

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

*An anthology of truth.
A journal for the public.*

Spring 2011
Tufts University

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF
Averi Becque & Lexi Sasanow

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Gabe Nicholas
Lane Florsheim
Hilary Ludlow
Patricia Moncure
Izzy Star
Craig Dathe
Ellie Henningsgaard
Kayla Hogan
Margot Lieblich

ART DIRECTOR

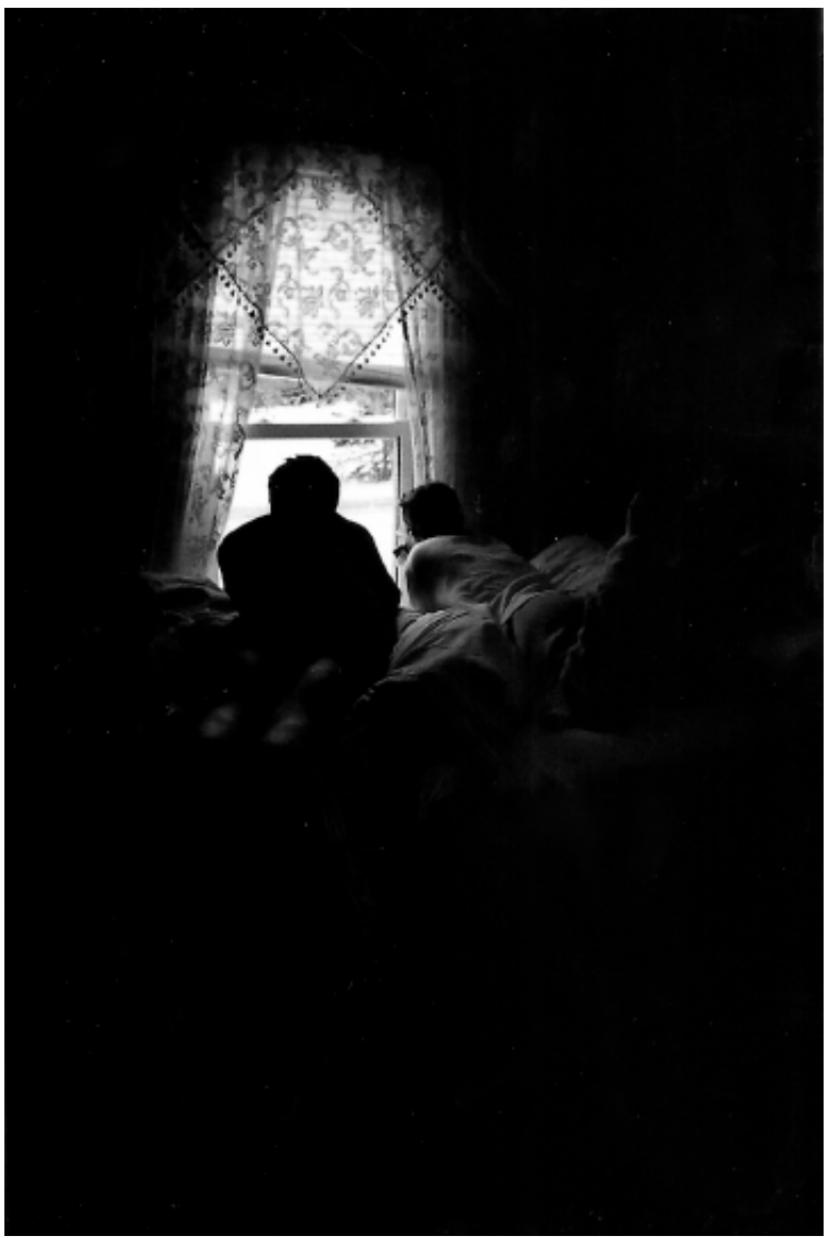
Angelina Zhou

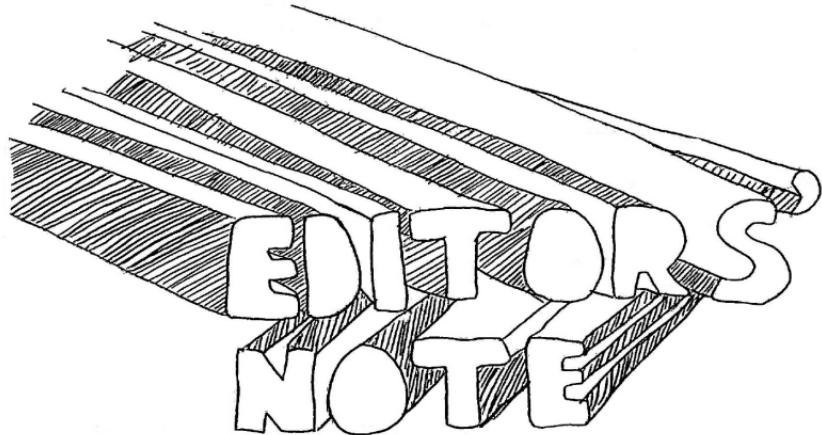
ART STAFF

Coorain Devin
Anna Furman
Ruth Tam
Kyle Carbone
Anya Klepacki
Madeline Moe

Submit to:
TuftPublicJournal@gmail.com

All rights reserved. Copyright 2011.
Initial concept by:
J. Green & D. Greif





First of all, for those of you who have never seen this before, WELCOME to the Tufts Public Journal, both an ode to self-absorption and a venue for demonstrating our collective consciousness.

You guys! What a semester! We're so happy to present the first ever **totally** anonymous Public Journal. Thank you for pushing us to do so, and we think you'll find the results interesting. Not only did we have a million and a half submissions, but they were every kind of candid, funny, scary, sexy, sad and beautiful. We hope that you have as much fun reading everything as we have.

That being said, there are a few things that we received that gave us pause, that provoked discussion within the Public Journal staff on the merits of publishing certain sentiments. In some ways, the types of things that are printed in this journal always run the risk of offending someone. We want this publication to honestly embody the things that people at Tufts are thinking about, and that, in and of itself, is a reason to talk about them. So at what point does something cross the line between

valid and offensive, thought-provoking or insensitive? It is never our intention to hurt or offend our readers, but rather to engage them, as we have been engaged by these submissions. We, as two white female northeastern American editors-in-chief, can only imagine so many perspectives. We have profound appreciation for the exposure to other people's thoughts and perspectives that is facilitated by anonymous submissions.

Everything in this journal and everything that was submitted but hasn't been printed brings us to ask why we only feel comfortable spilling our guts when it can't be traced back to us. As you read through these pages, you'll see you're not alone; we're all insecure and full of ourselves, bi-curious, racist, sexist, smelly, pathological, scatological, and scarred by the kinky stuff we accidentally came across in our parents' drawers. Why can't we bring this into the open and have a real open identified dialogue about these things? Hopefully, as you read through the journal, you'll find things you identify with and things you're horrified by, but please, talk about it. Push each other. Examine your boundaries and those things that make you feel uncomfortable.

That being said, we're always here to listen to you, to celebrate you, to empathize with you. Keep being weird, and keep it comin' louder.

Love,

Averi & Lexi

in clndia

As a high school junior, I traveled to India to partake in a service trip. It was an enriching trip, on which I gained a wealth of knowledge about India and its unique culture. Before this begins to sound too much like a college application, let me tell you that ten students living in an apartment for three weeks over spring break did get us into a bit of trouble, despite our best intentions.

While in this magical land, we had to sample some of the renowned marijuana, as well as some alcohol. The alcohol, various beers and vodka, had to be purchased by the boys, as women are not allowed to drink in the region. They took an hours-long walk through a forest and dirt roads to pick up drinks. We sat on the roof of our apartment, smoking, drinking, and listening to calls to Allah as we reflected on our time in this foreign land.

The following day, we took our usual walk to the orphanage down the dirt road. As we passed our neighbors living in shacks, we moved our discussion from drugs and alcohol, to none other than the topic of sex.

How do people have sex in these small, family-filled huts? And more importantly, where do they masturbate, get a little “alone time?” This grew into a greater discussion of our perceived religious and cultural perspectives on the topic, and we vowed to do more research. But research was not necessary.

A local man, one of our neighbors, coincidentally provided us with the answer. Immersed in our conversation, we approached a man whose body was facing the road. We tried to make eye contact with him, but his eyes were rolled up towards the sky, and his face was twitching. We looked up to see if there was anything in the sky, there was not. So we looked down. There his hand was grasped, rubbing furiously back and forth on his penis. He was masturbating directly into the street. We nervously looked back and forth between ourselves, nudging and questioning until we came close enough to him. Just as he came – too close to us. As his dick got softer and his eyes focused, he made eye contact with each of us and smiled. We walked past and continued on our way to dinner, having clearly had our questions answered.





I keep falling and falling and falling and land inside Courtney Love's vagina, where a lovely dinner is being prepared for me and my mother. You don't want to know what happens next.

I'm drunk out of control and can't stop hurting people.

I own every single Lego set.

I dream consistently about dying and finding nothing but emptiness.

I gave my friend a really wet, sloppy blow job. Then he rubbed my back and we lay in the grass outside of Zeta Psi. I'm a straight guy... I think....

I was forced by my mother and sister to have sex with my dad in our kitchen.

There was a tsunami happening, and we were underwater, just floating/rolling/swimming. We could breath without coming up for air, and gradually, as we floated, we became one unit. I'm not sure what exactly we were doing in the dream, but I remember thinking, "Wait? I'm a lesbian?"

I dreamt that I met the mother of the girl I had been hooking up with. We shook hands and while we did she examined my fingers and told me, quite bluntly, that my fingers just wouldn't cut it.

I clone myself twice and have a threesome.

I share all my dreams. People want to be me, so why not let them into my mind?



There was this dream with a pile of fetuses stacked taller than me. I may or may not have been eating them.

I got raped by Jumbo the elephant.

I am a professional Escort.

It was WETWETWET.

The one where the girl's eyeball falls out of the socket. Because I can't remember if it's actually a dream or not...

I want to be the best at going down on girls.

Lizard Butt Sex.

the pigeon

So I'm sitting here wondering what to write when all of a sudden a pigeon slams into my window. There isn't any blood, but the pigeon seems pretty injured. I want to open the window and take care of it. I want to call the vet, or the police, or the exterminator, or something.

But I don't. I watch this cursor blink.

And blink.

And blink.

I am thinking right now about how today was one of the worst days of my life. It is a day that will haunt me until I pass on in my (hopefully Tempur-Pedic) death bed.

I lost my favorite paper clip.

The colors of the paper clip were twofold: green and white. But the colors were sloppily spray painted on the bendy piece of metal. There were patches of dull gray shining through the paint job. I found that paper clip one day on the desk in a classroom of a school that I never attended.

I was picking up my sister.

She was in her after-school vocabulary group.

The paper clip was on Antonio's desk.

I don't know who Antonio is.

And ever since then, that paper clip has been clenching the fold in my Bad Mother Fucker wallet. My wallet has turned from a dark, rich brown, to a tattered, withered tan where the paper clip hung.

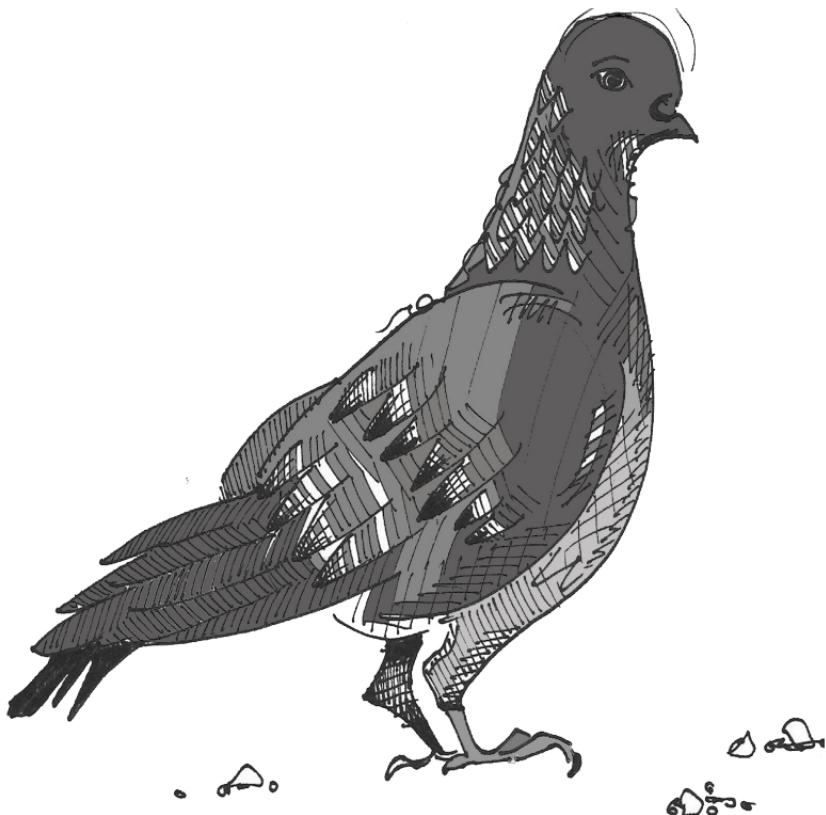
I liked that tan line.

But now it is bare.

I also have a sticker of Woody and Buzz on my wallet.

And that pigeon is lying on the windowsill, twitching. I want to help it. But what can I do? It's like my lost paper clip. It's a small problem that cannot be rectified. I know, you are thinking, "but it's an animal's life versus a freaking paper clip." Yes, I know that. I am aware. And I want to softly pick up that pigeon, and caress it all the way to the hospital. Or vet's office. Or whatever it is. I really do. I want to save that pigeon.

But the window is bolted shut.



things i really truly **LOVE** about this school that wouldn't go in a brochure

Hot chix; everyone is ugly.

Everyone is always high; the friendliness of the weed community; how on 4/20 the library roof is on fire; there are a TON of awesome people to smoke pot with, probably more than you could possibly meet in four years; how my teacher reeked of weed one day; getting really high and riding atop Jumbo.

Nudity; everyone gets naked on the drop of a dime; NQR; how a vast majority of students love taking their clothes off and running around outdoors; the fact that the entire suite upstairs is unphased by my naked body; unattractive guys love to go down on girls; fornicating upon Jumbo, fornicating upon the cannon; the number of secret places to get it on in Hodgdon; drunken afternoon sex during events like Spring Fling and Homecoming; hooking up against buildings; how much P-Board is a cluster-fuck of sex; the new Carm showers are one of the best public places to have sex in.

Stealing cups from AEPi and bringing them to better parties where they're out of cups; making fun of frat mattresses trying not to fall in the snow in their heels; the dirty, gross, rank basement of DU. I don't know why. I just love it. Is that super creepy?

How blackout I was at TDC - it may not go in a brochure, but it's on YouTube; spiking Hodgdon slushies and getting drunk on them on a sunny Wednesday afternoon; Healthy Living kids get crunk as hell; Senior Pub Nights are amazing; all the wonderful places around campus to pee when you're drunk.

All the tall beautiful boys here are gay, without a doubt; all of the gay men I wish were straight; the amount of "straight" dudes that love my very gay body; Rainbow House parties.

Trick-turning the shit out of Hodgdon like every day; the insane amounts of Nutella, sunflower butter, and whipped cream that can be swiped from Dewick; the Dewick MacPhie ladies (Winnie, Grazia, Elena, Angelica, the singing salad bar lady, etc., etc.)

The fact that snowballs thrown hard enough from the Library roof can hit Eaton and disrupt the diligent students in the computer lab.

Jocks who are secretly engineers; people whose faces don't match their hobbies; militant dubstep enthusiasts who don't give a fuck about other students' unwillingness to listen to dubstep; TUPD officers that hit on students; Sherman Teichman's mannerisms; Jean Penvenne's updo; MOE LOOKS LIKE HAGRID WITHOUT A BEARD.

Lewis Hall.

Confessions I

Um. This girl I'm hooking up with arranged a threesome with her friend because the friend looks like a celebrity that I have a crush on, provided I drive from Boston to New York City to meet the two of them.

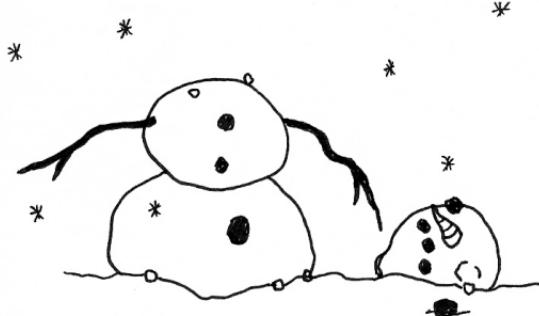
I was a child model. No one would ever guess that, or believe me, so I have never told anyone.

I know for a fact that Fletcher folk can see into my window whilst I'm naked. So what do I do? I show those diplomats a little foreign land.

The most useful thing I've learned in college is how to eat pussy. And I'm damn good at it: Summa cum laude, if you know what I mean.

I frequently clog the toilet with massive dumps, but then blame it on my other housemate.

When I had to wait an extra day to come back to campus after winter break because of the snow storm, I cried.



I'm self conscious about my knees!!! KNEES! Isn't that stupid?

Deactivating my facebook has made me so happy!!!!

I hate fat people. All of them. because I used to be one of them.

I have never tasted guava, and I have no desire to.

I would probably stick it in a dude.

I haven't lived in South since freshman year but I still stop by whenever I'm nearby to take a shit.

I rewound the nude scene in "Titanic" so many times that the scene on the movie is totally unwatchable.

Once, in high school, I ran over a cat and just kept driving. I still feel bad about it.

I clip my toe nails at my roommate's desk.

The first time anyone felt me up was by accident.

I hate active citizenship.

I have to drink before giving oral presentations. I'm kind of worried about the implications of that, but it's the only thing that works for me.

I dated a guy I met on the internet for 6 months. He was 3 years older than me and lived in Australia. We still talk.

i know i'm turning into my mother/father because...

I have a fucking planner.

I reallllly like cauliflower.

I don't listen when other people speak.

I'm a total badass.

When I met up with my parents during Parents' Weekend freshman year, my mother and I were wearing more or less the same outfit.

I've got a stash of juice boxes in my car.

I like suits and scotch.

I'm a walking Bias Incident. I have lost any sense of a filter.

When I'm home, we share a supply of Rogaine.

We have the same voice, I wear Levi's and a cashmere sweater every day, I talk about crops.

I want to have sex with my mom.

I own a vibrator.

I blame farts on the dog. And I don't have a dog.

I am effing hilarious.

I have my mother's eyes and old-fashioned bigotry; I have my father's financial responsibility and testicles.

I can't get high! Ever! My dad went to Amsterdam and tried EVERYTHING and failed. No fun.

I can't stop drinking.

My dad sometimes mistakes me for his wife.

I think about drugs in terms of molecular processes.

While in line at Dewick and waiting for eggs I said aloud to myself, "I can wait. I'm a chill dude."

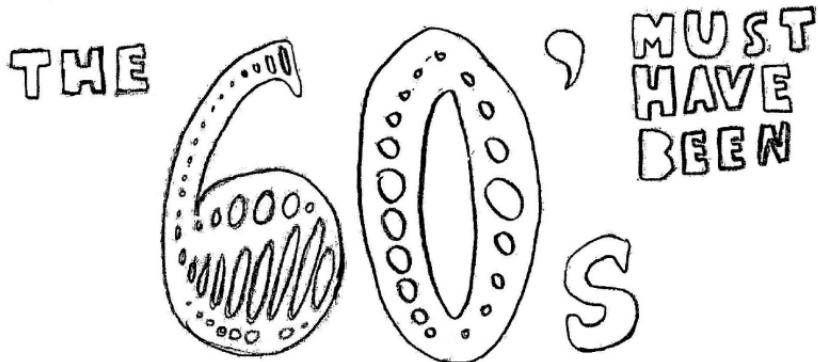
I'm highly virile.

I forget where I put birthday cards only to find them 5 months later and send them anyway.

They approve too much.

I'm not. Don't put words in my mouth, PJ.





The '6os must have been a great time for horny young men, I thought to my horny young self. Just think about all the beautiful, black-and-white stars there were: Faye Dunaway, Raquel Welch, Audrey Hepburn, Ann-Margret, just to name a few. Watch any film made in Italy or France from that time and you'll add another half a dozen names to that repertoire, easily.

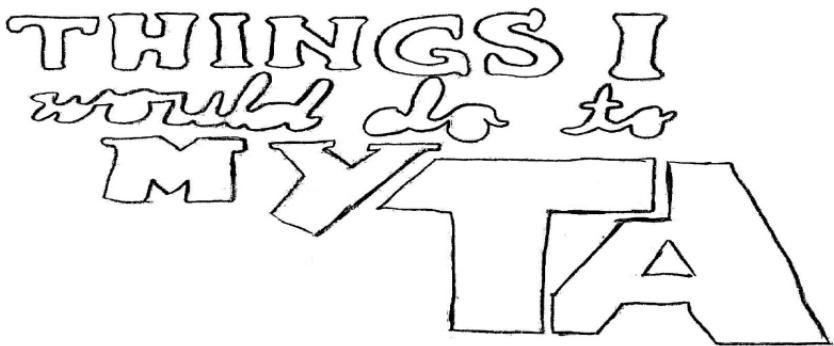
It's a bit grisly to think of those bygone beauties from today's perspective, but my horny young self couldn't care less. Beautiful women were beautiful women, especially when tinted in that colorless light of nostalgia. My horny young self neither knew or cared that these beauties were, at the very least, sixty years old. My horny young self just cared about Jolanta Umecka's tits in "Knife in the Water."

This made it extremely bizarre for me, no longer young and slightly less horny, to read just the other day that Lena Nyman died. What a girl she was! To have been born just fifty years earlier, and also in Sweden. The beautiful youth of the '6os was wasted on the beautiful youths in the '6os.

I would have loved her back then, and with her death comes a strange void in my present self. It's not like adoring Marylin Monroe or some other long-dead sex symbol: I had a connection to these sixties art-house bombshells, and now another one is gone. It's a union of sexuality and mortality that I just can't put my finger on, and it makes me feel empty and disgusting. My young, horny self was robbing the grave.

I can never masturbate again.





Bend her over and teach her the marginal value of sex with a student is greater than the marginal cost.

Unzip his double helix.

Have a beer and watch soccer.

Take him to therapy - he needs it.

Cut her bangs; shave his mustache.

Punch in face.

Bite his nipples and make him howl.

Cook her a hearty post-coital breakfast.

Take a red pen and go to town on YOU.

Spank her with my C- paper.

Nothing. She is an absolute saint and should be treated as such by our entire class.

Dirty, unmentionable things involving ear wax.

Not go to recitation.

Worship her T&A.

Marry her. She's the perfect woman, if only she didn't think I was too young for her.

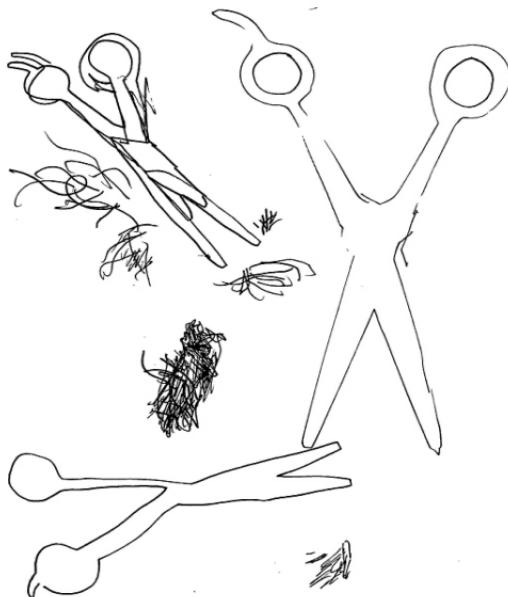
I'd put my large Jew nose inside her - think nasal cunnilingus.

We'd travel across Middle Earth - he could be Frodo and I would be an unconvincing Sam

Torch their sweaters.

I'd get your John Locke-d in my state of nature. It'll be a dangerous, self-interested Prisoner's Dilemma. Just remember the rules of Tit-for-Tat: start by cooperating, and then just follow your partner.

Ew, nothing!



Confessions part two

Most of the time I don't like my friends. Most of them are the people who lived near me freshman year, so it was convenient. I'm a senior now.

I let my dog lick me off.

Sometimes I pee on the cannon just because. That's a thing people do, right?

I've still never cheated on anything or anyone.

My ass smells terrible. I shower all the time, do laundry frequently, and wear tons of deodorant. Why am I so smelly?

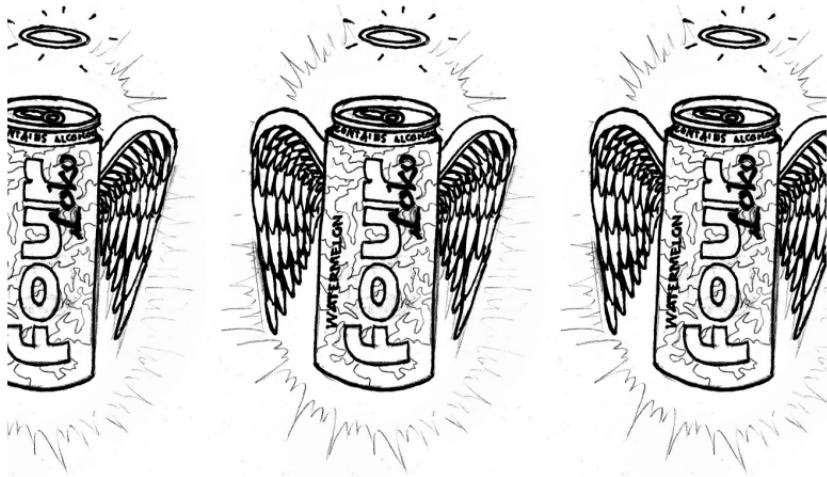
The only things I buy at CVS are batteries for my vibrator.

I censor my iTunes by prematurely ending any song I think is lame or embarrassing so that it won't increase the play count.

I unfairly detest most of the Tufts population for having money.

Embarrassment is my greatest turn-on.

I go to the bathroom before I clock out so that I'm getting paid to poop.



I miss Four Loko.

I tell my friends I go to Ginn because I get more work done there. Actually, I go to try and find a boyfriend. It still has not worked.

I wish I was not so in love with food.

If I could, I would stay in and go to sleep before 11 every night, but I can't.

I think I'm one of the prettier people on campus.

When ever I receive a text message from a girl in which she repeats consonants, such as "Heyyy theree what's upp?" I can't help but think she wants to bang me.

I'm sorry for peeing in your snowsuit.

Sometimes I think in Facebook statuses.

I think lesbians are hot. Also, they're the dark horses in the race to win the future.

one who lives there

I can't listen to Feist anymore, because you fucked her to "Gatekeeper," and cried to me when she was gone.

I can't listen to Stars anymore, because of that time you told me my room was too messy and played "Personal" real softly on my guitar, sitting on my floor.

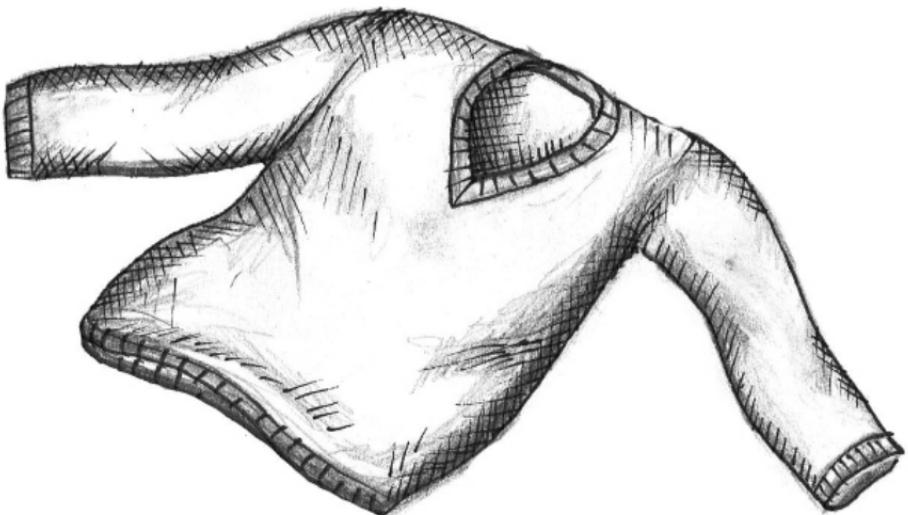
I can barely bring myself to read e.e. cummings anymore, after that time we read poems aloud on your couch and I laid in your lap and we repeated, "BREASTS WILL BE BREASTS, THIGHS WILL BE THIGHS BUT LOVE IS THE SKY AND I AM FOR YOU," and I wept the whole subway ride home, and everyone in the car avoided eye contact with me.

I can't listen to Black Star anymore, because "Definition" played in the bar that night, minutes before you asked how bad it would be if you kissed me and I smirked and said, "Not so bad," and you had me against that brick wall on 15th street, one hand up my dress and the other pulling my hair at the roots, and we danced through Union Square, drunk on shiny wet pavements and public displays of not giving a fuck and \$3 PBRs.

I can't watch "Hot Rod" anymore, because somehow we ended up on the floor, Andy Samberg flaring his nostrils in the background, and you sucked me until I was purple and shrieking and I was both terrified of and praying for your dad to walk in. All he ever did was call me a communist from behind his teeth. He had to have known how much that turned you on.

I can't listen to your mumbled voicemails anymore; they have long ceased to be charming.

I couldn't wear your sweater anymore, so I lost it this summer, at a rest stop somewhere in upstate New York, listening to Johnny Cash and Joni Mitchell singing "Girl From The North Country." I always listen to Joni Mitchell because it made your girlfriend so mad that I could get you to love Joni when she couldn't.



I can't play with your dogs anymore, and I can't have your handprints on my ass anymore, and I can't wish your songs were about me anymore, but some things we can live without, right?

Things I'm laughing about right now we can

Y2K.

The time you came in my eye.

Queefs.

The fact that I had headgear.

That whole post-ZBT-Jello-Shots-Party thing where we went down on each other listening to the National even though you're gay and I can't believe I hooked up with someone whose favorite beer is Coors Light.

That time I accidentally felt up an old lady on the T.

Kicking you in the balls the first time we hooked up because you surprise tickled me.

That time when the two of us blacked out at the same exact time and came to in completely different places. And by "places," I mean "other people's beds."

My penis in all those baby pictures.

Princess Diana... actually, no.

"I need the room."

When I was little and I told you that you could castrate me if I didn't own a castle by the time I was 40.

That time when I didn't get why "homo erectus" was funny and said "Guys, it just means, you know, upright."

8th Grade.

I asked them to teach me how to kiss.

My erectile dysfunction.

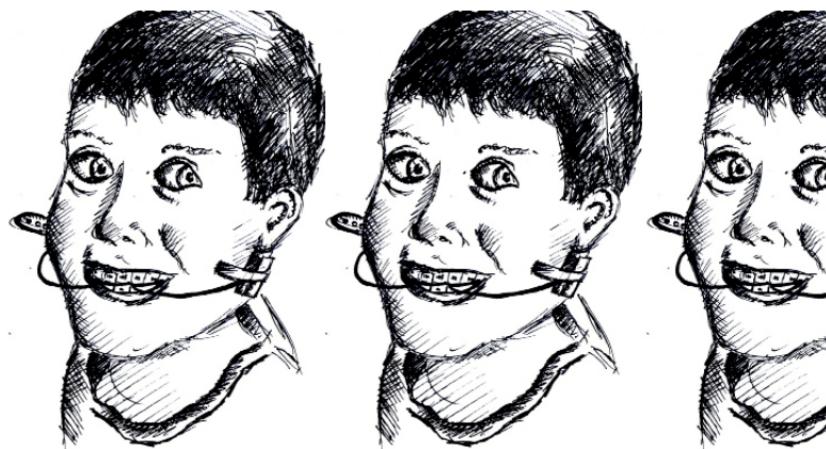
Queefing.

Being known as "the naked girl."

Dating each other. Oh. My. God.

My fear of penises.

While dancing, I lost balance because of excessive inebriation and 1) I fell over backwards, 2) into a pile of empty beer cans, 3) pulling her down with me and 4) watching her run off. If you're reading this now, I'm sorry for the incident, but I'm not sorry for partying.



Confessions 3

I was secretly happy when my roommate's grandfather died because I had the room to myself for a few days.

I really miss taking showers with you. Whenever I'm sad now I think about leaning back against you and watching the water hit our feet.

Your balls smell like tacos.

I am obsessed with thinking about getting married and having babies; I think my friends will judge me if I tell them I want to be a stay-at-home mom.

I'm totally fine flashing to get my friends and myself into a frat. Sorry, other people in line.

In elementary school, I had a sleepover with twins from my soccer team and we spent the night kissing. I just realized that that was my first kiss.

There is someone I've awkwardly hooked up with in EVERY SINGLE ONE OF MY CLASSES.

I want to be a cat.

I once pretended to be suicidal.

I have tried anal three too many times.

I am anorexic. I'm a 190 pound guy, but sometimes I go for three or four days without eating.

I'm sick of the friend that needs me the most.

I'm in love with my Ethics textbook.

I once totally peed my pants when I was 16.

Today I lifted weights while listening to “Boom Boom Boom Boom” by the Venga Boys. I hope it looked like I was listening to Kanye.

My parents got divorced November of freshman year. I still haven't told any of my best friends from home. They think my dad is just always away on business trips. I'm not sure for how much longer I can keep up this lie.

I hate northeasterners.

I'm cooler than my roommate, but much less friendly.

I was high like, half of the times I had sex with you.



thongs

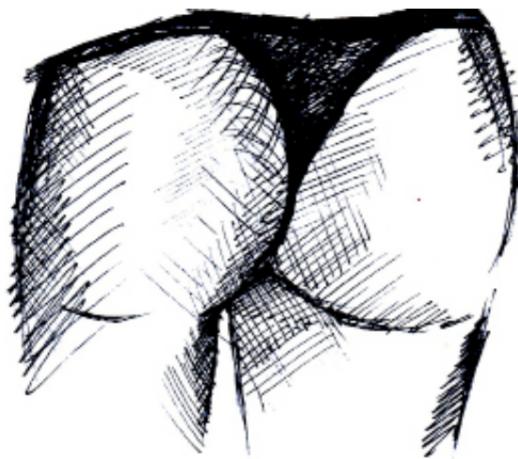
After unpacking from Winter Break, I realized I have some of the tackiest thongs I have ever seen. This is not to say that I don't have any nice ones; come on, Victoria's Secret practically throws them at me just to get me inside. But there are the few, the proud, that get repeatedly passed over until they are shamefully and secretly donned during the period of time I spend summoning the energy to do my laundry. As this day approaches, it got me thinking... Why do I bother?

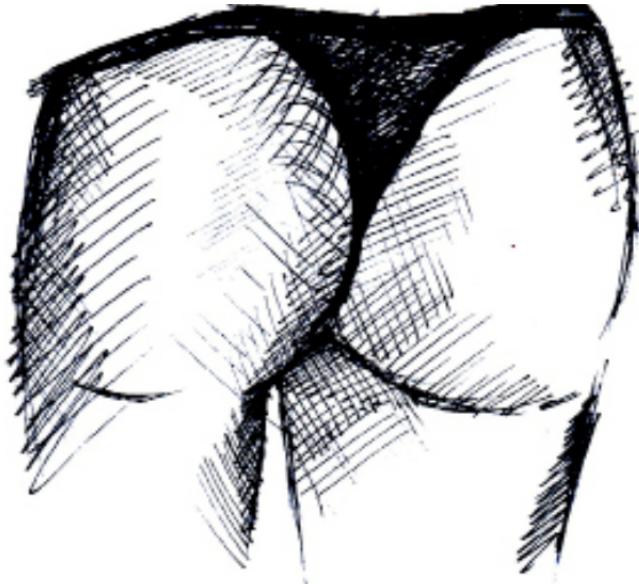
Getting your driver's license can mean many things. It can mean going out to lunch during school. It can mean driving to a parking lot 15 minutes away to smoke with your friends. For me, it meant buying thongs.

Pan to a seventh grade me: skinny and awkward, in the middle of a peanut butter sandwich in the school cafeteria. During lunch that day, the entire room was filled with the whispers and nervous laughter of restless boys shifting in their seats. The focus of their attention was a group of six or so girls, sitting together at their own table. They pretended to be engrossed in their own conversation, but I remember their eyes drinking in the surroundings as they tried to jut their chests forward. Clearly not among the select few, I was confused until one of my friends sat down and flatly stated "They're all wearing thongs."

My eyes widened. Thongs? They had them? They certainly hadn't looked any different. I glanced back at the table, and studied their smirks. My eyes dropped, and I squinted at the tiny denim pockets that faced me. Some of the bolder ones were even wearing skirts. The group of boys a few seats away from us wrenched their heads towards the table at the same time, and then each proceeded to turn bright red. The boys started talking excitedly, but I turned back to my peanut butter sandwich. I pretended to disapprove, but inside I was dying of jealousy. Right then and there, I decided that braces, curly hair, and cargo pants be damned; thongs would be the key to all my shortcomings.

During the car ride home, I tentatively broached the subject to my mother. Being the rational, plotting girl that I was, my argument relied heavily on the one practical side of thongs. She was surprised by my sudden fear and contempt of panty lines, but eventually gave in and told me she would buy one for me. I wriggled with excitement for days until she finally brought something home.





It was high waisted, beige, and marked down for 2 bucks. I tried to convince myself that it was still cool and proceeded to wriggle (no longer from excitement) through the following day of school, but the thrill didn't last very long. The aforementioned article was carelessly tossed into my laundry basket, never to surface again.

But thongs became to me the Maury and Jerry Springer of panties. I knew they were out there, and if we had a half day of school and my mom didn't come home for lunch, I knew I could have them. I knew I wasn't supposed to watch, I certainly wasn't the target audience, and I wasn't even sure I liked it all that much. But something kept bringing me back. Thongs remained a constant presence in the back of my mind- dormant, and waiting for an opportune moment.

And at 16, with car keys in my hand, it was finally happening. It became a question of my independence, something I needed to prove to the seventh grade girl that was still inside me. And I became obsessed. I

pawed through racks and drawers of underwear, picking out any and all colors, patterns, materials. I had to make up for lost time, but most of all I had to make up for that poor excuse for underwear my mom had brought home. I bought neon pink polka dots. I bought shiny, faux-silk material that borderlined on plastic. I bought sizes that were considerably too small, but I wore them all the same. I became a wedgy-picking ninja, and a zen master of ignoring discomfort. But it was worth it—I was finally convinced that I was sexy.

Years later (it took years), the effect finally wore off. Their once feminine allure now reveal bits of left-over fabric that I had bought for five or six bucks a pop. I finally saw the irony in the innocent little kittens matched with raunchy black lace, and my eyes were henceforth opened. If I could rank them among children's toys, my former panties of choice would fall somewhere between Polly Pockets and Bratz. Each pair was a face-glittered and barretted middle-schooler's dream come true. And they were appalling.

And yet, I can't bear to throw them all away. Now, as I paw through my drawer of socks and underwear, there are some that I can hardly stand to look at. But these select few that have somehow remained intact remind me of a time filled with clandestine shopping trips, a time filled with price tags that were destroyed or expertly hidden amongst the trash, a time filled with having a dream, and finally taking action.

And as laundry day gets closer and closer, I remind myself that my underwear may be plaid with purple bows, but it sure as hell isn't beige.

things i've done IN OR AROUND **FLETCHER**

Climbed the roof.

Traded Pokemon.

Oral in the section on Japanese imperialism on the top floor of Ginn Library.

Head banged so hard that my neck was sore for days.

Peed. Climbed the roof. Took a girl's bra off.

Ab exercises.

Got drunk, did LSAT prep, threw up, had anonymous sex. In that order. Or backwards, I forget.

Pooped three times before noon.

Smoked cigars on the roof balcony.

Sat next to some bushes and cried about how much I love children. I wasn't wearing a shirt.

Fletched.

Defecated in support of Darfur and peed in protest of the injustices of Haiti.

Posed naked for an art-project in, on, and around...

Gave head to my friend behind the podium in Cabot Auditorium before a TMC speaker event.

Corrected a Fletcher student.

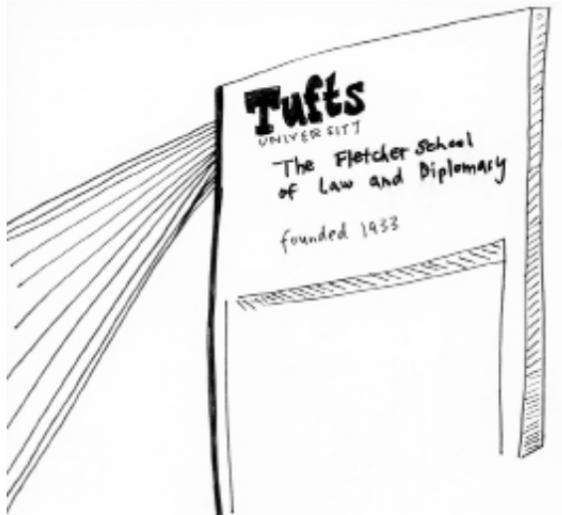
Attended a rave held by my friends, who rented out the auditorium - TUDAS, FTW!

Picked up a pile of rocks to be painted.

Gone to lectures and events for the sole purpose of stealing all the cheese cubes at the light refreshments afterward.

Searched high and low for Michelle Kwan...no luck, yet.

I have never fucked in Fletcher, if that's what you're getting at. Although I totally would: bucket list.



















DESPERATE

Times call for
DESPERATE ...

sex.

sexts.

drunk texts.

booty calls.

amounts of StumbleUpon.

fake sleeping... the solution to all my problems.

preemptive measures against politically and socially unstable countries.

prolonged periods without washing my hair.

emails at three in the morning.

Nutella-slathered carbohydrates.

Housewives.

condoms. (I went looking for condoms in an all-night convenience store, and all they had left were Magnum XLs. "Desperate times, huh?" the cashier smirked.)

public urination.

makeshift tampons.

Diet Coke consumption.

pick-up lines.

chicks.

dicks.

make-up sex.

blunts.

lap dances.

fish baths.

Pride & Clarke Vodka.

runs to Tower for muffins.

measures?



your password is
your secret.

miahammfan

ItsNotFrogs

telephantitus1

juliapoopedonmybed3times

Ilike2eatpie

smartguy

donteventrytogetintomyemailasshole

bballer45



chickenfight!

ihave2cats

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

meowmix

billpaxtonfuckya

moMoneymo\$

sexonmytaint

tittyassfuckcocacolayumyumeconomics

thisisnotapassword

frecklefarts8

nippleringz

jimmy_peanut

littlecloud1234

7fa09d3!x

juliastiles6969



OUTRAGEOUS THINGS I've done FOR *Love / Money*:

E-mailed my former TA, complimenting him on his “bulges that stifled me” throughout the semester.

Pretended I loved Radiohead.

For €1, I stood topless in the window of the hostel until the construction workers on the street below noticed.

Offered a private free lesson to a guy on how to “grind.”
Hid in the closet for almost an hour in a sexy secretary outfit when his cleaning lady arrived unexpectedly.

Agreed to be May in the 2012 “Nude Ginger” calendar.
Started smoking cigarettes to be eligible for a smoking study.

Ate my friend’s loogie for a dollar.

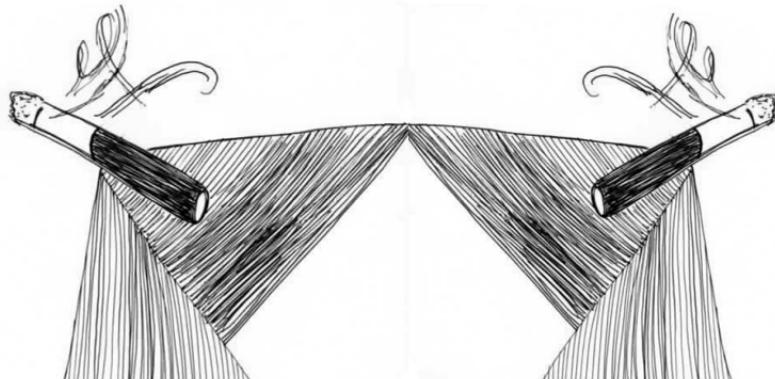
Joined a church for a year so the altar boy would fall in love with me (it didn’t work).

Worn a banana hammock (for money); put clothes on (for love).

Picked up beer bottles off the street. It’s like finding an especially dirty nickel.

Gave head to a stranger.

Take a 10-hour bus and surprise him.





The word “dicks.”

*Buying old photographs: I have over 1,000 in my dorm room.
Spelling.*

The order of songs on a mixtape.

Making time to watch awful movies.

Trimming my chest hair: it looks like a wolf's face.

Using a different color to write the homework for my different classes.

iCal.

Checking to see if I have fingernails.

Plucking my eyebrows.

The shape I shave my pubic hair into.

My M&Ms. They have to be lined up in a pyramid fashion sorted by color. No other way.

Leaving perfectly symmetrical bite marks on my pencils

Bringing my bottle of mouthwash back to my room at night, because I have a fear of somebody using it.

Nothing. It's becoming problematic, actually.





YOU'LL FIND
SOMETHING
NEW TO LOVE.



CONFES~~S~~SIONS IV

I masturbate once a day, everyday.

I wish I knew how to masturbate. I hear it's really nice...

My RA got my sloppy seconds. Twice.

I don't know what sloppy seconds are.

I want to talk to every person in Queer Pop but I don't think any of them would like me.

I want to projectile vomit on a group of sorority girls in matching shirts/hats.

I really wanted that job, and you know what? I'd do it better than you.

My nipples are puffy, and I love them.

I started drinking and smoking so that I'd have a reason to qualify why you dumped me.

I'm bad. I'm real bad.



Dressing up like a man is fun.

I don't like seeing penises on babies.

I'm not Jewish.

I always try to wink at gay boys when they're getting it on on the dance floor.

I secretly love the fact that I'm the most discussed person at Tufts.

After all my years of Spanish, I still have to go to Insert>Symbols to get a n with a tilde.

You're the reason I got an A in class. I wouldn't have had any material without you.

I didn't know the pineapple juice at the Crafts House wasn't just pineapple juice until I fell down the stairs.

Girls that can do calculus and harder math are hot.

I fantasize about having group sex with all the boys who live on my floor. Especially when I'm in the shower and can hear them all talking in the hallway.

I can't stand the sound of people eating.

Poop is smelly, I fear.

I love to make awkward moaning noises when finding books in the stacks of Tisch. Keeps everyone on their toes.



I did ecstasy and was ECSTATIC about it.

I spent all my bar mitzvah money on weed and Vaseline.

I'm glad you got back together.

That, in all honesty, I couldn't have asked for better parents, and that they did an incredible job. I'll tell them how thankful I am for everything they did - and didn't do - for me. I'll tell them that they've made it so that my greatest ambition in life is to have a family so I can try to be as good to my children as they were to me. I'll tell them that while they don't do so well in some areas - salaries, SAT scores, or social status - I'll tell them how little that matters when compared to the values they tried to instill in me. And hopefully, I'll tell them all of this before their deathbeds.

I hotboxed the Snuggie "Santa" gave me last Christmas.

I unknowingly took a big hit of salvia and unsuccessfully tried to convince myself that I wasn't 80 feet tall and my friend's face wasn't melting.

YES, I could hear you that one time you had sex while I was in the room! NOT ASLEEP, NOT ASLEEP, NOT ASLEEP!

I'm actually proud of you guys that after 21 years of marriage and 3 kids I still find your Trojan Ecstasies poorly stashed around the house. You give me hope that the spark can last and menopause can be held at bay...

About my 11 a.m. homecoming blackout.

I got a tattoo on my butt of a dot with a homemade tattoo gun that my hallmate and I made

Remember when I was six and you refused to buy me a Power Wheels? No number of brand-new Mercedes now will ever make up for it.

Dad, I've been stealing your dress socks for years. I have never bought a single pair of them for myself. You didn't mess up the laundry and lose socks, it was me.

I love you.

I don't like you.

I'm sorry.

I forgive you.

I don't need you.

I've taken Plan B... twice.

I feel as though there are a million better ways to have spent \$54,000 a year.



Role Play

This is a story about the first and only time I've tried role play. I've told this story sober only twice.

This past summer, I was with this awesome girl. We got into the habit of meeting up in my huge bed or her huge bed at about 11:00 PM each night. We would spend the night lounging naked under the covers alternating between sex and conversations about nothing. At about 4:00 AM, the person whose bed it was would start to doze off and the other would embark on the two-mile walk home. It was the illest. As the weeks progressed, we got more and more comfortable with each other. The conversations became more personal, more out there. The sex got crazier. All of this came at a head (ay oh!) the night we tried role play.

We were talking about Judaism. I had a bar mitzvah and went to Hebrew school until I was fifteen, so I knew my shit. She, on the other hand, pleaded Atheism when she was ten and didn't go to more than a month of Hebrew school. Part way through our conversation about our histories with Judaism, I went to the bathroom. When I came back, I said, "There's no soap in your bathroom." She responded, "Sorry, Rabbi."

Then, things got dirty.

The characters were quickly established—she was Julie, a Hebrew schoolgirl about to step up to the bema for her bat mitzvah who had just discovered she liked boys, but loved men. I was Rabbi Berkowitz, a turned-on Talmudist who had to give Julie one more lesson before becoming a Jewish adult. The encounter led to the same thing that encounters of this nature do: pun sex.



My years of Hebrew education finally had a purpose—to not syno-gag while gevuroting fellatio! To get the shofar blown at the “head of the year”! To challah at a foxy dame! This was certainly an opportunity I could not Passover. For me, it was 50% puns, 40% sex, and 10% maintaining the plot of our interaction. But her distribution was different. It soon became clear that “Julie” lacked sufficient Hebrew school education. Her dirty talking had no puns, no zest, no Jewish humor. She misused the word “shalom,” which is hard because “shalom” basically means every word in Hebrew. I was rapidly getting turned off.

It started off as a ludicrous justification for a soft-core porno, but it didn’t end like pornography usually does. The plot was going haywire. First she acted like she already had her bat mitzvah, then she acted like it was in the upcoming weeks. It was becoming too student/teacher, too goyish. I was too in my head. Finally, in the least porno way possible, we stopped. I was no longer turned on—I had to look up the name of the middle candle of the menorah (shamus) and the name of the things that hung off the end of a tallis (tzitzit). It was an embarrassing moment for me, and I haven’t even thought about role play since. For some of us, puns and sex just don’t mix.



the end

