

WEEKEND

SEX ON THE

WKND



coming back, but who's really coming...?

It's a new year, but perhaps more of the same. Involuntary-turned-voluntary celibacy is on the rise, and Sex on the WKND is back, but can we really write about sex that we're not having? That's a question for a different publication. It seems that the Carrie Bradshaw dreams of this column's years past have crumbled under the fact of the matter: As evocative as 3 a.m. midterm cramming sessions and group-thinks for your p-sets are, they are anything but an aphrodisiac. What is also not an aphrodisiac, it seems, is seeing your ghosts of Christmas Past and Present all taking shots in the backyard of Luther. The ghost of Christmas Future is taking shots with them.

Summer offered a pause from paranormal sightings, unless you were anywhere in Europe, or were in your hometown, or participated in a study abroad program, or were in New York or L.A. A brief respite, perhaps. Many, it appears, took that newfound freedom and discovered the joys of short-term low-committal hookups — dancing with German men the same age as your dad at clubs in Madrid is exhilarating, but certainly does not have end-game potential. The thirst to find

a personal sleep-study-workout buddy who gets you boned on the daily is as alive as ever, and, unfortunately, irreplaceable by a middle-aged German. Plus, you need the double-legacy to nepotise your future children.

For the first column of cuffing season, let's lay out some ground rules, so you can get the crème de la crème of the Yale scene. The jury is still out on what kind of scene it is. Incestuous is a great descriptor, but in terms of subjects, it's something in between dating, emotional masochism and academic distraction.

To Sex or not to Sex

SOTW is going to leave this entirely up to the reader. Like we said, we can't write about sex we're not having. We will provide an essential mental flow chart, though. Is it clear to your co-conspirator (and you) that this is going to be a one-time thing? Are you going to receive a text back afterwards? Are you going to regret having slept with your ex's social-group sibling? Is this, ultimately, a cry for help or still an attempt to get over your evil high-school situation? If the answer to any of the above is less than ideal, drink some water and go home. Or just use protection; then, at least, there's a degree of latex-laden separation.

"Uup?" texts

Generally, SOTW would dissuade you from sending messages under the following conditions: 1. Your friend has to press send. 2. You know, in the case of no-response, you'll want to move states and continue your academic career at Columbia or even, God forbid, an unnamed institution in the Boston area. 3. You've been 'sexiled' by your roommate and this is your last and only resort — it's not. The common room couch is infinitely more comfortable than awkward stares in your 10-person seminar.

High expectations

Hopefully you've had better experiences, but SOTW would recommend lowering your expectations in the following fields. First, texts back: your dream relationship is not going to be built from the bones — pun intended — of a 2 a.m. booty-call. Or it might — we've seen it all. Expectations not met? SOTW recommends 7 p.m. at Payne-Whitney Gymnasium or a small investment in an Etsy witch.

Camp Yale

SOTW has missed the mark on this by a few weeks, but just know, frosh, that the sex bear is alive and well, and will come back to bite at your bi-weekly Footie-

dinners. Don't do it. Instead, live vicariously through your SEC friend who's taking a new girl to fourth five days a week. Yale is in a perpetual cuck chair.

For the gay Yalie

It's tough out here at the gay Ivy. Whether you're getting kicked out of DKE for engaging in homoerotic relations, or somehow getting roped into the same incestuous friend group as your first-year closeted situationship (also known as the Edon Club), the dating pool seems particularly hetero. SOTW has two words of advice, both starting in grind, one ending in an italicized letter R. Dedicate yourself to your academic pursuits and play eye-tag between pages of reading, or log back into your infamous account from senior year of high school. The Quinnipiac dating pool is waiting and ready.

Sleeping Over

A million times yes. That is the real college experience. Realistically, you'll regret sleeping in a bed that's not yours nine out of 10 times, but the 10th time will always be the charm. The bed of a college situationship is sacred. The ghosting that ensues is probably even more sacred. Imagine yourself as Sofia

Coppola's Marie Antoinette prancing along with your ladies in waiting and avoiding the, potentially closeted, Louis XVI. The morning walk back to Old Campus — one of mourning, perhaps — will be burnished in your memory for months, or years, if SOTW is any example.

Balancing acts

SOTW knows your friends should always come first — especially if they end up in your bed. All jokes aside, there are two routes you can take in this age-old balancing act. The hookup-turned-friend pipeline is as difficult as it is essential. There are a few steps you should take. First, allow the passage of time to do its big one. Second, clear the air in a non-sexual manner in a social setting. Third, invite yourself over and force your former hookup to recount their entire life story in the early hours of the morning, then gracefully make your exit and proclaim the friendship ratified. For the friend-turned-hookup route, SOTW can offer no consult. Under legal obligation, we will neither advise nor dissuade from the timeless arrangement of the FWB. If this path calls your name regardless, go forth with a heart of steel and perhaps a chastity belt. Too antiquated for you? SOTW recommends: getting tested.