

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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



Spring 2010
Tufts University

Ginger in Chief

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She Doesn't Even Go Here

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Queens

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Starving Artists

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Letter From The Editor

What is this thing you just picked up and why should you read it?

This is the Public Journal. It is an anthology of truth and a journal for the public. It serves as an archive, encapsulating the undercurrent of Tufts and depicting a sliver in time.

These are the thoughts we have when we are not busy becoming the people we tell everyone we are going to become. These are the experiences that enlighten, haunt, and exhilarate our lives. These pages hold the substance that makes all of us who we are.

And why should you read it? Well, maybe because in addition to all the heartfelt venting and confessions, there are lots of funny stories about sex.

Enjoy.

Cory Siskind
Editor in Chief

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STATISTICS

In these calculations, everything is rounded to four significant figures.

If over this summer I watched an average of 15 minutes of pornography roughly five times a week from May 17th to August 20th, I am left with having viewed an estimated 16.97 hours of straight pornography.

Roughly 12% of this pornography has been classic movie themed.

Titles include “The Cock Father” (19 min), “A Cockwork Orange” (22 min), “Nightmare on Cock Street” (21 min), and “Requiem for a Cream” (exact time unknown).

If over my lifetime I have made out with 13 girls, I am left with an estimated total 22.48 hrs (1349 minutes) of me pressing my mouth against the mouth of another human being.

For four of these minutes I was on a Ferris wheel. Three of these minutes were spent with banana in my mouth. Thirty-five were spent crying. Eighty of these minutes were in the office of my junior year Spanish teacher. Two minutes were spent playing Mario Kart. Six seconds of this time was Spiderman style. Three seconds were burping.

I have googled “how to finger girls” four times.

I have googled “how to eat pussy” three times. I Wikipediaed “how to put on a condom” thirty seconds before losing my virginity.

If, since the age of sixteen, I have offered seven girls high fives after we hooked up and if each girl individually left me hanging, then I can confidently say that the day a girl unflinchingly and unabashedly high fives me back, none of these statistics will matter.

The most bizarre Gft I've ever received

an Ernie (as in Bert and Ernie) puppet from my turning-senile great aunt when I was 15

the book *Where Did I Come From?*

my own bra re-wrapped

a squeegee

a freaking Barbie dream house from my uncle. I was 10 and one of those Harriet the Spy/Hermione types

socks

shake weight

a porn magazine titled “Natural Beauties”

a “ring for sex” bell. I ring it, sex comes to me. I’m still debating whether to take it home when the end of the school year comes

a flask that reads, “What Would Jesus Do?” I’m a devout Christian that sometimes hits the bottle a bit hard

a packet of little foam dinosaurs that expand in water
(from my girlfriend... for Christmas)

half of my father's genetic material

a large box of condoms buried in one of my duffel bags
the first day of Tufts

"Don't Have Ugly Children" Beauty Gum

a flannel thong

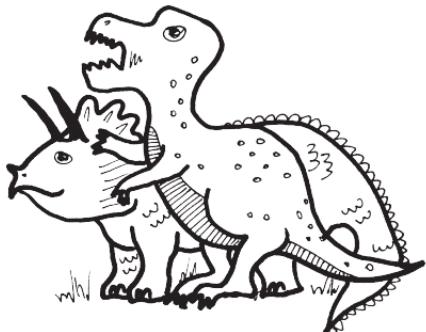
an offer to have a stone wall built around me

a sequined pink thong with tie up sides (from my mother)

a prayer book

a book of quotes, not famous quotes, but their quotes

a two-foot tall man made entirely of beef jerky



my life in

Do You Hear the People Sing? // Les Miserables

"When the beating of your heart, echoes the beating of the drums"

5 years old. Standing on the living room couch in a pink dress, pink leggings, pink shoes, and a pink bow. Singing with all the might little lungs can muster, arms flung out. The sense of musical injustice of the French Revolution reminds me of how I feel about my little sister getting her own room, while my older sister and I have to share.

The Boy is Mine // Brandy & Monica

"You need to give it up, had about enough. It's not hard to see, the boy is mine"

First cassette tape I've ever purchased. My sister and I sing it duet-style multiple times a day. We fight over who gets to be Brandy. I like her part better. Moesha is such a good show.

Take Five // Dave Brubeck

I am in middle school and Brubeck is my musical hero. I sit wiggling with excitement in my chair, holding the hand of my fellow Jazz-geek best friend. Out he comes. When he walks, he looks so old. But when he plays, he is immortal.

La Flaca // Jarabe de Palo

"Enloquezco de ganas de dormir a su ladito"

I thought I loved the Frenchman I met in Granada. Turned out he was just different and attractive. Mostly though, he reminded me of Howard Roark.

Going to California // Led Zeppelin

"The sea was red and the sky was grey, wondered how tomorrow could ever follow today."

Windows down. Summer sun shining. Car packed. We have our licenses and revel in the independence. We can't imagine life without each other, without California. We listen to classic rock like our old hippie parents and sigh pretentiously that we were born in the wrong decade.

Let's Stay Together // Justin Jones & Driving Rain

"There was something in that summer breeze that held me close and kissed the trees"

Taking the metro to work in Virginia. Swampy heat that wraps me up like a sticky wool sweater. Summer is so unbearably exciting. So is falling in love for the first time. I complain about my 40-minute commute, but I have the indulgent pleasure of listening to the same song over and over again and feeling so lucky to be alive.

Teardrop // Massive Attack

"Gentle impulsion, shakes me, makes me lighter"

Leaving. Leaving my first love to start a new adventure. I'm hurt, but shake it off. Airport after airport. Passport at the ready. Head up. Heels high. Leaving it all behind for the next great adventure.

Mi Confesión // Gotan Project Feat. Koxmoz

"Buenos Aires, donde cosecho"

I've always loved this song but I didn't really understand it until now. I listen obsessively, figuring out each word and trying to fit the slang into sentences in my everyday life. The artist boyfriend laughs and looks at me with surprise. The accordion reminds me of milongas and being nostalgic for a place I haven't left yet.

Eu Te Darei O Ceu // Roberto Carlos

“Toda a minha vida eu já te dei, E agora já não sei”

Stepping off the plane into a completely foreign land, I know the following ten days will be intense. I haven't seen him in six months and in the next ten days we will discuss everything that went wrong and decide what to do. There will be caipirinhas, tears, dancing, late nights, warm ocean water and begging. I do think I still love him, but then again, maybe it's just Brazil. I'm too different now and this is too much the same.

Feeling Good // My Brightest Diamond

“It’s a new dawn, it’s a new day, it’s a new life for me, and I’m feeling good”

I'm back! The brick, like old friends, looks foreign and familiar. The trees turn to fire. After so much movement, I get used to being settled with my feet firmly on the ground. I just got here, but it feels as if the days are slipping through my hands like grains through a sieve.

First Arabesque // Claude Debussy

Playing this piece on the piano will be forever the best therapy. It has a way of wiping clear the stress and the clutter. This piece is one of the purest forms of beauty I know.

More to come.

Much more.



MISSED → CONNECTIONS

You're a guy who sat in the 4th to 8th rows in the middle section closer to the left in Cohen every day in EC5 last semester - You have short brown hair, maybe 5'7ish(?) & you look maybe Hispanic or Greek? You're cute, coffee?



I knew you from when you had friended me on ~~facebook~~ as a pre-frosh, we've been introduced about a half dozen times in person over the last 3 1/2 years & I see you in Tisch at least 2 or 3 times a week. Stop staring at your feet every time we pass each other, & say hi!

 YOU WROTE IN THAT YOUR IDEAL WOMAN HAS CURLY BROWN HAIR & FRECKLES LIKE MAE BY FROM AR DEV - I'M ON PJ STAFF & FIT THE DESCRIPTION! HOPPY @ ME 

 you're the tall Asian Garba dancer & I think you're beautiful.

 you're a grad student. I saw you at the gym. I saw you at Hillel. So cute, FIND ME.



Confessions I

I was invited to have a threesome with someone who has sex for money and her girlfriend.

I don't ever want to leave my on-campus job because I don't think I will ever work anywhere as cool.

Being around my sister makes me realize all the things that are wrong with me.

When I was blackout drunk, I told one of my good friends that we would have the most beautiful babies in the world: "A quarter Chinese, a quarter Nepalese, and half Caucasian," then I proceeded to slobber on her neck. Needless to say, she wasn't impressed.

I'm really afraid of you becoming my boyfriend, but as long as we keep having sex I'm not going to do anything to stop it.

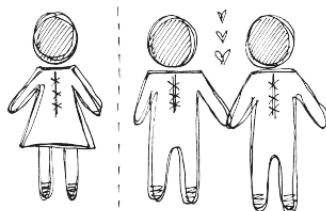
When my roommate is gone I sleep naked and it's the best ever.

All I want is meaningless sex with someone who can be chill about it and relatively respectful.

My dog ate my vibrator over winter break. My parents found the pieces of blue rubber strewn throughout the house while I was out.

my IDEAL man ...

has a vagina.
is thrice my age.
is super tall and scrawny and dorkily Jewish.
is an Irish/British dark haired musician and bearded.
is ambiguously ethnic.
is feminine.
asks permission before our first kiss and has a genuine smile.
will take me to a Yo-Yo Ma concert and then propose.
stays the hell away from my ideal woman.
is taller than me and smarter than me.
is nothing like my father.
is from France, with dark hair, and dark eyes, and a lot of passion and will take crazy drugs, but not too crazy.
Prince Charming, who also happens to be an architect when he's not totally swamped with royal duties.
is earnest and has strong but beautiful hands.
would have been on a WB teen drama in the 90's.
isn't caught up with gender conformity.
is my cousin. But he's gay, AND he's my cousin. Talk about platonic love.



My IDEAL WOMAN ...

is me, but way hotter.

is probably Zooey Deschanel, as a mermaid.

is you! Seriously. I know you're reading this. Just thought you should know.

has curly hair and freckles! (Maeby from Arrested Development would do just fine.)

is driven, ambitious and incredibly passionate. (Oh and hot, but that goes without saying, right?)

puts up with my relentlessly offbeat humor.

is definitely NOT a closeted Satanist with a tendency to give deep purple hickeys.

looks like Shane from "the L Word."

has seen every episode of Battlestar Galactica.

doesn't want to have sex with me.

is willing to try new things.

is foreign.

DAMN YOU, OVARIES!

The ovaries are without a doubt the most evil of all internal organs. They can have you curled up at the foot of your bed writhing in pain. They can cause you to eat an entire tub of Ben and Jerry's at 3 o'clock in the morning. They can turn a perfectly nice girl into a raging, emotional bitch.

Now, you bio nerds might try to tell me that the hormones excreted by my ovaries cannot in fact turn me into the Incredible Hulkess. Well, I don't care what it says in your books or what is "generally agreed upon as fact by the scientific community." Those little devils change people.

When things are going really well, I've met someone I'm interested in, and we're hitting it off, in come the ovaries to ruin the day. It's as though I have one on either shoulder whispering date-killers into my ear. What are you thinking about right now? Where is this going? Are you checking her out? Do you have a chocolate bar? I miss us.



I swear I'm a normal person (well, maybe not if I'm lamenting my ovaries), but I can generally conduct myself in a calm, rational and relaxed manner. When the sleeping dragon of my ovaries wakes up, I become another person. So, next time you see a girl throwing a fit, yelling and embarrassing herself, just know that there is a sane person underneath all the flying hair and scratching. Deep down, she knows she's being ridiculous. However, her better judgment has been cast beneath the shadows by the supreme force of her ovaries, and she is rendered powerless against their might.

Ovaries. You are my responsibility. My gift. My curse.

the TATTOO

i'm too scared to get
but desperately want is...

a hummingbird

lyrics from Britney Spears

Mike Tyson's face on my forehead

"mis manos son tus manos"

"CHUMBAWAMBA" in big bold letters across my chest

"I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance"

a roughly sketched map of the Appalachian Trail, once I thru-hike the entire length

a treble clef on the back of my neck

an infinity sign

a filled-in teardrop on my face

the periodic table on my lower back

ivy vines on my foot

Tinkerbell

a permanent mustache (I can't grow one)

a tramp stamp – anything, really, just a tramp stamp

henna all over my hands, arms, boobs and tummy

a fleur de lis

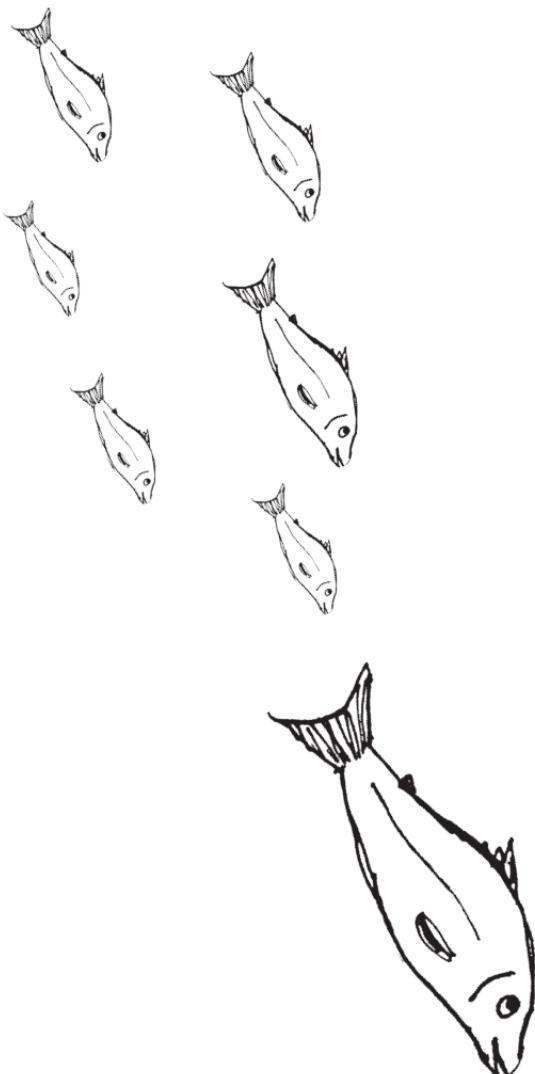
an ohm symbol, scared because it seems like everyone else has got one

Jumbo!



the word _____ always makes me

bitch
daisy
lymph
puss
penis
vajayjay
faggot
salmon
world peace
cum
finger
trout
plibt
crotch
corpse
crusty
duck!
diaphragm
moist
schlitz
anal
brewery
gunk
pungent
spunk
EPIIC funding
Jesus



CONFessions II

Tiny penises are probably the funniest things ever. They look like plantains. I know size doesn't matter, but it really is the saddest thing, when you're hooking up with someone, to discover that they have a penis the size of an undersized banana.

I am far too scared to put anything in my vagina. I don't even wear tampons after I stuck them up the wrong hole in the 10th grade. It's gotten to the point that I have never been to a gynecologist because of the claw thing they apparently stick up you during an HPV test.

I'm far from being as strong, brave, stable, or confident as everyone thinks I am, and the only thing that stops me from breaking down is keeping up appearances.

When I'm feeling bad about myself, the only thing that makes it better is running across the Rez Quad topless.

I started smoking cigarettes to piss off my ex boyfriend because I'd always said that cigarette smoking was gross and made him shower and brush his teeth before he saw me when we were together.

I've used him again and again. To make people jealous. To comfort myself. To forget about the other one. And he keeps letting me do it.

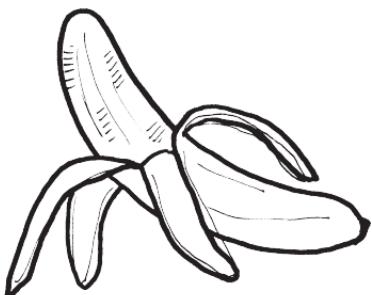
I don't have any secrets that aren't, well, pedestrian.

It's not just platonic.

For years I've felt more mature than my friends and I'm so sick of it.

I don't excel at anything.

I didn't mind the bad sex as much as the fact that you lied to my face after you realized I didn't remember anything from that night. You made yourself sound like a victim. Well, the memories all came back, and the victim is anybody BUT you. Slut.



Time & Place

He called me “Boston.” He was teen-romance-novel attractive. The nonchalantly tousled hair, the reflective blue eyes, a heart shaped birthmark on his neck.

“You’re such an American.” Not scathingly or mockingly, but affectionately. And in that perfect accent.

Meeting him on the first day as I spiraled down the white clay steps of the quasi-pueblo summer house, I wrote him off. Assumed he was just another beautiful boy placed out of my reach, one I’d have to walk by in the mornings and feign my disinterest for.

“When’s the last time you did something spontaneous?” No one had ever asked me. I assumed no one ever asked that question outside of Lifetime made-for-TV movies. But when he said it my entire body tensed up. He half smiled at me. Told me to meet him by the pool in ten minutes.

A day spent wandering aimlessly around an overcrowded, overheated market on the eternal search for the perfect souvenir for friends back home. In the “bread van” rental car on the way home, she lazily mentioned that he invited me to go out for drinks with kids closer to my age.

On a blanket strewn across La Cala beach, next to a rock cliff I had only seen painted on canvas. Vina sol and candles. It didn’t feel cliché. And then he told me things. Interesting, random. He mocked my fake British accent, my “Americanisms.” But nothing happened. Nothing could.

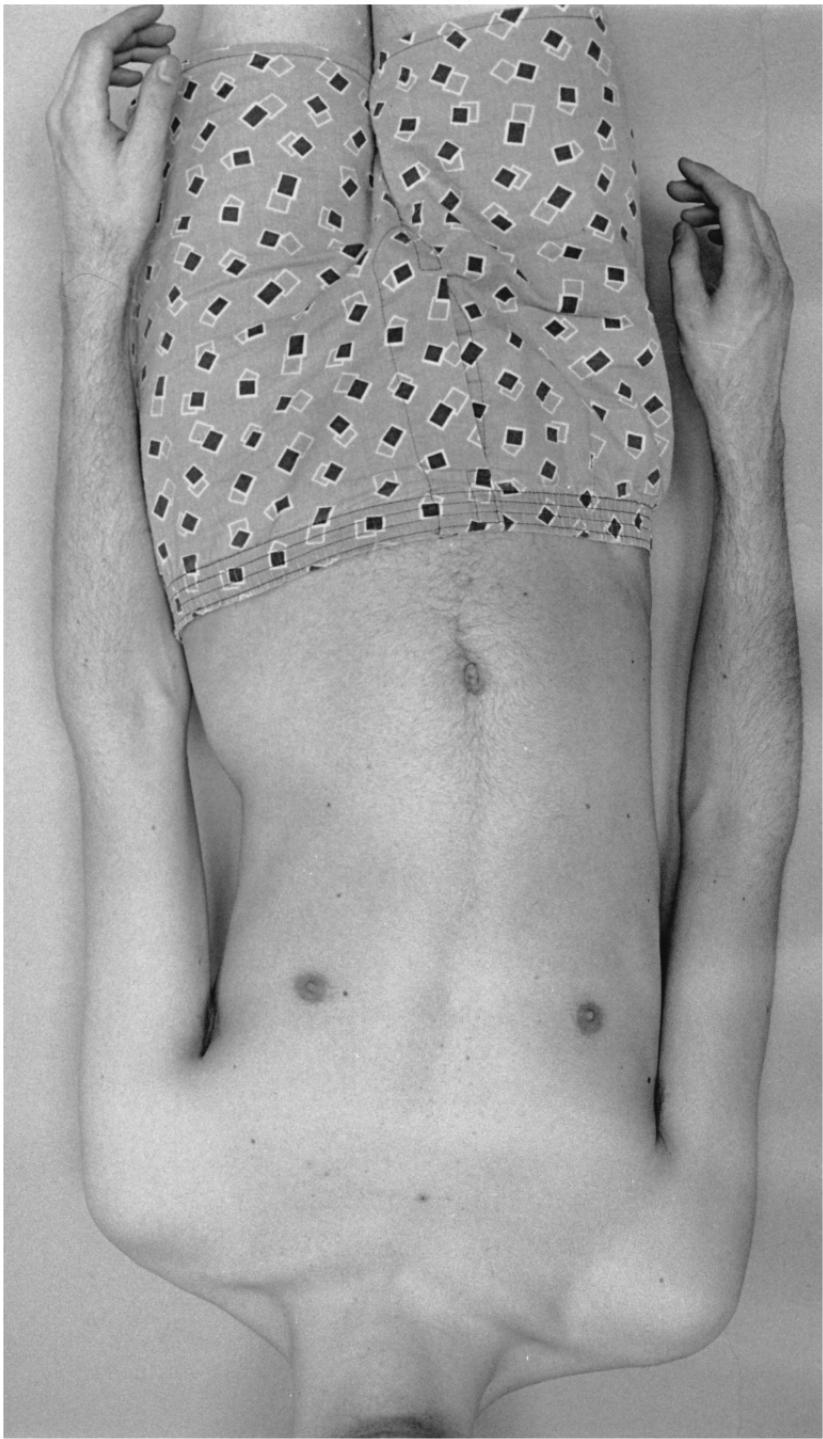
I hesitantly accepted the offer. Awkwardly crashed the end of a dinner with his family and another. Millions of America-centric questions later, we were at a bar. Overly made-up Europeans were singing karaoke as he loudly tried to make conversation with me. Uncomfortable.

“I could waste days with you.” Genuine, not from a boy verbally fighting his way towards a physical goal. Just a statement of fact. And I’d dip my feet in the water as I struggled with the part of me that knew how badly I wanted to.

Then we started drinking. I was legal, and overwhelmed, so I had too much. And he had his arm around me in the protective way that I so needed in the crowded club. And then we were dancing. Alternating between closeness and loud renditions of Michael Jackson, an unfortunate post-death tribute.

“Live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse.” A stupid expression of his “mates” that he swore by. And I gave in. Because this beautiful British boy couldn’t stop talking about my eyes, about stolen moments, about fleeting youth.

“Devastating.” A plane ride later, he sent me that message. It was a list of things to remember, our transgression drawn out with private jokes and “dodgy,” incriminating memories. Private, but sent into public cyberspace, an online account accessible by two parties. And it almost ended everything.







"I have standards!"

"I am half vodka, half boy!"

(In a British accent) "Thundercunt!"

(A Tufts Professor) "When I wanted to adopt in the U.S., there just weren't any children available! So I adopted a child from China."

(As she was being dragged out of Sig Ep) "CINDY, the party is over."

(Stairwell in Tisch) "I know you love me, you just won't admit it!"

"How is your brother's finger?"

"Actually, it was my mother's toe."

"Bro, tonight I'm gonna lose my virginity to a drunk chick. But not like, too drunk, ya' know?"

"I hate coins more than genocide."

"Panda bears, they're like polar bears that some bitches spray-painted."

(My RA yelling to her friend) "He was dry humping me for a good two hours...it got old."

“I like my women like I like my nails: short and black.
And a little round.”

“Dude. I just don’t get what she wants. First she wants
to hang out then she doesn’t. When I’m all over her
she’s turned off.”

(Male voice) “I bought this cable-knit sweater. But I feel
like the v-neck is too low.”

“Do you remember that girl who stuck the big, black
dildo down her throat?”

(Outside of Fletcher, of course) “I went there knowing
Russian and picked up Azeri. You know, it’s such an easy
language.”

(Guy talking REALLY loudly on his phone in Hodgdon
Good-To-Go) “Well is she ovulating?... Then get her
Plan-B!”

“Let’s go do human-y things... like eat a gazelle...”



WANTED:

MY DIGNITY

The following incidents are listed in the official reports of my life. Readers are reminded that these occurrences do not constitute a finding of indignity until proven by my peers or myself.

Ugh, who the hell am I kidding...

Boston, MA, Winter, Senior Club Night

Last thing remembered is walking onto the bus. Eventually, make it to the club, only to immediately run and jump on a couch. Am subsequently asked to get off the couch and to dance on the floor. I apparently take that as my cue to go to the middle of the dance floor with everyone around me. Assume not enough people are paying attention to me. Begin to strip (literally taking my clothes off) to get more attention. Am asked to leave the club and am escorted back to the bus headed for Tufts. As we drive past Gantcher, I yell at the bus to let me off. Friends follow as I move to the side of the road and allegedly self-induce vomiting. A friend yells, “don’t be embarrassed, we all wish we were you!” out the window as the bus pulls away. I wake up the next morning with three dollars down my shirt.

Medford, MA, January Saturday Night, Senior Year

Pregame at off-campus residence. Large amount of people drinking and socializing. As always, alcohol is

consumed quickly and eventually runs out. A god of a man comes to the rescue with a new bottle of Absolut. I quickly determine that it is now my bottle, and hide in the kitchen with it. Am told by the occupants of the residence that the only way I'm allowed to have more alcohol is if I drink it out of a cooking pot. I quickly agree, pour the booze into the pot, and slug it down. Notice it has a unique, slightly salty flavor. Am later told that the pot was dirty and had dried soy sauce in it. I then switch to a clean red plastic bowl to drink out of. Problem solved.

Medford, MA, Fall, Sophomore Year

My phone rings. I pick up and my mother says hello. We make idle chit-chat for a few minutes until:

Mom: You know honey, can I ask you a question about something?

Me: Yeah, of course!

Mom: Well, we got a bill in the mail from the insurance company saying they weren't paying for a certain test you got.

Me: Oh gosh, that's so weird they won't pay for a flu test! I thought it was covered!

Mom: No, the charge came from Planned Parenthood.
(Silence as my balls ascend back into my body.)

Mom: Do you know what this is about?

Me: Uh...Oh what?...I mean, sure, yeah, that was from Planned Parenthood, which is a great organization everyone should support!

Mom: Right, I understand that. What is it about?

Me: Oh Mom, everyone is doing it! It's like a thing to do, a thing to do here at school. C'mon, all the cool kids are going. I don't want to be left out!

Mom: Of course I understand. Was it for a sexually transmitted disease? Are you wrapping your penis with a condom when you have intercourse?

Me: Oh, OK then! Uh oh, I—losing service—ca—hear me—llo?

Mom: Honey, are you th—click—

Next time I'll just pay in cash.



Somerville, MA, Spring Friday Night, Junior Year

Am talked into going to a frat party. In preparation, I consume mass amounts of alcohol. We encounter a line pouring out into the street. We make the calls to people we know and try to get in the side doors. Nothing works. I remember there's an easily accessible fire escape ladder on the side and decide that's my new entrance. I run to the side and begin to ascend. Half way up a frat brother begins yelling at me to come down, and gets backup to force me down. I get nervous. I lose my balance, and instead of falling down, decide to fall through the window to my right, even though the window is closed. I completely bust through, landing on my ass in the bathroom. All conversation (and I'm assuming bodily functions) stop as all eyes turn to me. I brush myself off and walk out of the bathroom. A brother comes running asking who busted through the window. I point to a kid walking down the stairs and run the other way. I find a bruise covering my entire right thigh and butt the next morning as a parting gift.

Washington, DC, Summer, Junior Year of High School

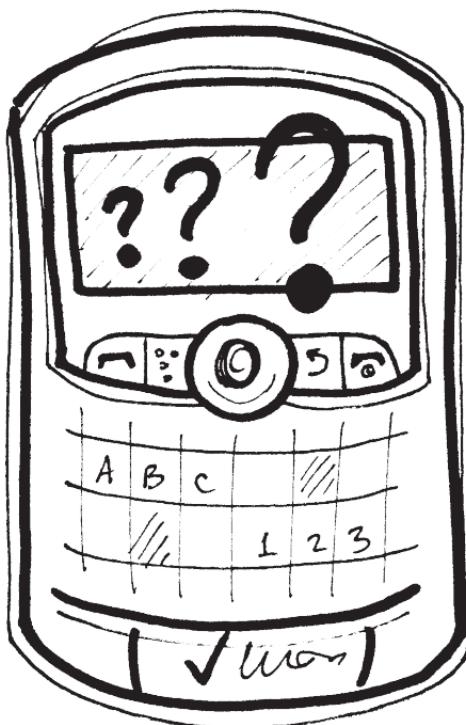
My (now) ex-girlfriend and I decide to take a late night stroll through a local park. We decide to sit down on a jungle gym and begin to make out. Things begin to heat up, so we check the area to make sure that nobody is around. The coast is clear. She starts going down on me. After about three minutes, we hear noise and freak out, only to discover it's a stray cat. We immediately go back to where we left off. Several minutes later we hear the same noise, and assume it's the cat again. Then we hear a man clear his throat. We look to the left and notice an older gentleman in perfectly clear view shaking his head at us. We freak the fuck out, only to see that it's the priest we both see on a daily basis. The next morning we both go to the morning prayer session, hoping he doesn't see our faces. That day's sermon: the sin of premarital sex.

Somerville, MA, Fall, Junior Year

Develop a habit of turning any 21st birthday party I attended into my 21st birthday party. At a best friend's party, start taking shots with friends, until I run out of people. Start going up to randoms and tell them to take shots with me. Most decline, naturally. Apparently hiss at one person for saying no. Decide to move to keg stands. Do two in a row until I am dropped on a concrete floor during my third attempt (later produces a bruise in the shape of Tennessee). Then move onto the ice luge. Discover the joys of it, and decide to not allow anyone else to use it. Begin using both sides alone as I yell at people to stop pouring shots down and just pour from the bottle. Blackout. Puke in the middle

of the living room. Am promptly escorted back to my room and placed in my bed. Allegedly wake up early the next day for Dewick brunch. Am still blacked out. Wear sunglasses and refuse to take them off inside while eating. More food falls out of my mouth then makes it in. Fall asleep during the meal. Twice. Make it back to my room and pass out. Wake up at 6pm, with sunglasses still on, to a text message asking if I made it back from brunch. Have no recollection of even waking up earlier.

Found: Memories I can share with the kids (if I'm allowed any)



if I were more **IMPULSIVE** I would...

move to San Francisco.

start more fights or maybe speak my actual mind more or even stop hiding behind my sarcasm.

kiss a girl to see if I liked it.

hope to have a thread about me on Tufts ACB by now.

drop out of college and move to Montana already.

just kiss you, and worry about the consequences later.

date more people.

get laid more often.

live abroad.

tell you how I feel.

dance while sober.

shave my head.

abandon Tufts for my true dreams.

hook up with someone without knowing they at least went to a four year college.

text you 'I heard that you were trouble...'











i'm (SECRETLY) PROUD of...

skydiving by myself.
my ability to cough to the tune of various songs.
having sex with a guy just because he had a huge dick.
being a virgin.
the fact that even though I've been in love with you since my Freshman year, I've hidden it so well that you have no clue.
being super jewish.
my itunes music.
my ass.
my legs (I'm a straight guy).
how cool my friends are.
the female capacity to manipulate the male sex.
how much my life sometimes resembles teen soap operas.
my facebook-creeping skills.
Christians at Tufts, although I am not Christian or friends with any of them.
my anal-retentive spelling habits.
how manipulative I am.
my feet.
my nose.
being a combined degree student (aka cool kids' club, obviously).



my hot hair.

my music taste.

my sexual prowess, and every compliment I've ever received for it.

my indie cred.

hooking up with 3 best friends on my hall and not having them know for 2 months.

my eyebrows.

my boobs.

my big boobs.

my boobs. They actually ARE the perfect size.



JACKPOT ROT

If this was not hitting the jackpot, I could not imagine what was.

For four years of high school, I had struggled with dating. I came from a strange universe far faraway where the most sought-after girls were vegans veiled in a cloud of pot smoke, playing “Stairway to Heaven” on their guitars and dreaming of pursuing a life of organic farming. I, on the other hand, desperately wanted to move to the other side of the country, go to the opera, drink wine, wear heels, discuss books and generally disguise myself as a sophisticate, letting my inner snob run wild. Boys tended to find me stuck up and, despite trying my best to don tie-dye and Birkenstocks, I did not fit the bill of the hot hippy girl who would give her left boob to have seen Dylan play the Greek Theater.

That brings me to the jackpot. He was an acquaintance of my older sister's and about three years my senior. Sophisticated, eloquent and handsome, he was the knight in shining armor, who arrived to rescue me from nights of Natty Light kegs in the woods. He was foreign and worldly and a model to boot. He would bring me presents, tell me how beautiful I was and take me to bars in the city. Why me? Why had this gorgeous specimen of a man (and I mean MAN) picked me? What bliss!

Although I was absolutely mad about him, I knew that I did not want to lose my virginity to him. I would be

leaving soon for college and I knew I just was not quite ready. I made this explicitly clear every time things got hot and heavy, deathly afraid things would go too far if I didn't speak my mind. He said, "Yes, of course, of course," but somehow I felt him continuing to push the line. I scolded myself for having the slightest distrust in him and reminded myself how utterly lucky I was to be in the presence of such a man.

One night I did my best to contain my pride and corybantic excitement as I waved goodbye to my friends and slid into the passenger seat of his Mercedes. I had had far too much to drink and was doing my best to keep my head from spinning. "Aren't we going to the new place you mentioned?" I could hear my own drunken voice, pitchy and high. He drove up to a secluded spot and shot me lascivious glance, which I found both exhilarating and terrifying. We moved to the back seat. What a great kisser he was! Then things all started to move very fast. He pinned down my arms, not in a playful way but in a way that hurt my shoulders and scared me. He pulled up my dress and down my underwear. Through the blur of it all, I do not know if I yelled or screamed or told him to stop. I felt helpless and terrified as he pressed his full weight upon me and I felt a sharp jolt of pain. More than scared, I felt confused and hurt. Didn't he like me? Hadn't I told him a million times I did not want to do this? Was this all somehow my own fault?

I was silent on the way home. I could not believe what had actually just happened to me. That was it? That was my first time? I lost my virginity unwillingly and drunk in the backseat of a car, and I felt utterly disgusted and dirty. Without a word, I got out of the car and slammed the door. Passing by my mom and dad on my way up

to my room, I gave vague answers about how my night was and closed the door. I threw myself on my bed and sobbed. I sobbed for feeling numb and stabbing pain at the same time. I sobbed for my loss of innocence and for feeling so very stupid. I sobbed because I felt like a little girl in a world too big and too fast. I sobbed because I knew I would never be the same.

Nearly four years have passed and I'm still finding ways to deal with what happened. Because my sister, my best friend and confidant, always warned me against him, I never told her what happened. That is probably the hardest part, not having her to lean on. I feel compelled to tell guys with whom things get serious. It's a double-edged sword because while a part of me wants to get it off my chest to help explain my sometimes skittish, indecisive behavior, I can also see that they instantly see me as a victim. They don't want to hurt me, or they don't want to deal with the baggage, so they shut down. I overcompensate and act tougher than I am. But I still cry when I'm alone. It's not a pretty story, but I did learn the difficult lesson that even though something looks shiny and wonderful, sometimes the jackpot is not all it's cracked up to be.



the acronym **TRAS** stands for...

Too Rasta for Anal Sex

Tourniquet 'Rapping Ain't Simple

Tufts Rimmers Association of Shrimp

Take Ritalin, Achieve Success

Tall Redheads Are Sexy

Tweens Regretting Angsty Slutfights

Totally Rockin' Anal Sex

Twisted Rolled Ass Sauce

Twat Rapacious Am Susan?

Truncated Raps Are S--

Try Resisting A Sandwich

Timothy Rocks Angry Socks

Tortoise Raged Assassins Suck

Twinkie Rinds Are Sensational

Terrible, Rude, And Sexy

Tyrannosaurus Rexes Are Sick

T-rex's Really Are Somethin'

Tufts' Racially Ambiguous Students

Tara Reid's Anal Sanitizer, available at CVS

Tufts Recently Anorexic Sororities

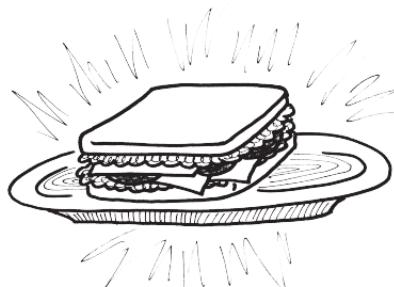
Tiny Rod, Average Scrotum

Third Rate Art Students

Tisch Reading-room Addiction Syndrome

Totally Random Australian School

Tufts Rich-kid Asshole Syndrome



during the Tufts **BLACKOUT**



I wore bunny ears.

I sucked it up and finally kissed her.

I embraced the theme for the night and proceeded to black out.

I mistook a box of yogurt pretzels for my condoms.

I was puking in the 4th floor bathroom.

I masturbated.

I had to prop the door open to let hallway light in while I peed, because peeing in the dark is absolutely terrifying.

I built a blanket fort with boys from BC.

I ran around my hall naked.

I watched Donnie Darko with friends and developed a phobia of insomniac rabbits.

Confessions III

I can identify the people in my hall by the smell of their poo.

Since him, I haven't been able to care about other people. Not even friends.

I think exerting brutal, physical force would be an incredible experience.

It took me a lot longer to get over you than you thought.

You are one of the cutest guys I ever hooked up with and were a horrible kisser.

I know you want to hook up with me but I am so not interested.

I think pasta is probably the most boring, plain food out there. I would honestly rather have a bowl of cereal. Non grazie, Italia!

I realize how few true "confessions" I can admit because I can't manage to keep any of my own secrets. If the guys I've been involved with knew half of what comes out in stories I tell the morning after, I'd be in big trouble.

I haven't seen you for two years, but a picture you took that summer is hanging next to my bed.

She committed suicide when she was 14. I haven't been able to face her family since.

Friending people on Facebook helps me remember their names.

I was relieved that my mom cried when we said good-bye before I went back to school. My mom always cries when my sister leaves, and I was really relieved that she cried when I left too, because I was afraid she wouldn't.

I told you that I didn't think you were a slut cause you are a good friend of mine, but after we hooked up, I got tested.

I hide some of my kinkier porn from my boyfriend because I'm afraid what he'd say if he found it.

You're so much hotter now that you got abs.

I can't wait for you guys to break up because I really miss having sex with you.

Identical twins porn = the hottest.







BURNT ORANGE

The first time I opened my dorm window I saw the tree, standing taut against the stiff wind, orange leaves melting into yellow, deep red, and back again. Every morning I would open the shades and stare, watch the leaves wave to me, the colors coalescing, until the winter came and smothered the colors into the ground.

I could never catch the tree standing still.

At the highest point on her head the fibers are a dark brown. But as the hair trails down her shoulders, it becomes increasingly orange, until at the very end of its journey, between her shoulder blades, where even she cannot touch, the smallest speck of blond peeks out. At the top of her forehead the hair parts neatly, lines of brownish orange or orange-ish brown pouring symmetrically over her raised cheekbones.

She is smiling.

It was in the early afternoon and I could see my breath becoming steamy in the cool October air when I first saw her in motion. She was riding a bicycle. I was sitting on a metal bench outside the Campus Center when she came roaring down Talbot Ave. My throat contracted, my pupils dilated, the background became blurry as she came into my focus.

The bike was adorned with silver ribbons on the handles. The spokes were glittering in the sun. More ribbons of different colors had been added to the neck and

body of the bike and combined to create a dazzling, almost hallucinatory effect. I stared at this whirl of burnt orange hair riding on rainbow sprinkles, attempting with my eyes, à la Matilda, to make her stop so that I could get a better look.

And somehow she did come to a screeching halt right in front of me, breathing heavily and saying perhaps “Can you watch this for me?” or “I’ll be right back,” though I’ll never know; the words are blurred in my memory. Into the Campus Center she went, leaving me with the shiny bicycle. Immediately I knew what I had to do. There was no other option: I would take her bike for a spin.

A careless cruise down to Aidekman and back, perhaps, or some figure eights in the Sophia Gordon entryway; it really didn’t matter as long as I was riding. So I saddled myself on and started down Talbot Ave. I had been coasting for around five seconds when I tried to put my feet on the pedals, but then I realized that they had straps on them. I must have been too blinded by the girl’s flowing locks and her dazzling iron horse that I had failed to realize that she was riding a racing bike, with an extremely skinny wheel and straps on the pedals. This bike was far different from the mountain bike that I rode to and from Frisbee practice, its fat wheels made to handle any terrain: grass, sludge, puddles. Her bike was built for zooming through flat roads at high speeds.

And there was no way that I could ride it. As my feet flapped around trying to find the straps, I pressed the hand brake violently: but it wasn’t working. Eventually I was able to grind to a halt using the heels of my sneakers, but not before scratching up my ankles. I hopped off the bike and walked it back up the small slope, moving

to the right to avoid the oncoming Joey. I was ten or so feet away from the metal bench when I saw her looking at me, quizzically, hands on her hips.

“I’m sorry,” I mouthed, the words dissipating into the biting wind. She gave me a half-smile (“Thanks”), and took back her bike. She continued to look at me, her dark, penetrating eyes parallel to my chin. Was she expecting me to say something? All I could do was look back at her and notice her purple eyeliner and how she didn’t need it. I knew what would happen next. She would hop back on her bike, slide her feet into the pedals with ease, and zoom off into the horizon, leaving me with only the hazy memory of that gorgeous girl with the most fantastic bike that I’ll ever lay my eyes on. She’d continue riding around until she found someone who, unlike me, knew how to ride a road bike, who could fit his feet into her pedals and really take her for a spin, who would grip the handles and know which way to turn.

I would eventually romanticize a five-minute span of a time to a point where it became unrecognizable. I would keep looking at her until she decided to move on with her life and turned away.

Because I’m that guy who holds eye contact for an instant too long, who opens his blinds every winter morning harboring a dark and secret hope to see his tree restored to its past glory, the radiant leaves restored to its branches, but who, each morning, is forced to sigh and accept the bare reality.



the end