

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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



December 2007
Tufts University

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Initial concept by:
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Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

This just in: there are so many virgins. Just having finished reading so many people's secrets, this is one of our more underwhelming conclusions. That said, the range of your experiences and proclivities remains varied and colorful, and your editors are thankful for that. We are also thankful for the myriad impressions on a hundred *other* subjects that you have been kind enough to share with us this semester—people have asked me why The Public Journal is obsessed with sex, and indeed it may sometimes seem that way—but it appears that when writing anonymously college students often write on one of three subjects. What are we to do? Imagine *life* without our lovers, our friends, our sex!

The Public Journal is a magazine; it's also a journal. The submissions are little truths from each of your lives, and yes, however varied we may think we are, the gnawing worries and the things that make us happy sometimes converge on common themes. In publishing your private thoughts in this very Public Journal we'd like to hint at the world of *unpublished* private thoughts that each of us reconcile with the social world—but neither do we want to bore you to death. It's a delicate dance. There will be sex, perhaps even a cigarette or two, and they are well placed.

This is a bit of the irreverent in our ordered lives. These are your classmates, and the loveliness of The Public Journal is that many of these thoughts will be at once familiar in their sentiment and fresh in their expression.

Stay fresh!

Elien



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Consequences of Being an Alpha Male

I saw this on the Discovery Channel and loved it too much not to share it. The siafu ants, safari ants as they are often referred to, are native to Tanzania. The siafu anthill can reach a population of up to 20 million and is entirely female. The male siafu was originally thought to be an entirely different species and is known as a “sausage fly.” Aptly fitting, as the male looks something like a miniature Hindenburg filled to the brim with sperm. When he reaches sexual maturity, the sausage fly will be soaring freely when he picks up on a scent. He spots a large group of females, and against his better judgment decides to take a plunge. Blinded by the thought of sex, the male approaches the mass of females. The females will then bite the wings off of the sausage fly and bring him back to the colony where he will be used for reproduction. When he is entirely drained of sperm and energy, the female ants begin to care for the newborn colony members. They do not kill the sausage fly, as killing him would exemplify a kind of passion for him they simply do not have. Say what you will about the praying mantis, at least she’s kind enough to bite his head off when it’s over. Instead, the sausage fly suffers a fate worse than death: The colony literally pretends the male does not exist, crawling over him and allowing him scraps of left-over food. Totally emasculated without wings and drained of sperm, the sausage fly... if you can still call him that... will make no attempts at escape, but spend his remaining days thinking back to his glory years when he was just a flying a hard-on.



I Love You, You Disgust Me

I think the weirdest place we had sex was that time in a public restroom. Of course it was you who wanted to do it there--you always were the one who wanted to do kinky things. That's all well and good, of course, but in a tiny bathroom stall in a basement? It just feels so 1980s coke whore. Even worse, we weren't even in a nice bathroom or establishment. It was one of those beach side places that is in business merely because of its location. The mojitos tasted like road salt mixed with lemon juice. Delicious. Perhaps if we had been fucking in a bathroom at Bungalow 8 I would have been happier.

But I obliged to the sex, of course. I guess I should consider myself lucky to have had another person want to have sex with me so badly that they would risk at least five communicable diseases in that stall. The flies swarmed around us as we started to kiss. It was absolutely revolting. My body smacked against yours as I put it in you. We began to sweat in the dank environs. You moaned out and I smacked into you harder, waiting for you to tell me to stop. Personally, when I'm in a bathroom stall, I like to get in and out of there as quickly as possible. You would have none of that of course. Nope nope nope. You needed to be satisfied by a long fuck. Didn't you take the hint? I was ramming you so hard toward the end that I thought for sure you would realize I didn't want to be in a bathroom stall. But no, you moaned out and told me to keep going. That was it, I'd had enough. I pulled out, told you I was done. You gave me the look, that look, the one that begs me to stick myself back into you. Are you that sexually perverted that having to swat off flies while having sex turns you on?

When we left the dingy basement you told me how happy you were that we had done that. I smiled back, all the while thinking how disgusting I thought you were at that moment.

Double Fisting

It started in Puerto Vallarta and I was sick. Vicki had needed to “really relax” so when our friends found us the cheapest, barest-bones Comfort Inn 4 blocks from the ocean Adrianna booked herself a double suite in the Marriot with a private beach and it’s own tacky, though glittering, casino.

I too would have preferred the Marriot, but kept my mouth shut. Marriot Hotels for me held the memory of childhood family vacations and the special excitement of when a hotel was something to get excited about. And the pool, there was probably a pool too.

So I liked Marriots. That was a start. We had gone running after the beach and then gone to dinner and eaten something probably inauthentic and expensive, I don’t remember. Being able to order cocktails and wine at the tender age of twenty wasn’t quite as exciting as my childhood Marriots, but it was very convenient and we must have drank a lot.

As I recall there was no going out that night, everyone was exhausted and we ended up in Vicki’s double suite which had a balcony overlooking the ocean and the hotel’s beautifully landscaped swimming pool. The view of the pool was almost better at night than the ocean, hundreds of lights illuminated the pool and grounds making them pop out of the darkness. We were watching television when I began to feel sick—we decided later that it must have been the sun and the travel and the running and the eating and the drinking that did it. In other words, my vacation made me ill.

Quite ill in fact, twisting and crying on the floor—retching everything from dinner and before into the sparkling porcelain of the Marriot toilet bowl. At one point our friends left with the quiet words of encouragement that one must use when your

friend has gotten her purse stolen or is puking on the floor but really all you want to do is forget it and keep having a great night. Which was good, I didn't need an audience. Vicki took my dress off of me and gave me a tee shirt that said in huge letters, "Hello, I'm a Lesbian," which she got a kick out of and even in my state I was able to appreciate the irony of my lanky, sick body, quite feminine and with a decidedly heterosexual history, swimming in this huge tee shirt meant for someone who actually had breasts and who actually liked girls.

In retrospect it doesn't seem odd, but when I finally had stopped writhing on the floor, and Vicki had held my hair back so competently, held my shoulders with her thin, pretty arm in the cold porcelain and glass bathroom, had taken charge in such a comforting way, the way that only girls can take care of one another—when I finally stopped writhing and got into one of the beds there was a small question hanging somewhere near the vinyl lampshade by the door, the question of whether or not we would sleep in separate beds. Because I had been sick and there were two beds, it would have been assertive on either of our parts to suggest sleeping together. Vicki kissed me on the forehead, got into her bed, and told me to feel better as she turned out the light. She really had taken such good care of me, and had made me feel infinitely better. As I fell asleep in the cool sheets wearing her tee-shirt I noticed an odd thought, one I had never thought about a girl, a thought that I wouldn't have minded wrapping my legs around hers and feeling her soft breasts against my arm as I fell asleep.



Confessions I

By various authors

I hate it when I'm attracted to someone's intellect, but can't bring myself to be attracted to him as a whole. It sucks being shallow.

I'm so disgusted by the word "grease" that I can't say it, and make everyone spell it in my presence. I have to think of the country in order to stop convulsing. It's so intense that I'm having trouble typing this right now.

I dated a married woman and it was the worst experience of my life.

You girls hate me for no reason and your daily behavior reaffirms my opinion of you ugly, ungrateful selfish whores.

I pick my pubes.

Drugs have made my reality an untrustworthy television set.

When I post on Blackboard, I pick apart my friends' comments because I really care that they know that I am smarter than they are.

I know I will be medicated for the rest of my life...and that scares the living shit out of me.

So what if I believe in Santa Claus?

I can't wait until I'm famous and I can exploit your lives on public television. Ah, the thought of it is so gratifying.

I wear an extremely heavy backpack with uneven straps that fall off of me because I'm convinced that it makes me look "affected" and grim and terribly sexy, but in reality, I look like

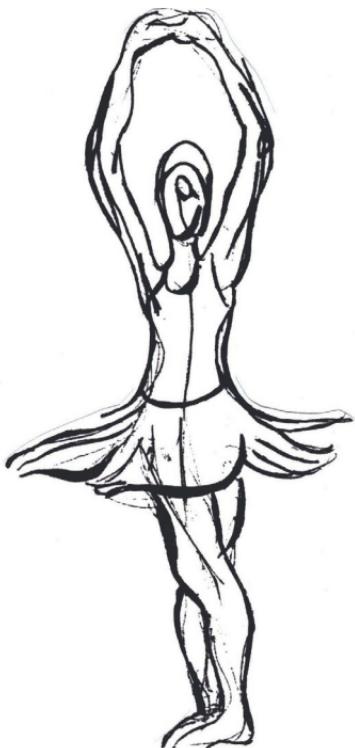
some awkward chick who has serious trouble walking.

I cry whenever I hear people singing together. That can be pretty embarrassing during the Tufts a capella shows.

Stop ostracizing me. We aren't in eighth grade anymore.
FUCKING grow up!

I'm a gay man trapped in a girl's body. Seriously. I like my boys a little faggy too. Every time I go to a gay club with a male friend, I end up being accosted by twenty drag queens who want to eat me up with a spoon, adopt me, steal my clothes, or know who my hairdresser is.

My mother used to have a rattail.



Love the One You're With

Today I realized just how much I hate Tufts. It's no surprise. Everyone who goes to Tufts hates it. Well, everyone intelligent who goes to Tufts hates it. I hate my friends here. I hate my enemies here. I hate the food. I hate the grass. I hate the water pressure. I hate the administration (especially the Financial Aid office that bribed me into going here). I hate the TUPD. I hate the gym hours. I hate this school's weird obsession with Harvard. I hate the Class of 07, 06, and 05 who came back for Homecoming. I hate my dorm and the eighty thousand spiders I've killed in the past two months. I walk around campus and feel the urge to stab a spoon in my eye just because everyone here is so inferior to me. There are some pretty funny people, like four attractive people, and at least one good band in this pool of drug addicts, porn star whores, obnoxiously cheerful freshman and the one non-rape-y fraternity here. But it's just not worth it. I hate that I actually enjoy my classes. I hate that I really want to get to know my professors. And I hate that as much as I hate it here these four years will prove to be infinitely better than the forty I'm going to suffer through once I'm done.



Author I'd want to write me love letters...

By various authors

- Sylvia Plath
- Jane Austen. They would be sloshy and disgustingly lovey.
- Roald Dahl, because they would be depraved
- I guess Langston Hughes. He was kinda hot.
- Salinger, because I love contrary wasps
- Pablo Picasso, except it would be an abstract portrait and he would proceed to drive me to madness
- Chuck Palahniuk. Read Choke.
- Oscar Wilde. Who wouldn't swoon at the words of Salome and he sultry dance of the seven veils?
- David Sedaris. Too bad I'm a girl.
- Emerson, because of his deep intellect.
- Arthur Rimbaud. Just to know that I even crossed Arthur Rimbaud's mind.
- Shakespeare, because what he wrote was actually pretty damn sexy
- Douglas Adams.
- Ernest Hemingway. At least I'd know what it's like to be loved by a real, sweat, dirt and bull runs kind of man
- TS Eliot. Is that weird? That's weird
- Milan Kundera
- Virginia Woolf; someone needs to tell me quite exactly what a fucking beautiful idiot I am.
- Milton Friedman
- Does Paris Hilton count as an author?
- Pablo Neruda
- Ryan Adams (okay so he's a singer not an "author", it would be the most beautiful thing ever written and I might drop out of Tufts and move wherever he asked me to).
- Nicholas Sparks, so I could cry every night.
- Chuck Palahniuk because I know he would never write a love letter. I hate love letters.

The Last Time I Smoked Pot

The last time I smoked pot was with you. I didn't intend to smoke that night, but I drunkenly took your hand and told you, We *have* to smoke together sometime this summer, because I smoke now, and I can't believe we've never smoked together before.

You get that wide-eyed happy look and say, Yeah, definitely, you're so happy and excited, This summer's gonna be great. I love that you're always genuinely happy to be with me.

Half an hour later I'm sitting at the table on my back porch and you're passing me a bowl. I hold your hand and feel your warmth. I stare at the sky and I'm totally calm and happy. Somehow from another universe the bowl comes around again and you ask me if I want it, and I smile at you and shake my head no. All I can do is smile because it's such a beautiful night to be spending time with such good friends like you, as near and dear to my heart as you have been for six years now. We don't smoke together again because a week later you're dead.

The last time I smoked pot was the last time I saw you. I guess I can't really remember the last time I saw you, since you must have come inside at some point and said goodbye before you left my house. That doesn't diminish my feelings at all; I'm glad the last memory I have of you is of being warm and happy and totally comfortable just feeling your presence. But then it's September, three months to the day since your funeral and I'm unable to contain the violent crash of emotion that finally breaks through the façade of the stone girl. And then it's October, four months to the day since I drove in panicked tears around to see all of our friends as we tried to wrap our minds around what had happened. I threw all my yearbooks and photo albums into the backseat of my car just to have all

my pictures of you in one place. Two weeks after the next time I was supposed to have seen you, I'm sobbing in an airport because I've just read about these 4 girls in Virginia who died in a car crash, and I didn't even know them, but I knew you. My mom tries to make me feel better and says But it's not the same, because those girls had been drinking, but it IS the same and how DARE she say that because it doesn't make their friends and their parents feel any less miserable about the whole thing. If your driver had been drinking and they'd tried to make this whole thing about how stupid teenagers are I would have been so fucking pissed off, because NOTHING should diminish your death. It fucking sucks. Use it as an example for nothing except how confusing death is. Use it as an example of the most amazing people who never got the chance to change the world. Where are you? Our amazing girl. We miss you.



I Know My Calculus

lostnfound2: i have something important to tell you
cold heaven21: yeah?

cold heaven21: what is it

lostnfound2: $f(t) = (\cos(t), \sin(t), e^t)$ where $f(t)$ is love between Mike Briggs and Jessica Allmand and t is time.

lostnfound2: figure it out

lostnfound2: hahahahaha

lostnfound2: i made parametric eqns for our love

cold heaven21: its an upward spiral!

lostnfound2: that accelerates exponentially on the z axis!

lostnfound2: lol

cold heaven21: i know!

lostnfound2: hhahahahaha

cold heaven21: i love you so much sweetheart



Crunch.

Thinking quickly, acting boldly, I ran after him, pushed him against the wall of the outdoor hallway of the hotel and kissed him deeply. We had both smoked unspeakable amounts of weed and thrown each other in the ocean to the sound of drum beats.

He slowly stopped kissing me. Inquisitively, in his Eastern European accent, “You whant to go, ahh, to the *third* beach?” (Rolled r’s, *mmmmmm*.) “Somewhere else more private?” that overlooked the grey beach with little wooden fishing boats bobbing.

I nodded, flashing sex eyes, swept into a drunken stupor.

And like that, I was hooked to the adventurous foreign man, deserted island, moonlit beach, draping bougainvillea. We were fleeing fugitives from the idyllic college expat party.

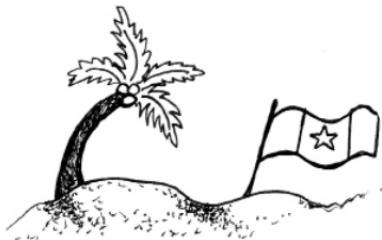
E. led me to the smallest beach on the island, crunched up against an abandoned unfinished hotel. I had never been there. He placed a blue cloth - that scarf - on the ground before we got to it. After several moments we were covered in sand, lying side by side, kissing. The dry, bumpy cottonmouth on cottonmouth. Our tongues were dry. Distraction! No longer sensuous insinuations of hidden body parts, they had become large, unlubricated slugs at war with one another.

But we kept kissing, crunching dry sand and all, and flipped our bodies around. I rested on top of him, trapping his lanky, still mostly clothed body, with my own much smaller one. Ahh.... Girl on top. Position of power. I pressed my thirst-quenched lips onto his, and lifted my face away, gazing at him. I wanted him. Dirty blond tossed hair and equally tangled

English, I was surprised at how willingly he wanted me too.

In the midst of the femme-fatale power trip going on in my head, I forgot about the damp sand and fishy wind. I whipped my hair out of my face. The sea-soaked tendrils (looking more like seaweed) whipped around to the back of my head and quickly bounced forward, dumping a bucketful of sand into E's mouth. Shocked, he sputtered out sand. I started laughing uncontrollably, trying to clean off his face ineffectively.

He crunched his teeth together slowly, wiping sand out of his eyes, off his nose. Then he stared at me, a sly smile on his face. Not only was the sand spreading itself all over our bodies, it was cold and hard and uncomfortable. Our dry tongues made even it more difficult. Constant crunching of sand in between teeth and gums. My legs rubbed together with his, almost scraping. E. grabbed my hair with the inside of his forearm, palm and fingers, as if to forgive it for its offence. And the harsh elements surrounding our drunken union became, somehow, immaterial.



Afterward I wanted to be alone. We walked silently, kissing down the back back to the main beach. Maybe it was because my skin was goose-pimply or my ears were filled with sand or because postcoital moments are all-too-often never as fulfilling as the chase. I felt like a man, completely ready to withdraw. I woke up the next morning with throbbing sand-burns on my knees and elbows that didn't fully heal for two weeks. Beach battle wounds.

Confessions II

By various authors

I lie to my doctor about the severity of my menstrual cramps so he will continue to prescribe me Vicodin.

When I see fat people eating ice cream, I think, Oh honey, *don't*.

I hooked up with my best friend when we were little. This always makes me wonder if I'm actually homosexual.

Sometimes my favorite thing to do is be alone.

I constantly think about how I would love to have someone's legs or ass or tits but then instantly try and forget about it in case some cracked out fairy godmother hears my wish and just delivers a pair of bleeding legs to my door.

I worry if I stop eating, I'll have nothing left to live for.

I made out with John Loof.

My study abroad plans are seriously hinging on the level of snobitude of the students that just got back. Conclusion: don't go to Buenos Aires and become a stupid Communist.

My boyfriend's penis is so big and I thought I was fine with it, even happy, but I keep having nightmares about a saggy vagina haunting me.

Oyster



Oh what a pearl, what a well-made world.

We arrive at Heathrow. We connect to Geneva. The plane smells like Pinesol, and leather. I listen to “God Save the Clientele” on loop. I start reading a book written by a young intellectual who goes off on a series of shamanistic retreats and has his cynical mind expanded. I toy with the idea of visiting a shaman one day, and decide I would only do it if I knew I was going to die. This way losing my mind would probably be preferable. I wake up and we’re in Geneva. I feel as if a giant knot inside of me has been untied. On the way to the hotel I watch a little boy biking next to his mom. She’s wearing a red coat, ballet flats, and carrying a balloon. They look happy and I wonder where they’re going. The sun is setting and it’s overcast and kind of cold. We go straight to the hotel restaurant and I order a 21 Swiss Franc cheese Sandwich. It’s the cheapest thing on the menu. The cheese tastes like Kraft singles and I’m reminded of the scene in Pulp Fiction with the five dollar milkshake. We go up to our hotel rooms and I continue reading the book. I decide to have a cigarette. I go downstairs and sit at the bar. It’s empty save for a few strapping DILFs (dads I’d like to fuck) I assume are here on business. I feel like a Bond girl. I order a glass of merlot and keep myself busy ashing the cigarette.

Bored, I wander into the lobby where a piano is being played. The lobby chairs are razor-sharp and Scandinavian. Probably Norwegian. I like them. I have no idea what I’m listening to, but I like it too. The piano player finishes his set and I applaud. I’m the only one there. He comes over to say thank you. He’s beautifully pale and blue as skimmed Swiss milk. His fingers are long and tapered and look like they would be crushed if you squeezed them too hard. I can tell he was a sickly child.

We smoke a cigarette together, but can't communicate very well. I gather that he is 24 years old and has been playing the piano since he was eight. His voice is gentle and clean as cedar wood. I fall in love with him a little because I want to save him and take care of him. My Virgin Mary complex has always gotten me into trouble. I tell him it was nice to meet him, we part ways, and I spend the rest of the night writing about his hands.

We wake up early the next morning. I have two Toblerone bars from the minibar and wonder why I don't eat chocolate more often. Chocolate is something that I like only sometimes. I lost my taste for it when I turned twelve and started getting hips. It's grey outside, but it's a soothing watery grey. We walk down to the bus stop. I'm listening to "Apple Orchard" by Beach House. We pass a mother and her little boy who are arguing with each other in French. Somebody wrote "F*** the corporate world biatch" in huge red letters on the bus stop. This makes me laugh. I sit and watch the traffic. I feel like writing. I feel like drawing. I feel like bursting out in all directions. I have no logical explanation why. Maybe I loved it here in a past life, who knows.

The city of Geneva is wild. So wild, in fact, that the air smells like Swiss cheese. I'm not sure if I'm being a wise-ass or if the air really does smell like Swiss cheese. My mom says she smells Swiss cheese too. We walk around the old town which is what Europe looks like when I picture Europe. We look in the jewelry stores. I take a picture of a book of Tennyson in the window of an antique bookstore, and you can see a reflection of my flip flop on the cover. I take a picture of a carousel that's playing "This Land is My Land." I see a hydrocephalic old man and wonder if it was harder for his mother to give birth to him. I take a picture with my dad in front of some old cannons. I watch a young couple kissing. Everyone in Geneva looks like they have a destination and plan. You can tell that people don't wander much here. I'll come back when I'm in love and wander for days on end. Without a watch. I try on some dresses that I

don't end up buying.

It's hard to leave Switzerland, but I have high expectations for France. I'm expecting bike and baguette France. "And Then God Created Woman" France. Jane Birkin France. The France from this movie I used to love as a young teenager called "Friends," about two kids in love who run away to live in a cottage in the French countryside. I've been to France before, but I was too young to care. I only recently got old and sentimental enough to care. Probably about a year ago. We start talking to a young guy on our train who's traveling around Europe by himself. He's from New Jersey and his name is Frank. He has the friendliest blue eyes I've ever seen, and I want to give him a hug. The train ride is six hours long. I wonder what it would be like to get off at a random stop and live in the Swiss countryside for a while. My mother and I talk to a two year old girl from California who tells us about touching snow in St. Moritz.

We arrive in Cannes. Our hotel, The Carlton, could be Louis the 14th's wedding cake. The spires were constructed to resemble the breasts of the Riviera's most famous courtesan at that time, Carolina Otero. My dad was kicked out of the Carlton in 1965 for calling the manager "an impudent old man." His girlfriend was staying there for the summer and they broke up very soon after that. We're back on a vengeance mission of sorts. The people nursing afternoon wines in the lobby bar all look like they're some sort of royalty. Most of them probably are. The women are languid, long-limbed, and tan. The men wear silk suits and Italian loafers. Everyone's exquisitely well-coiffed. A tall blonde woman struts by with two little dogs that are dressed up in bonnets and jeweled bodysuits. A man walks by with a woman on each arm, each of whom has large fake breasts and hair so light it almost looks silver. I feel detached and a little heart-broken. Brigitte Bardot once said "To grow old is sad. To ripen is wonderful." I wanted to ripen a little in France. Giggle, sunbathe topless, ride a vespa, kiss a boy or two,

and wear my hair curly. Cannes is not the France where a girl goes to ripen. It is the France where a girl goes to get stuck. I am so disappointed I want to cry. When you're looking tirelessly for something that you need, you take platinum floozies and tinker-piss Yorkies personally. Sometimes I'm such a spoiled brat it makes me sick.

Cannes is impossible to dislike. No matter how much you want to hate it and what it represents, you can't. I go back to my room, lonely and bored, and pop open the complimentary champagne. I wish that some beautiful boy would just take me and fuck the suburbs out of me. Maybe recite a little Rimbaud. Whatever, beggars can't be choosers. I'm waiting for my friend Danielle to arrive so we can go out and explore. She's not coming for another two days. I have jetlag and can't sleep so I update my Facebook profile.

We go to Monte Carlo the next day. We drive there on the low cornice. Monte Carlo is so over the top that we almost get hit by a Rolls Royce and a Bentley in succession while crossing the street. My mom says that even if one of the cars hit us, it wouldn't be any skin off the driver's neck. When you have that much money, you can do whatever the hell you want. This makes me ridiculously sad. We go to the Princess Grace exhibit. I wonder if it hurt to be that pretty. Her face rendered her an ingénue. Alfred Hitchcock wrote her lovely heartfelt letters, dripping with schoolboy adoration and fondness. In most of the letters he was seeking out her advice and approval. I guess you do have to be some sort of a genius to be that beautiful. I want to rent "To Catch A Thief" when I get home.

Danielle arrives and I immediately feel calm and at peace. We drink some champagne and catch up on the past year we've been apart. She's been living in Paris. I've been at Tufts. We sit on the beach and swim in the sea. A man swimming freestyle knocks into us and pretends to be flustered. It turns out to be George—Danielle's wild stalker from Paris. George is gregarious and funny albeit kind of crazy. He tells Danielle that

he bought her perfume in Milan but she has to go to his hotel room to get it. She politely declines. George is endearing as far as stalkers go. We have champagne with him a few times, which isn't really fun for anyone. We decide not to have champagne with him again.

We walk along the Croisette (the main stretch in Cannes) one night after dinner. A youngish man offers to take our picture without a flash. He looks like Pygar from Barbarella. "It will be more artistic this way," he says, and I roll my eyes. It turns out that he's an artist originally from the United States. He draws nudes. He has a wedding ring on, so I ask him if he regularly goes out at night prowling the Croisette for young American blood. It turns out that his French wife of seven years just left him because he wasn't intellectual enough. That's a bad reason and I wonder if it's the truth. He offers to take us to his favorite bar in Cannes called Sun7 (pronounced "sunset.") Only a handful of people are there. We drink champagne and talk about our lives. He's 33, likes Guided by Voices and the blues, and tells us about his wedding. I pretend to listen, but he's kind of lame. We go to another bar, Morrison's, which is a traditional Irish style pub with live music. The music is God-awful. Loud, bluesy renditions of REO Speedwagon. I think he wants to kiss me but I don't want him to. He tells me that he was sad about his wife leaving until he took a 21 year old lover—a model who was too beautiful to fuck. Then he took another lover, a Corsican girl, who he liked better because she "had an ass" and cooked him breakfast. He tells me he wants to draw me. We leave and promise to call him the next day. We don't.

We go to a museum devoted to Spanish art from 1947-2007. Spanish art is eerie and dark. Lots of jagged-limbed crypt-keeper figures who look like bent hangers. Spanish artists dig things such as cutting cow eyeballs and filming it. I hate that movie and like my eyes intact. We go to a restaurant that has the best pasta Danielle has ever eaten. We meet two women in the elevator from New York City. We tell them from we're

from New Jersey and they give us embarrassed looks. Danielle and I sing through the entire Grease soundtrack in the hotel room. I love the song that Rizzo sings, “There Are Worse Things I Could Do” and think about how she was probably only supposed to be seventeen.

We see a pyrotechnic display by Argentina that night. Argentinean fireworks give me chills. Danielle and I get drunk and sing Bohemian Rhapsody at our table. Both of us have a drunken singing problem. People watch and smile. I smoke a cigarette. I see a girl wearing the most beautiful dress I've ever seen and run after her in order to ask where she got it. She's from Moscow and very nice. I can't get the dress out of my head and talk to Danielle about it a lot. I can always get swept off my feet by an exquisite dress.

My parents and I leave the next morning and later that day Danielle gets asked out by a Saudi Prince on the beach. I watch Blades Of Glory on the plane and listen to the song “Janine” by David Bowie 10 times. It was the first song I ever liked. My brother used to play it for me when I was a baby and I would sing along to it. I wonder if the lyrics have any relevance to my life and if I'm just bound to turn into Janine. I read a bit of a magazine. I space out. I think about how many boys I've known who had voices that sounded exactly like Perry Farrell's. I'm happy about going back home. There are so many people I think galaxies of. Even if they don't know it. I thank God for the park across the street from the Chelsea Market. I crave pistachio ice cream and goat cheese salad.



And I Like My Body...

By various authors

- My collarbone is bangin'.
- My eyebrows. Everyone thinks I pluck them, but I don't. So, joke's on them, I guess.
- My eyes...because they are just the perfect color brown and have the longest lashes...very good for eye-fucking
- My ass because it's round and people love it! Not a day goes by when I don't get a little smack smack on the tushka
- My calves. They are perfectly muscular
- My back. It is beautiful and sexy and my spine has a perfect curve that works very well with my shoulder blades.
- My legs because... they define who I am as a person.
- Nothing... because I could potentially improve it all with plastic surgery
- My neck. I don't know. I guess there's not a lot out there in the media critiquing necks, so, I'm totally cool with mine. There's nothing readily wrong with it
- My shoulders...they are wide so people might actually be fooled into thinking I have a good body.
- My hump, my hump, my hump, my hump
- My hands, my mom always said I had piano fingers.
- My lips because... they're perfect
- My vagina. Because it's mine
- My feet, because most people have hideous feet, and I have proof that mine are just adorable. Even people who are afraid of feet like mine.
- My eyes because I can't figure them out.
- My ears because they are just perfectly shaped with nice, soft earlobes, they're the perfect size and sufficiently pierced.



The Ex-Boyfriend Files

Ever since he broke up with me I have had fairly vivid fantasies of crushing his limbs under the weight of my car.

I know my ex's facebook password....enough said.

Me and all of my friends sit around and laugh at how ugly my ex's new girlfriend is.

I always attribute negative qualities to my ex's new girlfriend... like God, she must be a heartless, selfish, shallow, whore...(how else would they be able to get along?)

I know I'm better, smarter, hotter, cooler and completely better off without him...but how come I still want him to suffer... immensely?

Sometimes I think back on all of the nice shit I did for him... like how I threw his 21st birthday party, took care of him when he got his wisdom teeth taken out, picked out presents for his family around the holidays, picked him up from work an hour away from my house so that he wouldn't have to take a cab home after the first day at his summer internship, ordered him a Mrs. Fields giant heart cookie on Valentines day (when he forgot to call until 8 that night to say anything), put up with his insensitivity...and now I think about the girl he is with... how he decided to break up with me...and I feel sorry for him. She could never care about him the way I did. I'm the best he'll ever have--that loser.

He shouldn't be able to exist without me.

I wish he would feel so bad about what he did to me that he would crawl back , crying, saying what a huge asshole he was and how much he missed me---Just so that I could reject him, maybe break his nose and put that piece of shit in his place

I know it sounds bitchy and conceited but I made him. I taught him how to dress, I taught him how to kiss a girl, I picked out the furniture in his room, I trained him to call at a certain time, I made him care about trivial holidays like Valentines Day... and conveyed to him the importance of a meaningful card on my birthday...Now he's wearing the clothes I bought him while he's kissing some random ass girl the way I taught him how to kiss on the furnitire I bought him and calling her like it was something he would do naturally...and I want him to pay. I made him, now I want to destroy him...and her for enjoying all of my hard work.



AIM From Afar



15 Ottobre

vito: EI TI VA DI PARLARE UN PO??

me: haha

vito: bedda!!!

ciao!!!!!! I ho appena finito di mangiare un panino gigante
ahaha

12:29 PM

ora vado in palestra con alessio..

ho troppa energia!! sai? una ragazza mi ha detto che l'ho aiutata a stare bene..e io voglio SOLO farla stare bene!!

yeeeeee

12:30 PM

ok vado..

TI AMOOOOOOOOOOO

17 Ottobre

vito: oh scusa era attivato il tasto

me: VOI GRIDARE TUTTO IL TEMPO!???

vito: ahaha

me: hahahah

HAHAHA

vito: ahahaha

me: ok - si!

vito: ok

me: un attimo - spegno il radio!

sto sentendo al NPR!!

5:28 PM

mmm!

)

che bella giornata avevo!

vito: ti aspetto

There Comes a Time in a Young Girl's Life

I'm 21 and I had my first orgasm 3 months ago and now I'm addicted. I masturbate, I'd say, an average of 1.7 times per day. It's amazing. I'm trying to catch up on the 21 years of orgasmless being, when I actually didn't even realize I had never orgasmed because I was having sex all the time. But that's the thing: sex doesn't do it. Pretty much for any woman I know. And only half the women I know are actually sure that they've ever had an orgasm. Everyone always says "you'll know." And it's TRUE! All those times I was unsure—not even close to the orgasm that I now experience 1.7 times daily. And I don't even want anyone else trying it out on me. I am the best at making myself cum and I can't get enough of it. I'm just wondering why it took me so long to figure it out—couldn't anyone just have told me this? Anyone? Did everyone know about the infinite joys of clitoral stimulation except me? If only someone wrote about it in the Public Journal.

Alright, I have to go masturbate.



Pastel Flashes of Lucidity

I told Zach that I wanted to name my daughter Fiona Ophelia. He said if I did that, she would commit suicide. I told him that he was probably right.

I've been getting that feeling in the pit of your stomach a lot lately. It's this intense kind of loneliness, I guess. I wondered if I forgot to take my pill.

I can't believe I ever thought otherwise. Radiohead was wrong. Instead of "If I could be who you wanted all the time" it should've been the reverse.

Sometimes I ask people if they want to walk on the ceiling. I know it's silly and childish. But really. When you're lying down, looking up, it just seems so easy. Right in reach. Maybe we'd forget about everything if we could all just walk up the walls, backwards, and onto the ceiling.

Later

I've been reading *Reviving Ophelia* again. He didn't understand.

"Dude..you need to stop being so obsessed with her," when he saw the book lying on the floor next to my bed. He's right, you know. I am kind of obsessed with Ophelia. But that's not why I was reading it. The other day I came home from school just feeling too sad. I changed into pajamas at 3:00 in the afternoon and took out Mushy and blankie for the first time in years and started walking around my house with them. Now

that I think about it, blankie isn't really blankie. My original blanket was pink, and the remains of it sit on a shelf in my closet. All that's left is the puffy white stuff with a little pink in it. I don't remember what blankie used to look like. The blanket I have now was actually my brother's. Come to think about it, it's not even a blanket—it's a blanket cover. And all that's left of my beautiful blue blanket is two small squares of cold.

My therapist thought it was a little weird that I was trying to combat sadness by reading *Reviving Ophelia*. Just didn't understand how reading about depression could cure it. Not that you can ever cure it. But that day it helped. The book isn't great. Doesn't even cover all of the depressed stereotypes. Mainly, me. Come to think of it, it might've only made me feel somewhat better because of the title. I don't know why I'm so obsessed with Ophelia. She's really not someone you should aspire to be. Not that I want to be her, or do what she did. But the tragic appeal is intense.

I wonder what it'd be like to drown from the smell of flowers.

Lately I've been wanting to just go to a park. Any park, really. One with a slide, and some monkey bars, and patches of shady grass to lie on. I kind of just want to take in the essence that is Springfield, crush it up, and pack it into my bag. And in my dorm room, I can just take out some fresh mud and feel something tangible, something real, right in my cupped hands.

Weirdest thing I have eaten at 2am...

By various authors

- Bbq potato chips with red pepper hummus...ew.
- Meatlover's Domino's pizza and a banana
- An entire jumbo-sized jar of Nutella. I thought I was going to die.
- Peanut Butter and salsa sandwiches
- Melted Gummi Bears over Kee Kar Lau lo mein
- Crackers with pate and hot sauce
- Strangers' semen
- I don't think I've eaten at 2am. I am too health conscious for that. Kinda lame.
- Beef Jerky and hummus
- Caviar and champagne because guess what? I was dreaming!
- A bag of Cheetos, a Twix Bar, a chocolate Yoo-Hoo and a bag of Harvest Cheddar Sun Crisps and I didn't brush my teeth before I passed out...purposely.
- A can of Hearts of Palm
- Artichokes dipped in curry infused mayonnaise
- A semi-soggy baguette out of a dumpster on the way back from a club while in France.
- 2am isn't really a qualifier for me. I eat full meals at 2am. I don't settle for the weird. I just find whatever's open. However, since there isn't a 24 hour food place here, there was this one time I thought about eating the leftover pizza in the common room. The fact that I considered it made me feel sad.
- Pizza in a pizza box in the trashcan in my common room
- Pubic hair. It wasn't intentional. A lot just happened to be near my mouth. I found it rather irritating, actually. And no, I do not have pica.
- Cornbeef and cabbage, sans the cabbage. I actually cook it with the cabbage to get the essence of it in the cornbeef. but I won't eat it. It's like the bay leaf, you pick it out.

Almost Monogamous

I guess I have a girlfriend. Nothing incredibly long-term, but I guess we expect some degree of exclusivity from each other. Well, she does, at least. Yeah, I sleep around. I sleep with girls that aren't even as hot as she is, and I love it. I love the chase, the ecstatic leap your heart makes when you lean in for the first kiss and success! -- feeling her lips against yours. I enjoy the pillow-talk immediately afterwards, and I enjoy informing the girl that she better leave because I kick really hard when I'm asleep. That doesn't prevent me from feeling guilty about cheating on my girlfriend, though. She's hot, and sweet, and doesn't deserve to be treated this way. So I do feel bad. Not bad enough to stop, but still pretty bad.



My friends and I always have the “best place to shit on campus” debate. I, personally, prefer the Gantcher fitness center, by the indoor tennis courts. Now I know that nobody would ever walk all the way over there just to drop a number two, but it is a magical spot. It is meticulously cleaned. You can see the floors sparkle as you set foot, prepare to squat, and release the hounds into a deliciously over sized toilet bowl.

There is nothing quite like listening to my favorite Red Hot Chili Peppers song while I drop off any excess baggage I was carrying around. Everybody I know gets a little nervous and tightens up (literally) when they see a set of shoes in the next stall. In the Gantcher center bathrooms you can let your sphincter run wild and create your own Fifth Symphony.

Now my friends’ votes are dispersed around campus. One votes for the public bathroom in Sophia Gordon, although I don’t like that there is only one stall there. Another sneaks into Tilton Hall to release his goods in there, since you can lock the bathroom and let loose all on your own.

We all agree that the worst bathroom on campus is without a doubt in Carmichael Dining Hall. It literally looks like they let a pack of five year olds from the neighboring daycare center run wild in their own shit in there. What is that? With all of the laxatives in Tufts’ food, we need a close place to let the bombs fall. Are you paying attention Dean Sternberg?

Cultural Immersion

I am only here for 6 weeks, and I want to remember as much as possible. The city I'm living in, Hangzhou, is quite big, like most Chinese cities. It has a downtown area, the rich areas, the poor areas, etc. The city itself isn't anything that different from maybe an industrial American city or a polluted Latin American one. It's not like I live near rice paddies or anything.

I mentioned earlier about "how the Chinese go about doing things." Two funny things that stick out:

1. KTV night. One night, I tagged along as some Americans and some Chinese kids went to a KTV bar. The last time I sang karaoke was in Germany in a loud, boisterous, beer-splattering atmosphere. I figured it would be more or less the same thing, with no one really knowing who was singing and who was just slurring. Wrong wrong wrong. We walked into the KTV place, which was a MASSIVE hotel-like building with a front lobby. Like a hotel, you had to reserve a room. At this point, I realized that my hopes of a returning October fest were dashed. Our party was led into a private, very modern room. We had a long, black, wrap around sofa, a karaoke machine, and a plasma TV. Did I mention that I can't sing (too embarrassed to do it in the shower) or quickly read Chinese characters on a screen? One by one, my "friends" (I use the term loosely) picked up the microphone and started belting away at the newest Chinese hits. I didn't know any of them. I had no idea how many Chinese pop sensations there were. I had no idea how much people LIKED this crap. Finally, there was a knock at the door and the waitress came in to get our drink order. Whew! Now was the time to really get going. I ordered a beer, and expected everyone to follow suit. In AMERICA and GERMANY people are a few beers in before they even step up to the stage. Wrong, again. Everyone else ordered hot tea. HOT TEA???? Hot tea

really gets them going on a Saturday night. Woooohooo. So much fun. Lets sip some hot green tea and sing along. Everyone, please join in. Anyone bring mahjong? Needless to say, I was relieved when the night ended. Chinese college students, unlike American students, don't really go out much. Going to bars is seen as a trashy, lower class thing to do. Especially the girls, like my roommate for example. On a Friday night, it would never cross their minds to get dressed up and go to a bar. Nope. KTV and hot tea all the way. When we (the Americans) go out as a group, we try to drag the Chinese guys along. For the most part, their first drinking experience has been with us. There you go: building international bridges between once tense countries. Good old-fashioned ambassadors.

2. I went to the doctor's for a mild cold. The facilities were really great because I went into the foreigners VIP section. They are really into the whole foreigner thing. I also mentioned to the doctor that I am lactose intolerant and whenever I eat dairy, I feel really sick. There is no dairy in Chinese cooking, so I had to explain that I only eat dairy when I eat Western food, and I eat as much of it as possible because I really don't like Chinese food (I kinda rushed through that part). I showed him my pack of Lactaid pills (which I don't find work) and he just laughed.

Doc: when do you take this?

Me: before I eat pizza, for example.

Doc: but if your stomach doesn't hurt yet, why do you take it?

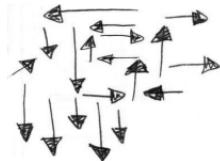
Me: it's a preventative

Doc: why are you taking extra medicines?

Me: to prevent. In America, it's over the counter

Doc: if you can't tolerate it even when you take the medicine, why eat the pizza?





Fulfilled sexual fantasy...

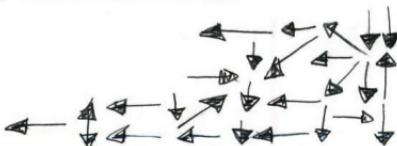
By various authors

- Backseats really are made for dreamers
- Tying him up
- Having an orgasm in a tree
- Being fucked by a person's giant nose. Like nasal cunnilingus.
- Hearing that he loves everything about fucking me
- Against a wall...not so private.
- Being pushed up against a door. Passionately.
- Threesome (with two girls and a guy, two guys and a girl, three girls)
- Sex outside.
- Bondage! But my fantasies revolve more around people than actions. Like Antonio Banderas.
- Being given head in the Houston study room.
- Doing it again and again in the Fletcher Library.
- Being passionately pushed up against a wall
- Hearing him cry out in another language
- Drunkenly making out in a frat. Oh wait, that was never a fantasy.
- Actually... having... sex?

Unfulfilled sexual fantasy...

By various authors

- Doing it in Bacow's bed. JK
- Having sex in a barn, with a farmhand, in the straw
- Having a threesome with Halle Berry and my International Relations T.A while snorting lines in a plane. I like to aim high.
- Sex in the freezing cold, rubbing noses like fucking Eskimos.
- Having sex with someone I respect
- Full-on, frenzied orgy
- Getting thrown against the wall and getting taken advantage of. But not really guys... consent is important!
- Being a certain someone's slave for a whole night.
- Against a wall, hard, outdoors, private, mind-blowing (and of course orgasmic)
- Sex with my roommate.
- Having a deep conversation about decadent authors after sex.
- Threesome-on the Rez quad-at night-on NQR
- Sex in the basement at Tisch. Not so difficult, but according to a certain someone, being an employee at the library makes that "inappropriate"



Doggy Style at Fifteen



“Can I see if it fits?”

I don't know how I worked my way into a doggy style position, but I had done it. He stood behind me, ready to stick it in me. “Can I see if it fits,” he asked. I was scared. I had never done it before. We weren't prepared; we were only fifteen years old. It had been about three years since we had first started to hook up. We had never even kissed. Now he wanted to see if it could fit?

Let me paint a picture. We started to hook up when we were twelve. I believe we were having a sleepover. The topic turned to blow jobs, and moments later I found myself giving one. I enjoyed the feel of him in my mouth, the texture of his pubes against my lips, his soft moans as he came. While we had become quite close throughout our extended hookup, there was never any mouth to mouth action. There wasn't even so much as a kiss on the cheek. Nothing. I suppose we were too scared to kiss. Neither of us had ever kissed anybody, and I know that I was deathly afraid of it.

By the time he asked me to see if it could fit, we had become quite the experienced pair. Giving head was our magnum opus. We would speak in code over the phone: “Do you want to come over and play Twisted Metal?” That video game became my favorite; whenever it was mentioned in conversation between us I knew a great sex romp was coming my way. As he stood behind me erect and waiting for my response, I hesitated. We were in the same circle of friends. Would this become awkward? He already made sure to distance himself from me in public, making me the butt of any jokes. I was always labeled the slowest, dumbest, fattest within our group and on the soccer team, which we played on together. What would

happen if I gave myself to him completely?

I told him “no.” Within a month, he had found a girlfriend and had stopped speaking to me. I was slowly forced out of our group of friends until our senior year, when my new group of friends and his group collided and became one. I remember one particular car ride to go buy ping-pong balls. We were alone in my car. I felt tense, nervous, scared to bring up our relationship. I didn’t say one word about it.

To this day I wonder what would have been different if I had let him fuck me. I suppose I’m looking for an explanation, some sort of conclusion to our relationship. I’m 21 and still looking for conclusion in a relationship I had that ended when I was 15. You should try and see how that fits into my life.



I am Jesus

When I was seven, I told my class that I was the reincarnation of Jesus. The idea wasn't all mine, I was only seven and just coming into my creative spirit, but it was still a genius moment. My parents had thrown one of their raging parties, and the theme for this particular party was Virgins and Vicars. My mother wore a beautiful blue gown and danced around calling herself Mother Mary. Everyone laughed about turning water to wine, walking on water, and food appearing miraculously from the kitchen. It was a magic show and I was a rapt audience. Eventually, my mother noticed me hiding behind the couch. I was lucky; deep in her own wine making spree, she was *thrilled* to see me.

"Darling!" she screeched, and gestured wildly for me. I knew all the different Mommies that came out of her special bottles. This was one of my favorites; the, my-daughter-is-the-most-wonderful-daughter-in-the-world-and-I-love-her-so-much Mommy.

"My beautiful, perfect, most favorite of daughters!" she cried. I raced out from behind the couch and everyone gasped in delight. My mother scooped me up into her lap and showered me with tangy kisses.

"She's your only daughter," a woman laughingly pointed out.

"And she's a total *hellion*, I hear," a man said, chuckling to himself.

"Yes, but I do love her so much," Mommy said.

"Mommy," I asked, "what did he call me?" Mommy responded the same way every time I asked about the things people called me at parties.

"My God! Not for your ears, precious!" She swung around and glared at the man. "How dare you call my pretty one such

awful names! I demand compensation!"

Everyone laughed as the man turned red and began to pat himself down. Everyone knew what compensation meant.

"Spoiled brat, getting presents like she's done some trick," he muttered.

Mommy's eyes lit up. "She can! I was a *virgin* when I had my little Luna!"

Everyone seemed to think it was the best joke ever, but I didn't really understand.

"No, no!" Mommy insisted, shushing everyone. "This is the Child of God, the reincarnation of Jesus! She is bless-ed!"

The group thought that was just hilarious. Before anyone left the next morning, they handed me some small present, and patted my head. "Goodbye, baby Jesus," they said, and then laughed themselves out the door.

It wasn't until years later that my mother told me why the joke had been so funny. "Really, honey, the Child of God? More like the Spawn of Satan. Not that I don't love you anyway."

"Lovely. Thanks, Mother Mary. All I said, though, was, "Oh, so you were being ironic that night? Is that why you told everyone you'd been a virgin?"

"Honestly," she snapped, and stomped out of the room.

"Not that I don't love you anyway!" I shouted after her.

So the idea was born. Sound overly intelligent for a child of seven? Well, it was. We're all like that. I went to one of those posh, private costs-more-than-college schools where everything is a rat race and the children are the rats. It was all about which child walked, talked, danced, and ran for office first.

"You are not," Johnny Goode, the most annoying boy in my class said immediately after I had revealed the big news. Johnny was a jerk. If I could rely on anything, it was that Johnny would forever suck.

“Yes I am. My mother said and everyone gave me presents.” I pulled out the necklace, perfume, and some of the cash. Eyes widened and kids came closer.

“You stole that,” Johnny said, eyes narrowed.

“Not this,” Amanda said, pointing at the necklace. She was a rich, spoiled brat who I had previously held in vast contempt. Soon after this she became my best friend. She pulled out a matching necklace that she had round her neck. “This,” she said, as if showing off a piece of the moon, “is Tiffany’s. You do not steal Tiffany’s.”

A few other girls nodded understanding. We were a school of rich, spoiled brats who knew more about nothing than anyone else. Except for maybe our parents.

I shrugged, as if their belief really didn’t matter to me. I’d seen my mother do just that many times before and it always caught everyone’s attention. “Well, I mean, of course there are the magic tricks.”

“Magic tricks?” Johnny asked, his lip curling. “Jesus didn’t do magic tricks. He made marigolds.”

“It’s *miracles*, you moron. Marigolds are a *flower*.” God, his parents must be so proud. “And I *know*. I’ll do those when I’m older. He didn’t do them when he was seven, did he?”

“What magic tricks?” asked Amanda patiently and with a mild interest. Mild interest was in fact a sign of great importance from Amanda. Everything she did, she did mildly. She turned me from an amusing annoyance in the eyes of these simple children to a possible member of the popular clan. The only thing that kept me from being an outcast throughout the rest of my childhood was Amanda’s continued mild interest.

And with her help, my lies would continue to make believers out of my classmates.

Dear Vibrator,

Thank you. I have to lay that right out there on the table- thank you, thank you, thank you. Vibrator, you know exactly what to do and when to do it. I told Cheryl, my therapist, all about you. She is thrilled that I am finally able to connect with someone on real terms. Cheryl thinks it's great that we are able to communicate about what I, I mean we, need sexually- she says it healthy for our vitality. Cheryl's the expert. Well, not the EXPERT, expert (wink wink).

I was thinking about how we can keep your energy up. I like spending quality time with you, and you know that you can always confront me if you need some space to recharge your battery.

In the meantime, keep on doing what you've been doing. You have me hooked. Too much of a good thing can be a bad thing- that's what my mother says. She warned me of this being too good, but I never believed her until I realized that I wouldn't have to buy a neon colored dildo to get the job done. Good things come in smaller, pocket-sized packages. I'll admit that I own one dildo. But I bought it on Melrose, and it's so vintage.

Oops. 12:41 AM. Almost that time again. I waited two days- miss me?

See you soon,

Your Triple All-star



Confessions IV

By various authors

I am addicted to online shopping because Tufts is boring and clothes make me happy.

I really hate competing with friends. It makes me want to run away from Tufts where everyone is so god damn driven. I hate the way that even when people relax they have to do it in some structured regulated form, like through a club. People should do things more because they just feel like it and not because it's adding to their grades or their résumé or their future. CHILL OUT.

I'm so pathetic that I can't even get drunk guys to randomly hook up with me.

People piss me off.

I've been listening to Tullycraft and consuming copious amounts of tea, does this make me an Indie kid? Hopefully, no. Nevertheless, it's really embarrassing.

I used to hump my couch. Okay, fine. I still do.

I have a notebook where I document ugly names that I would never give to my future children (some of them are your names, oh you unsuspecting friends of mine), yet I never ever want to have a screaming, drooling, shitting-all-over-the-place brat of my own.

I gave head to Tim McDonald in the middle school elevator in seventh grade. My friends thought I didn't kiss anyone until junior year.

Breakup Breakdown

Written intermittently over the course of several months

I lied to you. You probably wouldn't even care that much. But, I'm afraid to tell you. Afraid that your perceptions of me will change, or worse that they will be solidified. I'm missing a button on my new blue sweater. I don't know exactly who I am. But I'm learning, and I'm slowly becoming someone I like, and I am funny and fun most of the time, and I think that I am a really good listener and the most faithful of friends.

I do know that I will always care about you. I do know that you don't know who you are yet either. I know I will stick around to find out who you decide to be. I know that my heart smile-hurts when you tell me that you miss me. I know that I still love you and probably miss you more. And I know that I am moving on. Maybe to return. Or maybe not. Right now I hope it is the former.

Thank you for teaching me about loving, about sex. Thank you for teaching me about myself. Thank you for teaching me how I want to be different, how I want to be the same. Thank you for helping me grow. Thank you for only breaking my heart without wanting to.

I hate you for copping out, for never trying to call me. At the same time, though, I thank you. We weren't meant for now. For later maybe. We were meant to be friends now. Our friendship will grow. I would be sad if it faded away.

I hate myself for not being able to tell you this right now. Maybe it is not the time. I hate that I didn't show you more of myself when I had the chance. I think now I will just be there for you. I will let you be there for me when you want to be (maybe in only an impersonal way at first.)

We still have chemistry though. Even over facebook. Does chemistry die?

Us, that was real you know.

I love your family, I love your dogs, but mostly I love you (not the distance-yourself-you that

I knew last, but the one I knew first: the vulnerable, fuck me, call me names, unexpected love, funny, give me a rose, have so much fun together you).

I hope one day I can be this open with you.

I hope one day you can know this (but you say you know without me saying).

I write this trying to get over you.

I write this trying to move on.

I write this knowing (hoping) that I will be with others-though I want it to be you.

I write this hoping you will be happy, but hoping you will be with no one who compares.

I write this secretly hoping that in a year or two we will meet again and the chemistry won't have died, and we will fall again, and I will be truthful and myself, and that you will be the one, and I for you.

But I can't think that way, but I do, but I do, and I will, until I don't.

I care about you.

I love you.

Thank you.

You can do great things. So do them (if they make you happy).

I'll see you again.

Fucker, know I'll always smile when you call, and hope to death that I can hug you hard when I see you again.

Why do I second guess myself when I talk to you. Because you are one of the only people who I give a damn what they think of me.

But I make you laugh right? And I listen right? And when I say I hope you are well and have fun I mean it....really. I'm sorry I bring up N. Probably it is to make you jealous. I am sorry. But know that that "miss you" phrase and that "good to talk to you phrase" and those "fuck yous" and the laughter and the silence is backed by more than that. By love. By friendship. By passion.

I actually know that you love me, which makes it harder, maybe.

And we talked for an hour, but it felt like a minute, and I didn't want you to go.

And when I talk about trivial things I really want to say these things to you.

And I didn't want you to go.

But I must let you go.

And you are over me. Already. And I thought I was getting there, but last night I had a relapse. And I am starting again today. And start again I may have to. But I will get there. And when I see you again, it will be as me, hoping to be friends, maybe more, but being ok if that doesn't happen. And sometimes I think you were my only chance. But, this isn't true. It probably just isn't true.

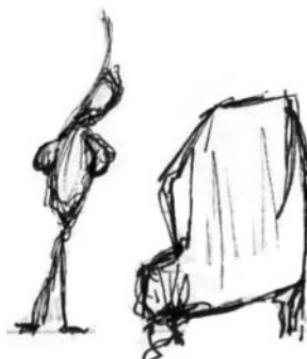
I hate that I was so weak when I was with you. I wish I could show you how strong I am now. Or would you break that strength down. With one touch. One look. Making me someone I could be ashamed of later.



Fulfilling the Culture Requirement

Who I hooked-up with while abroad...

- The Spaniard who thought that there was no reason to travel outside of Spain.
- The dreds-sporting Northern Italian who confused lust with love.
- The French kid who I thought was gay.
- The pot-smoking (and other shit too) Southern Italian who taught me that foreplay was overrated. He was totally right.
- That kid in Shanghai. Just because you are horny in China, does not mean it's OK to sleep with that Jewish New Yorker.
- I'm thinking Fulbright in Argentina to keep this list growing.



Rice

Rice. Like little tiny insects they scurry across my sister's plate and as she gazes down at the tiny swollen beads we all know what's coming.

"I hate rice."

Silence. Silence.



Lord, a big man with white hair who does his name justice, patiently puts down his fork and turns to look at her with his liquid blue eyes that remind me of toilet water just after its been cleaned.

"You hate rice?"

"Yes. I hate rice."

Lord folds places his elbows on the table and calmly rests his chin on his hands.

"Now, is this aversion moral or philosophical?"

"Excuse me?"

"Your aversion to rice, is it moral or philosophical?"

Silence. Silence.

We all look down at our plates and contemplate rice. Moral? My plate is heaped with the weight of it, and the longer I stare the more I'm convinced the ceramic is bending under the load, and I wilt under the shame of how I'd been planning to stuff my face with this delicious, delicious rice. The more I look,

the more evil it gets until I see giant hordes of rice invading my eyelids, crawling up through my mouth, my ears, my nose, ricericericericericerice. Philosophical? I don't even know what that means when applied to food, but it doesn't sound good and staring at the rice is making my ears start to buzz. Rice. Rice. Rice.

"I don't know."

We all look up. My sister shrugs her shoulders with indifference. I turn to look back down at my plate.

Shit, now I hate rice.

The H on my Chest Stands for Hesitation

I envy Superman. Not because of his brawny arms or impregnable body, his celerity or the fact that his arch nemesis is some bald Machiavellian. Rather, it is his ability to switch from a geeky square, Clark Kent, to a superhero. I don't care much for super powers. I just wish that I could switch from being straight to gay, and back again. Just like turning on and off a light switch. For the past many years, I have just been grappling with my sexual identity. Some months, I'm extremely sexually attracted to men. Other times, it's only women. Am I just fickle? Am I Bi? Wouldn't make sense. Bi would connote being possibly attracted to women and men...at the same time. What am I? The one instance I wish I could be categorized. For all those who say that one is born with a certain sexual identity, I just wish that they would just once say that it was a choice. Just one time, to give me a glimmer of hope, to feel...normal?

Confessions V...

By various authors

I had sex with my T.A. and then ignored him in class. I think that is why I got an A- (I also considered doing it again for an A+).

I take sides on issues without knowing the facts.

I can't stop looking at my Professor's crotch.

I will feel very disappointed in her if my younger sister at 18 is doing even half the same things I did when I was her age.

I think people who write self-descriptions in the "About Me" section are tools.

When I was in the fifth grade my friend Ali got a vibrating squiggly pen for her birthday, you know, it vibrated and made your writing all squiggly. BUT I discovered a better use, and I locked myself in her bathroom, and sat on her toilet with the pen against my fifth grade panties, pressed, and pressed, and pressed, and oh, it felt so good. And when my fifth grade girlfriends started banging on the door I finally stopped and walked out with the memory of my delicious secret sensation.

I can't wait until I can show off my silicone enhanced breasts.

Suicidal thoughts are the only thing that desensitizes my pain. But I'm too smart to ever attempt it.

I actually found "many stories, one community" comforting.

I feel guilty that my parents are spending over \$200,000 on an education that I am not taking full advantage of.

I LOVED it when he described what a hot girl looks like to

him and I fit all of the criteria and none of it matched up with his girlfriend.

I talk to my printer to make it work.

Two separate people have compared me to Ian from “High Fidelity”. That is two people too many.

I just figured out that my boyfriend isn’t circumcised. I had never seen another penis before so how was I supposed to know? Now I do know and it kind of weirds me out.

I hate the girl in my English class who sits in front of me because she’s so eager and has bushy hair and always volunteers to read out loud. Every girl I have ever met who acts like her has turned out to be extremely dumb, so I’m convinced that she’s an idiot and should go back to high school.

I am only somewhat intelligent—I make everyone in my life believe I am either charmingly dumb or gifted

Once a 65 year old tried to date me because, this is verbatim, “a girl like you would be good for my image.” He invited me to a tsunami benefit. I was seriously debating whether or not to go, just to have a funny story to tell to my grandkids.



How to Beat Up Children

It's easy to beat up children. It's very easy to hit them hard and make them cry. The difficulty in beating up children is in convincing them that they are having a good time. Accomplishing this allows you to beat them over and over again. They'll wear their bruises like hard-earned medals and eventually demand to be beaten. You must establish a link between your fists and your affections. After all, when you are beating a child he has your undivided attention. You make him feel special - worthy to be beaten. Take note! You cannot beat all children equally. Take for instance a small boy with emphysema. You cannot beat him too hard, as his sensitive skin bruises too easily. This said, you must be sure to spend the same amount of time beating up all the children in your care. This way none of them feels left out. Furthermore, this shows the children that they are equals and binds them together as a team. Team camaraderie breeds overconfidence and convinces them that they might, one day, be able to beat you, their tyrannical caretaker, in a group wrestling match. This is never the case. When fighting more than one child, say 5 or even 6 children, do not hesitate to use them as projectiles. Everyone knows that children love to be thrown, so this is a good way to make sure that they have fun. It shows them that you are impossibly stronger than they are. Make sure to locate the sharp edges in your beating space. A spinal injury can really put a damper on the light-hearted mood of a nighttime beat-down. In case of a truly incapacitating injury, one that leads to uncontrollable sobbing or a serious soprano tone coming from one of the youngsters, stop the fight and sit down at their eye-level. Immediately start laughing and use words to persuade the injured child that he's really okay. Shake his shoulders, laugh, say something to the effect of 'I got you good that time'. Never admit that you went too far, as this will diminish your authority in their eyes. They must believe that you are in total control of their injuries.

Jouissance

It's inevitable that the world will end, or so my professor said in class today. It is part of the natural order of our solar system, that our star will flame out and take us (not me, I don't think I'll be around that long) with it. However, it seems more natural that we will destroy ourselves before this ever occurs. I'm fighting against this oblivion with my teeny, tiny little bits of creation, strung together into paragraphs and pages of type, but ultimately, it won't matter. No one will see it when the sun expands and explodes. All music and art and beauty that ever was and ever will be will go the way of the phoenix... Maybe to be reborn from the ashes but without anything that came before. All of those beautiful words, lost. The thought of burning books horrifies me in the present. The thought of burning all of the souls who might create cripples me. Nothingness.

Still, I keep writing. I wonder who I'm writing to. I could be writing to You, that You who is the muse of the lovelorn romantic all over the world. I'm not. I could be writing to the future who will never see it. It seems closer. A Sonata for the Dying World? I'm too full of life for that. I could be writing to myself, but I think I'm not made to keep everything to myself. Most likely, I'm writing to you, lowercase. I'm writing to the ones who might see and understand, despite the limitations inherent in using words to represent me. Yes, you... Who sees fragments of my soul slipping in and out of between the black and white font. As I'm broken further and further into pieces, by my own acts of creation and acts of destruction from others, I'm writing to the ones who could make me whole. They're creating too, somewhere, raging against the void and hopelessness and the inescapable future. They're celebrating with all of their power. I think we're making it better, even if we can't delay it.

Hopefully, I won't burn out. I'll leave something a little brighter than I found it. I do see reality, its corruption and apathy and greed and violence and twistedness, but I also see what could be. Mostly, I know that I can, at the most basic and central part of my being. I'll have help, too. I'll just have to keep looking.



Political figure I'd like to screw...

By various authors

- George W. Bush. Because he's got to be good at *something*.
- Bill Clinton most definitely because he's a thug. Only thugs get head in the oval office and quite frankly, I think everyone needs a little thug love in their life.
- JFK, because maybe I'd get a Chanel suit out of the deal.
- Kind of hard to choose. Can't I fuck all of them?
- Mussolini. I like his name.
- JFK because I could ask him who was better, me, Marilyn, or Jackie.
- I think my (male) PoliSci professor answered this best: "Listen, I'm straight, but if Bill Clinton said bend over, I'd say 'Don't worry about the lube.'"
- Andrew Jackson because he was a beast.
- Condoleezza Rice because I want to know what it feels like to have control over the most powerful woman in the world. Unless she's into domination. I bet she is. There goes my logic.
- Arnold. All I'm going to say is his muscles must have some use.
- They don't make condoms thick enough to ensure that I wouldn't father a politician baby.
- Washington Washington, 6 foot 8, weighs a fucking ton.
- Barack Obama? Because... I have a crush on him?
- Joe Biden... HAVE YOU SEEN WAY HE JABS HIS FIST WHEN HE SPEAKS?!?!
- Margaret Thatcher because she's a saucy minx.
- Napoleon because he totally invented the complex.
- Abe Lincoln, because he was intelligent, honest, and had a really big nose.

From A Lost Freshman

It confuses me when people don't fit a stereotype. I know this guy who is really smart, an EMS, pre-med, then goes to a bar on Tuesday nights and is in a frat. I don't know what to say when I see him. I actually think I'm attracted to him. I kind of want to be on top of him, or vice versa. Maybe I should get purposely TEMSed: I'm so hurt baby, can you save me?

I hate when I do romantic things with the wrong people. I saw him again today. He was with friends – laughing his ass off. I wanted to bite on his lip. I don't understand how you do it. How everything falls into place just like that, without question or struggle. If only I could see your face when you fail, or discover that you are a caricature of imperfection we are all too blind to see. I want to see you bury your face in your hands and push back the flesh or rub your red, red eyes. Then, maybe, I could just forgive you for taking away my perfect life. If I could slowly snap off your ribs one by one, so clean and crisp. If only you could watch while I dissect you. Hold the anesthesia. Knock on wood, please; that gets rid of all bad luck. Wear your sunglasses so people don't know you're staring. Strip yourself until you are the bare quintessential being. Bang. Everyone look up. It's only me, naked in my honesty, why won't you accept me? Look at my bare shaking leg. Do I seem neurotic to you? Do you pity me? I find it soothing actually. No, that's not right, you weren't who I thought you were, but it's okay - I see someone else I know. Give me my quiet time in the backseat of a car, where the signs can hover inches away from my face. Give me comfort – I'm a human being too.

I want to hear the things you do, read everything you write; I want to lick your entire existence off my spoon and into my mouth.



Dear _____

Dear guys at frat party dances,

I can see your dandruff under the black lights. The white spots all over your shirt give it away. It's kind of nasty. Don't touch me. Head and Shoulders does the trick.

Dear Skin and Bones,

You may be my friends or just girls I see in class. We can laugh about our weight, but you will always make me feel inferior. I try to come across as confident, but I am not. And when you eat load of fruit for dinner, I think it is obnoxious. And when you complain about how "fat" you are, you just make me feel like an elephant. And when you go jogging every day, I want to feed you straight up lard.

Dear Beelzebubs,

You're great, but you know it and you are cocky mother fuckers. You are way too good at chalking. I hate how I love when you run on stage in your blazers and ties. Why do I love a cappella?

Confessions VI

By various authors

I have a fantasy in which I will volunteer at one of Dave Egger's non-profit writing tutoring centers and that he will become my best friend and leave his wife to fall madly in love with me and beg me to join the team who puts together The Best American Non-Required Reading. And then he'll read my stuff and publish it and I'll be famous.

I sometimes buy things in the most expensive shops on Newbury St. just because I like walking around with a Marc Jacobs or a Ralph Lauren shopping bag.

I accidentally say racist things when I don't mean it at all.

My clothes make me feel like I'm better than you.

Body moles gross me out to no extent. I could never fuck a person with a large mole for fear that it would rub against me and I would scream.

I buy long-sleeved, oversized men's t-shirts so that when I wear them people will think I just rolled out of my non-existent boyfriend's bed.

I am a straight, taken girl who thinks about vaginas when about to get off.

My body writes a check I don't know how to cash on a daily basis. I'm just a little girl in a chain-smoking fox's clothing.

In high school, my dad used to come into my bedroom on Saturday and Sunday mornings; he'd smell my morning breath and say, "It's smells like the monkey cages at the Bronx Zoo in here!"

I didn't let him kiss me. But I still daydream sometimes about him pressing me against the wall, hands on my hips, lips on my neck.

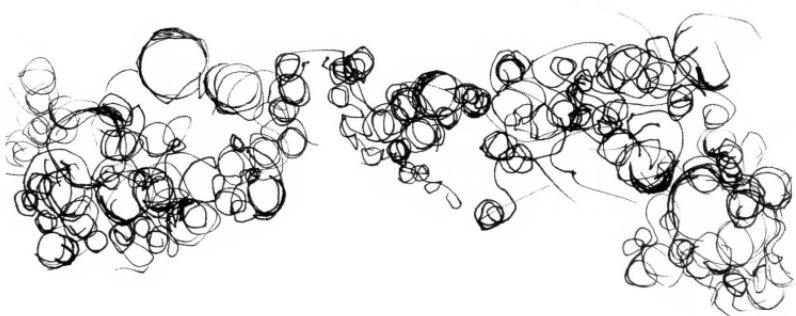
My boyfriend's penis is so big and I thought I was fine with it, even happy, but nightmares about saggy vaginas keep haunting me.

What do you say to the sweetest guy who is really attractive and always has something interesting to say—he cares about the world but won't go down on you?

The plague of our generation is our obsession with awkwardness. Yes, sometimes conversations die or you do that funny dance when you don't know who is going to pass whom on which side of the sidewalk. In general though, just get over it. Real life is not the movies, and thank god for that.

Whenever my friends tell me they have a new lover, I secretly wonder why I am still single when I am just as cool/cooler and pretty/prettier than they are.

I still think there are monsters under my bed.



The Most Important Relationship of My Life, to Date

Have you ever looked at someone and known instantly that he would play a huge role in your life? Your eyes meet and suddenly you can't imagine living a day without him near you. The world just seems an emptier and crueler place when he's not around.

That's how it's been with me and Taco Bell.

It started off casually enough. My parents took me to the local TB joint, about a 2 minute drive from my home. The unassuming Mexican-villa inspired building was nothing flashy, but immediately upon entry I was hit with the sights and smells of nacho cheese food product, vats of ground beef, and sour cream that came loaded in a squirt gun-like apparatus. And I loved it.

In those early days I would order the plain nachos. A baggie of tortilla chips and a little container of warm nacho cheese sauce was all I needed. Pretty soon, I started ordering a taco here and there. I upgraded to "supreme" tacos and "supreme" nachos...which basically meant the addition of sour cream. I remember the day I first ordered the Nachos Bel Grande. I was really hungry. I decided that on that day, the Nachos Supreme just wouldn't cut it. I had seen the Bel Grande ordered by other patrons in the past and I thought I could handle it. I was wrong.

Don't misunderstand me. I devoured those Nachos Bel Grande. Shit was gone in about 4 minutes. What I couldn't handle was the new feeling inside me that craved those nachos every couple days. A week couldn't go by without me swinging by my TB for a "quickie" order that had to be eaten in the car so no one would know about my addiction.

On a regular basis people would warn me about things like “toxins” and “e. coli” found in Taco Bell food. They would say ridiculous things like “that’s not real meat on your nachos.” But I wouldn’t listen. I couldn’t...those nachos were too good to me.

Of course we had our rough days. Anyone who’s frequented the Bell can tell you about the bout of nausea and necessary time spent on the toilet after consuming anything that includes TB’s re-fried beans (which are in just about everything).

As in all relationships (so I’m told) someone is bound to get hurt badly at some point. I have been hurt by Taco Bell.

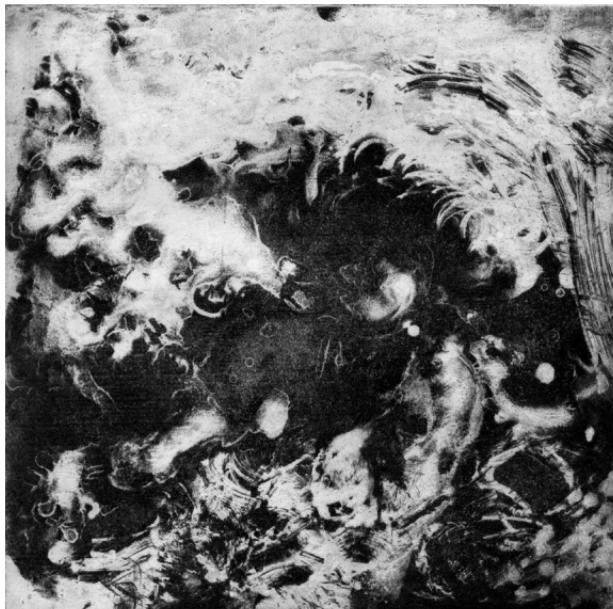
It seems in recent months Taco Bell has been shutting me out. I remember being driven home from the airport over last winter break. I glanced out the window as we passed my local Taco Bell, where I had passed so many happy minutes in the drive-thru line, making eyes at the usually obese patrons I could spy from my rearview window. I let out a piercing scream. The car swerved a little and my mother started to panic. I had to tearfully explain to her that my TB, nay, OUR TB, had been shut down. Permanently closed. Out of business. I could hardly take comfort in the fact there was another Taco Bell about 7 minutes away. It was like my world was crashing down around me.

Imagine then, my horror upon learning via the Facebook wall post of a concerned friend that the Taco Bell in Porter Square had been closed in a similar fashion. I was abroad in Spain, for Christ’s sake, where it was a daily struggle to not curse the Spanish people for not having a single Taco Bell anywhere in their country. Coupled with the recent closing of my childhood TB, I actually feared that the whole Taco Bell enterprise would come crumbling down in my absence.

But I needn’t have worried. Taco Bell’s are still standing

squat all around this great country of ours. Sure, it's different now. I have to work a lot harder to get my fix, drive a lot farther. And yeah, it bugs me that it seems like I'm doing all the giving in this relationship. All Taco Bell has to do is be there, and I come running, every time.

But when you love someone, you make it work.



Hooking Up

2/21/07, 1:19 AM

Me: hey

Him: yo wats up

Me: working as usual

Him: me too. hows ur thing going?

Me: hectic. i went to bed at 4:30 last night

Him: sucks...how come you have so much work so late?

Me: i have so much more work this semster. More than any other. it only gets worse. Hurray!!

Me: can i be honest with you about something?

Him: yea

Me: i've just been thinking about this whole hookup thing and i dont think its a good idea for us to hook up anymore. haha. granted its been kind of a long time and whatever, what i really mean is not directly pointed at you, i'm just thinking of taking a break from the whole casual hookup thing

Him: ha i had a feeling. its chill

Me: i figured it was best to just say it straight out, you know?

Him: yea

Hiem: although

Him: should we do it one more time?

Me: you're gonna miss me arent you?

Him: haha so is that a no

Me: its a potential possibility

Him: as i remember though, but i cant say for sure//you did reserve me for late night as recently as 2 days ago

Me: yeah. i know...but i was a bad girl

Him: and? what does that mean

Me: that i was drunk and not thinking straight. its a semi recent epiphany and i've just been too uhh... weak? to go through with it

Him: so basicall. you are looking for a bf and cant get it with

efficient no strings booty calls. Am i right?

Me: something like that. I mean, and i'm not exactly looking for a bf per se. just something more... substantial

Him: but i still say it takes place one more time

Him: haha

Him: i'm half kidding.....but the offers there.



My Laundry

June 23 201

Lucky Charms

I'm pretty sure I should see someone about my obsession with food, not a therapist or a shrink or someone who usually deals with people who are depressed or crazy or anything. I'm not bulimic or anorexic; I just compare and associate everything to food.

I judge people by their breakfasts, lunches or dinners. If you have that cardboard-tasting cereal in your bowl, it's pretty evident to me that you're just trying to prove everyone you really are healthy, because, let's face it, no one likes that shit or eats it because it's a culinary delight. People who eat Lucky Charms (or Fruit Loops or Rice Krispies or Cap'n'Crunch or whatever) for dinner have to get over their "oo, I'm in college and can have cereal for dinner"-phase and eat a fucking steak. Also, what is it with you people who think that a pile of Smiley Fries with ketchup from Carmichael constitutes a balanced meal? Put some carrots on your plate! Eat an orange! Diversify your nutritional portfolio!

I compare the things I do to food, too. For example, hooking up with that guy you *really* shouldn't be hooking up with [see: e.g. friends' boyfriends, exes, and TAs] and then realizing it wasn't such a good idea is like that occasional bowl of chicken nuggets – so much fun and instant gratification, maybe a little dangerous and exciting, but afterwards, you realize that the nausea is about to hit you because you just ate a fucking bowl of chicken nuggets. On the other hand, eating a nice and balanced meal with absolutely no chicken nuggets is like that really productive day when you finish that research proposal, are everywhere on time, ace you quiz and have an amazing workout at the gym.

I associate people with food (not only chicken nuggets, even though there are a few of those people on campus too). There's this senior guy I had lunch with when I was deciding between colleges and he ate edamame and now the only thing I can think of when I see edamame is the corduroy blazer he wore. The dull and wafer-thin girl from my dorm is like matzah, for obvious reasons. Even seeing the statue of Jumbo on the Quad always makes me think of peanut butter.

I swear I'm not a fat kid; you just are what you eat and I qualify everything through that.



Confessions VII

By various authors

I've dated lots of interesting people, but when it comes down to it, I just want a nice Jewish boy that will treat me like a princess.

I hate playing games. I wish people just told each other how they really felt instead of pretending to be so removed all the time. I think its okay to have emotions and show attachment.

I study in the music library in hopes of looking like a musician and because the people there are so cool and good-looking.

Once, while giving a slutty schnapps-drunk seventeen-year-old blow job, my nose started gushing blood. I have a weak blood vessel that I've been debating whether or not to cauterize for years. Let's just say it decided to gush right at the most inopportune time. The boy looked at me, completely unruffled, and said, "Do you have anymore blow?" In retrospect, that double entendre is pretty hilarious.

I sometimes let my friends think that they have good style even when they look terrible so that I can be the best-dressed one.

I told you that you weren't my first when you really were so that you wouldn't feel like you took advantage of me.

I hate people who say they want to be investment bankers. I FUCKING HATE THEM.

I eat all my roommates' food and then accuse other roommates' of doing it.

I wish it were more socially acceptable to strike up conversations with random people. Then maybe I would tell the guy who works in the gym and has beautiful eyes that I have a crush on

I knew I was in college when...

By various authors

- I saw many penises, breasts, and pale tushies during the Naked Quad Run
- I went to a party that involved climbing under a porch into a leaky basement filled with pipes. I grabbed a drink I found on a shelf that ended up being lots of hard alcohol plus coke and then chugged beer out of an apple-juice bottle. It was so raunchy and disgusting and felt great.
- There were four other people spooning with me in my dorm bed at 3 in the morning. I had to get up at 7. I only knew one other person and that person was not one of the people touching me.
- I celebrated my first four-day weekend with getting drunk five times.
- I didn't have to worry about my parents waking up when I brought a guy back to my room.
- I got TEMs'd the first week. Some senior dude was filming the whole entire debacle.
- I woke up in the extra-long twin bed of a boy who wouldn't admit that I was his boyfriend (despite the fact that I was sucking his dick thrice a day), ran to Dewick and grabbed 2 large pieces of coffee cake and stole a mug with scalding hot coffee and consumed it all the while huffing and puffing my way up the Hill
- I got drunk with a TA and made out
- I got my first F
- I saw all the red cups and the piss-like beer
- I realized that obnoxious guy in my lecture class who talked every five minutes and used really big words didn't say anything at all.
- Bathrooms with real curtains started to look luxurious
- I had a breakfast of shame in Dewick while wearing last night's dress, my friend's sweatpants, her roommate's flip flops and embarrassment all over.

On Lexapro and Cheerios

I was put on anti-depressants the summer before freshman year. Almost four years have passed and I'm still on the medication, not because I'm still depressed, but because of one of its side-effects..... IT TAKES ME FOREVER TO CUM!!! I experienced this effect soon after going on Lexapro. I've tried to get off the drug, but every time I do, the next time I fuck a girl it ends disastrously with me babbling some incoherent apology about "being of this medication..." - I sound like a fucking lunatic! So I just go back to the doctor, say that I've recessed back to the dark world of depression, get my Lex, and I'm back in full force. Seriously, the sex lasts forever. It gets to the point when our bodies can't even keep up. What an awesome problem to have.

* * * * *

I have Nazi money. In fact, *most* of my money is Nazi money. I've received sporadic payments from those fascist fucks, in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$1000, since I was seventeen. To be fare, the money actually comes from the German government, who are not currently Nazis. And the money actually goes to my grandfather, who was enslaved by them, but he doesn't want the money, so he gives it me. What better way of demonstrating the Final Solution's failure by a descendant of the survivor spending the reparations? But the thought of money tainted with blood scares the shit out of me. I try to spend it as quickly as I can and in the tritest manners. I buy booze and weed...all with Nazi money! Just last week, I bought a girl at a bar a cocktail with Nazi money. She didn't hook up with me. Stupid fucking Nazis! You're money can't even get me laid!

* * * * *

My mother toilet trained me by dropping cheerios into the toilet and then explaining that they, in fact, were enemy battle ships, and that I was an ace fighter pilot and my penis, of course, was the cannon (or laser?). My mother would cheer(io) me on as I sunk each ship. Queen Elizabeth couldn't have looked with more sadistic satisfaction at Philip II's destroyed armada as I at the urine battered cheerios lying at the bottom of the bowl.



Confessions VIII

By various authors

One of my top 5 moments in life was stumbling upon a dominatrix porn site and seeing my ex-boyfriend's ex-girlfriend.

There's no greater pleasure in life than being 21 and telling people that "no, not doing a liquor run for you".

Lately, it seems like every time I hear a song lyric, or read a story, or watch a movie, it relates directly to me. I should really stop being so self absorbed.

I actually get all those pamphlets at health services and stuff them in my backpack. One fell out the other day in class and a friend picked it up for me. Thank god it was only the one on mental health and not Vaginitis. That would have been embarrassing. Though, I really think the taboo should be lifted on Vaginitis. It's something that needs to be talked about. AIDS and HIV are household names now; it's time for Vaginitis to come out of the closet.

I always tell nice guys that they'll come out on top, but I secretly love bad boys.

I get kind of upset when people don't recognize the name of the very prestigious firm I just got a job at.

I leave the door unlocked while I masturbate and when I hear someone coming up the stairs I race to see if I can finish before they get to my door. I have never been caught, yet...

I ALWAYS eat food out of bulk bins and I don't feel bad about it.

There is a girl in one of my classes who looks painfully anorexic. I've never spoken to her before, but I want to give her a huge

hug. I hope someone is helping her.

I wish picking your nose was socially acceptable.

No one can pleasure me as well as I can.

I think I have a great singing voice but either make it ugly on purpose so it won't be judged, or slip in pretty, low melodies in the hopes of being complimented and then shrugging it off.

I wet the bed. I'm eighteen.

I am only really dating my boyfriend because people are impressed by his looks.

I've cheated on every boy I've ever cared about.

Our room smells faintly of poop and I don't know why!

When I was in the ambulance, all I kept thinking was that I deserved what had happened to me.

I always use the handicap stall in the bathroom.

My entire being is an exercise in irony – an art piece, if you will. I constantly worry whether or not people actually think I'm serious. If I were really cool, I wouldn't give a shit.



My Clichéd Life

I have decided that my life will go like this:

After college I will travel the world, teaching English in third-world countries and helping to eradicate poverty. Then I will come back to America, secure a position as an editor or a columnist for some trashy girl magazine like *Teen Vogue*, become fabulously successful and admired for my sharp wit and brilliance, and get offered a job at *The New York Times Magazine* or *The New Yorker*. I will continue to write excellent pieces about the politics of fashion or short stories that read like journals on crack until I become so disgusted and disillusioned with popular culture in America that I will move to Paris and become an expatriot a la *The Sun Also Rises* and sit in cafes and start salons and discuss Satre and Plath and the meaning of literature, which is really just the beauty of words, nothing else. And I will live out my days, attending bullfights in Spain and hanging out with wanna-be Hemingways and basically becoming a member of the lost generation, part two.

If that doesn't work out, I could always change my name to Cerradine and become a troubadour.



Warning.

I don't know why but I have this bizarre belief that all people should come with warning labels.

Truth is, I do silly things like get drunk and sleep with inappropriate men and then wake in the morning to find that there's still something missing and that the void shockingly can't be filled with a penis (no matter how small or large). However, much like the stoned kid that discovers the meaning of life only to forget upon sobering up, my memory of this realization is short lived and soon I am back to square one. I am your average everyday college co-ed just looking for love in all the wrong places. Its actually so cliché I'm surprised I don't vomit at the sight of my own reflection. Instead I cry after sex and I cry after rejection curled up in a drunken ball of angry tears at the foot of my bed wondering "WHY ME!?" It's pathetic really. I feel like a bystander watching myself and shaking my head at the utter stupidity of it all. But I worry that if I had a sign pegged to my chest that read "beware potentially easy girl searching for validation through sex and eventual boyfriend." I'll not only get looks of shock and horror from random people on the street, but I'll also no longer get any ass.

Things I should regret but don't...

By various authors

- The fact that I wore only leggings for the first 12 years of my life.
- Making out with my friend from home while I was in a serious relationship...we're broken up now, so it doesn't matter, right?
- Hooking up with 4 different boys my first 3 days of college
- Making a snide comment that makes someone feel stupid
- I'm always the one to broach uncomfortable topics in conversation. I guess I should regret it, I mean, it makes people uncomfortable at times and sometimes fucks up relationships. But, well, I guess I regret it sometimes. I just continue to do it.
- Wasting away all my money on travel
- Pretending to love him so when he broke up with me I could have something to bitch about
- For laughing every time I hear that someone has died or has gotten into an accident. I can't help it if I'm heartless. Emerald City, here I come.
- My porn.
- Driving home stoned. I drove about 7 miles per hour.
- Cheating on him, then breaking up with him, then dating him again... then cheating on him again
- Made out with a seventeen-year-old boy when I was eleven. I told him I was thirteen.
- The entire package of raw chocolate chip cookie dough I ate last week.
- Running against my friend in an election when she wasn't there.
- When my roommate walked in on me getting it on with a super hot dude
- Generally just being a huge bitch
- Denying my ex-girlfriend a ride from the movies immediately after I broke up with her.

Shit.

So I work with this girl who I'll call Ashley. She told me this crazy story that happened to her last week. She went out with this guy from Emerson, and afterward they went back to his place where they hooked up, and she ended up spending the night. The next morning he had to go to work early, but he told her feel free to sleep in and hang out, its ok cause the door will just lock automatically behind you when you leave. So she slept in a little longer, got up, and had to poop. So she pooped in this strange guys toilet. But then the toilet wouldn't flush, and she's like *shit*, his damn toilet won't flush, I've met him once, slept with him, but we are not at the level of bodily function intimacy!

So what was she supposed to do? He was at work, she was at his apartment, and her poop was in his toilet. So she did what any sensible problem-solving Tufts student would do, she found a plastic bag, fished the poop out of the toilet, and set it on the counter, she would take it out with her when she left, just throw it away on the street. Gross, but easy enough and none the wiser.

She took a shower, got dressed, maybe even made some coffee, does the dishes, etc. She's ready to go, has to get back to Tufts for a noon class or something, rushes out the door, and.... realizes as the door clicks shut that she's left a plastic bag of shit on this guy's kitchen counter.

He hasn't called her.



the end.

