

THERE are many things I remember about the night I met the woman I would eventually marry. Her red suede ankle boots. The naughty twinkle in her eye when she asked if she could buy me a drink. The haunting Croatian music she played in her car. The way it rained that night, in June, in Johannesburg. It never rains in June in Johannesburg. Ever. I liked this girl.

But what sealed it, what would become the definitive moment/memory, was when we got to her flat. As we walked in, immediately to my right was a bookshelf. As she dashed into the kitchen to make tea and put on the radio with which I'd later discover she played Classic FM to her houseplants, a quick scan of the bookshelf confirmed that this could very well be the sexiest girl I'd ever met — Dostoevsky, Burroughs, Nabokov, Bukowski, Kafka. Even Kafka.

I remember panicking, panicking about whether I was going to be able to hold onto this rare creature — if she only dated smart men, was I going to be smart enough for her?

Weak-kneedness around clever girls is an affliction I acquired at a very early age. When I was 11 I turned down the advances of the blondest, prettiest (and therefore most popular) girl in my grade for a date at Mike's Kitchen with someone who was, I recall, covered in a mad constellation of freckles and grossly short-sighted but possessed of a perfect times table and library card. Irresistible.

Over the next couple of decades, despite concerted efforts to date hairdressers named Candy and personal trainers named Tarryn and a really quite lovely girl who wore sheer stockings to bed, my "type" never really changed. It's brains I want. Of course, there isn't a man alive who doesn't like legs and boobs and butt — we can't escape it really — and I'm no different, except that a woman who reads Raymond Carver in bed and/or can explain what dark matter is and/or loves the work of Giacometti, a woman like that thrills me. Give her thick-rimmed glasses and an inability to throw a ball, and I'm obsessed.

It was only early last year when someone told me I might be a sapiosexual. "I beg your pardon?" I said, wondering if I was, you know, putting something out there. "A sapiosexual. Someone who finds intelligence to be the sexiest trait. From the Latin root *sapien*, which means wise or intelligent, and the Latin *sexualis*, of or relating to the sexes." Apparently sapiosexualism is becoming a big thing. So big that the dating site OKCupid recently added it to its list of sexual identities and preferences. So big that there's even a dating app called Sapio



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY SARAH ROGERS/THE DAILY BEAST

# I think therefore I'm sexy

Wildly attracted to someone's antique bookends? Giddy over the letters P, h and D? Turned on by depressed people in corduroy who hang around book stores? You might be a sapiosexual, writes **Oliver Roberts**

that enables you to look for, I don't know, lonely Don DeLillo readers in your area. Google "sapiosexual" and, if your work computer doesn't pornblock you, you'll be taken to forums and Facebook pages, to illustrations of a lithe woman orgasming astride a massive brain, and handsome bespectacled men reading in bed, and the pages of a book split open to resemble a vagina — all in homage to sapiosexualism. But the sapiosexualist movement (not really a movement yet but let's hope) is not without its detractors. Discrimination and snobbery, they say. How dare you only want to have sex with someone with a master's degree? How dare you find general

ignorance and people who say "expresso" instead of "espresso" a turn-off? This, surely, can only be sour grapes. Not **The only person who would have objections to sapiosexualism is someone who felt threatened by it** only are we all biologically programmed to be attracted to intelligence, it's the one thing that's guaranteed to keep you interested long after your mate's physical aspects have gone all droopy and flaky and

sad. I think the only person who would have objections to sapiosexualism is someone who felt threatened by it, and that's not a good thing to admit. Think about it. Nobody's saying you should submit your next potential partner to a Mensa test, but what's wrong with being seduced solely by someone's wit for a change, or their book stash, or their ability to get the brown token in Trivial Pursuit the first time they land on it? In a world of increasing stupidity, blind obedience and binge-watching, it might be sapiosexuals (and their offspring) who rescue humanity from extinction. **LS**

## ARE YOU A SAPIOSEXUAL? TRY OUR FUN QUIZ TO FIND OUT

### 1. AT SCHOOL, I WAS KNOWN FOR:

- a) Being good at sports
- b) Having no co-ordination
- c) Listening to indie bands from Norway
- d) Writing quotes about suicide in my geography book

### 2. MY FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE WAS:

- a) Fantastic
- b) Squishy
- c) With someone who shoots with film only
- d) Memorable for the post-coital conversation about metaphysics

### 3. MY IDEAL PARTNER HAS:

- a) A house in Dainfern
- b) Highly collectable Star Wars figurines
- c) An artisanal



coffee shop in Braamfontein/ Woodstock  
d) A signed first edition of 'Infinite Jest'

### 4. MY PERFECT FIRST DATE WOULD INCLUDE:

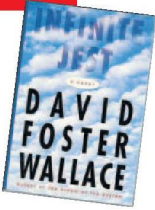
- a) Dinner at The Michelangelo hotel
- b) A board game marathon
- c) A bicycle ride through Newtown
- d) A trip to the planetarium to learn about black holes

### 5. PHYSICAL TRAITS I ADMIRE:

- a) Muscular arms/big tits
- b) Carpal tunnel syndrome
- c) An ironic moustache/thin wrists with an '80s Casio watch attached
- d) Hunched shoulders/astigmatism

### 6. OUT OF THESE PEOPLE, I WOULD LIKE TO BE:

- a) Cristiano Ronaldo/Jay Z/ Kendall Jenner/Rihanna
- b) Mark Zuckerberg/Princess Leia



- c) James Franco/Kanye West/ZooeY Deschanel/Nicki Minaj
- d) Barack Obama/Bill Nighy/ JK Rowling/Oprah Winfrey

### 7. MY PERFECT NIGHT IN INCLUDES:

- a) I never stay in — I go clubbing
- b) Playing video games online
- c) Making pizzas and watching an old Japanese martial arts movie
- d) Reading quietly in bed

### 8. I WOULD LOSE INTEREST IN A GUY/GIRL IF THEY:

- a) Had to downgrade anything/ Got too close
- b) Thought cosplay was lame/ Was better than me at 'Call of Duty'
- c) Didn't want to play beach bats at the botanical gardens/Hated a Wes Anderson movie
- d) Thought "your" and "you're" were the same thing/Used the term "gr8" in an SMS



### 9. MY IDEAL HOLIDAY DESTINATION IS:

- a) Dubai
- b) Travelling gives me diarrhoea
- c) Copenhagen
- d) Chile, to visit Pablo Neruda's grave

### 10. AFTER COMPLETING THIS QUIZ I'M GOING TO:

- a) Play golf with my buds/Get my nails done
- b) Finish my 3D puzzle
- c) Make a chair/Meet my friends at a jazz club that's accessed via a manhole
- d) Carry on reading/Lie on the couch and think



### YOUR SCORE:

**Mostly As:** Not at all sapiosexual, and probably proud of it  
**Mostly Bs:** A nerd/geek, which is kind of sapiosexual but lacks a certain sexiness  
**Mostly Cs:** Wannabe/Hipster  
**Mostly Ds:** Congratulations