it to have. And I want my work to get more and more and more emotional impact, and that comes from my ability to create real characters and situations and contexts that people can really identify with. That's the challenge, and that challenge frankly will never end. It's just a matter of degree."

"But you think your films can approach the feeling of real sex on an emotional level?"

"Yes." He pauses. "When they work, when they're good, when we take our time. You know when you're watching an x-rated film, and you're having sex with yourself or someone else, it's much easier to suspend disbelief. When you're touching yourself or someone else, or someone else is touching you, and the film engages

your mind—people connect with that, you know? The scene's, the film's suspense—it makes you want it, it makes you want to have sex."

"That's interesting. Like pornography is able to bring its audience into the fiction of the film more than traditional films. The viewers imitate what they see."

"You know, a lot of people go in for fantasy. And I have always held that, you know, it kind of takes you out of the present moment and it's less erotic. Whatever it is you're trying to convey, it weakens it in the fantasy. And people are always tempted to go fantastic with sex, with eroticism — it's so easy. I think a direction that I like to go is to that of John Cassavetes. He's a good sort of model for what I'd like to be doing."

I love John Cassavetes. He loves John Cassavetes. We talk briefly of our love for John Cassavetes.

"What about the future of pornography?" I ask. "If you're trying to simulate sex on an emotional level, do you feel threatened by new technologies that are approaching simulating sex on a physical level? For instance, interactive DVDs?"

"Not at all. What do you mean by interactive?"

"Well, I did a little research, and there are these movies that are almost like old choose-your-own-ending books. The camera's in the first-person and you can control when the orgasms, uhm, come. And stuff like that."

"I'm only interested in telling stories. The guys that make those movies, you know, those guys, they don't have anything to say. They're looking to me. I'm not looking to them."

"Another question I had was about getting into the industry. You had an acting background, from Broadway. Your getting into the business was logical, sort of. What about for other people? People like me."

"Yeah?"

"Say I'm a Yale grad. I just got my undergraduate degree in... architecture. How do I become a porn star? Or a porn director?"

"Well, just come to LA, and then call one of..."

He's interrupted by noise in the background. He yells aside, "See you tomorrow!" and then says to me, "Hold on just a second." Evidently he's on scene. "We can do a take for a different scene. We shot it now, it looks great. Loved it. Love you. Aw, love everybody." I hear some clatter; he's back. "Okay. Yeah, come to LA. Sign up with an agent, you know."

"So it's not that hard?"

"Not that difficult, no."

"Is it typical for directors to start off as actors?"

"Yeah, especially these days. But these days being a director just means you're shooting a gonzo scene, point the camera, you know. You're not constructing narrative films."

"Does your experience as an actor inform your filmmaking?"

"Of course. Of course. I mean, I often illustrate to the actors by acting out the scene. Which is not what I'd do with a professional actor, you know. With them you can give them goals, hints, talk about obstacles. But these guys aren't professional actors at all, and I don't hesitate to just grab them and do a line-reading."

"What about in the way you construct your films? Does your experience as an actor help?"

"I'm using whatever talent I have, you know, and in every scene I do. All the information in my brain goes into being an actor, or a director, or whatever. Sometimes I envision a scene from the actor's point of view, sometimes from the perspective of an omniscient observer. Utilize everything you got. You know. Next?" **7**

# STANDING OUT BY HOLDING OUT

In June 2006, Harvard couple Sarah Kinsella and Justin Murray got noticed by everyone from their peers to the national news media when they founded True Love Revolution, a group that promoted what is often considered a novel concept among the college-going crowd: abstinence. I sat down with Kinsella to talk about emotional health, relationships and her abstinence. — KANYA BALAKRISHNA



Kinsella and Murray have been dating for about two years.

**SWAY Mag:** You've said before that part of the group's mission is to prevent "mindless sex" from happening on college campuses. But sex is a big part of college for a lot of people. How important do you think sex education is and what is your opinion on abstinence-only versus abstinence-plus education?

**SK:** True Love Revolution doesn't take a formal position ... we weren't focusing on politics or policy but more on just promoting this idea. And promoting it with the idea that people might find it helpful and might find it appealing — people who hadn't thought of it before. Regardless though, I think it's really important that abstinence is presented as a real option and not just glossed over in passing.

*"We live in an immediate gratification kind of culture..."*

**SWAY Mag:** Why do you both choose to remain abstinent? What are the reasons that you think your abstinence is important?

**SK:** I am in medical school right now ... I have always been interested in health. From a physical health standpoint, I think ... that the healthiest thing for teenagers and young adults is to wait for that committed relationship just for physical health. Not only to avoid STIs, promote future fertility, and prevent unwanted pregnancies, but also because of the strong effects of hormones released during sex, such as oxytocin, which is a very powerful bonding hormone (the same one that is released during labor and nursing). Within the context of marriage, oxytocin is an awesome thing, but when you have that intense bonding with someone and then the relationship ends, it can make it very difficult — sex is

a really powerful thing. For one's emotional health, it can be a very, very useful thing to save intimacy for when you can have a really committed relationship, not when you're just committing with your body but when you can be committed to a person in other ways. Choosing to save sex for marriage is so beneficial for physical health, for emotional health and I truly believe for relationship health, as well. It's a great way to build up the other aspects of your relationship and make sure that this person is really someone you'd want to be with, even when that honeymoon period and that infatuation period has died down a bit.

**SWAY Mag:** So do you have any religious reasons, or are they all more practical reasons?

**SK:** I am Catholic. I'm Christian and within that context, sex is part of marriage and it's a way to express that full commitment to being with one person for life. And that's a big part of me. But I don't think that's necessarily separate from the so-called "practical" reasons. I think a lot of the emotional reasons, and the physical, that's something that speaks to anyone regardless of what faith you subscribe to or even if not at all.

*"I wouldn't say abstinence defines our relationship. A selflessness — loving each other selflessly — is what defines my relationship with Justin, for both of us."*

**SWAY Mag:** You mentioned the term "committed relationship." Does that have to happen within the bounds of marriage, or can you be in a committed relationship and not be married?

**SK:** With True Love Revolution, the concept we promote is waiting until marriage. I've definitely had a lot of friends that thought they were in committed relationships, and it's not that uncommon for those relationships to end the next month, the next week or the next day even. So the endpoint of marriage being that time when you can be really, fully committed to that person in all aspects of life, and the physical will be the fullest expression of all those other things combined.

**SWAY Mag:** How do you think abstinence affects your relationship? How does abstinence define your relationship — or does it define it at all?

**SK:** I wouldn't say abstinence defines our relationship. A selflessness — loving each other selflessly — is what defines my relationship with Justin, for both of us. Justin knows that it wouldn't be the best thing for me if we were having sex right now, for my physical and emotional health, and whatever could happen to the future. And the same thing with me toward him. In that way, I think that commitment toward trying to look out for what's truly best for the other person, not in an immediate gratification sense, but in terms of looking long-term and looking for all other aspects of a relationship — that's been a really central point.

And, actually, I think that the abstinence thing has been really beneficial for us so far. By focusing on all the other aspects of our relationship, we've been able to really grow close in a unique way. And I think people can tell there's something different going on. Lots of friends, when they hear me talking about him or hear him talking about me, will even say, "Wow, I want something like that." We've been really lucky. And we want people to know that even in this culture, that kind of thing is possible. It's been really great to have the chance to really engage with a person on such an intimate level without even doing the physical intimacy — but just in terms of emotional and intellectual connection. It's not just about a physical connection, but it's everything that he is.

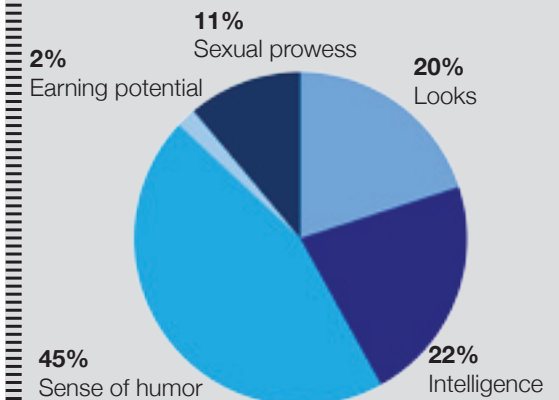
**SWAY Mag:** Do you feel like the relationship is missing anything?

**SK:** It's not that we can never express our love for each other in any physical way — I mean, we kiss and we hug. I feel immensely close to him, and I don't feel like anything is missing just because we're not having sex. You know, I think that by committing to wait until marriage, just the opposite is true. I really think we've been able to grow closer to each other, because right now we're really focusing on the goal of trying to look out for what's best for the other person in every aspect of our life. 7

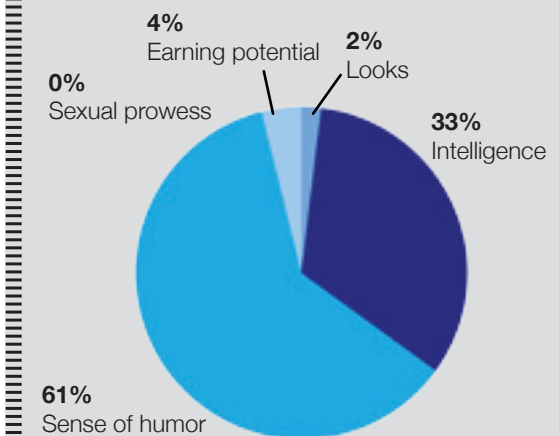
## SURVEY SAYS:

"What is the most important quality you look for in a prospective boyfriend/girlfriend?"

- Looks
- Intelligence
- Sense of humor
- Earning potential
- Sexual prowess



### MALES



### FEMALES

This poll surveyed 101 adults between the ages of 18-24 between 12/8/07-12/9/07 on facebook.com.

# TO LOVE OR TO... ORGASM?

by Charles Gariepy, Yale '09

I've never had an orgasm that absolutely blew my mind, crossed my eyes and toes, contorted my face entirely, making me daffy and dumb. Maybe I've gotten close, but I certainly haven't gotten all the way there. If the whole experience were *that* momentous, I would imagine that it would have been imprinted on my mind for years to come. Anything I've heard about the orgasm as the bees knees end-in-itself is hearsay as far as I'm concerned.

So when I overheard a group of would-you-rather players on their stoop fronting Edgewood Ave. in New Haven ask: "Would you rather never have an orgasm again, or never fall in love again?" I laughed first because sex-talk in a public space is silly. Either that, or I couldn't understand the question completely and therefore was nervously laughing at my own ignorance. Maybe it was both. At the time, given the sweet fruits of my eavesdropping, I was entertained by the proposition and momentarily felt that the question was worth considering. I scuffed my tennies farther down the broken side walk, passed the Architecture carriage-house, lost in the quick thought and even smiling sneakily because thinking about sex is either hot, goofy or gross – all of which make the stomach twist in different ways. But as sex-talk stirs the constitution nevertheless, so was I stirred into thought.

However, by the time I reached the Howe St. corner, the wind rushing up from the coast a mile away, I saw the reflection of my silly facial expression filled with sex thoughts in the Pizza House window and began to consider the question seriously. Was I so easily confounded and entertained? For me, giving the question a moment's consideration, it instantly became no question at all. I scoffed and, in fact, grew immediately concerned that it had even been released – ejaculated if you will – into the universe of my ideas. My reasons for thinking so were twofold.

First, I thought, is everyone else on the planet having earth-shattering orgasms that transcend the bodies from which they are sprung? I'm talking about orgasms so incredibly powerful and life-changing that the transient, corporeal pleasure can even be compared to the emotional happiness one receives upon falling in love? If that's the case then I need a sex therapist. But I don't think it is.

The decontextualized orgasm — the type that, as a simple passerby, I interpreted as central to the would-you-rather question — isn't as phenomenal as all the hype leading up to it.

The single moment of physical release in which history evaporates and the transient pleasure derived thus is eternalized, reified and offered religious devotion akin to that given to gods, is purely ideological. Millennia of this hype have conditioned our assurance that orgasm alone has some essential quality that is in and of itself beautiful, whole and complete. But in reality, it's just kind of messy and the isolated physical response leaves something to be desired. If the gratification of an orgasm alone were anything more than corporeal, we'd be a society of clever masturbators having no need to seek fulfillment in the complement of others. There would only be one generation, as that population would find sexual reproduction a complicated way to an end easily achieved through solo genital-play. But if we valued ease over the quality of experience, then a box of mac and cheese would cost more than a foie gras pate, which is certainly not the case.

An orgasm only attains any sort of greater meaning in the presence of the beloved; the mutual pleasure at which lover and loved-one arrive together makes the experience significant because the shared acknowledgement of a metaphysical satisfaction is manifest. In Hedwig's reiteration of Aristophanes' contribution to the *Symposium*, I came to understand clearly a theory that I like best of all: Love is the desire to find the lost second

half of the self. Union in sex, the mutual pleasure, is heightened by the very fact that it is mutual. The substrate is love and the orgasm is completely tangential.

Even when true love doesn't exist between sex partners, the skin-to-skin induced orgasm is more satisfying because it involves two and not one. The need for another body to be complicit in your orgasm, and you in theirs, suggests that the isolated orgasm in itself cannot be the prize.

The would-you-rather players assaulted my very world view by suggesting that an orgasm could be in any conceptual realm better than falling in love. Though I may understand the more fundamental problem lies in the enigma that created the initial murk: the sensation of falling in love is not easily defined. Love is no concrete entity. The Greeks, we have heard, had a number of words for different types of love. One loves mushroom soup differently than one loves another human.

The English language, in contrast, unites them with the substrate of the pleasure that they offer us. But falling in love with a person necessitates more than just finding pleasure in him or her. It is a desire all together: a driving urge to have them with you at all points and all times. It is the knowledge, not the mere suggestion, that the experience of their presence simultaneously with everything else would improve the quality of your existence. It is irrational and inexplicable. But it is. And it does exist. I have felt it personally. And to have that feeling provides man with the most beautiful sensation of hope that somehow the shit-mess of life can be transcended.

I wonder, then, if the premise of my happened-upon would-you-rather players took their concept of the fall of love alongside the pain of its end? And it can end. One can fall in love and be in love and fall out of love and no longer love. All of this can happen with the same person.

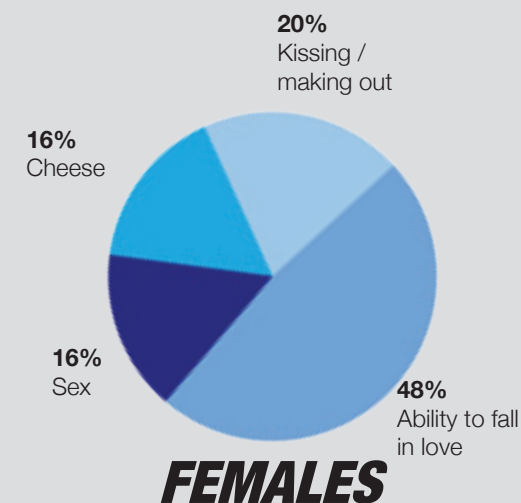
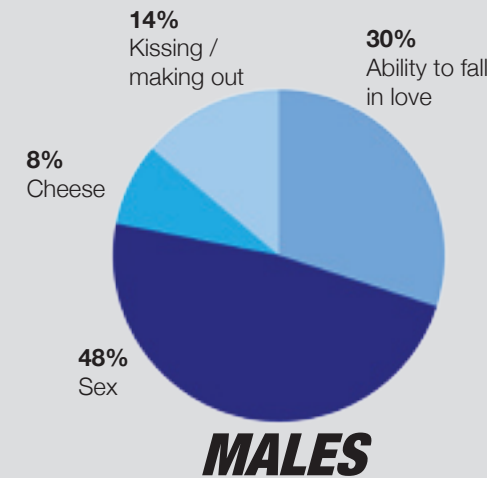
To fall in love is to humble yourself. To recognize that your need can only be filled by someone else, is the most earnest and human deferral of the cold, isolated self-reliance that we value so much. To find yourself incomplete, to recognize the essential beauty of another and to desire them as your complement is the greatest recognition of your own humanity.

Therefore, I say, submit to love! Give in to all forms. Reaffirm that humanity without the fear of permanence and lasting perfection. Nothing lasts. Time passes. If we fall in love once, and feel the heart squeezed and the stomach turned, the skin tingle, and a smile pull at the cheeks, then we know that we are alive. We can all rest assured of our happiness in death.

Even the most copious, longest-lasting, fire-breathing orgasm doesn't have that kind of pay off. ▮

**SURVEY SAYS:**  
"Which of the following would be the hardest for you to give up? "

- Sex
- Ability to fall in love
- Kissing / making out
- Cheese



This poll surveyed 100 adults between the ages of 18-24 on 12/18/07 on facebook.com.

# DEMYSTIFYING THE FEMALE ORGASM

by Ian Kerner

As any man who has spent time in the trenches will tell you, the female orgasm is an elusive thing. Like Bigfoot and quality television, we know it's out there; we just don't actually come into contact with the real thing all that often. Understanding female sexuality can be as complicated as Euclidean geometry, and when the final exam is a woman's orgasm most guys fail miserably (we're not graded on a curve).

Why is it so hard for women to achieve orgasm when all a guy needs is a glimpse at the lingerie section of a Sears catalogue? Some evolutionary anthropologists conjecture that the physiological difficulty works like a built-in monogamy device: Because the female orgasm is so tricky to achieve, its mastery requires dedication and patience, an extended "getting to you know" process. This encourages a woman to seek relationships with a guy who can spend the energy and time to familiarize himself with her sexuality.

Unlike the executives at Enron, a woman's orgasm never lies. They tell a woman the truth about a sexual encounter, whether she wants to know it or not. In clinical terms, the female orgasm releases a burst of oxytocin, also known as the "cuddle hormone," which facilitates a sense of attachment. But if there's nothing to attach to, if there's no deeper emotional content or meaningfulness, the orgasm becomes a regretful reminder of the hollowness of the sex that preceded it.

This is called *post-orgasm regret*, and it typically manifests itself in the form of sadness or anger. Ladies, if you've ever felt a pang of sorrow following a sexually gratifying (i.e., orgasmic) hook-up, it's most likely post-orgasmic regret (though his low thread count sheets may also be a contributing factor).

And what if you're not having orgasms at all? Well then, you may be experiencing *post-faking regret* – regretting that you helped the jerk get off while you faked it. (But that's a different article altogether.) Orgasm or not, be aware that sex results in your body inching toward some emotional connection, even as your brain is saying "What the hell am I doing in bed with this balding, beer-swilling frat boy?"

So are we ultimately moving into an era of "regretful orgasms"? The swinging sixties gave way to the hedonistic seventies, when Erica Jong introduced the "Me Generation" to the "zipless fuck," and sex without guilt became an accepted form of female behavior. Women, it seemed, were finally on top, as well as getting it on with anonymous strangers on trains and in elevators. And where were modern men during all of this? On the sidelines, gleefully embracing this newfound "empowerment," of course. Thanks to the seeds sown by the feminist movement, modern women were earning nearly as much as men by the 1990s, giving them newfound financial independence. Unburdened of the need to find a male provider, women were delaying marriage and enjoying dating as a form of sexual gratification. Enter *Sex and The City*, which exemplified a new form of empowerment: *a woman's ability to have sex like a man*.

But, in the end, orgasms don't have to be regretful. Today's woman can do better than having sex "like a man" – she can teach a man how to have sex like a woman: more sensually, more emotionally connected and ultimately on a higher level.

Viva la Vulva! ▮

Ian Kerner is a sex counselor and author. He wrote the bestseller *She Comes First: The Thinking Man's Guide to Pleasuring a Woman in 2004* as well as the companion *He Comes Next: The Thinking Woman's Guide to Pleasuring a Man the next year*. He has appeared on national television programs and contributes regularly to *Cosmopolitan*.

# DEBUNKING THE TOP TEN MODERN SEX MYTHS

by Pepper Schwartz

*Moving from the “least damaging” to the most “ridiculous or misleading” of fallacies, sexpert Pepper Schwartz takes the time to debunk her ten favorite myths about sex. According to Schwartz, these falsely-held beliefs are “either completely untrue, only partly true, or true only under very specific conditions.”*

**Myth #10: The sexual peak of men is when they are young; the sexual peak of women is in their thirties.**

This ridiculous myth comes from a guess – and that’s all it is – that men’s testosterone is highest at age 19 and women’s hormonal levels kick in later. Is that fact? I haven’t seen the answer that proves it (or measures it at enough different ages with a large enough sample size to make the statement). The statement may also come from the early Kinsey data gathered in the late 1940s that indicated more sexual frequency among young men than young women, and more satisfaction among older women than younger ones.

**Myth #9: The first time you have sexual intercourse will be glorious.**

Nah, not even close. The data on this is sobering. Studies have shown that at least among heterosexual couples, men and women have sex for the first time for different reasons, and their feelings afterwards don’t even come close to awe and bliss. The most common reason young women have for first intercourse is love or affection; for men: curiosity. You can see the problem right away, no? Moreover, research on how people felt afterwards indicates that men’s primary reaction was not elation, but relief, and young women’s most common reaction is, sadly enough, regret.

**Myth #8: There is no reason to circumcise a penis.**

I know that this is a controversial area and some disagreement is reasonable on this one. Negative opinions include that it is genital mutilation. Not a small consideration if you hold that view. But on the positive side, newer research definitely indicates health benefits including less sexually transmitted infections. Furthermore, while a high degree of cleanliness may keep the area both healthier and sweet smelling, in the real world, that kind of caretaking isn’t so common.

**Myth #7: Women have their best orgasms during intercourse.**

You wish it were so. Men like to think that all that thrusting is accomplishing something! And heterosexual women love the romance and connectedness of having inter-

course with the man they love. Even lesbians often like to have an orgasm with something hard and long inside of them. I’m not saying that intercourse, or dildos, don’t feel good.

But it is much harder to have an orgasm for most women unless there is direct or indirect stimulation of the clitoris or clitoral nerves and the deeper a guy plunges into a woman the further he gets from the source of her deepest arousal. Most of the excitement of intercourse is after the area is aroused by touching or mouth contact and there is a continuation of overall bodily arousal.

**Myth #6: Big penises are the sexiest.**

So, is big better? Granted, bigger penises might be more statuesque and perhaps even more effective if a long tunnel is what needs to be filled — but that is more rare than common. But the only reason it is considered “better” is because our culture extols it beyond its actual ability to give sensation, comfort or flexibility of action. The fact is, the bigger a penis, the less it can be felt on the sides of the vagina, the more jaw taxing it is in oral sex, and the less easy it is to accommodate in various orifices. Sure, people can become “size queens” because the big penis is culturally venerated — but in every practical way, a medium or smaller penis will be utilized with more flair and function. For women partners especially, a penis bigger than five or six inches is rarely optimal. The biggest turn on is in the outside and first several inches of the vagina- after that, not so much.

**Myth #5: If your lover isn’t very good, love, and practice can make him or her everything you want in a lover.**

OK- so this isn’t exactly what you want to hear- but I have to say it anyhow. Not everyone is a talented lover and not everyone can be one. I know, there is a whole field of sex therapy, and sex classes at local sex shops, and they can give great tips on new techniques and help people decide whether they want to try something new or get over an old hang up. But that doesn’t mean someone will know how to listen to a partner’s body movements to know whether they are doing the right thing, learn a more passionate approach to sex, or be imaginative in the moment. If you don’t have chemistry and sexual compatibility right from the beginning, think twice about whether or not this situation can be rehabilitated to the level you hope it will be.

**Myth #4: If you are in a relationship your partner should never have to masturbate.**

The truth about masturbation is that it enhances sexual appetite, and correlates with more enjoy-

ment of partner sex, easier orgasm for women, more liberal attitudes about sex, and more — not less — sexual behavior. Sexual desire is not like a bank from which you can only make so many withdrawals. Sure, there is a post-orgasm refractory period for both men and women during which sex is not very interesting. However, after that period is over (short for young people, from hours to days for older men and women) the more sex one has had, the more sex one wants. The longer people stay away from sex, the less preoccupied they get with it. The toughest part is when they have just had sex and a day later they are missing their partner (or a partner) because appetite has returned and there is no way of satisfying it. But if a person has to be celibate for a long time, there is less sexual unrest and demand. It is only when sexual stimulation occurs — in the form of a desired person, or sexual experience, that the old urges surface potently.

Masturbation stokes the fires of desire. It is not a substitute for true sexual intimacy, but it is an outlet for fantasy and for appetite. Unless a relationship is falling apart, it has no bearing on the relationship. Rather, it is the symptom of a healthy appetite that is looking for a “quickie” outlet, a specific moment for a certain fantasy, a substitute outlet until one’s partner is available or some physical relief until one has the time to do interpersonal sex justice.

*“OK — so this isn’t exactly what you want to hear — but I have to say it anyhow. Not everyone is a talented lover and not everyone can be one.”*

**Myth #3: Men are not monogamous by nature — women are.**

I think it is fair to say that men are more unlikely to want monogamy and more likely to be unfaithful in a marital or committed heterosexual relationship. However, if we look at sexuality studies, over time there is a clear trend: young women’s sexual profiles are looking more and more like men’s as time goes by. Several studies show women’s rates of non monogamy in dating and marital relationships to be relatively close to men’s for people under 25. There is also substantial female non monogamy in all age groups (after all, who are these heterosexual non monogamous men having sex with? They can’t all be unattached single women). Even sociobiologists, who believe men will be more non monogamous than women because it is in their genetic interests and reproductive capability to father more children (thereby extending more of their genetic material into the next generation), have a wing of research that indicates there is an enormous amount of female non monogamy as well. Fisher’s bio-anthropological work on stateless societies indicates that women re-pair every four years (after breast feeding is over) presumptively looking for a better mate, and Barasch and Barasch show that the animal, bird and insect world is awash with female cheating on hapless mates. Make no assumptions on monogamy based on gender!

**Myth #2: We are all either homosexual or heterosexual and there is no substantial in-between.**

I believe that this is a myth that our society builds in order to keep

people from questioning the potential breath of their sexual attractions. Homosexuality is so scary to most Judeo Christian models of sexual expression, that it is simply ghettoized — and stigmatized as much as possible. An “essentialist” point of view is one that believes our biology is destiny — and our biology is either heterosexual or homosexual with nothing in between. If for example, a man who has been heterosexual all his life has an experience with another man, this is not coded as a man who has capacity for sexualizing both men and women, but a man who is denying his homosexuality which must ultimately be the way all of his deepest desires, sexual and emotional, are satisfied. We are somewhat more flexible in our conception of lesbianism — female on female sex is often seen as entertainment for heterosexual male fantasies rather than as a rejection of male partners — or as something that is sexy to men even if it is a woman’s sexual orientation. People who are religious don’t like lesbianism any more than they like any other kind of homosexuality, but the idea of a continuum of female sexual desire is somewhat less rigid than the polarization of male sexual identities.

The fact is, however, that as Alfred Kinsey, the famous sex researcher, said long ago, the world is not divided into sheep and goats — there are plenty of other kinds of animals too. And so it is among men as well as women — there is temporary, situational, occasional and life long bisexuality of behavior among both men and women — and the numbers increase substantially if we are to include fantasy or crushes. Kinsey posited a seven point scale from 0 to 6 — 0 meaning “totally heterosexual” to six meaning “totally homosexual.” It is well known, and heavily ignored. Perhaps, it’s dismissal is because in a homophobic world, it is safer to disregard the gray areas of attraction and desire. Nonetheless, heterosexual and homosexual are inadequate labels to describe a large number of people’s sexual feelings even if it describes the vast majority of identities.

**Myth #1: Sex is a natural act.**

Sex is NOT a natural act. We are not animals relying on mere sexual impulses. In fact most animals, as anyone who has watched the Nature channels knows, have complicated social systems and sex has to be negotiated between aspirants.

We are no different. Unless we are drunk beyond ability to reason, we put our sexual interests and process in a social context in order not to end up in jail or hurt. Sex is not a mere biological act but rather a profoundly sociological one. We learn how to be sexual based on our parents’ attitudes, our friends’ confidences and gossip, our societies’ permissions and definitions and our own previous experience. We have impulses but they are governable and we can take in new information and change. We can be made to feel guilty — or we can find ways of being empowered. We can go on an atypical journey of sexual awareness and discovery — or faithfully follow the teachings and definition of our community. Sex is constructed by our social world — and if we don’t understand how that happens — we will never fully understand ourselves — nor be able to choose between what we are told and what we have experienced and what we might like to learn more about and what we might want to seek out. ▮

*Pepper Schwartz, who graduated from Yale in 1974, is an American sociologist and sexologist. She has written a number of books, magazines and articles on the subject of sexuality and appeared on a variety of national television programs. Her latest book Prime: Adventures and Advice on Sex, Love, and the Sensual Years was released in June 2007. She currently teaches at the University of Washington in Seattle.*

# MAKING A CASE FOR MATING IQ

by Glenn Geher and Scott Barry Kaufman

**T**HERE'S intelligence involved in mating? Well, maybe not in the actual act of mating — but surely everything leading up to that point takes up quite a lot of mental space. If only mating behavior in humans were as easy as it is in other animals! In many species without advanced cognitive capabilities, two animals become attracted to each other and have sex. End of story. Furthermore, courtship in other animals looks very different than it does in humans. You don't see many turtles singing a love ballad to the objects of their affection, or many orangutans going on dates, and engaging in hours and hours of conversation about personal values, musical taste, job, income, and so forth in order to assess whether the person is a good mate in general, and a good mate for them in particular.

Evolutionary psychologists are interested in studying human universals, and up to this point have largely focused on aspects of human mating behavior that are similar to other animals. They tend to paint a picture of human mating as visceral, animalistic, and instinctual by highlighting findings on topics such as the role of pheromones in human mate selection, physical features that are universally desired in potential mates, sex differences in qualities sought in mates, factors that elicit jealousy in relationships, the effects of hormone levels of promiscuity, and so on. The evolutionary perspective has been wildly successful in showing that our intimate relationships are, in many ways, no different from the sexual relationships of critters across the animal kingdom.

The notion of Mating Intelligence (MI) offers a different approach. In recent years, a few rogue evolutionary psychologists have started to seriously consider the fact that human mating may well be a bit more complex than the mating of, say, scorpionflies, barnswallows, or fruit flies. In fact, given how unique our intelligence is in the animal kingdom, several recent researchers have started to think about how our advanced intelligence may have something to do with our mating behavior. Mating Intelligence consists of the entire set of psychological abilities designed for sexual reproduction. MI includes the mental capacity for courtship and display, sexual competition and rivalry. It is at work in our efforts to form, maintain, coordinate, and terminate relationships. Our Mating Intelligence guides us in flirtation, foreplay, and copulation; in mate-search, mate-choice, mate-guarding, and mate-switching; and in many other behaviors that may have reproductive payoffs.

For a glimpse of how intelligence is central to human mating, consider the following:

**1** Fifty-one years after Einstein's death, several of his personal letters to his wife were made public. Across his adult life, he slept with at least six women who showered him with (reportedly) "unwanted" affection. We'd almost expect this kind of thing of, say, Wilt Chamberlain, Mick Jagger, or even Bill Clinton — but Einstein? That guy was a stud? Hmmm ... maybe his conspicuously high levels of intelligence had something to do with it ...

**2** In a recent study by two evolutionary psychologists, a sample of young women — at different points in their menstrual cycle — were asked to choose which of two men they'd prefer to have sex with: a rich guy who was dull OR an unemployed artist who's just totally creative. The answer? It depends. For women who are not ovulating, the standard evolutionary psychological finding emerges — they want Richie Rich. However, a major shift takes place during that evolutionarily important fertile window — ovulating women want Picasso (the young, struggling Picasso, that is). Apparently, money and power are not the only aphrodisiacs.

**3** In a recent analysis of the cognitive mechanisms that adults use in selecting a mate, two evolutionary psychologists (Lars Penke and Peter Todd) provide evidence that human mate selection involves cognitive analyses that are exceptionally sophisticated, complex, and intelligent. These authors argue, for instance, that when assessing one's own value as a potential mate, human males "adjust [physical] condition preference according to a mate value sociometer (which tracks a combination of own [physical] condition and resources relative to male competitors)" while human females "adjust combination of [physical] condition preference and resource preference according to mate value sociometer (which tracks [physical] condition relative to female competitors)." A bit more sophisticated than just saying that "men want attractive women and women want rich guys." Maybe mating psychology in humans has an intricate underlying intelligence.

**4** Finally, consider Glenn Geher's recent work on the nature of cross-sex mind-reading in the arena of human mating. In his study, heterosexual men and women read personal ads written by members of their own sex — and they tried to guess which ads were chosen as most attractive to the opposite sex. In short, they were charged with the task of figuring out the mating desires of the opposite sex. Data analyses revealed special kinds of mating intelligence at work. First off, he found that men were markedly accurate in their judgments — they were able to guess the mating desires of women at levels that were considerably above chance. Interestingly, women tended to be considerably off the mark in their guesses of men's desires — but even their patterns of errors showed the hallmark of an evolutionarily shaped intelligence. In each case when women erred, they erred by overestimating man's desire for a sexy, promiscuous woman. What's the evolutionary logic here? Simple: Women who overestimate men's focus on sex are more likely to be skeptical of men's stated level of commitment. Thinking that men are all pigs may not be accurate, but it may be smart insofar as it helps prevent a woman from being abandoned by a man who really is a pig. Ancestral women who held this commitment skepticism would've been less likely to have been in the situation of having to raise a child alone. The nature of the accuracy and even the nature of the errors found in this work and the work of other psychologists on human mating tell a story of human mating intelligence that is far more complex, nuanced, and intelligent than is found in our non-human counterparts. ▮

Glenn Geher and Scott Barry Kaufman wrote the cover story on mating intelligence in the January/February 2007 issue of *Psychology Today*. Geher, the director of SUNY New Paltz's Evolutionary Studies Program, has written several books on mating and emotional intelligence. Kaufman is a graduate student in psychology at Yale.

## STEP-BY-STEP: A COLLEGE HOOK UP

photos by Ani Katz





10:36 PM



12:29 AM



11:47 PM

1:14 AM





2:02 AM

# WE ARE GOING TO A SEX PARTY

STRIPPED DOWN  
by vivian nereim, yale '09  
illustrations by david rudnick, yale '09

## 10:15 PM

It is 38 degrees Fahrenheit on this crisp November evening in Providence, Rhode Island. You are mostly naked underneath your winter coat. You are freezing.

The coat means you're better off than the girl next to you, though. She's wearing a thong, thigh-high stockings, and garters. The works. Just the works. She is next to a guy wearing boxers made out of lace.

You paid \$15 for this. And you're waiting in line.  
Welcome to Sex Power God.

Whatever else it may be, the "college sex party" is an elusive beast. If you trust the pornography industry, undergraduates copulate on the dance floor of every fraternity kegger, every birthday blowout and every Glee Club happy hour.

But Sex Power God, a school-wide party hosted by Brown University's Queer Alliance, only happens once a year. Sex Power God is the big guns.

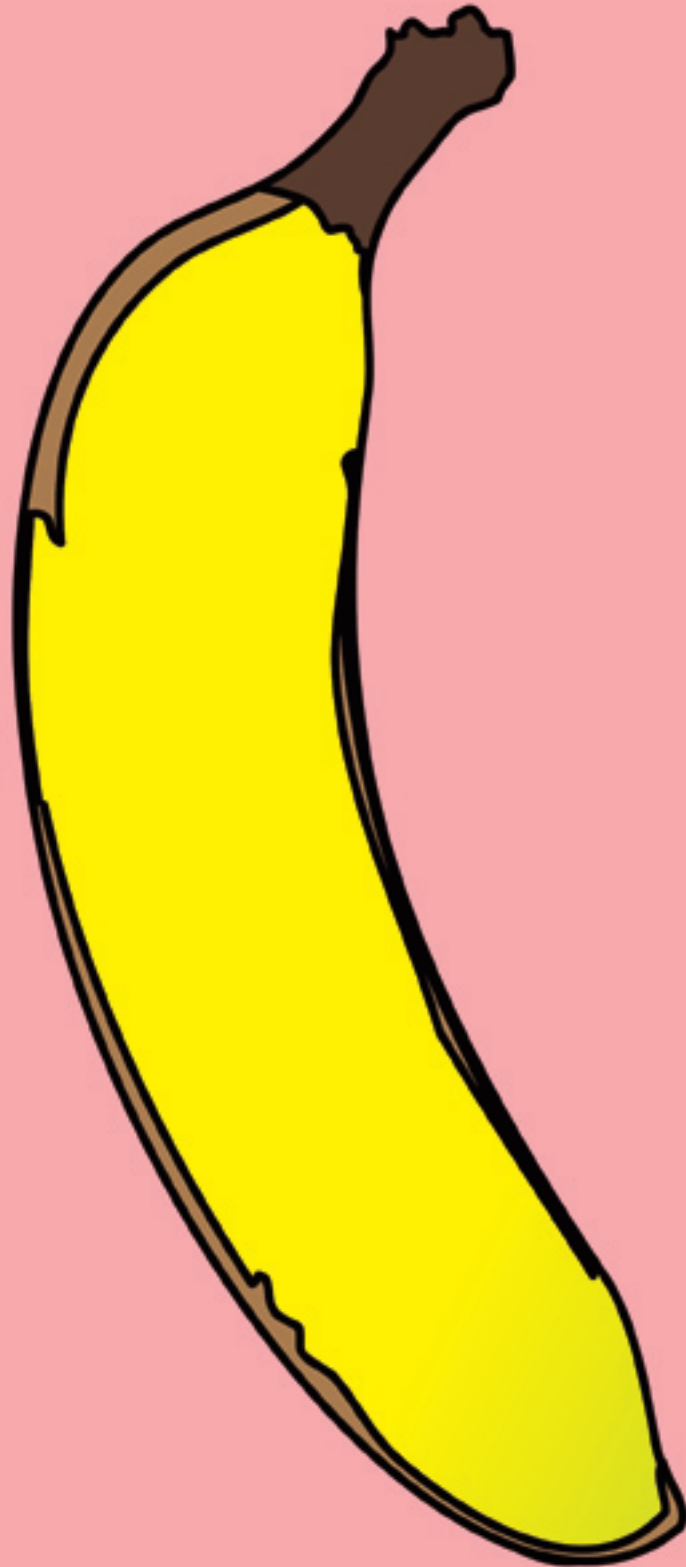
Except it's not a sex party. At least not according to the two members of the Queer Alliance's Dance Committee who planned the 2007 event, Robin Peckham and Katie Lamb, both Brown sophomores. What is Sex Power God? It is certainly a "very sexually charged atmosphere," said Peckham. It is "a space for expression, and for performing different experiences and activities that people might not normally do," she further clarified.

But the most important thing to Peckham and Lamb this year was that students were comfortable. So instead of being a "sexy party," explained Peckham, it was a "pushing the boundaries of what you normally consider your identity, and embodying yourself however you want to be for that short base of time" party.

Pushing the boundaries. However you want to be. Hopefully you'll check your closed mind at the door. That's the idea, at least.

"It comes out as artificial, to me," said Hal Parker, a Princeton senior and an editor of IvyGate Blog, an Ivy League gossip website. "It's supposed to provide this kind of vision of sexual freedom and authenticity, but it's totally manufactured."

Manufactured or not, students turn out in droves to wait in line in their underwear of their own volition. There is no required "undress code." They show up in their underwear—and do many other things in, and out of, their underwear—simply because, to echo the refrain I heard again and again from enthused attendees: "it's Sex Power God!"



## 10:30 PM

Hype was another word I heard again and again. Sex Power God sold out this year with an estimated 600 attendees. That's a long line.

So while you're waiting, here are a few things to keep in mind, as listed on the online flier for Sex Power God 2007. "No reentry; No bags; No cameras; Brown/RISD only +1 guest; Photo-ID required for both students and guests; There are no tickets, only a guest list; Admission is non-transferable; INTOXICATED STUDENTS WILL NOT BE ADMITTED; Put your name on all belongings..."

If you accept these conditions, make sure you grab your bouncy ball before you go inside. The one with the number written on it, so you can use the "booty box." If you write the same number as the one on your ball on your own body in permanent marker, then the cutie in the corner can go up to the stationed laptop and type in, "number 3 says to number 240 [that's you!], I really like your pants, come find me," explained Lamb. "Then it gets projected up on a big screen." The booty box is just one of many delights that Sex Power God offers. Glowsticks are another.

Of the Sex Power God inductees I spoke with, "absurd" was the word used most frequently to describe the experience.

But absurdity is relative. Yale has its own cousin to Sex Power God, Exotic Erotic. Last year, it was held at New Haven's most infamous dance club, Toad's Place, because the party was exiled from Yale's Timothy Dwight residential college. For Hillary Schepps, a Yale sophomore "strutting around in her underwear" wasn't absurd, it was "freeing."

Exotic Erotic operates on a "the less you wear, the less you pay" principle. In 2007, one courageous gentleman interpreted this to mean, "put a sock on your penis."

Absurd? Not really, considering the sexual climate in America, according to Robin Sawyer, a professor specializing in adolescent sexuality who has taught at the University of Maryland, College Park for 22 years.

Sawyer recently undertook research on amateur pornography, and was shocked by its rampancy. "I think there's more stuff on amateur porn than professional porno films!" he said. "What is it about someone who'll get it on with their husband and put it on the Internet?"

"Most people are pretty gross naked anyway, but...there's everything from 20-year-olds to 70-year-olds," Sawyer said. "We're into this current generation of exhibitionism, like, 'Ooo look at me!'" From highly sexual photos on MySpace to stripping down to your undies to wait in line for a party, taking it all off — or at least, strategically exposing ourselves — has become the norm.

Brown's Sex Power God and Yale's Exotic Erotic; the flyers plastering Penn State University advertising parties with "food, drink and a little bit of kink"; Wesleyan's inventively named "Sex Party"; Columbia's naked parties: the things we hear about just scratch the surface.

For Sawyer, a native of England, the question he has for American adolescents is: "Why do you need to show everybody what you've got?"





# 10:45 PM

Once you're inside Sex Power God, you'll be greeted by "a few hundred people, but not a lot of clothing," if your experience is anything like that of Emily\*, a Yale sophomore.

This year, dancers maneuvered around at least one instance of public fellatio. "Right next to where I was," Emily explained. "I was with a group of people dancing and all of a sudden we turned because someone saw the expression on his face..."

"I saw people having sex in the corner," said Benjamin Zweifach, a Yale junior who attended Sex Power God in 2006.

"I got eaten out," said Rachel\*, a Yale junior who attended in 2005. "I also made out with a girl, which made my boyfriend freak out. But it's Sex Power God!"

Don't worry though, gentle friend. Because the Party Managers, specially trained students who patrol the dance floor making sure all activity is consensual, will protect you. They're there for a reason.

In 2005, the dance was invaded, documented, and exposed on Fox News. It would have been impossible to keep Sex Power God a secret forever.

"For some reason there's this fascination with the Ivy League world, and the world of privilege," said Lena Chen, Harvard junior and the voice behind "Sex and the Ivy," an Ivy League sex blog. "When you mix that up with sex—this thing that seems kind of plebian in comparison—people become intrigued."

"It's such a human and savage desire," Chen said.

"Pure debauchery," Jesse Watters, the cameraman Bill O'Reilly sent in 2005, called it. In the media furor that followed, Brown's students, administration, and the "liberal pinheads" who, according to O'Reilly, condoned this event, were summarily skewered. Brown students fought right back, pointing out that Watters obtained his footage through ethically questionable means.

But the maiming, if not fatal, blow was dealt. In the years since, Sex Power God has tightened its restrictions, and, some would argue, toned down significantly. IvyGate Blog headlined their post on the 2006 edition, "Sex Power God '06 Disappointing in Every Conceivable Way."

After Sex Power God 2005, 24 students were sent to Emergency Medical Services. In 2006, that number fell to 14. This year, it was five. "Honestly from what I had heard I was expecting an all-out complete no holding back sexual rave on the dance floor," said Teresa Ciaccio, a Brown sophomore who attended the dance in 2006. Sex Power God didn't deliver.

O'Reilly's negative attention has much to do with this. A growing number of student protestors also played a role. This year, prior to the party, a student debate was held on whether or not the party should continue. "I don't think that squares with the mission of the university," said Sean Quigley, a sophomore at Brown who participated in the debate. Quigley doesn't entirely agree with O'Reilly's criticism, though he believes he has a point. "Talking about Sex Power God for him? It was just an easy way to score points against liberals," Quigley said. Quigley thinks the party goes too far, and with the help of likeminded students, has lobbied to tone Sex Power God down.

Criticism of Sex Power God comes from multiple sides, though. Andrew Nusca, a 2007 graduate of New York University, called the very concept of a party devoted to sex and sexuality, "sophomoric."

"Sex just isn't taboo at NYU," Nusca wrote in an e-mail, "and for a student body that largely ignores fraternities and sororities and any public activity with a title, the 'sex party' that's called a sex party is practically conformist."

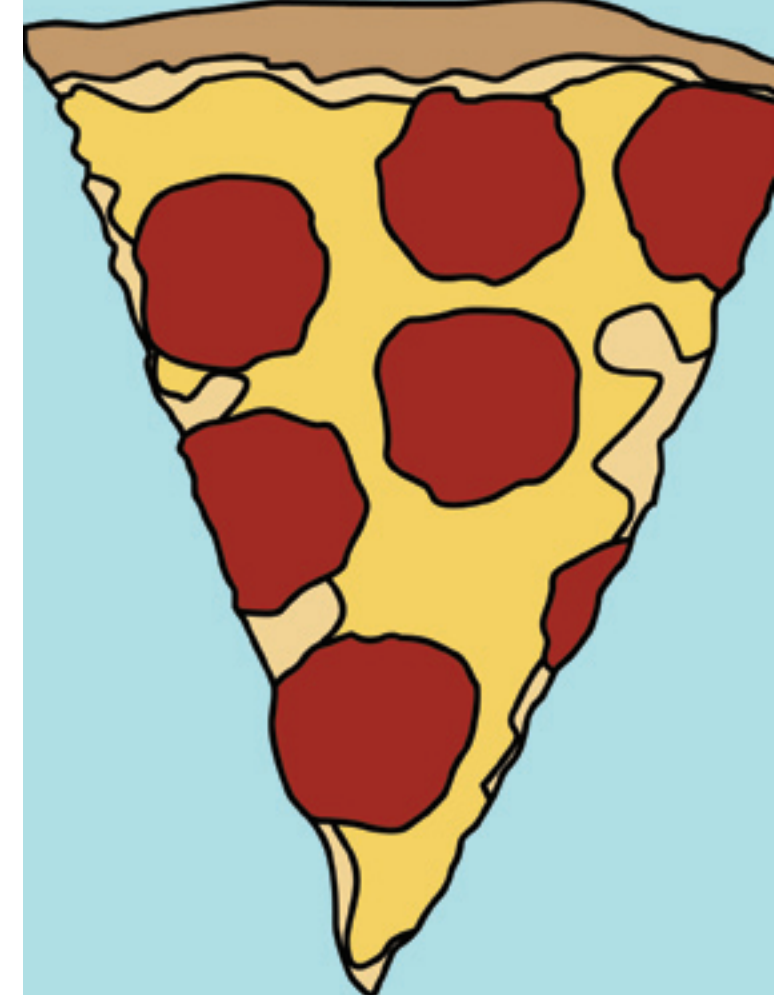
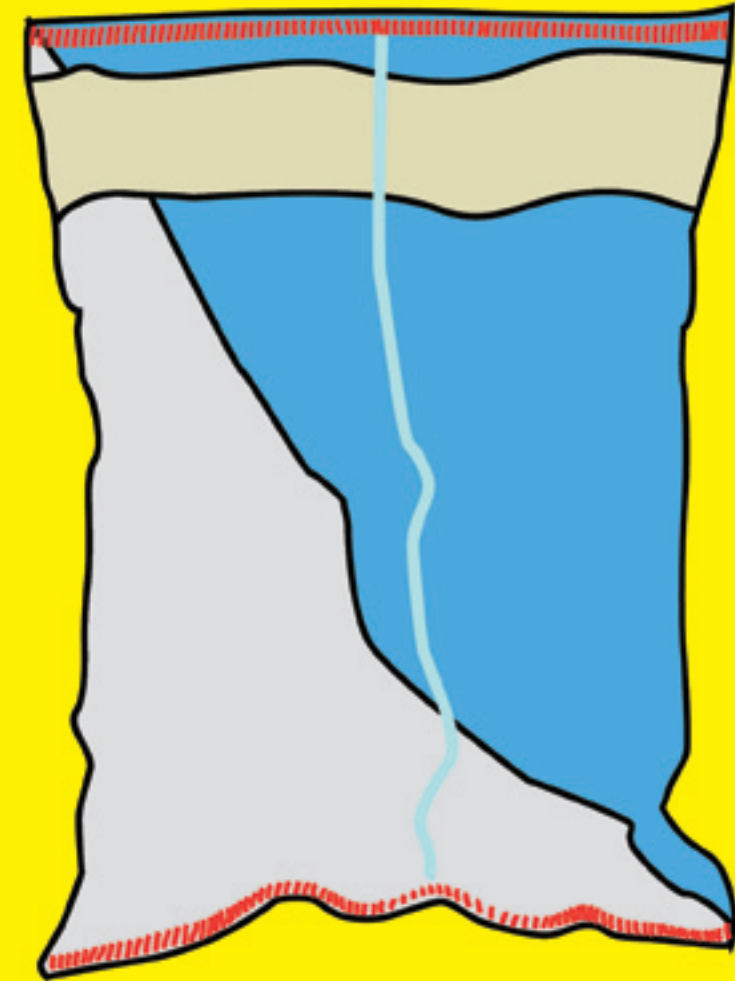
\* Name has been changed to protect the source's identity

# 12:30 AM

It's the end of the night. The lights flicker on, and people begin to straggle out. You've lost most of your friends. You're going to get pizza and then you're going home alone.

After all, as Sawyer said, exhibitionism isn't the same thing as liberation. Sex Power God's coordinators are hopeful that the experimentation within the party will change at least some minds in the cold hard light of day. "I think people, just by seeing it going on there and seeing it as acceptable in one place," said Peckham, "will be more willing to pursue that kind of behavior." Maybe.

For now though, what happens at Sex Power God, well — it stays at Sex Power God. ¶



What is a day in the life like for a typical college student – stressing about schoolwork and the future while simultaneously looking for love? SWAY Mag asked four very different Yale University students to record their every move for a period of about four to five days in November 2007. They were asked to keep a diary of anything that happened to them relating to sex, love or relationships – from the most innocent of flirty text messages to the raunchiest of hook ups.



THE POTHEAD  
OCCASIONAL-  
FEMINIST WHO  
CAN'T MAKE  
DECISIONS

Female, 20, straight and single

## FRIDAY

**12:48 AM**

Leave bar with Grey Area Boy (GAB). He and I have been close friends for a year or so and started hooking up about a month ago. At first I thought things were moving in the Boy-friend direction, but now I'm not so sure.

**3:09 AM**

Have sex with GAB for the first time.

**10:10 AM**

Review the evening's events in my head. After a year of passionate one night stands with people I barely knew, this was decidedly lackluster. Dammit.

**10:11 AM**

Think about how great sex was with Ex-Boyfriend. Try not to squirm in GAB's arms.

**10:13 AM**

Quite nice to lie in the arms of someone I actually care about, though.

**6:10 PM**

Movies with a friend. Think about how amazing Adrien Brody would be in bed.

**10:15 PM**

After dinner with a friend's parents, her mother tells us about the time she cross country skied in no jacket across the streets of Boston during a blizzard to see her future husband when they were dating as undergrads. No one would ever do that these days, I think. Or at least not for me.

**11:30 PM**

Boy who graduated last year and is living in New York comes over. Boy used to be very in love with Best Friend.

**12:00 AM**

Get very stoned with Boy and Best Friend. Boy tells us about a fivesome that he had last spring before graduation, including the details of how it happened and how it was one of the best experiences ever. Wonder if I would ever do that if faced with the opportunity. The mathematics seem so complicated.

**12:45 AM**

Boy leaves. Best Friend and I pop in *Beauty and the Beast*. Analyze all the ways this movie (my favorite) has fucked me up about men. Do I ignore the attractive strapping guys who seem to be overtly looking for marriage in favor of violent beasts who are supposedly (but rarely) princes underneath?

## SATURDAY

**2:45 PM**

Head to friend's apartment to catch up on *Weeds*. That black actor is so sexy. I've never had sex with a black man, though I have slept with an impressively diverse group. How many girls can claim representation from Latin America, Australia, the Middle East, the Deep South, the Jews and the Asians?! Not to mention that one bisexual guy.

**4:02 PM**

Text favorite gay friend to ensure top quality non-threatening dancing partner for the evening, should I make it to Toad's.

**4:07 PM**

Call Grey Area Boy to see if he wants to meet Visiting Friend, who he has heard a lot about. Obviously, though, this meeting is just to ensure that Visiting Friend meets GAB. I'd been thinking we could squeeze this in before dinner, but GAB tells me to call him later tonight to meet up. Sweet!

**10:30 PM**

Start dancing with a friend's boyfriend at a party. Think about how she drunkenly said something about a threesome the other week. After last night's conversation... I would definitely consider it.

# COLLEGE SEX DIARIES

**10:34 PM**

Realize that, even if she hadn't been kidding when she said it, there is no possible way I can bring that up in conversation without either sounding like I have a crush on her boyfriend or seeming like a lesbian. Oh well.

**11:23 PM**

Call Grey Area Boy. Visiting Friend and I leave to go meet him at a different party.

**12:36 AM**

Go back to Grey Area Boy's room. Visiting Friend falls asleep on GAB's bed, and GAB and I make out for a while.

**12:45 AM**

Grey Area Boy pulls away, gestures to Visiting Friend on bed and goes, "This isn't weird?"

"Whatever," I say. "He's definitely sleeping. And this is definitely the kind of thing he would do to me."

**12:50 AM**

Realize that, yeah, actually, it is a little weird. Wake up Visiting Friend and go home.

## SUNDAY

**2:50 PM**

Run into Grey Area Boy on the street. Exchange small talk, knowing smiles.

**2:51 PM**

Friend passes us, talking on the phone. She waves.

**2:52 PM**

Catch up to friend. "That's the guy," I say, because they haven't met yet.

"I figured," she says. "I could tell from the body language."

Body language? Awesome! Body language cannot lie. He must like me.

**9:30 PM**

Hanging out with some friends, including GAB. Some of the friends know we're hooking up; most don't. Do the others suspect? Best to keep it secret until he and I have talked about what's going on, I think.

**1:45 AM**

GAB and I leave together with one of the girls who doesn't know about us. She and I live in one direction; he lives in the other. Guess we won't be hooking up tonight.

**2:45 AM**

My bed is freezing cold. Think about how maybe I *would* want to hang out with Grey Area Boy every night of the week, despite previously claiming I wanted things to stay casual. Realize I probably wouldn't have showered when I got home if he had come over and thus my hair wouldn't be wet and keeping me so cold. The complexity of this logic drifts me off to sleep.

**2:00 AM**

**Reach for the vibrator.  
Hesitate slightly. Who to  
fantasize about: Grey Area  
Boy or Flirtatious Boy?  
Settle on Adrien Brody.**

## MONDAY

**1:30 PM**

Over lunch, friend tells me about how the guy she hooked up with on Saturday night actually spanked her mid-hookup. Then asked if he could spank her. Then spanked her again. Friend does have a bit of a badonkadonk.

**3:15 PM**

Think about doing my reading. Drink two Red Bulls.

**3:18 PM**

Somehow end up on Facebook looking at pictures of Ex-Boyfriend with New Girlfriend. Okay, throw textbooks to the ground, open a new browser tab, search for his profile, click on his pictures, and proceed directly to the eighth photo. Stare at the screen, taurine coursing through veins. Think about how I am prettier than she is. Download pictures of her and pictures of me and look at them side by side. I have a bigger nose, but also better hair?

**3:20 PM**

Bring laptop into friend's room down the hall to compare. She agrees. I am prettier. Knew it.

**6:30 PM**

At random extracurricular meeting. Stare across at Sexy Boy in Glasses. Mmm.

**11:00 PM**

Cannot do reading. Am too preoccupied with thoughts of Flirtatious Boy. FB and I nearly hooked up last weekend, until I realized that it was possible GAB thought he and I were exclusive, even though we haven't discussed it. Am having dinner tomorrow with Flirtatious Boy and some friends.

**11:45 PM**

Am officially convinced that Flirtatious Boy is my soul mate, after extensive Facebooking and reflections on our four or five previous interactions. Must end things with Grey Area Boy.

**2:00 AM**

Reach for the vibrator. Hesitate slightly. Who to fantasize about: Grey Area Boy or Flirtatious Boy? Settle on Adrien Brody.

## TUESDAY

**10:45 AM**

Arrive at first Undergraduate Career Services meeting ever. Turns out to be with a woman. Had definitely expected the counselor to be a man. Consider briefly that the counselor has had a sex change.

**10:46 AM**

Nope. Definitely a woman.

**11:04 AM**

Walk out of UCS thinking the meeting was a waste of time.

**11:06 AM**

Wonder if I would have thought the meeting was helpful if the counselor *had* been a man. Maybe. Probably.

**1:46 PM**

Grocery shopping at Super Stop and Shop. Friend heads for pretzels and I wait in line to buy turkey at the deli counter. Wonder why the fuck so many people are at Stop and Shop on a Tuesday afternoon. Find myself checking out an unshaven man in glasses and sweatpants, who orders seven different kinds of meats. My god, is this who my mother is thinking of when she tries to impress upon me the importance of dating people with financially secure potential futures? Hey, he could be a rich and famous... blogger. Right?

**3:32 PM**

Spend half of class thinking about what I will wear to dinner.

**9:00 PM**

Leave dinner. Flirtatious Boy is fun and very funny, but I don't think there are sparks. Probably couldn't talk to him for hours, like I can with Grey Area Boy.



THE SENIOR  
DRINKING  
HIMSELF  
TO  
PIECES

Male, 21, straight and single

## WEDNESDAY

**8:46 AM**

Jackin'.

**12:16 PM**

Wonder if I could wait until marriage if the girl wanted to. Think I could, but then figure my judgment was clouded by

jackin'.

**2:24 PM**

Play with myself as I watch *That '70s Show* in bed.

**2:42 PM**

Think about beating off. Decide against it, because I'd have to put it in this log.

**3:12 PM**

Do it anyway.

**6:55 PM**

Say Dr. Sean McNamara (Dylan Walsh) on *Nip/Tuck* should sleep with 18-year-old Eden Lord (AnnaLynne McCord) because, ultimately, she's "just another vagina."

**11:51 PM-1:19 AM**

At Toad's, hit on everything. Go home vazh-less.

## THURSDAY

**8:47 AM**

Hungover. Feel bad. Beat off to feel less bad.

**8:07 PM**

Exhausted. If I hook up tonight, I'm gonna be terrible.

**9:29 PM**

Discuss taste of terrible vaginas. It's agreed: We don't like 'em.

**10:29 PM**

Would totally tag Parminder Nagra on *ER*.

**~ 1:00 AM**

After having made an earlier mental note not to hit on Girl X, totally hit on Girl X.

## FRIDAY

**10:47 AM**

Check my call log and text messages. Send booty-text to a girl who's pulling an all-nighter to write a paper. Woof.

**11:56 AM**

Talk about beating off to "Buttons" by the Pussycat Dolls.

**3:31 PM**

Get a text from an alumna – she informs me that I didn't get to break up her and her ex because she did it first. Tell her to take him back so I can break them up again.

**~ 10:00 PM**

Show up at my friend's apartment for a party. It's all dicks, no chicks. Just the way I like it.

**11:38 PM**

Try to text-arrange a hookup with a girl who's already left the country for break.

**1:20 AM**

Text an old hookup from inside Toad's. It doesn't go anywhere.

**~2:30 AM**

Talk to another old hookup for a while outside Toad's. Surprise, I end up going home alone.

**SATURDAY****6:57 AM**

Called out by a girl on booty-calling and -texting her the night before. It's okay, I'm already drunk.

**9:47 AM**

For some reason, decide I need to text myself, "Girls at Yale ugly – beat off a lot." Accidentally send it to an alumnus, and he replies, "Hahahahahaha!" Oops.

**~10:00 AM**

Offer to have sex with that alumna in an open van at the tailgate. Not sure if she said yes; think I might have just wandered off.

**~ 1:00 PM**

Grab the boobs of my friend's engaged big sister.

**~ 1:30 PM**

Hit on another friend's big sister. She's got his eyes, which makes it weirder.

**4:18 PM**

The alumna wants to know where I wandered off to at the tailgate. Honestly, I have no idea.

**8:39 PM**

Wake up from a nap, and, according to the text I send myself, I am "ready to FUCK."

**9:08 PM**

Turns out my friend was unwilling to go tailgate in the morning because I woke him up with his fingers in a girl. I still spit in his shoes.

**~12:00-2:00 AM**

Hit on lots of girls. Long convo with another alumna in Lily's Pad, but she ends up going home to her hotel.

**2:47 AM**

Not hooking up. Don't think I can even move.

**SUNDAY****8:56 AM**

Wake up, beat off. Feel like my dick is the only part of me that can move.

**The rest of the day**

Not thinking about sex. Just thinking about how everything inside me has gone sour.



FEMALE LOOKING FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE – A GREAT DATE AT YALE

Female, 20, straight and single

**FRIDAY****4:00 PM**

Remember I have a date tonight. My day just got better.

**4:30 PM**

Decide to take preventative measures for restaurant selection. Text date a place.

**4:33 PM**

He calls back to confirm the place and time. Quick response: nice.

**6:00 PM**

My date calls to say he is running 10 minutes late.

**6:10 PM**

He calls to say he is here. I do a mirror check and run down to meet him.

**6:12 PM**

He is really cute!

**6:15 PM**

Dinner (our third date) is phenomenal: engaging, stimulating and fun conversation. I realize I am having fun spending time with this guy.

**8:20 PM**

Lost track of time, now I am late for my other engagement. He walks with me out of his way halfway to where I am going. We both hint at meeting up later when my thing is done. Awkward hug. This date was definitely kiss worthy, but not a huge fan of PDA.

**8:21 PM**

Hope he doesn't take the no kiss as disinterest.

**11:30 PM**

Get back to my room. Text to tell him that I had a lot of fun tonight.

**11:40 PM**

Texts back that he had a lot of fun too "!!" Asks how my event that night went.

**11:50 PM**

Texting continues and ends with an invitation for me to come over to his room and hang out with him and his friends. But I decide the best thing to do is not to go. I end by saying he should come to an open bar the next night and we can talk then.

**12:20 AM**

Go to bed feeling extremely content with the night's unfolding.

**SATURDAY****9:45 PM**

Out to drinks with girlfriends. Write a text asking Date Boy to come to the open bar. Feeling nervous about initiating the texting, I pass my phone around to ask people what they think of the text. Everyone approves of my initiative — we are such girls!

**10:00 PM**

He texts right back to say that he has a friend in town but he is going to stop by. He actually bothers to say "thank you" for inviting him! How refreshing!

**10:15 PM**

I see my friend who I have hardly seen this year because of football season. We are in the midst of a great conversation when I run into my old crush from freshman year who comes and gives me a big hug and says that we really need to catch up. I agree. Really, though, I should just give up on him.

**10:30 PM**

I run into a cute boy who suggests an excellent drink that he picks up for me. We have long flirty conversation.

**11:00 PM**

Look up from my convo to see Date Boy. Run off without excusing myself to say hi. I love the way conversation flows with DB!

**11:15 PM**

We make our way to the bar. Too bad I have already had too much to drink.

**11:30 PM**

My old crush (who I have definitely hooked up with before!) is lurking around me while I am talking to DB. Old Crush comes to give me a hug in the middle of my conversation. I lean in close to his ear and tell him that I will come over to chat in just a minute.

**11:45 PM**

Date Boy needs to leave to go see his friend. We part in anticipation of seeing each other later (that night?!?)

**11:46 PM**

Old Crush is just there, basically waiting for me. This is the best of both worlds. We chat until we realize we are the last

people left in the bar, or someone else realizes because I am too far gone.

**12:50 AM**

Old Crush and I walk to Toads together.

**1:00 AM**

Am in Toads, but I realize that I have lost OC.

**1:10 AM**

See my ex-hookup and we start making out. Oops!

**1:30 AM**

He asks if I want to leave with him. No — "I just wanna dance!" Really.

**1:40 AM**

Walk around the bar and run into Rando Guy who I chat with occasionally and made out with once. We talk.

**2:10 AM**

Not sure what happened but Rando Guy is walking me home.

**2:15 AM**

We talk for about an hour in my common room. I hope he doesn't think he is getting any. It's not like I *asked* him to walk me home.

**2:30 AM**

I see I missed a text from Date Boy from an hour before asking if I had a good night. While talking with Rando Guy, I text DB and ask how his night was. He responds immediately asking what I am up to.

**2:45 AM**

Rando Guy makes the move. After short make out, I end it.

**3:10 AM**

RG asks me out to dinner. I say yes. He leaves. My roommate's friend shouts about my sick game!

**3:15 AM**

Texting with Date Boy has progressed to his coming over and watching a movie.

**3:30 AM**

He calls to tell me he is outside. I let him in.

**3:40 AM**

We chat and start the movie lying in my bed next to each other with the computer propped on the shelves at the foot of the bed. His arm is around me. Cute!

**3:50 AM**

He starts to subtly rub his socked foot against my foot. I have never been so conscious of someone's efforts. I'm not going to help. He has to do it on his own.

**4:00 AM**

He takes my hand and begins running his fingers across and through it.

**4:20 AM**

I look over at him and he at me and we just lay there in the dark and look at each other knowing that we are going to kiss. Make-out session.

## SUNDAY

**10:00 AM**

Wake up with delayed realization.

*What is going on? Why am I wearing a dress? What happened? Who is next to me?*

Realize that Date Boy and I fell asleep fully clothed watching *Fight Club*. The DVD menu screen is still playing...

Immediately think: I have to get out of this silk dress or it will be ruined! Omg, my makeup! Turns out makeup survived all night like a champ.

He rolls over. I get the sleepy "good morning." He puts his arm around me. He actually cuddled, that's right, cuddled. A little too puppyish for a boy, but sweet.

Note to self: just a year ago, I would have peaced out on this sensitive, gentle crap the morning after.

**10:30 AM**

We chat. It just flows naturally. We talk about anything and everything. He tells me he can lie like this all day. *Sorry, I can't*. Talk for an hour before he announces his departure. He gets up, walks to the door, comments on the weather outside of the window, comes over to me and I give him a small soft kiss. He seems awkward and self-conscious about the morning kiss (I'm not because I brushed my teeth first thing when I got up). He mumbles something else, then awkwardly waves and says bye about three times, makes another comment about the weather, then says bye again. I just sit there on my bed smiling. He leaves, and I laugh a little to myself at how wonderfully awkward he just was. I realize that instead of being completely turned off by his lack of smoothness or coolness I actually appreciate it for the first time in my life.

**11:50 AM**

Noticed missed text last night from the Ex asking if I was okay. Respond, "Thanks for checking but I was perfectly fine." I mean, REALLY, come on — we all get drunk.

**5:00 PM**

**Get a missed call and message from Rando Guy. He asks me out to dinner. I think to myself, "Sweet! I really do have sick game."**

**12:00 PM**

Have lunch with the friend that set me up with Date Boy. She announces, before I tell her anything, that she has just run into DB and he was super friendly and smiley. "Well, you ran into him coming from my room," I tell her. She gives me a teasingly judgmental look. "No, nothing except a brief make out. We just fell asleep watching the most unromantic movie possible, selected by yours truly." She decides his chipper mood must be because of the good night he just had... definitely agree. Feeling good.

## MONDAY

**3:00 AM**

Get an e-mail from Date Boy asking me to dinner on Tuesday. Wow, that is actually the only day I have free all week. Perfect. Double wow, he's totally into me. It hasn't even been 24 hours since we last saw each other...

## TUESDAY

**8:00 AM**

Boy who used to like me freshman year says how nice I look today. We make plans to hang out that week.

**10:00 AM**

Run into super hunky one-night-stand boy in the dining hall. He initiates friendly chat. Later, while I am sitting, he goes out of his way to walk by and make some appreciative comment about my style. Pleasantly surprising superfluous friendliness.

**5:00 PM**

Get a missed call and message from Rando Guy. He asks me out to dinner. I think to myself, "Sweet! I really do have sick game." Wait to call him back until later tonight after my other date. Never want to seem too eager.

**6:00 PM**

Dinner with Date Boy.

He texts to say he is outside the dining hall, "Are we still getting dinner?"

Ha! He is already there to meet me for dinner and he still asks if we are going to eat together. "I am coming"

One look in the mirror - damn I look good. Feel reassured.

**7:00 PM**

We walk together leaving the dining hall laughing about

*The Rumpus*, but, when it is time to say goodbye I am thinking "What is up with the sudden need to peace out so quickly... and no hug?" Whatever, right? I am running late to my meeting.

**8:00 PM**

Run into the friend that set us up. She wants to know how things are going. Here are the fundamentals:

He is cute. He is nice.

I have really enjoyed talking with him and getting to know him.

We are really different, but I really like that. In fact, I want someone different.

Now I am at the point where I am not really sure where to go. I think things are going well, I am having fun, and we have had several dates on his initiative. I feel we are at the point where we reassess our interests and either a) continue with a more conscious investment in spending time together or b) we don't.

**10:00 PM**

I decide to take some initiative. The ball is in my court. I am definitely the hotter and cooler one so it should be up to me. That being said, I *am* looking for someone who does NOT think they are totally sweet (a.k.a. not a Zeta boy). E-mail and texts are not my style. I call. No answer. Hang up.

**10:30 PM**

The friend who set us up calls. "Are you ready?" she says. "He thinks you are pretty and fun to talk to but he is not looking for anything serious and is just not attracted to you."

*WTF! Are you serious?! I cannot even believe this crap!*

My initial reaction is to play it cool. "Okay. You win some you lose some," I say. That was the most irrelevant and meaningless response.

Total shock.

First, how is it that all the things in my life fall apart at all at the same time? School and job searches were already taking their toll on my happiness, now romance too. Secondly how could this happen? I honestly don't understand where this came from. If he asked me to dinner he was interested a few days ago and now...now he is NOT ATTRACTED TO ME?! Look, you either are or you are not.

My thoughts: If you asked me out to dinner again the night after we hooked up then you are attracted. After our one hour date, during which I looked very attractive and was told so by several people who saw me that night, how can you just decide that it is going nowhere?

These thoughts continue to frustrate me for the rest of the night. Manage to waste an entire night with my unproductiveness, pathetic self doubts, and irritation. This is not just about this one guy anymore; it is about all the shitty romantic failures I have encountered in my young romantic life. Why can no one at Yale (with the exception of a few of my close friends whom I have sought out for this reason) place the appropriate value on relationships? And not just the romantic ones, but the friendship ones too. Have people here been so blinded by their own ambitions that they can't see the priceless value of human relationships? Is no one willing to invest a little and take some social and interactive risks to learn a great deal more about life than they will in a classroom?

Maybe that is what this is really about. Here was a guy that I would have shut down ten times over if this was freshman year, or even sophomore year, but I wanted to take a risk. Well that turned out to be a crap shoot.

**11:30 PM**

Go to the library to distract myself, but see Old Crush. Decide to sit and chat with him for five to make myself feel better. It doesn't really help. I get no work done and go back to my room.

**12:20 AM**

(Ex)-Date Boy texts in response to my call from earlier. Says that he is in the middle of something and asks if he can call me later.

**12:30 AM**

Rejection has made me actually care more than I really did in the first place. Delusional notion begins to grow then blossoms inside my head; I must have intimidated him. Decide to give him another chance.

## WEDNESDAY

**10:30 AM**

Decide I really was being delusional. There is no second chance.

**1:00 PM**

I love my friends and hate my life right now. Yale sucks! And so does lab...

**4:00 PM**

Yale is beautiful in the fall. Why do boys suck?

**5:00 PM**

On the phone with my friend outside discussing everything that happened in the last 24 hours with this boy and why casual dating is inherently flawed (because in theory it sounds nice but in reality it builds up expectations that end, more often than not, in unexplained rejection). There, walking toward me, is the boy we are talking about!

Ridiculous! I get off. I know I have to clear up all this bullshit for my own sanity. Get his attention. He seems very focused on walking quickly.

Small talk. I just have it out. "Look. I am in somewhat of a precarious situation. I called you last night to apologize for being preoccupied at dinner, but then I found out from my friend that you just want to be friends. Which is fine, but I wanted to make sure I didn't say anything at dinner that may have offended you or something..." That was a solid statement. "No," he says. "It's not *that*." We are standing there looking at each other. I am thinking, "Then what the hell was it?" Why can't we just ask those questions? Brain is cranking more thoughts... *oh my god, are you gay?*

"Okay," I say instead. "I hope we can be friends." LAME!

**6:00 PM**

Recap this for the friend I had been on the phone with. Tell her he said, "No, it's not *that*." First thing she says is, "Do

you think he could be gay?" Thank God something made me laugh!

**9:30 PM**

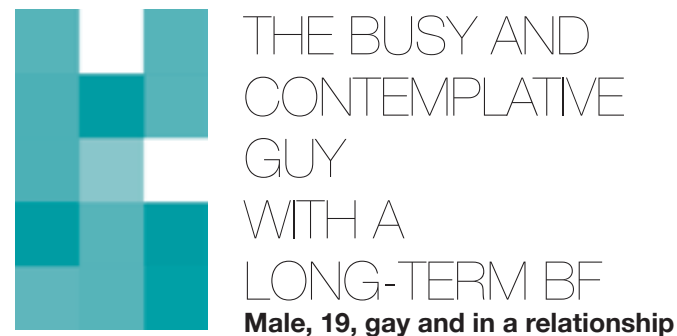
I am going to Ashley's with a girlfriend and say hi to two boys and we end up talking for a half an hour.

**10:00 PM**

Conversation is interrupted by a phone call from Rando Guy who asked me out to dinner. Dinner plans are set for Saturday night.

**10:30 PM**

Already feeling much better about my manic-depressive response to the Date Boy debacle. You know what, maybe he is gay...



## TUESDAY

**2:33 AM**

Too late to call Boo. Log on to X-Tube before bed.

**2:47 AM**

Takes me awhile to find something I like... a not-as-straight-as-advertised marine getting a blow job. I worry that I have watched so much porn its losing its effect on me.

**2:55 AM**

Or not. Yay X-Tube is free! Bedtime.

**9:47 AM**

I look at myself in the mirror getting out of the shower. I resemble a drowned rat when wet. I wonder how anyone would ever want to have sex with me. It's the morning: I'm wondering how anyone would ever want to have sex with anyone. I need breakfast.

**5:24 PM**

At dinner, a friend says that she thinks hand jobs are useless. At first, I disagree with her. But then I don't know. Hand jobs are good. Blow jobs are better.

**8:26 PM**

This is the one night of the week that Boo and I are both free. Boo has had a long day, so I give him a backrub, which turns into a hand job, which turns into a blow job. Yay reciprocation is free!

## WEDNESDAY

**12:34 PM**

At lunch with suitemate, talk a lot about how much we love the cock. We decide that we don't mean to be stereotypical gays (is this stereotypical gay behavior?), we actually just love the cock so much we talk about it at length (pun?).

**2:45 PM**

Discussion at lunch stays with me. When I see/talk to guys I think about how big they are, what their cocks are like.

**4:36 PM**

On the street, I see a hot guy who goes to the nursing school who I have heard has a huge cock. I give him the straightest head nod I can muster and wonder if it is really as big as I've heard.

**7:18 PM**

I follow up with my suitemate, tell him that I don't think size is as important as character, shape. I'm not a size queen. It's all about how you use it and how well it goes with your personality.

**7:25 PM**

We tell this to one of our straight suitemates as he walks past us to his room.

**7:28 PM**

He agrees! Har har har.

**7:33 PM**

We total the time we have spent today talking about dick and decide that we are really gay.

**8:22 PM**

Instead of working, I get on X-Tube and find a compilation video of cumshots because talking and thinking about different kinds of cock all day has given me an appetite for variety.

**8:58 PM**

Did I actually just waste more than half an hour jacking off?

## THURSDAY

**12:45 AM**

Just got out of a meeting. Text Boo. He is still awake.

**12:57 AM**

Get to Boo's room. We're both tired. I read on his bed until he decides to crash.

**1:08 AM**

I start flirting but am a little relieved when Boo says he is too tired. I am tired too. We spoon in his bed instead of boning.

**1:23 AM**

Boo is asleep. I wake him up when I leave but not too much. Dorm beds suck for spooning, but we are getting better at it.

**3:37 PM**

**He has a twin, identical. I used to fantasize about them. I realize I don't really fantasize that much anymore, not like high school.**

**3:37 PM**

Get a random phone call from a friend (straight guy) from high school who I really wanted to fuck. He is bugging me for information about an internship I had two summers ago. He has a twin, identical. I used to fantasize about them. I realize I don't really fantasize that much anymore, not like high school. Por que no?

**3:52 PM**

Extend my earlier observation about fantasizes to infatuations. I don't really get obsessed with guys like I used to. I think this is because I am a more functional gay person now. I was out in high school but couldn't really handle myself. Blah blah blah. Is it narcissistic to think about one's sexuality so much? Is it necessary?

**6:10 PM**

At dinner with straight, female friend. She talks about having hot breakup sex with her boyfriend. She got a new vibrator. I wonder if Boo and I should get a toy. I think that would be weird. But then anal sex is pretty weird anyway. Maybe I should follow up on this.

**6:12 PM**

Last week Boo surprised me with a pair of hot, extra-tightie whities because I had made some offhand comment about how hot I thought guys in tight underwear are. It was a really nice thing to do; so now I feel like I need to match him, surprise him somehow. I ask my friend what she thinks.

**6:13 PM**

Handcuffs! I had not thought of that, but that would be perfect. She says they're cheap at VIP.

## FRIDAY

**1:43 AM**

Boo calls drunk and wakes me up. He went out late and is at a party but about to go home. I have class in less than eight hours. Am briefly torn. Had I not already been asleep, I probably would go see him but now am tired and pissy. No dice.

**9:21 AM**

Am worried I was a shitty boyfriend last night by going to sleep. Feel bad I did not go see him. Friday class can lick my balls.

**8:45 PM**

Call Boo. We are going to separate parties, but I make it clear I want to see him later. He seems down.

## SATURDAY

**12:35 AM**

Got my drink on. Still a little early, but I am bored and want to find Boo. Text him.

**12:42 AM**

He texts back. Says he's headed home fairly soon.


**1:12 AM**

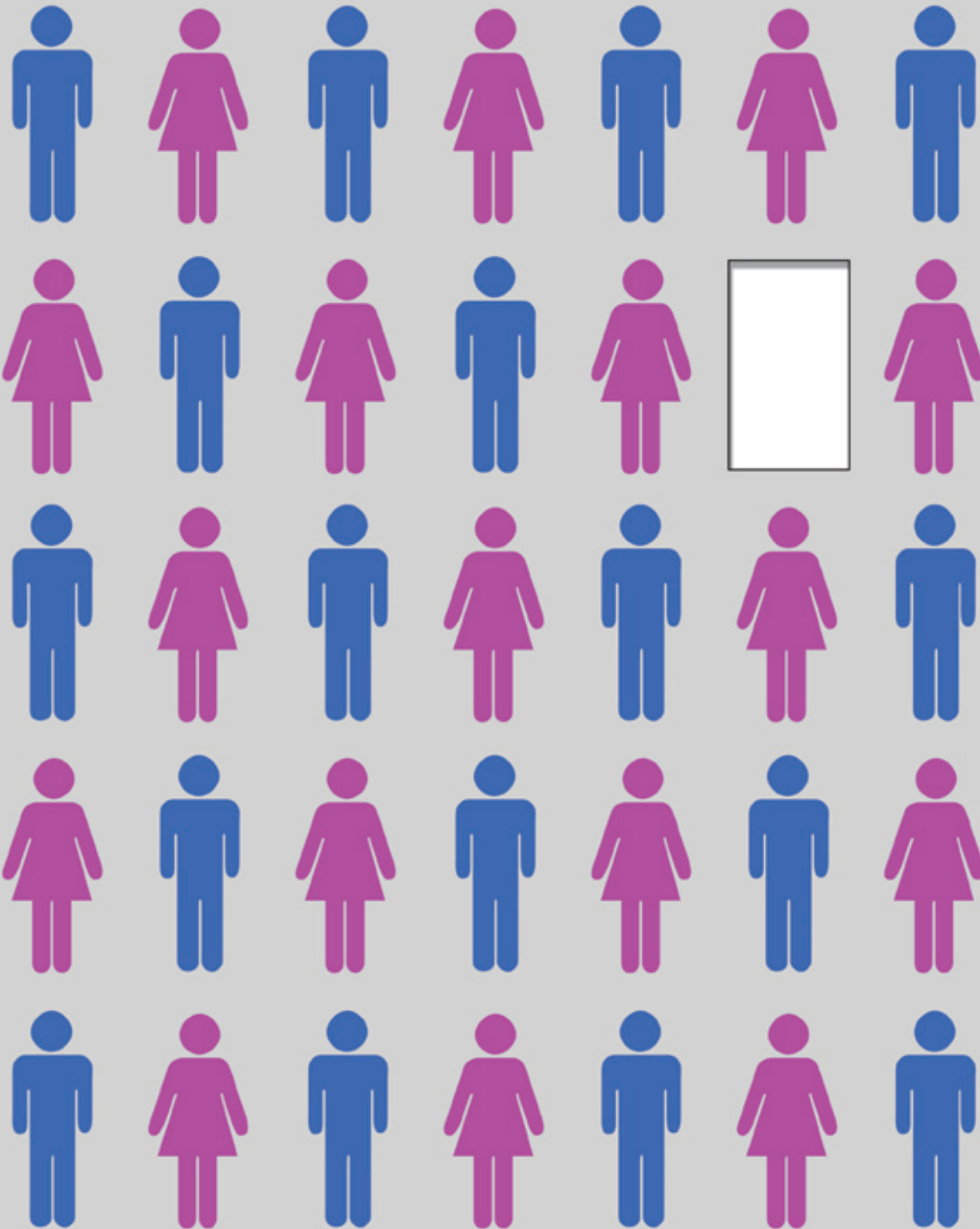
Get pizza at Brick Oven with people. Call Boo to see if he wants some. Realize this is probably not to the sexiest thing to do but whatevs. He does want some. And not just pizza.

**1:34 AM**

Get to Boo's room. Yay anal sex! Anal is actually really awesome if you know what you're doing. I play catcher. Over the course of our relationship, Boo and I have gone back and forth, but lately I've been playing extra innings. (If that metaphor doesn't quite make sense, I don't care. I watch baseball for the tight pants and crotch pulls.) It has been a long week; getting fucked is really nice. I feel like a good boyfriend!

**3:22 AM**

Wake up and go back to my own room. It's shitty to walk back, but neither of us sleeps well if I stay the night. Fucking dorm beds. 



# WO/MAN'S ROOM:

Trans-activists turn from discrimination policies to W.C.s, but it's going to take more than swapping a sign to achieve true gender neutrality on college campuses



by Sarah Raymond, Yale '08  
Illustration by Andrew Gomez

**A**FTER two large cups of coffee and the four hour drive from New York City to Providence, the situation has become urgent: Loren and I need to find a restroom. Loren parks the car in a Brown University garage, and we dash out from under the overhang and up a hill, huddled under my umbrella to shield us from the downpour. Up Power Street, left onto Benefit. Past Williams Street, John Street, Sheldon, streets with these proper New England patrician names, our jackets getting wetter, our bladders getting fuller.

Finally we stop in front of an antiques store. Loren ducks in to ask for some guidance, and emerges apologetic: the directions we've been following are wrong. As we hurry in the opposite direction, now heading towards campus, Loren tells me about the store's charming interior, manned by an older store clerk behind the counter. "She probably thought I was a nice young man."

We finally bound up the steps of the Brown University lecture hall into the warm foyer and dart past the platters of pumpkin bread, desperate to find the bathrooms. Spying the men's room, Loren slips through its door, only to pop back out a few seconds later. "The good thing about being genderqueer is that you can use either if one is full," s/he quips, and we push forward through the dank hallways to find a women's room and the end to our frenzied search.

Loren Krywaczyk's blithe shift from one bathroom to another doesn't surprise me after hearing about his/her gender-bending habits on our drive up from his/her Brooklyn neighborhood to this conference at Brown, "Sex/changes: Historical Transformations of Sex, Gender, and Sexuality." As we pattered through the morning flow of traffic exiting New York, Loren explained to me that s/he instructed students in his/her seventh grade class to call him/her Ms. K. "They said, 'Okay, we'll call you Ms. K., buuuut, you're a boy,'" Loren says, mimicking the students' skeptical cadences. Loren was born female but with his/her buzzed hair and brown leather jacket, looks like a pretty unconventional "Ms." S/he says the confusion doesn't bother the students too much. Loren asked to be referred to as 's/he' in this article — if "it's not too difficult for your editors."

Our quest at Brown for a restroom is a common trope in the lives of young genderqueer people like Loren, who consider themselves neither male nor female. It's tough to find a bathroom that's right for you when your image falls somewhere between the triangle-skirted woman and the square-shouldered man that hang on restroom doors. Genderqueer or transgender people avoid unfamiliar bathrooms less because of the symbolic dissonance they may feel at the door than because of what may happen to them when they enter. There's a reason that Wesleyan's "trans/gender" student group launched a survey of every bathroom on their campus to record each one's location, number of stalls, and door marker. There's a reason Harvard's assistant dean pledged to construct "gender non-specific" bathrooms in every newly renovated campus building. There's a reason Yale students decided to show a movie called *Toilet Training* during their Trans Awareness Week. It's not because trans students just can't "pick" a gender, or want to irritate their administrators and suck up renovation budgets. It's because of people like Christine Sforza, a trans woman who was beaten by a man with a lead pipe in July 2006 as she emerged from a Manhattan McDonald's bathroom, and then arrested by police who refused her pleas to seek medical attention or to file a criminal complaint against her attacker.

The metal stalls, shiny door latches, and unspoken social code of avoiding eye contact create an illusion of privacy in the average American restroom. The law reinforces these assumptions as well: Although the Supreme Court forbade racially "separate but equal" facilities long ago, the courts still permit designated bathrooms for men and women because of safety and propriety concerns, as if a closed door can actually fend off an attacker. Every day, we reveal intimate parts of ourselves in very public and frequently unfamiliar places, surrounded by flimsy barriers that we rely on to protect us. While most people might be able to live comfortably with this denial, transgender individuals confront the fallacy daily. In the sheltered worlds of America's top universities, attacks like the one on Sforza are — for the most part — extremely rare. Trans students at these schools avoid the exposed,

"It's tough to find a bathroom that's right for you when your image falls somewhere between the triangle-skirted woman and the square-shouldered man..."

multi-stall, gender labeled bathrooms that are most common in their class buildings and dormitories less out of concrete fears of attack, although some students said those fears are often on their minds. Instead, they face shifty stares or abrupt exits from other students who don't understand what it means to be trans. Those suspicious reactions are a reminder to trans students: Next time, wait for a bathroom they've already ascertained is private, or abandon bathrooms when they're occupied, as Loren did. It's not a physical threat, but the social discomfort of bothering others — of threatening others, even as they themselves are just trying to stay secure — still forces trans students to hush up, hold it in, and wait for a safe place to pee.

**T**HE fact that trans students are even visible in the hallways of prestigious college campuses is notable in itself. As universities become more progressive about the diversity of students they seek to live and work at their campuses, as the titles of student centers swell from LGB to LGBTQ to LGBTQ, young transgender people feel comfortable enough to reveal that they consider themselves a different sex from the one they were born with.

And as environments on campus became less hostile to their gender deviance, transgender students started pushing for changes to further their acceptance. The campus "transactivist" movement came to a head between 2003 and 2005, when major liberal arts universities began to amend their non-discrimination policies — documents that conventionally prohibited discrimination on the basis of such categories as race, gender, and sexual orientation — to include gender identity and expression. Those reforms were the result of petitions, rallies, and alumni intervention, and the public took note. National news outlets published article after article about how transgender students and their non-transgender "allies" were pushing for change.

As a key member of that push for acceptance at Yale before graduating in 2006, Loren has been invited to talk at a panel for the conference called "Transforming Campuses." The 15 or so audience members settle into their seats in the small lecture room, and the speakers — all white, all female-assigned at birth — launch into introductions. Zach Strassburger, the panel's moderator, is a trans-identified man who wears a short buzz cut, a green button-down shirt, and black pants. His earnest round face grows serious as he lists a long series of reforms — a gender neutral housing initiative, training for health services, workshops for students, to name a few — that he helped advance at Wesleyan. "A few years ago there were a lot of newspaper articles about trans campus activism in *The New York Times*, *The Boston Globe*, the *Associated Press*, and that sort of moment of transactivism was re-

## Drag Ball 2007 at Yale

featuring *All The King's Men*,  
a drag-based theater troupe



photos by Jeff White

ally important historically for other campuses to be involved in organizing, or to start involvement if they haven't before," Zach eagerly explains to the audience of faculty members, who vigorously nod their heads. "That moment, I'm not sure if it's over, and I'd like to hear about it."

The changes that these news outlets documented, which largely consisted of reform to non-discrimination policies, spread across college campuses in similar ways: Energetic students, some transgender and some interested for ideological or personal reasons, push their administrations for reform. Administrations, initially resistant, field various firestorms of criticism and support from alumni. After discussions with legal counselors and boards of directors, the amendment passes. Around 200 liberal arts schools across the country have come to include gender identity in their non-discrimination policies. Yale's amendment in October 2006 capped off the wave of Ivy League schools to enact the change.

Hugh Baran, a junior at Yale who does not identify as trans but served as president of the Queer Political Action Committee on campus and helped secure the reforms to his university's non-discrimination policy, described how the group launched a petition in November 2005 to kick off their campaign. They received over 1,000 signatures from Yale students, a vast number "considering that it's an issue that's really generally off people's radars."

"People understood that discrimination is wrong and that you should oppose it," he said. As he and his fellow QPAC-ers appealed to their fellow students for support, they tried to avoid conversations about the "nitty gritty" of full-fledged gender non-discrimination. Matters like coed housing or bathrooms are touchy subjects, and Baran hoped that students wouldn't get hung up on the details of execution as he pushed for higher-level reform. After a full year of writing letters and legal guides, QPAC succeeded — although Anna Wipfler, a QPAC member, was quick to add that she believes the victory only occurred after a generous alumnus with a trans son wrote the president's office highlighting the campaign as a cause for concern. Once the amendment passed, QPAC lost its momentum. Hugh and Anna have moved on to other causes, and the group has not yet met again this year. Meanwhile, the more controversial logistical changes that Hugh intentionally avoided in his petition appeals have been far slower and more difficult to execute.

Amending a non-discrimination policy is a difficult but fairly straightforward mission. Interpreting what "non-discrimination" means and changing the structures of campus life is far more complicated. College life is a labyrinth full of snares and dead ends for transgender students attempting to transition as they wend their way through four-year universities. Now a large woman, clad in a long red leather coat over a Celtic patterned T-shirt, her lips lightly coated in gloss, Helena\* remembers the difficulties she faced when transitioning as a Harvard sophomore. She was kicked out of her suite to live in a medical single when a roommate decided she couldn't live with a transgendered person after all. When she visited health services with a cold, she received a lecture on safe sex. And, of course, she exclusively used the one single-stall bathroom in her dorm rather than risk an unfamiliar, multi-stall one in a class building.

In recent years, Helena's alma mater has tried to make life a bit easier for the few trans students on its campus. Paul McLoughlin, who took over as assistant dean of the college after Helena graduated, has changed some of the more fixable problems on campus, such as changing the signs on single stall bathrooms to be gender non-specific, instead of split for men and women. He has also tried to include a gender neutral bathroom in all of Harvard's newly constructed buildings.

Creating a non-gendered bathroom isn't always just a matter of eliminating crude stick-figure signs from facility doors. McLoughlin's sprightly voice slows as he explains the legal restrictions that plague his efforts to make Harvard trans-friendly. The Massachusetts Plumbing Code mandates equal numbers of gender-specific restrooms in all places of employment, a relic of Title IX days when legislators feared employers who wanted to deter women from applying to their companies would exclusively build men's restrooms in their offices. Ironically, and sadly for trans students, the successful reforms from the feminist gender

\* Name has been changed to protect the source's identity



politics campaign 30 years ago impedes the progress of trans advocacy today.

Not all administrators are even sympathetic to the prospect of gender-neutral restrooms. Morgan Ray calmly faces the audience at the Brown panel and explains his crusade to re-label single stall bathrooms at the University of Massachusetts, where he is a senior, to be gender neutral. Morgan wears a navy T-shirt with the word “Tranny” in white letters over a rendering of what he later explains is a car transmission. Morgan, a trans identified man, describes in a frenetic alto voice the San Francisco-based campaign he helped spread to UMass, People in Search of Safe Restrooms (or PISSR, he points out, which gets a chuckle from the audience), that ended up adopting some quasi-guerilla tactics to “institute” one gender neutral bathroom. Morgan hams it up for his audience, describing how a gender-neutral sign just “happened” to appear on the restroom door one day, eyes wide with innocent glee. “The university decided it would be too expensive to take it down — it’s very well affixed,” he finishes emphatically while the room fills with conspiratorial giggles.

Morgan’s pale face flattens as he relates the conclusion of PISSR’s efforts: In the yearlong campaign, that bathroom was their only success, and UMass currently has just three gender-neutral bathrooms on a campus of 25,000 students. With no one to pick up such initiatives after Morgan graduates and a non-discrimination policy that does not protect gender identity, PISSR’s search for safe restrooms may soon come to a rest.

A burlesque dancer jiggles on stage in a dining hall at Yale, which echoes with wolf whistles and cheers. She peels back stiff layers of her dark suit and crisp shirt to reveal inches of creamy flesh. Off come the long black dress socks and the men’s black boxer briefs. A perky rear end, covered in rows of bouncing ruffles, springs into view. Off comes her flimsy ribbed undershirt, torn down the middle with one strong yank. A chest bound flat with a long scarf of cloth and a rectangle of duct tape emerges. Off comes the duct tape and, soon enough, so does the scarf. The dancer skips through the crowd topless, cupping her voluptuous breasts with her palms and grinning from ear to ear, before she bounds backstage and out of sight.

I retreat through the cat calls to the hallway, in search of respite from the loud Drag Ball festivities. Tonight’s talent show and dance is the first in a series of events for Transgender Awareness Week at Yale, which Loren helped found in 2002. Hundreds of people have turned

“Ironically, and sadly for trans students, the successful reforms from the feminist gender politics campaign 30 years ago impedes the progress of trans advocacy today.”

out to see acts like the burlesque dancer, a member of the professional drag troupe All the King’s Men that the Yale LGBT Student Cooperative hired for the show. I spy the ladies room door, and jump up to peek inside. I’m greeted with an unfamiliar sight. The room is filled with a line of people, some in long hair and tight dresses, some wearing newsboy caps, ties and painted-on mustaches. Their faces reflect in the smudged mirror above the two sinks, and their excited chatter mingles as it echoes on the yellow tiles.

As much as the sight of a gender-variant restroom might be a hopeful one for transgender students, the bathroom predictably reverted to its gender-segregated status the following day. Trans Week, while fairly well attended, received mixed reviews in the school newspaper, in which students bemoaned the week’s dearth of basic information about transgenderism. The Co-op did screen movies that highlighted some of the problems transgender people face, such as one called *Toilet Training* that explains the bathroom issue. But the most popular events, such as the “Trans on Trans” panel about transgender sex and sexuality, did not include that type of fundamental debriefing. Loren, who returned to Yale to moderate the panel, began the discussion by urging the audience that crammed into the basement room at the Yale Women’s Center, “We’re going to try to stay away from Trans 101.” Trans Week coordinators handed out blank pieces of paper for the audience to write questions, but the young man sitting next to me doodled on his scrap as the panelists — all in their mid-20s and none students — talked about power dynamics and role playing. Trans Week may have raised awareness, but understanding about the challenges trans people face seemed in short supply.

Even after the non-discrimination amendments, entrenched ignorance about transgenderism remains the status quo on campus. Alex\* is one of the small set of students at Yale who identifies as genderqueer — or “ginderqueer,” as ze pronounces in hir lilting North Carolinian drawl, hir hazel eyes widening to emphasize the last syllable. Alex, a sophomore, asked to be called by non-gendered referents in print but goes by male pronouns in regular life to keep things simple for fellow students such as hir suitemates, who don’t know ze is genderqueer. That’s hir basic philosophy as ze figures out hir gender identity — not to offend, not to make others uncomfortable. Alex challenges gender norms by playing with hir image, but does so carefully: Hir clothing — striped and plaid work shirt, low-rise jeans — comes from the free bins that the campus environmental group places in every dorm, which ze tailors to fit hir narrow frame snugly. Alex finds hir jewelry, like the delicate silver earring that dangles subtly next to hir half smile, in the dining hall’s lost-and-found or among friends’ castoffs.

In hir dorm, where the bathrooms are officially coed, Alex found hirself caught between hir genderqueer expression and hir desire not to offend. Hir suite shares a bathroom with a “female-identified” one. On the first day of school, a woman from across the hall taped signs onto the two bathroom stalls, one reading “men,” one “women.” Alex shows me the bathroom — the women’s sign is typed out in a curling script font, the men’s one in bold, dark letters. Alex uses the designated men’s room, since ze respects hir neighbor’s overt proclamation that the alternative would make her uncomfortable. “I’ve been using male bathrooms all my life, so...” ze trails off.

We walk into hir common room, leaving the door to the bathroom open, and plop down on couches opposite from each other. As Alex tells me about hir weekend, a young woman from across the hall in sweatpants and a T-shirt crosses through the bathroom, and places her hands on the door. She catches my eye as she begins to close it, marking out the space as her own. Her solitary footsteps echo softly on the tile as she walks away. ¶

\* Name has been changed to protect the source’s identity



# SEX GAMES

photos by Daisy Atterbury, Yale ‘10  
Bronwen Roberts, Yale ‘10  
Bryan Twarek, Yale ‘10









MAKING THE GRADE  
AS STUDENT...

**AND PARENT** by Molly Fischer, Yale '09

photos by Ani Katz





W

hen Faith Rosetta looks back on her pregnancy, she feels (among other things) a certain self-aware sense of amusement: “the pregnant girl” isn’t an archetype you expect to bump into in the dining hall. In fact, pregnancy is so far outside the realm of possibility for most Yalies that Rosetta says she often wasn’t sure that her classmates even registered what was going on.

“*What’s wrong with that girl?*” she says, imagining their internal monologue. “*She’s funny-shaped!*”

Because when average Yalies see a swollen belly, they don’t think, *pregnant*. They think, *shit, time to lay off the sustainable beef burgers*.

Having a baby is hard, and having a baby while in college is harder. Having a baby while a student at an Ivy League college is not just hard but also practically unheard of, which only makes it even more challenging — schools don’t necessarily have mechanisms in place to accommodate undergraduate parents and their needs. But, perhaps more importantly, becoming a parent wholly derails the popular vision of what college involves: being up all night studying one night and up all night getting drunk the next, coasting on parental funds, and trying to drum up career plans. The typical campus discussion of sex is so far removed from its procreative function that it’s startling to see a reminder, complete with fat feet and diapers.

So even when classmates do get what’s going on, they don’t necessarily know what to make of parents in their midst. The standard reaction? “Cartoon eyes and dropped jaws,” in the words of Fitz Shaw, a junior at Columbia and the father of four-month-old Sawyer.

Of course, before his daughter was born, he would probably have done the same thing. Rosetta has been dealing with parenthood for over two years now; Shaw is just learning the ropes. Neither could have predicted the path that their college careers would take.

In high school, Rosetta says, she was “a badass.” Or, rather: “I thought I was.”

Until her junior year, she didn’t expect to go to college—she figured she’d “drop out, have babies, and wait tables.” Her mother, who raised her as a single parent, had been unable to finish college, and her father had an eighth-grade education. College, Rosetta figured, was something you only did if you had money.

In eleventh grade, though, the New Mexico native transferred to the Native American Preparatory School. There, one of the first admissions presentations her class received was from a Yale representative, who spoke “so beautifully” and impressed Rosetta so thoroughly that she immediately set her sights on the university. She applied, was accepted, and decided to attend. She may have been a badass, but she was also valedictorian.

After the initial culture shock of arriving on campus, Rosetta thrived — settling in to Timothy Dwight, her residential college; making friends; getting to know her dean. But following the tumultuous autumn of her sophomore year (a friend’s death, followed in quick succession by the death of her father) she decided to take some time off from school. During her year off, she met a dancer named Eyje at the Gathering of Nations, the country’s largest powwow: “We started hanging out,” she said. “And never stopped.”

He was from the Syracuse region in New York, and the two eventually made a cross-country road trip between their respective homes,

Faith Rosetta and her child, Hanawenh, share a laugh in the Timothy Dwight common room at Yale. (across)

stopping along the way in Oklahoma City. Rosetta is pretty sure that her daughter was conceived there, at the Red Earth Powwow.

When she realized she was pregnant, “everyone” told her to get an abortion. Her family insisted that she finish her education; they warned that her boyfriend wouldn’t provide for a child. Her mother presented her with information on clinics and costs.

“But,” said Rosetta, “I was a badass.”

Of course, that’s a glib summary of her decision: the reality was more complicated than adolescent rebellion. She describes her views on abortion as “pro-choice — but pro-life for myself,” and says that it was also important to her to take her boyfriend’s pro-life views into account. And her mother supported her fully once she had made her choice. So while many Ivy League students would have balked at adding parenthood to their list of accomplishments, Rosetta took the path less traveled. She decided to keep the baby.

Shaw’s parents met at Yale Divinity School. He spent his early years in England, while his father earned his Ph.D. at Cambridge, and then leapfrogged around the U.S. — Alabama, Colorado — before coming to New York in 2005 to study painting at Columbia. He had met his girlfriend, Zena, when they were both sixteen, and they gradually progressed from friendship to dating to a long-distance relationship. She went to Carnegie Mellon, and they visited each other as often as they could — “We were together all the time,” he explained.

In November 2006, Shaw and his girlfriend found themselves in the same situation that Rosetta had faced the year before. And, like Rosetta, they made the unexpected decision.

Shaw says that he’s pro-choice, adding that his mother worked for years with Planned Parenthood and is adamant about reproductive rights. But, he points out, “choice” also entails the freedom to make choices other than abortion. In the end, his girlfriend “couldn’t bring herself emotionally” to end the pregnancy, and he supported her decision. They “half-considered” adoption, Shaw says — but it’s hard to give up a baby that you’ve thought about (and physically carried) for nine long months.

With his tattoos and piercings, Shaw acknowledges that he’s the last student most would pick out as a father. Fellow students, especially older students, are shocked — they can’t imagine themselves, much less one of their younger peers, as parents. But he’s found professors to be relatively unfazed. He’s had to approach them about missing school to visit his baby, among other things, and says that they’ve taken the situation in stride — “or maybe they just thought I was a grad student.”

But Rosetta can vouch for the importance of supportive faculty members. When she returned to school after learning of her pregnancy, she immediately told John Loge, her residential college dean. He understood — and with good reason.

Rosetta was surprised but reassured to hear the story he proceeded to tell. In 1964, after his sophomore year at Yale, his girlfriend became pregnant; he stayed home in southern California to marry her and finished college at UCLA. In other words, becoming a parent while in college might be hard, but it had been done before — and Loge himself had a good idea what she was going through. After hearing that, Rosetta says, she “didn’t feel as strange” as she had at first.

Loge shrugs off any praise, saying that he just provided the support that any dean would have. In fact, 1963 — the year before he left — was the first year that Yale established the position of residential college deans. Had he had a relationship with his own dean, Loge speculates, he might have felt able to remain at Yale. Bureaucracies can seem impersonal, but Loge believes that shared human experience is an important part of his role.

“Yale isn’t just about academic subjects, it’s about people,” he said.

**S**haw says that sometimes he feels bipolar. “I’ve cried more, and been happier, in the past year than ever before. It is,” he added, without a trace of irony, “an emotional rainbow.” Still, he doesn’t want to be anybody’s cautionary tale. He calls Sawyer his “adventure.”

Sarah Brown, the CEO of the National Campaign to Prevent Teen and Unplanned Pregnancy, agrees.

“Having a baby is one of the most important and profoundly moving experiences that humans have,” she said. But she worries that the prevalence of unplanned pregnancy suggests our culture is “not taking this seriously enough.”

According to her organization, women in their twenties now account for the largest number of unplanned pregnancies in the U.S. — which is why the National Campaign has recently broadened its mission to include the issue of unplanned pregnancy among young adults as well as among teens.

“Babies are great,” Brown said. “You just want to eat their little hands, and thank God.” But what happens eight, or eighteen years down the line? It’s a question that gets sidestepped in the pop culture vision of accidental babies as a shortcut to cozy domesticity (RIP the Heath Ledger/Michelle Williams/Baby Matilda dream team) or a coming-of-age catalyst (Judd Apatow’s “Knocked Up”). And while any parent could be great, or bad, statistics strongly suggest that the odds are stacked against younger ones.

Shaw acknowledges the challenges of the path he’s chosen — one that combines the pressures of an Ivy League education with the difficulty of being



Rosetta and Hanawenh, who is also pictured below



separated from his child, currently with his girlfriend and her family in Houston. Still, he says that he expects to remember his college career just as any other student would — his has just been harder, because of “a million other worries.”

Because, while individual people like residential college deans might be supportive, the undergraduate experience fundamentally wasn’t designed for people with children — and therein lie the difficulties that face student parents. This can mean struggling with practical issues, like housing. Rosetta was disappointed to find that Yale didn’t provide family housing to unmarried undergraduates; Shaw wanted his pregnant girlfriend to move in with him at Columbia but the university wasn’t able to accommodate. And, of course, there’s the inevitable question of time. Make small talk in any college library and you’ll hear plenty of time management sob stories — all college students think of themselves as “busy,” and “stressed,” and “sleep-deprived.” But for parents, this is more than whining. There are no extensions on four-AM feedings.

Parenting also raises more abstract issues — like the sense that having a kid might make you less credible as a stu-

dent, or the desire to compartmentalize the most important parts of your life. Rosetta had to fly to New York the week after her daughter was born to interview for a teaching fellowship. But she only told the committee that she had been on a medical leave; she didn’t want to reveal that she had just given birth.

Rosetta says that she seriously considered leaving the baby at home in New Mexico with her family. And, while she decided not to in the end, both she and Shaw say that they are tremendously grateful to their parents (and the parents of their significant others) for providing crucial emotional and financial support.

After he graduates in 2009, Shaw plans to move to Pittsburgh to be with his girlfriend while she finishes her degree. Looking farther down the line, both he and Zena (who’s also an artist) would like to get MFAs eventually. Having to plan a future around two other people is harder, he said — but it “doesn’t rule anything out.” He likes to think that he’s just going through a universal experience a few years earlier than most of his peers.

Rosetta, who finishes her Yale career in December 2007, plans to remain in the New Haven area with her daughter and boyfriend. She juggles waitressing, student teaching, and studying as well as parenting



— but while it took a while for her and her boyfriend to figure out how to balance their baby with the rest of their lives, they’re finally settled, a unit. Ultimately, she said, the challenge is “not just having a baby, but having a family.”

**d**onna, known to all as the Timothy Dwight College card-swipe lady, stops by to say hello and ask after Rosetta’s 20-month-old daughter. She’s napping at home, but Faith

promises to bring her by soon.

“People know me by my baby,” she says. “I’ve met people who I wouldn’t have otherwise.”

As for Hanawenh (whose name means “butterfly” in an Iroquois language), she’s got a head start: Rosetta jokes that she’s already completed an in-utero semester at Yale. And she’s known how to hold a book — to tell whether it’s right-side up, and how to turn the pages — since she was six months old.

Rosetta tells these stories knowing they’ll get a smile. Because it seems that pretty much everyone, Donna and Yalies alike, is a big fan of babies. They coo and crowd around and are disappointed, for instance, on the rare occasions when Rosetta doesn’t bring Hanawenh along to meetings of the Association of Native Americans at Yale.

Though they might not understand what students like Rosetta and Shaw have been through, they’re awed — and a little daunted by the way it relates to their own lives.

As a friend wrote on one of Shaw’s many Facebook photos of his daughter, “all im gonna say is my baby better be as cute as her.”



Fitz Shaw and daughter, Sawyer, who is also pictured above

## “college love is like that sometimes”

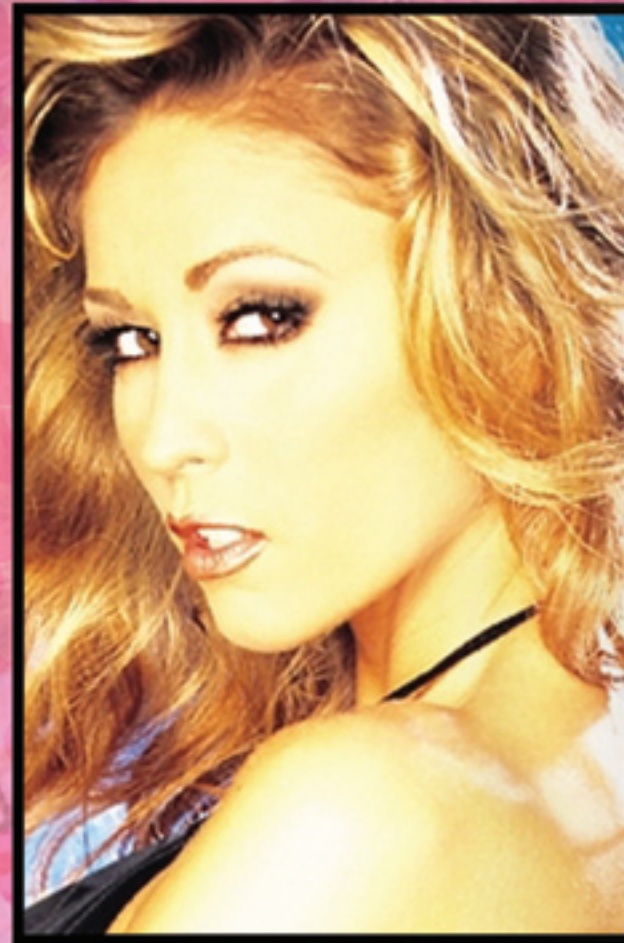
In an attempt to try and make sense of some pretty abstract concepts relating to sex and college, *SWAY Mag* turned to the internet, obviously, in search of answers. Using *Googlism.com* — a web application which searches Google and then displays the many ways it finds the term being used on the internet — we tried some searches... and got some pretty conclusive results:

**college love**  
college love is sweet  
college love is murder mystery conference  
college love is more mature  
college love is like that sometimes

**porn**  
porn is in & out & in & out again  
porn is too accessible  
porn is boring  
porn is better than drugs  
porn is way more fun than watching the super bowl  
porn is king

**roommate**  
roommate is driving me crazy  
roommate is a nympho  
roommate is stuck in the 80s  
roommate is pretty damn random  
roommate is the dinosaur hunter  
roommate is consistently inebriated and that poses a potential distraction

**love at first sight**  
love at first sight is real  
love at first sight is a physical and emotional impossibility  
love at first sight is rather like a mule  
love at first sight is so middle earth  
love at first sight is nothing different from love at last sight  
love at first sight is irresistible and inexplicable



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SCHEDULE

Sun., Feb. 10 <i>Foreplay Day</i>	<b>Stevie Jay - 8:00 PM, SSS 114</b> Life, love, sex, and other works in progress...
Mon., Feb. 11 <i>Relationships</i>	<b>Pepper Schwartz - 4:30 PM, LC 101</b> <i>Myths &amp; Misconceptions about Sex and Relationships</i> <b>Dr. Ruth Westheimer - 7:00 PM, Slifka Center</b> "Sexually Speaking"
Tues., Feb. 12 <i>What a Girl Wants</i>	<b>Patty Brisben, founder &amp; CEO of Pure Romance - 7:00 PM, Davies Auditorium</b> <i>Everything You've Always Wanted to Know about Sex (but were too afraid to ask)</i> <b>Girl's Night Out at Center St. Lounge - 9:00-11:00 PM, 84 Orange St.</b> First 100 women get a free Pure Romance gift bag! \$5 cover at the door.
Wed., Feb. 13 <i>Seduction</i>	<b>Matador, VH1's The Pick-Up Artist - 4:30 PM, LC 102</b> <i>Seduction: How to Get the Girl You've Always Wanted</i> <b>Mystery, VH1's The Pick-Up Artist - 7:00 PM, SSS 114</b> <i>The Mystery Method: Ladies want him, guys want to be him</i> <b>Speed Dating - 9PM, TBD</b> Think you've got what it takes to land a real date for Valentine's Day?
Thurs., Feb. 14 <i>Love</i>	<b>Glenn Geher &amp; Scott Barry Kaufman - 4:30 PM, LC 101</b> <i>Mating Intelligence: Sex, Relationships, and the Mind's Reproductive System</i> <b>Dr. Helen Fisher &amp; Logan Levkoff, love experts - 7:00 PM, LC 102</b> <i>The Chemistry and Communication of Love: What Makes that Special Someone so Special</i>
Fri., Feb. 15 <i>AIDS Awareness</i>	<b>YUHS Sex Week at Yale STI Screening Drive - 9:00 AM-5:00 PM, YUHS</b> Come get tested and enjoy a free Sex Week at Yale gift bag -- vibrator, vibrating rings, condoms and all! <b>The Sex Week Fashion Show and AIDS Awareness Benefit - 5:00 PM, LoRicco Ballroom, 216 Crown St.</b> <i>ViHdA and Sawobona: Carnival, Visibility and Life</i>
<i>Porn</i>	<b>Ron Jeremy &amp; Vivid Girl Monique Alexander vs. Craig Gross &amp; Donnie Pauling - 8:30 PM, LoRicco Ballroom, 216 Crown St.</b> "The Great Porn Debate"
Sat., Feb. 16 <i>Vivid Day</i>	<b>Steven Hirsch, co-founder &amp; CEO, Vivid Entertainment - 4:30 PM, SSS 114</b> <i>The Business of Porn: How Vivid Made It Mainstream</i> <b>Monique Alexander, Savanna Samson, Paul Thomas - 7:00 PM, Law Auditorium</b> <i>Panel Discussion and Q&amp;A with Vivid's adult superstars: Go ahead, ask a Vivid girl...</i> <b>Skull &amp; Boned - 10:00 PM, TOAD'S Place</b> Come dressed as your favorite adult star. Winner to be determined by Vivid's Paul Thomas and superstars Monique and Savanna!
Sun., Feb. 17 <i>Sex &amp; Spirituality</i>	<b>Dawn Eden, Stevie Jay, and Dr. Susan Block - 6:00 PM, WLH 119</b> <i>Sex, Spirituality, and Religion: A Panel Discussion</i>
Mon., Feb. 18 <i>Safe Sex</i>	<b>Peer Health Educators - 4:00 PM, LC 101</b> <i>Eroticizing Safe Sex: Make Sexual Health Fun!</i> <b>Trojan Brand Condoms - 7:30 PM, WLH 119</b> <i>Evolve: America's Sexual Health Problem and What Trojan's Doing about It</i>

Rooms and times subject to change. See [www.sexweekat Yale.com/schedule.htm](http://www.sexweekat Yale.com/schedule.htm).

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