Objecting to a (gay) marriage

on committing to the bit

I am a fan of [committing to bits](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=suipiqewpzc). In fact, I believe committing to bits is mandatory (for myself, at least). I think there’s always fun opportunities to be had by doing outlandish things, whether creating a fake pen-spinning “influencer” [Instagram account](https://www.instagram.com/ian_pen_spins/) off of a friends joke, or going to a concert in Minnesota the night before Quiz Bowl Nationals in Atlanta (leading to a 5AM flight, followed by a frantic dash to the game room 30 seconds before the round began). Bit commitment has brought me great memories, and often are some of my favorite moments in life. A few bits have even helped me in unexpected ways:

Asked to make a stuffed-penguin hat despite not knowing anything about sewing? Commit. It not only gave me a fun hat, but also a story for my Common App essay (and MIT supplemental!).

A cat lying on a bed with a penguin on top of it

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(Pictured: my cat wearing the penguin hat omg he’s sooooo cuteee)

Even if the commitment is difficult, embarrassing, or inconvenient, once there’s an opportunity for comedy, I MUST TAKE IT. Assuming the bit passes the three key bit commitment rules. For a bit to worthwile, after all, it requires three key things:

1. Does the bit require commitment?
2. Is the bit safe?
3. Does the bit potentially hurt anyone, physically or emotionally?

One of the recent bits I have committed to has been objecting to a marriage. Objections are constantly used a [climactic moment in media](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mnzdST9lU0A&pp=ygUPb2JqZWN0aW9uIHNocmVr) yet they don’t ever really happen in real life. And that’s a damn shame. Like – they ask for those to speak now or forever hold your peace, and everyone just holds their peace. What a waste of a moment if everyone’s too weak willed to object. At this point, something has to give. Either we need to change as a society and start actually using objections or scrap the whole thing. I think objections are funny and should stay, so, I now believe these two things:

1. Every marriage should have at least one objection – to make it more interesting
2. Objecting to a marriage should be on everyone’s bucket list. Is life really worth living if not for derailing a sacred ceremony at a point it’s \*meant\* to be derailed? Its free permission to cause chaos

I’ve been waiting for my chance to object to a marriage for a while now1, to complete what I deem to be a quintessential item on anyone’s bucket list. My opportunity finally presented itself at CPW2 this April.

Between all the whirlwind events at CPW, the Random Hall gay marriage was one I knew I had to attend – after all, it promised to be both a real marriage, and to be gay. And have cats and cake. Gay cats, and gay cake. Throughout the weekend, I had been falling in love with the Random Hall community, and so in continuance of that, I of course, attended the marriage ceremony.

A group of people standing outside

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It was the late afternoon of a bleak and rainy day, and we all gathered upon the roofdeck of Random Hall, to celebrate the wedding of two of the dorm’s residents. It was in these moments of gathering, when I jokingly explained my passion for wedding objections to the group of pre-frosh I was attending with. And of course, they thought it would be funny to dare me to \*actually\* object to the \*actual marriage\*. And such, the bit was set.

The bit would be funny.

The bit would be safe.

Alas, however objecting to a wedding as a joke does have the potential to hurt those involved, so despite the possibility of objecting being funny, I had an out. So of course, the other pre-frosh asked the grooms for permission. And of course, the two grooms not only accepted, but they also encouraged the objection. They also thought it would be funny.

All three conditions had suddenly been met to qualify objecting to the marriage as a bit. I was in too deep, and there was only one thing remaining to do: commit.

So, as the two grooms walked down the aisle, commit I did. The line was read.

“Speak now or forever hold your peace”.

And I would never be able to hold my peace knowing I gave up on committing to a bit. So I did what I had to do:

<https://youtu.be/j0QxSsZ8aiM>

After the ceremony, I met countless new people, both attending MIT and pre-frosh alike. The objection was a great conversation starter (in fact, it remains a fun story to tell to this day). The rain stopped, the clouds parted, and a faint rainbow was visible in the sky. We all laughed, and ate gayke3. A perfect ending to a perfect wedding.

A knife and cake with chocolate frosting

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Did I make a fool of myself? Yes. Am I now known as the pre-frosh who objected to the wedding? Yes4. Do I regret it? Absolutely not.

1As I have not attended a wedding in many years, in part thanks to that pesky Covid-19

2Campus Preview Weekend, MIT’s annual event for admitted students to get a feel for life at the school

3Gay Cake

4Amongst other things: titles also include “That pre-frosh who put Frank’s Red Hot on a snow cone and ended up in East Campus’ i3 video”.