

darkened room were about all we'd need for a high degree of success.

Another concern was getting the project approved at MIT's Sloan School of Management (where I had my primary appointment). This was an ordeal in itself. Before allowing the research to begin, Dean Richard Schmalensee assigned a committee, consisting mostly of women, to examine the project. This committee had several concerns. What if a participant uncovered repressed memories of sexual abuse as a result of the research? Suppose a participant found that he or she was a sex addict? Their questions seemed unwarranted to me, since any college student with a computer and an Internet connection can get hold of the most graphic pornography imaginable.

Although the business school was stymied by this project, I was fortunate to have a position at MIT's Media Lab as well, and Walter Bender, who was the head of the lab, happily approved the project. I was on my way. But my experience with MIT's Sloan School made it clear that even half a century after Kinsey, and despite its substantial importance, sex is still largely a taboo subject for a study—at least at some institutions.

IN ANY CASE, our ads went out; and, college men being what they are, we soon had a long list of hearty fellows awaiting the chance to participate—including Roy.

Roy, in fact, was typical of most of the 25 participants in our study. Born and raised in San Francisco, he was accomplished, intelligent, and kind—the type of kid every prospective mother-in-law dreams of. Roy played Chopin études on the piano and liked to dance to techno music. He had earned