

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

An anthology of truth.
A journal for the public.

Fall 2013
Tufts University

DANCING ELK

Kara Cochran

HONEY BADGER

River Macdonald

FOREST FAMILY

Alexandra Barkin

Chelsea Newman

Dan Katter

Dana Guth

Ellis Srubas-Giammanco

Jessica Lu

Jahonna Silberberg

Julia Stein

Katharine Pong

Mahlet Meshesha

Moira Lavelle

Rachel Siegler

Sam Reitzes

Sofie Seiden

Contact:

TuftsPublicJournal@gmail.com

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Initial concept by:

J. Green & D. Greif

ENJOY!





Dear Reader,

As I sit down to write this introduction to the Public Journal, I find myself thinking about how much I've changed since I picked up my first copy a few short years ago. Now, as a junior, I can't imagine doing some of the things I did as a freshman, and from your responses it appears that many of you feel the same (class of 2017, just you wait). We come to Tufts to get an education, to learn new skills, and to ensure that the futures we work towards will be made possible by the benefits conferred by a college degree—pretty heavy stuff. And although we are expected to comport ourselves like fully functioning adults in our classes and professional lives, there is no escaping the fact that we enter this campus as teenagers.

Many of your submissions highlight moments when youthful illusions are shattered, and a bleaker, more banal reality sets in. These moments are important. For better or worse, they help us grow up. But what also reveals itself in the confessions, google histories, fantasies and daydreams that you've shared is that there is a part of each of us that will remain a child, no matter how many hours a week we spend in lab or writing essay after essay about American foreign policy. Because in reality we probably spent just as long playing Candy Crush or scanning Tufts Confessions for your name this week, or at least one of us did. And that's okay. Really guys, we're all going to be okay.

Love always,
Kara







Freshman faux pas

Going along with it for as long as I did when you wanted to hook up in the bathroom of ZBT

I thought it was important to look good for my 8:30 morning class

I didn't realize I signed up for four classes... all with a friday section.

Going to the mail room before the email notification arrived

I was convinced I found the love of my life during orientation.

I never socialized.

when your dick touched my ass, it meant true love

“there’s nothing going on at zeta psi!”
- said to a zeta brother

Just because the traffic at the light near the Joey looks like it's stopped, does not mean that a car in the turn lane won't hit you.

currently in my google history

sex shop in somerville MA

Davis Square nude artists' brunch.

Menstrual cups. Friendship is Witchcraft. Cookie clicker
kinsey scale, dmt elves, where to buy a really precise scale
how to never get herpes, ever

non-human sex dream normal?

TSA vibrator regulations

how to make a grown man cry





IRRATIONAL HABITS

writing to-do lists and never doing anything on them

I always eat M&M's in the same color order. Brown, orange, yellow, red, blue, green. I do not know why, but it upsets me that others don't.

checking fucking boring Tufts Life

googling myself to see if there are cooler people with my name and then plotting their deaths because i need to be the best one

I've peed in every sink in Olin. Peeing in sinks saves water and feels just a little naughty.

compulsive purposeful jaywalking

Watching the Wrecking Ball music video every morning

I always tap the top of a can before opening it, otherwise I'm sure it will explode.

i floss my teeth



Confessions, part une

I peed in the lobby

I get turned on scrubbing the very back of my tongue with my toothbrush

I cannot look at a burrito or an omelette without seeing my dead pet guinea pig.

I think I'm fat in a "this is why you're still a virgin" kind of way.

I had a passionate roll in the hay, and by hay I mean the dead brush under the bushes behind Monaco's house.

When i first started on my antidepressant i shat myself.

I had sex with my ex-girlfriend's boyfriend while watching Dragon Ball Z. It wasn't worth it.

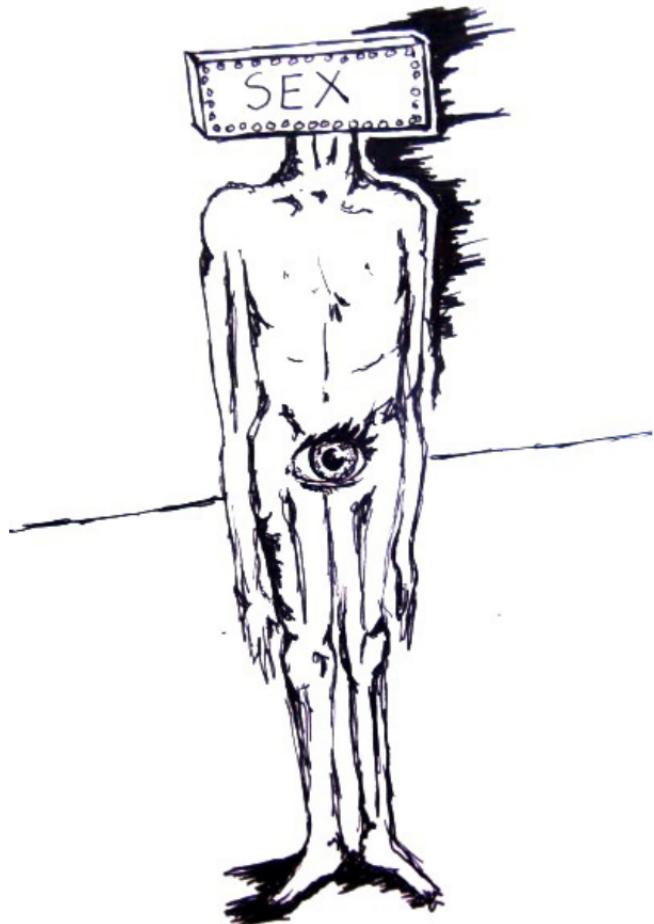
I was awoken one night this summer to the sound of your voice, drunkenly yelling with your friends outside my house. As I got up and stood by the window I debated running outside and screaming at you for making yourself so damn present everywhere in my life, even though I do everything in my power to ignore you. But my brief moment of courage slipped away, and as you swayed back down the street I fell back into bed feeling empty.

I finally made it to first base.

I have a candy crush on you

I hate the rez.

I didn't mail in my absentee ballot until the day after election day this year



Our relationship is based on eye contact. That's it. Nothing more. We verbally interacted once, when you said HELLO very loudly at me when you caught me staring at you from an awkwardly close distance.

It's not like I'm stalking you. We're seriously just always in the same places at the same time. And it's not like you don't stare back.

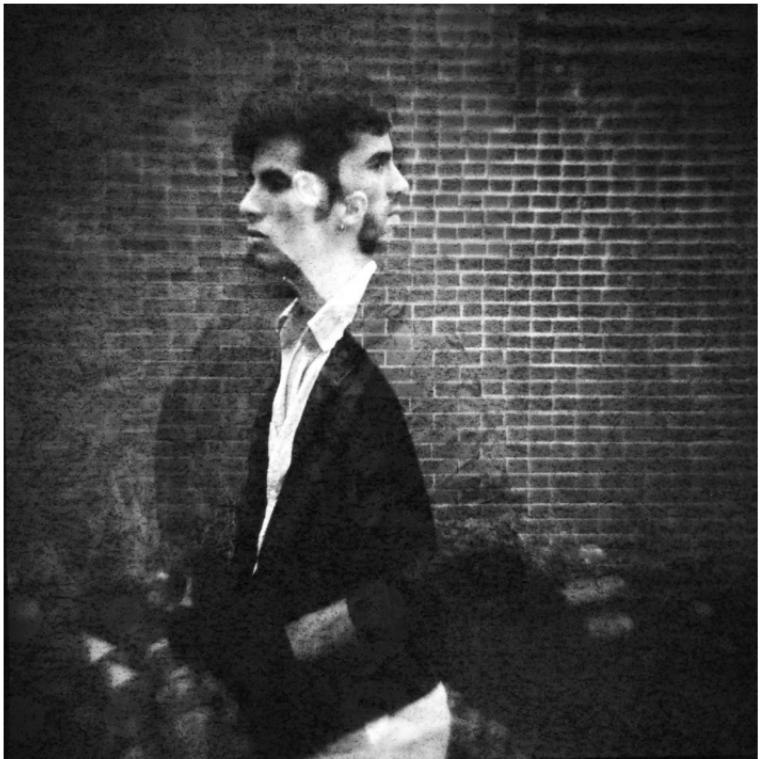
I saw you a few times on the T this summer. During one morning commute an acquaintance of mine followed my stare and said, "Oh I know him, he lives with my friend at 81 such and such street."

Mixed feelings of terror and elation. Boom. I had your address just like that. He just flat out told me! It's not like I'm stalking you, that street is on my walk home.

I know your name. I've also heard that you're gay, but you "don't NOT hook up with girls". I still have a chance. I could talk to you. I really could. But why ruin the fun?

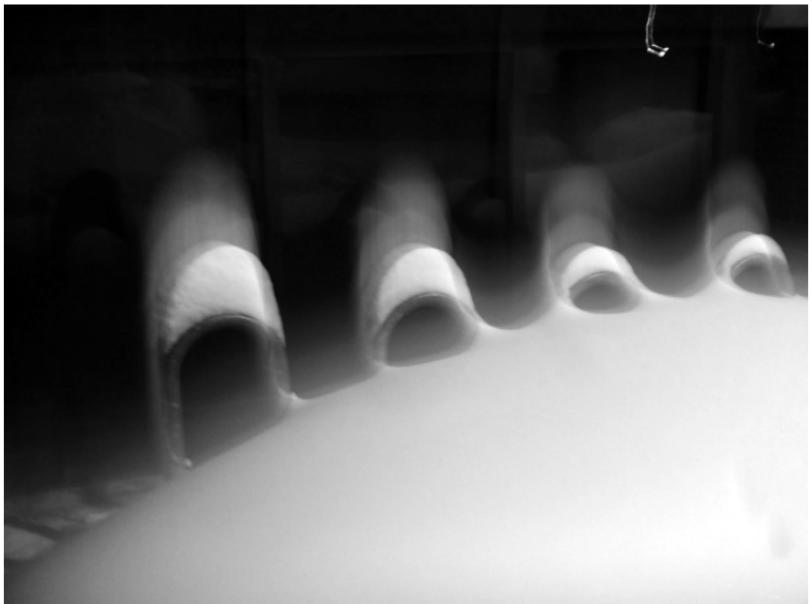
I glimpsed you across street once when I was leaving WMFO at 2 am. The streetlights were dim, but we still made eye contact.

Maybe you stalk me.



It's not my fault you're grungy as fuck and you like to play my game. And that you're loud and obnoxious just like me. Or that you're intriguing and we both like Titus Andronicus.

I swear I was never stalking you.
I just think we have potential.



SONG I WANT TO DIE TO

There is a Light That Never Goes Out by The Smiths

ass like that by eminem

what does the fox say?

anything by the spice girls

Rock Lobster.

O Fortuna

the background music of candy crush

Bitch, Don't Kill My Vibe- Kendrick Lamar

The Book of Love by Peter Gabriel

Vivaldi's Winter

JUNGLEPUSSY

to the kid in my
freshman seminar.....

It's called a comb. Have some goddamn self respect.

I liked when you bit my ear in the basement of Zeta

I'm an upperclassman now, and we're kind of friends, but
I'm still in love with you

haskell parties aren't cool

bitch i ain't no freshman

No, you cannot wear cargo shorts, sandals AND socks.

just do it, beeyotch

You think you're hot shit, but you'd be hotter if you thought
you were lukewarm shit.

please shut up, i know you have beautiful hair, but please,
please, just shut up.

You have the sassiness level of Betty White

I could give a fuck about your ACT score

stop clapping at the end of the lecture

handcuff me to my shitty dorm bedframe and massage my
body please



overheard in the reading room

There's a bun in my oven, and you are not the baker

quiet sobbing

yoga pants

i'm sexting right now and you're killing the mood

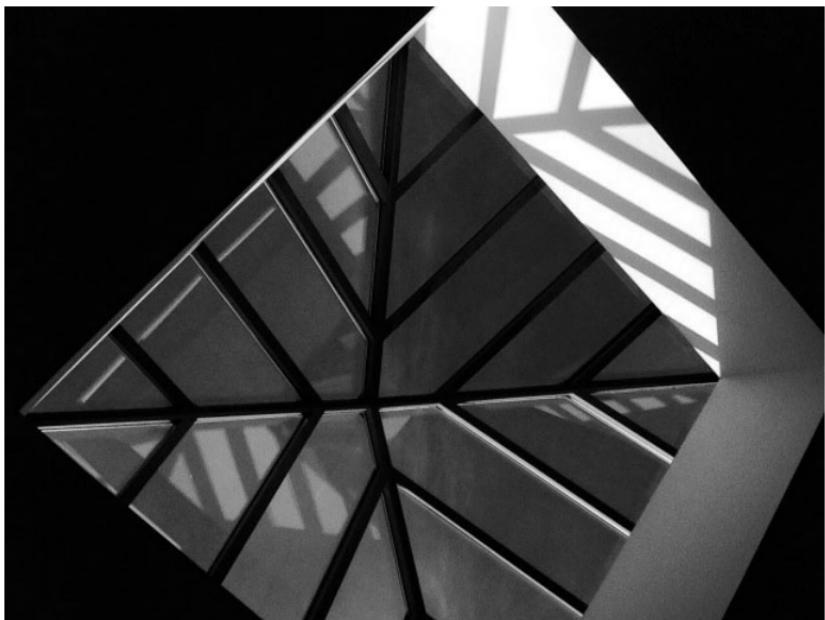
"Did you know that a blue whale's tongue is longer than an elephant?"

"And I just queefed, right in the middle of the seminar"

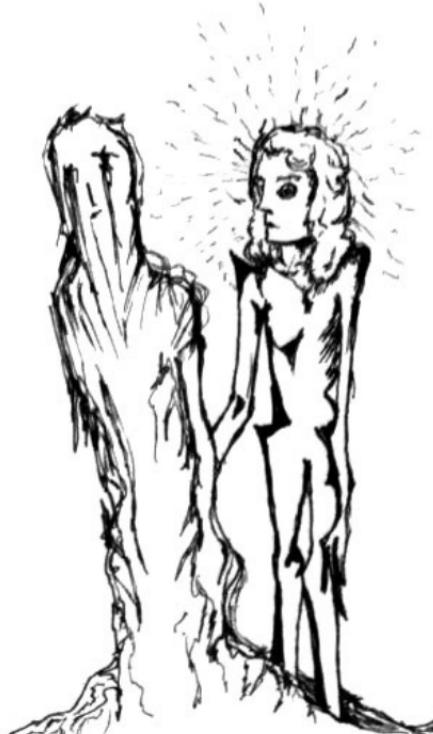
Stephanie Myer make me tingle

nothing, it's the reading room





One Time, I Was Babysitting



The 5 year old girl I was babysitting kept making her barbies have sex and I, being 12 felt very uncomfortable. Then she saw that I was getting paid to hang out with her and cried because she thought I was family. Never again.

Couldn't figure out how to cook the pre-made pizza, until the 5 year old told me how.

The parents called and told me they were almost home and that I could leave. This struck me as odd, but I still left. One of the kids ran away and they had to call the police. He was hiding in a tube slide at some park.

i replaced a baby with an evil changeling. that night my coven feasted.

I clogged the toilet and blamed it on the kids.

a kid flushed his Polly Pocket's clothing down the toilet because
they were last years style.

this child broke a bowl and shouted, "I CAN'T DO ANYTHING
RIGHT."

the kid forgot my name and called me swagger instead

I saw this freaky clown statue and when I told the parents later
they were like "We don't have a clown statue!"



I should've been crying when Mom broke the news to me. Anyone else, would have responded that way. But I, I pretended to be sad. I held my Mother's hand and breathed in deeply. I acted out sympathy and hurt. In truth, I was relieved. She had dragged life out for almost 5 years and, by the end, the small family gatherings that took place monthly at Nanna's bedside were painful. There wasn't any joy left. At a hospital, no jokes seem appropriate; no smiles feel genuine. I resented her for putting us all through such an ordeal: for the hours spent in waiting rooms and in transit. I actually thought her unworthy of my tears.

At the very end, she'd been able to look out the window of her room into a garden of butterflies. After her dark, smelly room at the Brigham, hospice was paradise.

"This is heaven," was how she phrased it. Her last coherent thought before the morphine drip took over.

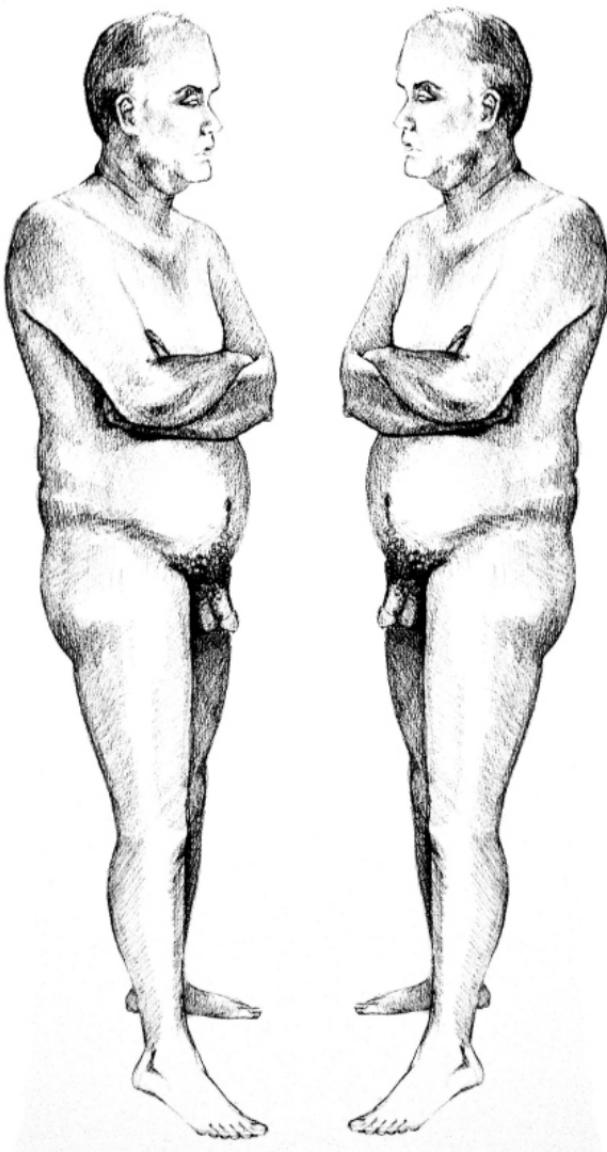
She passed away the day before school started and I saw that as a blessing. Now she couldn't upset my year. It was convenient. What's hard is missing a place and things, but not the person who made everything possible. Year after year she forced the family together for Thanksgiving and Christmas and Easter. She instilled manners and founded traditions. Those are things I want to keep alive. I will not miss being reprimanded for having my elbows on the table or my feet on the sofa. I will not miss being lectured on white gloves and party etiquette. I will miss the secret staircase in

her house and the beautiful star chandelier that hung in the dining room. I will miss riding the carousel and being called "Lambie". I will miss her smell, Chanel #5 and mothballs. I will miss the way she painted her nails and the tiny mirrors on her summer caftans. I will miss fried eggs and bacon breakfasts. I will miss the heavy, cream stationary all her notes arrived on. I will miss the way she wrote the letter "M". I will miss the way she laughed and cackled all at once. I will miss the small, tortoise combs she used in her hair. I will miss salmon carpeting, the porch swing and having my very own napkin ring to mark my place at the dinner table. I will miss never getting to introduce her to a boyfriend, a fiance or a husband. I will miss not having her at graduation come June. So.. I guess, I will miss Nanna.









What will replace Winter Bash?

Ritual gatherings in random lobbies to pee on the ground in protest of the canceled Winter Bash

Mass Casualty Event

In-dorm alcoholism.

Winter ‘Please Don’t Pee On Anything’

University-wide Kiniwe master class

Chilly Nilly, an event where we all wear fleece onesies and drink hot chocolate by a fireplace while listening to smooth jazz. It’ll be sensual, but Tufts will misplan and only have room for 6 people.

midwinter pagan ritual: summoning the gods, sacrificing virgins, etc.

Winter wash, where everyone drunkenly invades the Tufts pool

Winter Smash (Tufts will provide Super Smash Bros and Nintendos)

PROM

if my love life was a FOOD

it'd be a sloppy burrito with lots of guacamole

A still frozen vegetarian hamburger

Cheerios. Bland.

It would be a stale pancake, pushed to the back of the fridge because you thought you might be craving it sometime soon, only to be forgotten and passed over for more succulent options...like pudding.

“Ants on a log”

I'd have starved to death

a fourth espresso

this isn't funny because my love life is food.

some kind of cheese. gorgonzola?

Daily orgies with spaghetti

If my love life *WERE a food...



CONFESIONS (part deux)

At a party I had to pee, but all the bathrooms were occupied. So I peed in a cup, carried it around until I could chuck it and returned to the party with no one the wiser.

I feel like this is a TDC survey and I'm already preparing myself for rejection

I'm gay!

I just saw your butt. I pretended not to, but I did.

I don't think the blurred lines video is offensive

sometimes i pretend that the same people are always playing tennis on the tennis courts. They are in an alternate reality. They don't know there is an outside, for them there is only tennis.

I hid in the corner at DTD formal and looked at cats on tumblr

I undress with the window shade open when I'm feeling a little risque

i want you to eat me alive

my friend in high school paid me \$100 to take his virginity. he thought i was a virgin, too.

I cried more when my cat died than when my grandma died



this class should be called _____

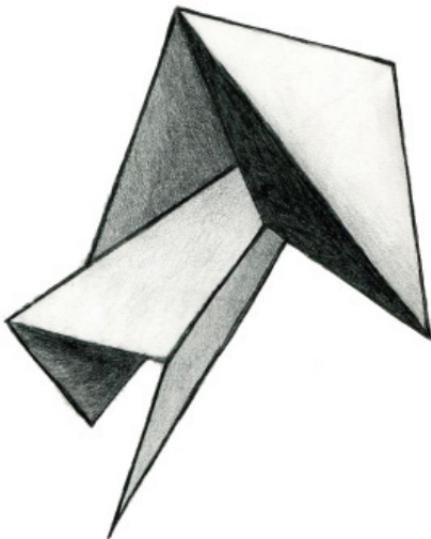
you are graded on your learned technique on this obscure african instrument because what else do we even learn

Rambling: A diversion from a diversion

Study Abroad in Halligan

sit and wait for prof. bailey to be late

that one know-it-all kid can stfu



graduate students stop fucking the curve

get out of my life Mark, my opinions are fucking valid and your poetry is boring.

I'll make you uncomfortable & you'll make better art.

BS 135: Advanced Concepts of Faking It

old man murmurs about physics while I daydream about the girl living next to me

the back a yo head is ridiculous seminar

Sex & Gender: are we queer yet?

european settlers are scumbags

Everything sucks and I hate you

conversations between ovaries

signs your roommate is a cannibal (and other stories)



she once showed me a real human skull

You could never tell if it was her or just her blanket. Obviously practicing looking like a blanket. Perfect alibi anytime... she's up to something

When she said I'm frail enough to snap in half

Her fridge was filled entirely with condiments.

There was baby blood all over his sweaters.

she didn't put sheets on her mattress for one whole semester

That time she force fed me gluten free cake while I cried



the fridge is always empty, she says she likes her steak n.e..

I WILL NEVER BETRAY HER SECRETS

my roommate was a clean freak and at the same time the messiest and dirtiest person i ever met. her existence philosophically frustrates me so much.

my roommate eats rice with her hands while lying in bed watching America's Next Top Model

her hair extensions were always scattered on my side of the floor, as if they were waiting me to come home and strangle me



..... You tore yourself away so easily. I remember last summer looking at your green eyes through a haze of pungent vapor, through the muddied lens of lazy days. I brought out my camera and thought that, by documenting the moment, I could hold onto it forever. I thought I would always be able to jump into the mossy bed of your gaze, cool and soft.

I remember we could spend all day in your attic room, with the music playing and the single noisy air conditioner. The summer heat was so humid I thought I could see the condensation dripping down the walls and onto our bodies, making your eyes moist as you said you would miss me.

I remember leaving for upstate. I wanted to write you, because it was the first time I ever felt physical pain from parting ways. I wanted to draw you something- I had already done that, though. I drew a tree with a face, because of that first day with you, when you breathed in the smoke and laughed your smooth laugh and said that the trees were watching you. You were really high. And I had hated myself when my brows bore down in annoyance. Why was I annoyed at you, why couldn't I just be happy with you?

The drawing was my apology, for not being what you wanted, for letting you forget me so easily. You tore yourself away so easily, ripping the bandage of "us" off my skin, sending a sharp sting through my body. I wonder if you still have that drawing.

worst TWEEN moment

shutting my friend out of our clique for not having a juicy
sweatsuit.

the outfit: invader zim t-shirt with ripped bright green cargo
capris and rainbow suspenders

Sixth grade

that day i had a mouth zit when we learned about herpes in
health class

three words: vans warped tour

Middle part and neck chokers.

Attempting to break dance at my Bar Mitzvah...

My mom called me Chester Cheetah when my boobs came in.

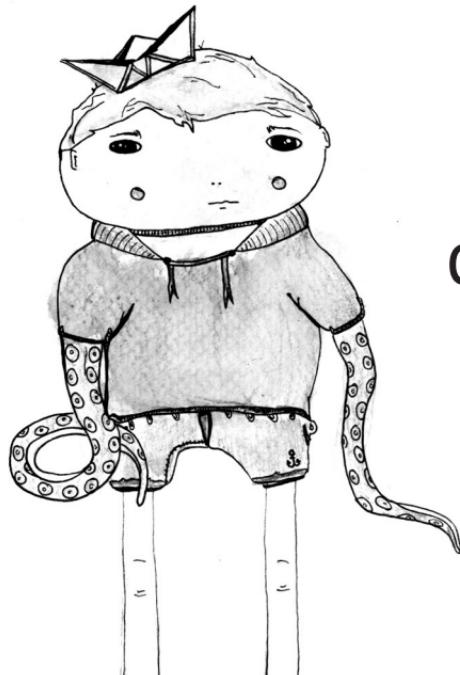
in 7th grade i taped a love note to the OUTSIDE of my crush's
locker, thinking no one else would read it

trying to get high on inhalants while watching Degrassi

Christmas, 2006: I discovered internet porn while my family
watched Santa Claus is Coming to Town just a few feet away from
me.

"can i, like, makeout with you?"





missed connections

This guy on my floor is really hot and also a huge fan of Doctor Who (like a huge fan, it's the hottest kind of nerdiness) but not floor-cest so :(

you were known as "hot flannel RA" by me and my friends for all of last year. i was just an observer.

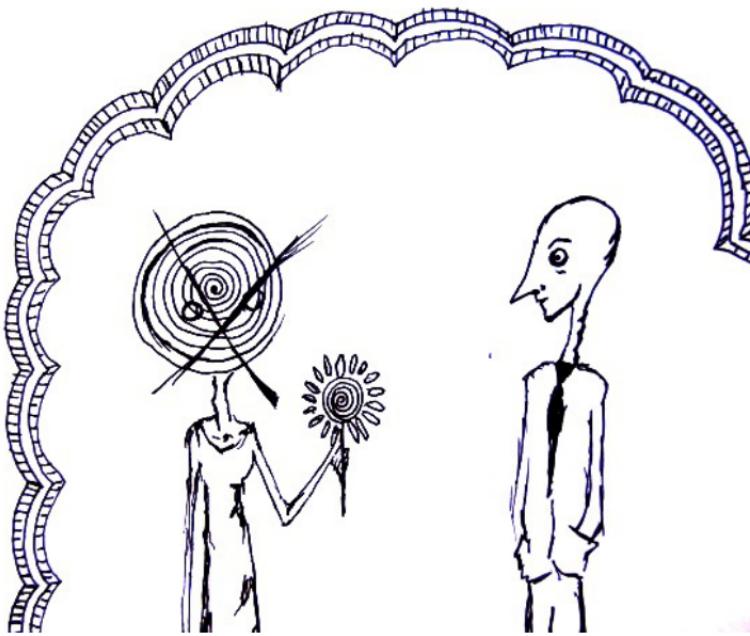
I wanted to compliment you on your ugly sweater but I wasn't sure if you thought it was ugly or just funky fresh. For the record, I thought the latter

scowling redhead princess, plz smile 4 me

You grabbed my butt twice at fall gala. And never revealed yourself. Please be female.

Orange shoes, white shirt, keep running.

We do homework in Dewick at the same time each Sunday. I like a



man who is focused, studious, and appreciates constant access to snacks.

remember that one time when we made out on the arts haus dance floor, but then we both ended up being gay?!

literally made eye contact in the tower and blushed like i never have before

I see you, your hoodie and those chicken legs, every time I walk into the Campus Center. Why am I attracted to you? No idea. Must be that goofy smile.

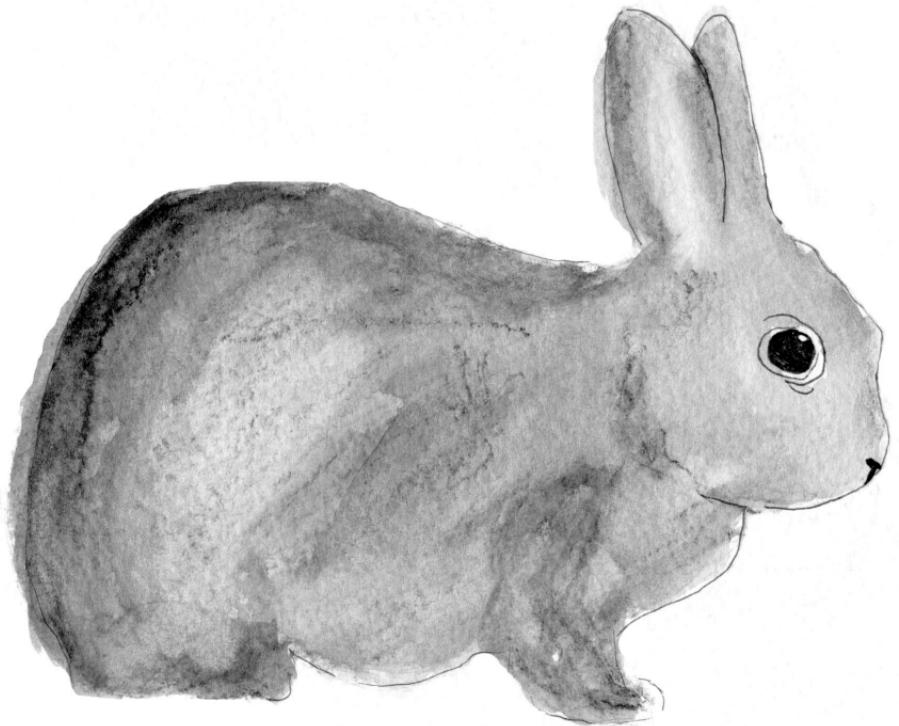
You're from Texas, and I'm not from Texas, but I might be able to pretend to like Texas if I really tried to pretend to like Texas.

you kissed me and i ran away

idk







On the way home from work I listened to a man with long dreadlocks and a guitar between his legs talk to girl with glasses about the weather. It was a hot day for June, high eighties. The girl was my coworker but I didn't know her name yet. It's Ashley. Later she told me that she couldn't wait to graduate from college ever since she first got there. Apparently Harvard is socially toxic. You can do it Ashley, just one semester to go.

"I'm from Jamaica, I'm from the tropics so this heat is nothing for me. It's the cold that gets me. I hate it. You know I went back there last January, went from the cold and snow to drinking on the beach in the hot sun. When I got there I was sweating like crazy, I mean it was just pouring off my all the time! I never used to sweat like that. My friends would ask me, you know, 'why you

sweatin' so much?" because none of them were. You know what I told them? "I'm not sweating, I'm defrosting!" That's what I called it: defrosting!"

The man laughed and, standing, swung the guitar over his shoulder. He waved goodbye cheerily as the bus pulled up to his stop. I pictured a frosty bottle of beer on the beach with condensation pouring off of it like they have in commercials. I wondered if they had ever spoken before, he and Ashley that is. I supposed not and returned to my book.

One day in August on the way to work I saw a man bicycling through Central Square. He was wearing studded leather jacket and held a Sherlock Holmes style pipe between his lips. Who is that man? I stared as long as I could. Sorry, that was on the 96.

That reminds me of another time in Belmont when I was walking to the bus stop and I saw a woman dressed in all black pedaling ferociously up the hill towards McLean. I would have been impressed had she been on two wheels, but when the cars parted I saw that it was a unicycle.

This didn't happen when I was on a bus, but one day when my friends and I were driving back from Market Basket I saw a little fat kid standing outside a convenience store. He had a giant white bunny on a leash. I swear this rabbit must have weighed 15lbs. I couldn't believe it.

CONFESIONS (part trois)

I really want to try masturbating with a mechanical toothbrush

i don't mind being fat

There are three different people in my house who I sincerely want to get to know/bang, but every time I get drunk I'm too drunk to decide who to hit on. Imagine the doorbell and the phone both ringing at once, just as you're sitting down for a poop.

I didn't stop my cat from sleeping on a cum covered towel.

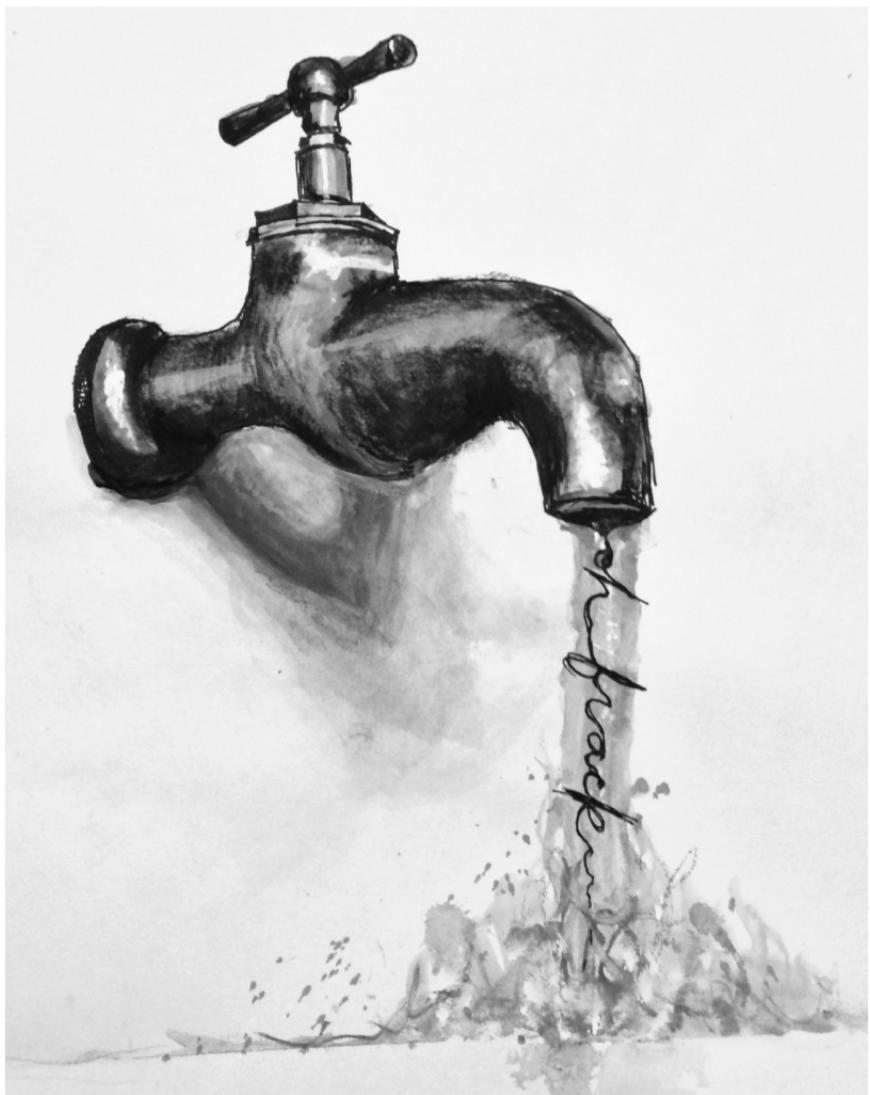
"you are a most amazing young woman, and I love you. There I said it – I feel much better now :)" the worst moment of my life was when I first read this sentence. I was 17 and he was 49. I still can't seem to forgive him.

Whenever I look at Tisch walking up College Avenue, I see Helms' Deep in my mind. All I want to do is defend Tisch against 10,000 angry orcs.

Sometimes I play dubstep in the bathroom so that I can poop perfectly in time with the drop.

On 4/20 I was in the G level on adderall. This is the life I have chosen.









most important lesson college has taught me

Showering takes a back seat in my life

how to poop silently

condoms have expiration dates

never sign up for e-lists

whisky dick is real and no one is immune

BYOB

there is always free food somewhere

don't be overeager on facebook groups

Everyone's going through the same shit

you is smart, you is kind, and you is important

get a fucking LinkedIn

dream job/back up plan

Children's book illustrator, barista, and/or scarf model

Doctor/Not a doctor

being a dancing lobster on the amanda show

stray cat herder/nut goblin

luchadore/luchadore themed pornstar

graphic designer/human cat

Professional cheese tester/The ostrich

erotic fruit sculpture artist

owning a coffee house with a book store attached to it. a golden retriever will run the book store

Tornado chaser

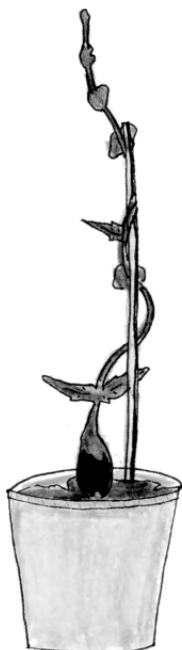
Google intern/ balloon seller

Biotechnological researcher / dominatrix

Mail carrier. I canvassed this summer and now all I wanna do is drop things off at people's houses, not hit them up for money.

mob wife/waiter

beyonce/beyonce



The End

