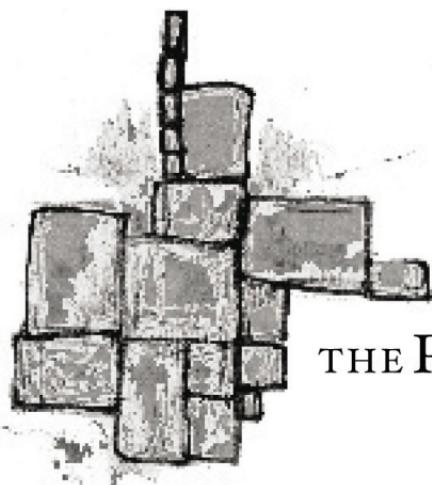




THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

ISSUE FIVE



THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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



December 2006
Tufts University

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Initial concept by:
J. Green & D. Greif

letter from the editor

Stop reading this letter.

Close this book and hold it up to your face. Rub the cover against your cheek. Doesn't it feel lovely? It's like the cool side of satin—all smooth and soft and, well, sexy in a brand-new way.

The Public Journal, just shy of two years old now, has gotten a makeover. Like you, it had been feeling a little overweight, out-of-style, and silly. And it's still silly, but it comes masked by more art, more rigorously selected writing, and an overall new look. Please judge it accordingly.

* * *

This little book and I have wildly wheeled through untried expanses together. In the very first editor's letter, I wrote of how this "quaint little campus bursting with everyday freaks" needed "a unique outlet for self-obsession and expression."

And how expressive and self-obsessed the freaks are! You writewritewrite and though it's often hard to weed out the ones who feign their emotions and prose for this book, I genuinely believe the great majority of you still write for yourselves. If *The Public Journal* facilitates some of that release, then so be it. Let the byproduct explode right onto these pages!

* * *

This newest issue brings you more of what you've always churned into words: physicality, anxiety, and observations on the little poetic gestures that so often go by unseen or at least unrecorded.

These pages wouldn't be as sexy as they are today without you beautiful freaks.

— *Daniela*

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note:

if you were a porn star, how would you choose your name?
after careful research, the staff of the PJ discovered the secret concoction: the first name of a beloved pet followed by the star's first street. These names are distributed throughout the journal. Enjoy!

Another Journal Entry

I hate starting notebooks on the very first page because it is somehow expected that the first page is going to be interesting or telling, because beginning a journal or a notebook means I had an intention or an agenda. It's also difficult to write anything brave or very personal on the first page strictly due to the fear that someone will open this at any given time and read it. Constant self-censorship. I remember last year on the plane to Sacramento I spent most of the time composing an insanely long letter to him that began with the statement that I would mail it to him someday, "no matter what happened between us." Of course, I promptly ripped all 45 pages of it to shreds when I got home.



Phallic Ruminations

He says I have penis envy, but it's not like that. I have no secret desire to have a nice, pink dick hanging off of my crotch; in fact, I'm pretty happy with the ole' fun hole. No, not envy. Hate is too strong a word, but disgust definitely works. I swear I had a fairly normal childhood, but something about penises make me angry. Well, the whole package does: balls and all.

They're just so weird and stupid. Squishy. Ugh. As a disclaimer, I do have and enjoy sex, but I do not associate sex or orgasms with the penis, because when it happens I can't even see it. It might as well not exist in those moments.

In addition to the general absurdity of the penis, they are extremely two-faced. The first time I saw/touched a dick, it was erect. In my head, I thought, "Wow, it's pretty smooth. Not all wet and swampy like a vag. Those balls are pretty fucking weird holy shit they feel like an elephant's knee." Things led to other things led to my first blow job, which in itself was an odd situation (Surprise! This is what semen tastes like. It's pretty gross!). But I did the job (Didn't I spit all the semen out on his shirt, anyway?), looked down again, and what's this? No more smooth, long cock. Wrinkled, multicolored, soggy, mushy, stubby. Penis, you are so two-faced. I never know which side of you to expect.

It's possible that I just don't understand the penis, anatomically and philosophically. Always just out there. That's stupid.

And maybe there is a little envy involved. Whenever we have a phone conversation at 3 A.M (probably stoned and horny), and I ask him what's he's doing, he says, without fail, "playing with my penis" or "playing with my balls." No, he's not

masturbating, just having a bit of genital fun. What am I supposed to do – play with my vagina? That doesn’t really work out too well, seeing as a good deal of the fun stuff is internal, and any sort of “playing” without masturbating will a) not really be any fun, and b) leave me with funky-smelling fingers. Penis wins again.

My negative feelings toward the male genitalia have made him fear me. I, on three occasions, have punched him in the crotch just because I knew it would hurt like hell. I eye my target, wind up (he knows what’s coming now), and BAM. Owned. Ha, penis/balls, you have a weakness. You are not so special when I SUCKER-PUNCH YOU. Boyfriend character, you are not so manly when you writhe on the floor in pain as I crack my ring-adorned knuckles triumphantly. That’s what you get for having an ugly, fleshy appendage just waiting to get fucking slammed.

And then you threaten to break up with me. And I start crying because sometimes you say I’m pretty or buy me CDs, and I like sex, and if you put your boxers back on, the cuddling after isn’t too bad.

Confessions I

by various authors

I'm a virgin, bitches, and I'm sick of people hating on that. I don't call you a dirty little whore, so stop calling me a prude.

I'm extra loud when I have sex so my housemates can hear and know I'm getting laid.

When I say, "Don't touch me," I really mean I want you to hug me like you mean it.

My friends' approval of any guys I will ever go out with is really, really important to me.

I thought I loved you, and I might still, but I most likely just liked the attention.

I'm pretty cute, and I like you, and we're both awesome people, and you're missing out.

I love that people talk about me, but I find it funny that they don't know how insecure I am.

I don't know why I wanted to go to Tufts.

I hate that my house rule is "no wearing shoes." I like wearing my shoes around the house. I never agreed to this rule.

Nothing is ever where I left it.

I have resigned myself to a life in which I am neither happy nor unhappy, because it is such an improvement on what my life was like previously.

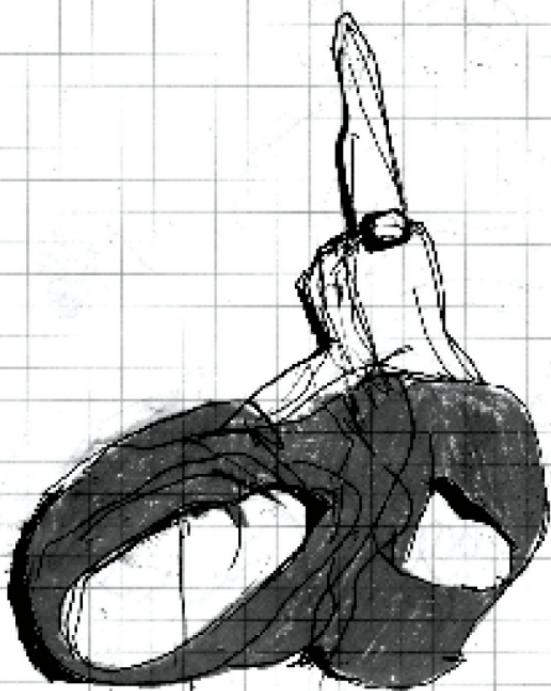
I aspire to be a black-clad, cigarette smoking, cheap-black-coffee-drinking, artsy, pretentious slut. I'm not doing a very

good job.

I'm convinced that you can only find lucidity in madness.

When I was 14, I had a brief love affair with a man who must have been 30 or 35. We made out in Golden Gate Park. In retrospect, he was a pervert and I was very naïve.





Manly fish bite if you've got good
gut.

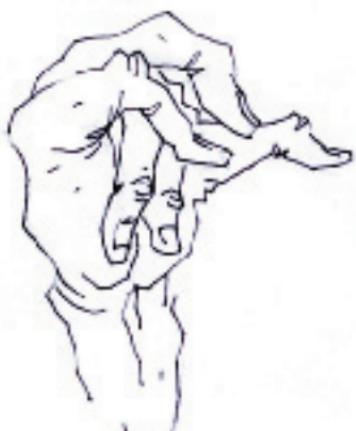


Hands

There's something about people's hands that absolutely fascinates me. I don't know what it is, but something about the skin, the size of the fingers, the way I can imagine they hold others' hands affect my perception of them. Yes, I judge people by their hands, something that they usually cannot control. I make up stories about people based on their hands the same way you make up stories about people sitting across from you on the T.

Men with little hands gross me out. It's too effeminate. I could never see myself with someone like that. Once last year I was seeing a guy who I didn't really like but on paper was good for me. The day I realized his hands were puny, skinny and small, I lost all interest and hope in the relationship.

Men whose fingers don't meet when they close their hands make me even more curious. Little spaces between their fingers, creating little nooks and crannies between pointer and middle finger, little air spaces between ring finger and pinkies are endearing. The curiosity builds, my interest in seeing which other imperfections they have grows exponentially. It makes me just want to sit there and hold those hands.



The Letter

Dear Dad,

I first of all want to thank you for the past three months. They've been great.

I remember the morning of August 19th well. My car was packed and I was ready to drive back to Boston to start school again. When you asked for a ride to the airport, I knew you were going to the rental car desk. What's more, I could tell that you wanted that car to do more than just replace yours that was in the shop. It should have been obvious to everyone that you were moving out that day; however, at the time I was the only person that saw through your disguise.

Driving through North Carolina, Mom was still at work so she had no way of knowing that you had left. Not until I was passing through the Virginia border did anyone at home realize what you had done in the previous hours. Dru didn't understand why the office was empty; Mom couldn't grasp that there was nothing in your drawers. It was surreal. You had managed to drag our lives and our family to the level of Jerry Springer. When I reached Washington, DC, my friend convinced me that it was okay; she told me how something similar happened in her family, and that all would work out with time. I believed her; since her having been through this gave her some degree of authority on this matter, but so many questions were left unanswered. Why did you leave? When did you decide to go? Who ended it with whom? Was it worth it?

I finally got the answer when I was in New York, where friends and I were enjoying a summer concert. When Mom called, I could tell she was upset, but not until she told me about the affair you were having that I could understand her grief. Dad,

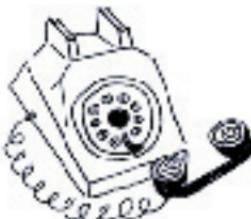
c'mon, a woman from Brazil? Some girl from a business trip? Whenever Mom and I would be listening to the radio on the way to school, or on the weekends over breakfast and a story about cheating would come on, we'd joke about how you were simply too classy for that kind of shit. I remember as a young boy hearing you talk about "savior faire," but then I thought that you actually meant it. Instead, you did the trashiest thing of all.

At the time I tried to manage it; I tried so hard to ignore what you had done, and simply put you and your antics out of my mind. Coming to Boston for another year, I did not want my year tainted by the politics of my faltering home. Like a foreigner abroad, I believed that I could ignore the destruction of my home and just use my schooling as though it were a visa allowing me leave from the problems I was facing and stay here unscathed. Quickly, that assumption turned out to be wrong when I picked up a call from my mother a week into school. She was crying hysterically. She couldn't reason why after twenty-six years you would just leave without any context or any answers. I panicked; what is a son supposed to do when his mother calls sobbing? That moment I turned from being twelve to twenty.

Dad, I just want you to see what your petty interests and decisions have caused. Was throwing it all away worth it? What did you gain from your pursuits? All I can say is, no son should ever have to see his mother crying.

Sincerely,

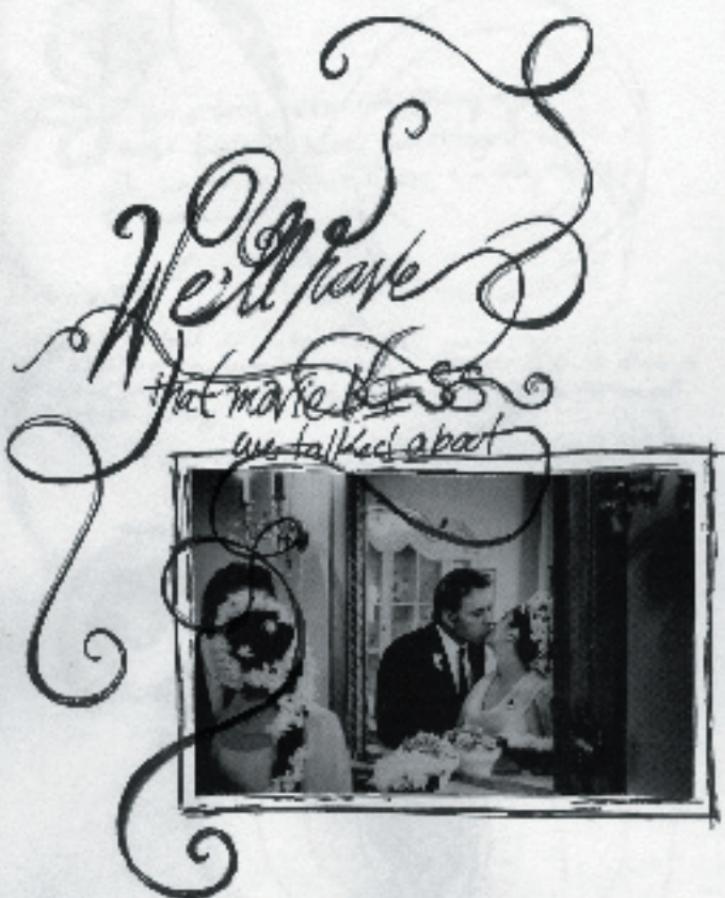
Your Son



Things I Wish I'd Known Before Taking My Clothes Off

by various authors

- That my ex-boyfriend would say, “Your underwear is really too small for you.”
- Roommates don’t always knock.
- I hadn’t shaved my pubes... in a month.
- That my mirror is thinning.
- That I was assumed to be a bald-eagle down there.
- That she doesn’t like webbed toes.
- That he won’t go down.
- That freshly cut grass is itchy and there will be grass up my ass for at least the next two days.
- That the neighbors were about to come home, and the tinted windows in his car are really not as opaque as I had originally thought.
- That she didn’t shave.
- That the park rangers were going to drive by our particular stand of trees.
- That you weren’t going to finish the job. Ouch.



Along the Seams

I forgot to wear sunscreen. I didn't know it was hot outside. I didn't know I wouldn't stay inside with everyone else. The room and the stage and the ninety people closed in on me and I didn't see the point, so I went outside.

I wanted to leave, because it wouldn't matter, but somehow I still felt a little guilty. Outside, the sun burned the concrete and the metal of the lunch table stung me when I sat down. I didn't know what to do with myself. Sarah stood there nodding as I talked, pressing buttons on her phone. I sunk deeper into the warmth of the table, lay down, sat back up, got up and paced around it, sat down again and put my hands on it to remind myself again how hot it was.

The piano banged from inside. People sang, messing up the harmonies. I wanted to hit something. At the table my left arm glowed pink. In the shade of the building I saw something. A baseball, caked with mud along the seams, and damp, probably from outfield drills in wet grass. Something. I don't know how it got there. I walked over, picked it up, and went back to the table.

I tried to bounce it, didn't put enough force into it, and it didn't bounce back into my hand. I threw it down again, more force this time, and it came back to me. I threw it harder. Kept going. I felt better. I got up and put my arm back. So familiar and comfortable, and threw it as hard and as far as I could. It hit a trashcan and I ran after it. I stopped its rolling with my

foot, like I used to. Then I came back and sat at the table.

Maybe it was lunchtime. Sun blazing. Too much. I went home. I took the baseball.

Traits I Admire in a Man

by various authors



- The ability to forgive.
- A sense of humor.
- The ability to be affectionate.
- Strength.
- Really strong hands with nice nails.
- Confidence, not arrogance.
- A humble wit.
- Thoughtfulness.
- Kindness.
- Circumcision.
- Not plaid shorts.
- Loyalty.
- Passion.
- A nice ass and long eyelashes.
- The ability to cook.
- A nice, strong back.



No Substitute, Many Additives

W: "A cigarette isn't any good if you smoke one every once in a while. You have to be hooked up to the cigarette for it to pack that punch."

O: "It's the perfect product because you create your own addiction, so your customers dig themselves in."

W: "Nothing else gives you that level of satisfaction. You know, you want something so badly and then you get it, and—oh!—it's so good!"

O: "I'm really worried about that. I'm worried about not having that in my life."

W: "Yeah. My life is without those little victories now."

F: "What about gum? Some people use that to quit."

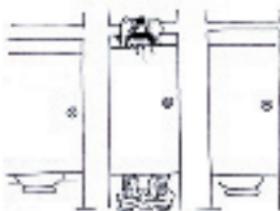
W: "Man, let me tell you, as a non-smoker, gum is some bullshit. I've never had a stick of gum hit the spot at the exact right moment, mmmm! Never. It's just some shit to chew."

F: "Yeah. If you had a really shitty day and then you go home and fuck your girlfriend real hard, you blow your load and then you go looking for the Chiclets. And you say, Let me get at those Chiclets! No. No. It doesn't work the same way, you're right. Not quite the same."

I lost my virginity in *place* and it was *adjective(s)*.

by various authors

- I lost my virginity in my boyfriend's bed and it was sweet. A little painful.
- I lost my virginity in my boyfriend's bed at his father's house and it was a brief learning experience, kind of like the first day of class.
- I lost my virginity on a couch and it was not the most passionate experience of my life.
- I lost my virginity in my parents' bed and it was hard to explain why I wanted to do laundry for them.
- I lost my virginity in a packed up dorm room, on a germ-proof mattress pad, and it was sanitary.
- I lost my virginity in my roommate's bed and it was awkward.
- I lost my virginity in a toilet stall at a club in Prague and it was surprisingly good.
- I lost my virginity in my basement and it was awkward and embarrassing.
- I lost my virginity in Hodgdon Hall last semester and it was lame and boring. (Kind of like all the sex I've had at Tufts since.)
- I lost my virginity in the French Alps and it was lovely.
- I lost my virginity in a top bunk in a Carmichael Hall triple and it was very tight. (Pun intended.)
- I lost my virginity in a basement and it was not so great in retrospect.



Hershey Diversified

dark shiny
apple
poison apple?



6-15-06

the morning
feeling numb
deep, especially
because i have
not changed places.
i am still at home
sleeping in the
bed i have slept in
since age 8, the bed
i slept in with him
only last night. It is
so small - a juvenile
white brass' card in there.
i feel young in it, full
with sex and a mate
in it with me.

i want to fill the void but only with
him. i feel sick to my stomach when
i realize how long it will be until i see him.

i want to be wrapped in him. i want his
smells. The old spice, the laundry smell. He
is so much cleaner than i am taken though he
shower's far less.

i want his organized papers and files & books,
neatly folded T-shirts from Goodwill so well
washed/hand washed. i want all of his unconscious details
in the place 'where i live'.

Pacific

14:08, 28 Dec. 2004

Beach house – somewhere on the Pacific

I wish you could see me right now. I think you would like me more. I am at my most natural. I smile more. I let everything go.

When I'm lying on a white towel on the damp part of the beach and the sun is right above me, my skin glistens. I am so peaceful. I am not thinking of you.

The little crabs the color of the black volcanic sand sprout all around the white of my towel and if I move just a bit they disappear all at once.

As my skin toasts in that comfortable way, I think of how I like feeling small and insignificant as the wave breaks above me. I feel the ocean breathe and I only surface when my lungs ask me to. My bikini slips halfway off and the current flows through me.

You probably don't even know my hair is naturally wavy. It cascades in a way only the sun and salt allow it to. I am getting one or two new freckles on my nose. I am and feel so healthy.

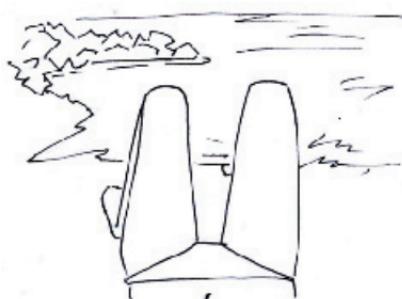
I get up. A wave breaks on the shore and splashes onto my shins and knees. I don't move until every droplet has been absorbed into my tan. I breathe. You know, really breathe.

The blue line in front of me is the most beautiful horizon I have ever seen. Even more gorgeous than it was yesterday and I cannot imagine it being more perfect and my being any luckier.

In the sunlight I like all of me. The splay of my hands, the curves of my feet. Even the width of my hips. I could not hurt you right now.

The swordlike leaves of the single palm tree rustle and wave and are the brightest green I have ever seen.

I really am sorry for hurting you.

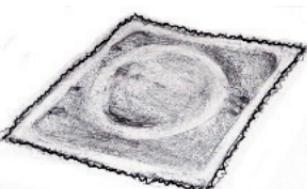


Thoughts I've Had During Sex

by various authors

- I really want to eat ice cream right now.
- This is great, but I still think masturbation is better.
- The lyrics to “Rocket Man” by Elton John.
- You look ridiculous.
- Wow, I wish I could be with that one-night stand guy right now.
- What in the world am I doing?
- Are your eyes closed because you are imagining someone else fucking you?
- How can I make this hotter?
- I wish I didn’t have man-tits.
- Anal is so fucking hot.
- Would he quit if I faked an orgasm?
- Whoa. Weren’t we just friends ten minutes ago?
- Wow, she sucks at this.
- It doesn’t get much better than this.
- I can’t wait to think about this the next time I masturbate.
- Did he put it in yet?
- Do I smell bad?
- Oh my God, is that a Magnum?
- Why do I sound so awkward when I moan?
- Wearing socks in bed will never be sexy.
- I should’ve just used a vibrator tonight.
- I forgot to take my clothes out of the dryer. They’re going to be wrinkled.
- I wonder if I finish this by 10:30, I can finish reading for my Anthro class by 11:30, shower by midnight...
- Giving head really isn’t a prerequisite for sex.
- I wonder what position this is called?

- My room is far enough away from the den downstairs where my brother is playing video games, right?
- This is the last time we're going to sleep together, I can tell.



Grayness

Gray: An achromatic color of any lightness between the extremes of black and white.

You guys should see me today. I am docile and inoffensive in my conservatively-cut knit brown shirt and knee-length A-line skirt. They are made by Ann Taylor to match the precise shade of stale chocolate, though somehow the shirt is a bit duller brown than the design on the skirt. They are made, in my mind, For My Mother. Or more precisely: To Wear To Work.

At least these browns were made to be brown together, which is more than I can say for the grays around here. I didn't fully realize the grayness of my eight-thirty-to-five until I took some pictures to show around. The screen of my camera illustrated in one overwhelming color what I failed to see day by day. My office has been made to be gray enough to be inoffensive, but not so gray as to be completely unattractive. Each gray, from the paint to the water cooler to the stapler to the computer to the wall to the desk to the cabinet and so forth, has been carefully chosen so as not to offend, but so as to remain neutral in its generic, mass-produced way. A lone outburst of chromatism in the form of a magazine-cutting collage that haphazardly exploded in a small corner of my cubicle remains the only striking instance of hue in the building, and even that appears makeshift and inexpertly done.

But I digress. After my first few weeks of working, I became mortally afraid that I would fade into this gray myself, fade into the background of my own life. Spending the day mostly alone, I grew unused to the kind of social interaction I used to consider essential to my survival, remaining silent when the occasion called on me to be chatty. Thankfully I got over that phase and have been making sure I go do something

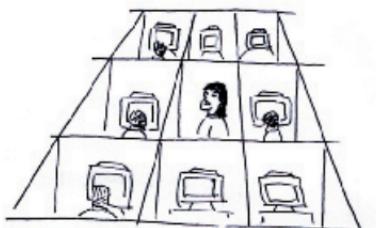
C
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every evening, even if it's just going out for an hour, just so I don't lose track.

Though I've become swiftly acclimated to this workplace environment, I can't help but feel that there's something about it all that I'm just not getting. Some unwritten code that I can't navigate. Though I go through the motions and try my hardest, I'm always thinking maybe I'm doing something wrong and that maybe the ripped-up beach flip flops I chose to wear today stick out as wrong and ruin the outfit.

The irony of it all, though, is that this is what I wanted. Is it even irony? I don't know. Probably not. But this is exactly what I wanted to do for a summer job, down to each last no-kids-no-food-air-conditioned detail. I wanted to sit at a desk doing no-matter-what, so long as it wasn't too strenuous, so long as I had regular daytime hours, and so long as I got to do what was generally looked upon as unbearably boring. And you know what? It's working out just fine. It's not omg incredible, but I don't want to kill myself either. It is varying shades of lightness between two extremes. In a word? Gray.

So if there's one theme to this summer so far, it's that I can get exactly what I want. But exactly what I want is never exactly what I thought it would be.



Confessions II

by various authors

Never having smoked anything makes me feel special and pure, but even thinking about it makes me want a hit right now.

I compliment people's outfits when I really think they look terrible.

I stay up all night to convince myself that this loneliness is real.

I sometimes hope that tragic things will happen to me or people in my family so people will give me a lot of sympathy and attention.

I have never said I love you to my family.

We may be friends but I never liked you. In fact, I have no respect for you. I like posting pictures up on Facebook where I look good and the girl next to me looks like shit.

I still think I was an admissions mistake. Even though I think I'm really smart.

The Olsen twins are disgusting skeletal-shaped sacks of skin and hair. Oh wait, the confessions are supposed to be about me? All right, then. I think the Olsen Twins are disgusting skeletal-shaped sacks of skin and hair.

This is not a cry for help because I am not ready to be helped.

I buy many, many books, but read none of them.

When I die I want to donate my body to science and my mom can't stand it.

Elizabeth Greenwich

I won't talk to him anymore, but I wish he could know how much I still love him.

I will never write again. (That is a lie.)

Thank you for pleasing me sexually. I love you.

5:50 PM

Have you seen the sky today? The clouds around the sun are illuminated in pink and the wind blows them about like beautiful soldiers fighting a war with no real sense of direction. All they know is to march off to the mountains. The ones closer to the ground are hung up in shadow.

It turns out that I had nothing to say to Brian, the words stuck to my tongue. I kept opening my mouth and gasping like a fish out of water. So I cried. I didn't look at him. I deliberately avoided his face and when I finally saw it, there were tears wetting his cheeks and clinging to his lips as well.

It's raining and darkening down at five-fifty in the evening.

The world is so sad outside and lonely winds look for a place to go. It seems we're all lost.

Dave kissed me today and I left my eyes hanging open because I didn't care either way. Nothing really matters anymore.

left side of the garden this year.
I've yet to find any other rose that
smells anywhere near as beautiful. I wish I could
trap its scent in these pages with the petals. It
reminds me of my mom and my
children before I knew what despair was.



The Most Overrated Virtue Is...

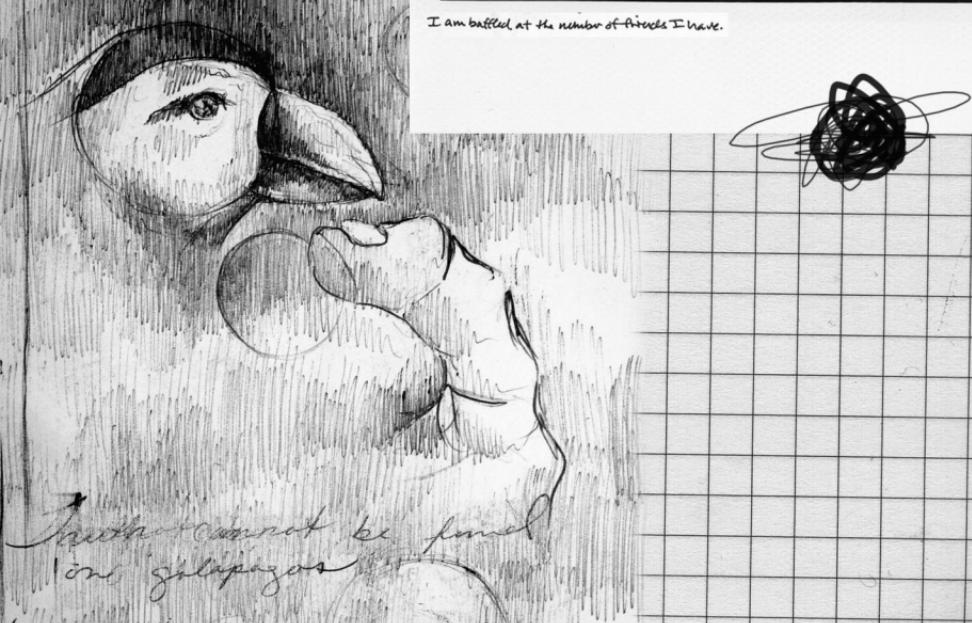
by various authors

- Fairness.
- Patience. Fuck patience! Seriously, who has time to wait these days?
- Piety.
- Honesty.
- Tact.
- Being tolerant of clearly misinformed people's opinions.
- Chastity.
- Being nice.
- Monogamy.
- Prudence.
- Talent. All you need are connections.





I am baffled at the number of friends I have.



Friends cannot be found
on galapagos

either is the path to life
and death but this truth
is what defines the fiction,
is the stars we depend
by the infinite black
of time which they wheel





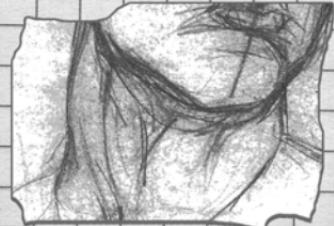
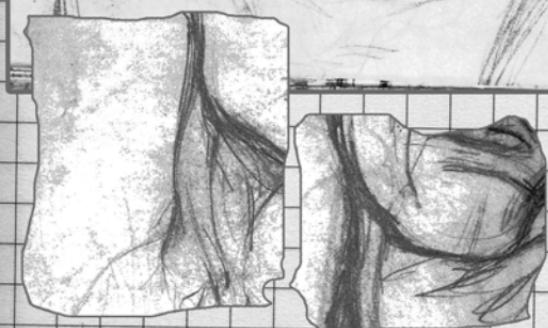
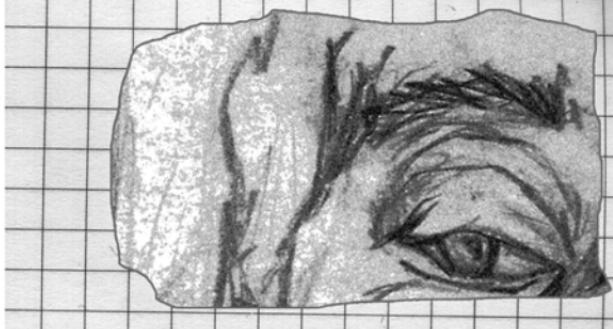
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We look for sights,

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS: FALL OF
HALLOWEEN WEEKEND: SUNDAY





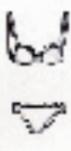
“

Why is it the ones on the end that are
always the last to leave? ”

”



Red Lingerie and All It Stands For



I still maintain that I'm not a bad person. I just suffer from and indulge in incorrigible desires from time to time. And I end up in bad situations, with no choice but to make bad decisions. So where does that leave me now? That leaves me standing at the bar of a shithole club. I suppose every club is a shithole when no one is checking you out. But really, what is the point of coming to these places when you have a girlfriend already? If I wanted to just hang out with my friends we could have gone to a nicer bar. One where the other men's IQ's and attitudes aren't comparable to those of a gorilla. Why would I want to surround myself with a bunch of guys who all have the same sports cut, and who all beat their chests and flex their muscles, in an effort to prove who has/is the biggest dick?

So there I am, ensconced at the bar, when wait a minute, is that who I think it is over there across the club? Could it be a familiar face? It is! In a matter of seconds I find my way across the club and at the side of my girlfriend's friend. I say hey, and she seems to take surprise and delight in finding me there. Finally someone who doesn't suck at this place! And I have to admit that for some reason, she looks really good tonight. Like, really good. So of course when she smiles and asks me if I want to dance, my natural response is, "I would love to."

I'm having a significantly better time than I was before I ran into her. But who cares what the reason is, right? There's nothing wrong with dancing and having a good time with your girlfriend's best friend. Even if she is dancing really close, and putting her hands on your chest. That's just what people do when they dance. She says something in my ear, but I'm not sure what it is. It could easily be a million things. Words aren't what's important when you're at a club. Body language is.

And that's when it happens. She gives me a look. A look that no one can really describe, but one that everyone is familiar with. I don't know if it's something about her eyes, or if perhaps there's a subtle, secret smirk behind her lips, but what I do know is what the look says to me. It's a look that serves one purpose and one purpose only. It's a look that instills me with thoughts of pushing her against a wall and running my hands up her shirt, or throwing her onto my bed and tearing that skirt off. But above all else, after all of this, it's a look that says, "I just might let you."

We keep dancing, her hips moving closer towards mine. She puts her hands on my shoulders and runs them down my chest, drawing closer until her nose is so close to mine that I can feel her breath on my face, and smell her perfume. Then she whispers in my ear that she knows of a back room that this club has. I nod to her and say, "All right."

That look! It says "Don't you want to know what kind of underwear I'm wearing right now? Maybe it's red. Maybe I'm not wearing any at all. Whatever it is that I am or am not wearing, you're about to find out." It says "Don't you want to just take me, and fuck me, right here and right now?"

This is it. There's no turning back. I'm about to enter the room, and all of a sudden the scene changes. In place of the bouncer I see my dresser. In place of all the people and all the gorillas beating their chests I find my nightstand. In place of the bar I find my desk. And in place of her, her with those terribly inviting eyes that tell me to ravage her, those eyes that tell me, "It doesn't matter if we get caught, because every fantasy you're having about me is worth it," in place of her... all I find is my ceiling. A pale, off-white ceiling.

I pull the covers over my head.

Alice Bailey

The Bruise on My Ass

I fell down the stairs this morning, and I must say it was quite a ride. It's an absolutely freeing few seconds when you have no control over the force dragging you down with each painful step.

I slid down the stairs today and I'm glad that I did. More than a bruise, I have a reminder that you can fall on your ass any day—and that might be the last fall you ever take.

Be wise with your time, says the bruise on my ass. Or at least watch where you plant your feet.

I fell down the stairs today, and the words on this page are just as lifeless and un-funny as the words before. I need inspiration! I thought a plomp on my ass would do me some good—kind of like Newton's apple.

Wrong.

The bruise on my ass is a reminder that sometimes there's pain and, well, there's not much you can do to help it.



Traits I Admire in a Woman

by various authors

- Not being a bitch.
- Collarbones.
- Strength.
- Silence.
- Kindness.
- Unabashed feminism and a dykey haircut.
- A dirty sense of humor.
- Wit.
- Confidence.
- The guts to use her sexuality to her advantage, but still remain classy.
- All the qualities I have.
- A sultry voice.
- Big boobs.



My Father

My father was an intelligent and well-educated man. He had an MBA and an M.S. in Computer Science. He was a successful businessman. He used coke for the first time in 1995. Over the next six years he lost everything: several jobs, the faith and love of each of his children in sequence, and, eventually, his wife. He overdosed on crack and heroin and died alone. It was two weeks before anyone found him in his apartment. The autopsy report referred to his body as “partially mummified” because parts of him dried up whereas other parts decomposed.

I have several friends who use coke and they think it’s okay because they only do it every month or so.

My dad only used every month or so.

The Pages Are Yellowing

Hi, Diary.

An old man can't comprehend the speed one needs to make it to the end of a written line. Turning back from the end of the line creates insurmountable momentum back towards the beginning, the womb, or the grave. An old man cannot understand the new speed with which the young tear and hum from one line to the next.

Confessions III

by various authors

I am deathly afraid of the UPS truck.

I wouldn't trade lives with anyone I know.

I am incapable of talking to extremely ugly people.

I miss not knowing you.

I'm too obsessed with tragedy for my own good.

I want to be a junkie, minus the junk.

I only talk to some friends when I need a favor.

I have a romantic notion of depression.

I lied earlier when I wrote I had webbed toes.

I hate my arm hair.



I struggle to find people who are even half as interesting as me.

I'm addicted to therapy.

Getting old and fat pretty much terrifies me.

I want to see my best guy friend's penis.

I pretend to not like dirty-talk.



10/12/04 SIND ~~SAT~~ 2:00pm

Milk

Today I woke up craving a bowl of Fruit Loops. Yesterday it was yogurt. But I can't eat these things anymore; my stomach is too weak. Oh, Milk! I miss your frothy foam against my lips. I need your soothing texture on my tongue. No muffin, bagel or scone could ever satisfy me—not like you do.

I remember, when I was a little boy, you were always there, waiting for me on the refrigerator shelf: in the morning before school, at night during dinner, and then again for a midnight snack, maybe with some cookies. Oh, Milk! The gaping void you have left in my life will never be filled, not even by my growing lust for spoons.

That's right. Spoons. My shrink recommended collecting decorative spoons. She says they helped her get over her second divorce. Indeed, they help a little, but they are mere trifles when compared to you, my sweet, muted, nectar of love. If only I could just have a little taste. Just a little. But I can't. Milk! Why do you hurt me so?



Confessions IV

by various authors

My boyfriend dumped me over a year ago. We've been sleeping together for the last nine months and my friends have no idea.

I hate my roommate. Every time I see her outside of our apartment I ignore her, hoping she'll just disappear.

I wish being happy were the same thing as having a good time. I'm terrified I'm bipolar. Imhappyimhappyimhappyimhappyimhappyimhappyimsorryimhappy.

I want to save everyone but myself. I can save everyone but myself. Can I save anyone if I can't save myself?

I often ask myself who other people are trying to impress and why. I ask myself the same question.

I'm giving up on giving up and I'm leaving for the last time.

I'm scared my best friend will get a girlfriend and we will stop sharing secrets with each other.

I wish you would open up to me. I hate feeling useless.

I hate meditating because I don't like being alone with my own thoughts.

He really listens to me, and sometimes, that is enough.

I only lie to you because the disease lies to me and sometimes it sounds like truth.

I respect your beliefs, or the lack thereof, so I don't get why the majority of the Tufts population refuses to respect my faith in Christ and God.

My thoughts are so scrambled that all I can write anymore is lists.

I don't want to get clean again.

Sometimes I truly believe you can't count on anybody, not even yourself, and I doubt that others can truly count on me.

Good guys do, indeed, finish last.

Nickel rio grande

On Creating Art

Creating art is like shitting.

If you have to strain yourself just to force something out, it never feels any good. You just have to wait for the right time, when you can produce something effortlessly. It all just kind of flows and it feels right, you know? And then before you know it, you've created more than you ever could have if you had forced it out.

Sometimes shitting doesn't work though. Sometimes there's something that you need to get out, that you know you can't get out if you shit. In that case, perhaps it's time to try a new medium, such as pissing.

Pissing feels good too because you can accomplish things that you couldn't accomplish had you been trying to shit. This isn't to say that pissing is any better than shitting, or that shitting is any better than pissing. They are both very good ways of expressing yourself.

Like pissing and shitting, art can be created in a number of ways. It's important to do what feels right to you on the inside. When you do what feels right on the inside, you're bound to produce something great.

Schadenfreude hits me when...

by various authors

- I find money on the street.
- A professor grades on a curve.
- The alpha-male gets dumped.
- My friends make blatantly stupid decisions and I don't even need to say, "I told you so."
- A girl has fatter arms than I do.
- The psycho-annoying bitch is taking a semester off for "personal issues".
- Someone looks a lot worse than they did back when I was the one dating them.
- You're doing math homework.
- I under-tip the bitchy waitress.
- People who study hard get bad grades
- Tufts Econ majors realize that the major is not a ticket to investment banking.
- A Republican congressman resigns in scandal and disgrace.
- My friends get cheated on.
- People get their flip-flops caught at the top of the escalator in Davis Sq.
- I watch people who think they know their shit totally blow a presentation in class.

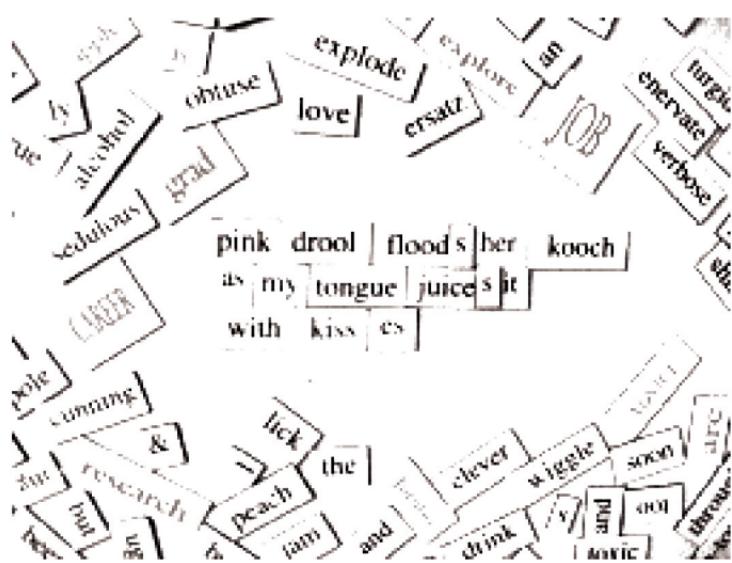
Thank You, Yolanda

This is what I fantasize about:

Thanks to fucking Yolanda, I have a single this year. I don't think I could handle another year with a roommate; my lifestyle simply cannot accommodate one. Here I am in my bedroom looking out at a beautiful Tufts, um, roadway, on a fantastic ground-floor single. Yes. As I masturbate or walk around my room naked I do watch the cars driving into the parking garage. Yes, once when the fire alarm was going off I was wandering around naked, and looked out to see a police officer standing 20 yards away from me.

But I guess I like it. I guess that is what I fantasize about. I fantasize about you, and me, and my bedroom. I fantasize about us on a Saturday night when most of the girls are wearing their recent Newbury Street acquisitions. I fantasize about serving you cocktails in my room instead of going to a dark basement to play beirut. Then I fantasize about us mounting my bed—my window is ushering in the autumn breeze. The shades are not drawn. I want you between my legs and me thrusting. I want to verbalize my excitement.

I want a couple of half-drunk kids to notice me as they walk by my window. First, they try not to notice, but they can't help being intrigued. Maybe you can make eye contact with them, daring them to come closer. And they do. Their faces are three feet away from mine as they watch me come nauseatingly close to a climax. Their hands migrate to their crotches as they begin to jack off, finger themselves, finger each other. No words are said. The climax is addictive. And you are between me, beckoning me closer, and they are next to me, watching and waiting, and I am watching them, watching me, watching their self-indulgence, watching you.



Confessions V

by various authors

I question if I have ever been truly happy on a daily basis. Then I question if I'm questioning this because it's true, or because I want it to be.

I know people that don't know me. I'm a fucking creep.

If my grandpa dies the same weekend as the show, I honestly don't know what I will do.

When some of my friends from home say they miss me, I say I miss them too. But I know once we hang out again, I'm gonna be dying to get away. Just like old times, guys!

Secretly I'm glad that he's still not over me. Not because I want to get back together, but because it makes me feel powerful.

I want people to assume, based on my looks, that I speak fluent Spanish. I can't, but I just want them to make that mistake.

I'm a senior. Five months ago, she was in high school.

I don't think that the majority of people in our senior class will survive in the real world.

I have intense urges to become an anorexic crackhead. I've tried to become an alcoholic pothead cutter, but I'm too scared.

I've never had a close black friend. I want one, but really only for the novelty value.

You live too far away for me to break up with you without feeling really guilty. Your Thanksgiving is probably going to suck.

When we were traveling together over the summer, I kept wishing I could replace you with my other best friend.

For all of your intellectual, international overtures, I still think you're just a scared little girl.

Frisco Newark

What Are Your Plans for After Graduation?



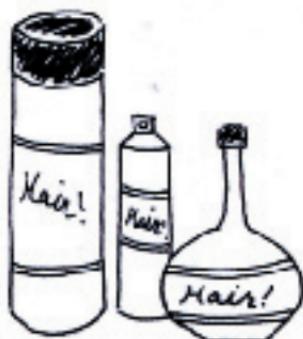
Hmm, I don't know. I never was one to plan so far ahead. Frankly, I'm surprised I even made it this far. Why, after taxi rides with hustlers, almost contracting rabies, partying with townies I had only met a couple of hours earlier, collecting stalkers, losing my mind, waking up in strange places, wrecking my best friend's car, not remembering the night before after having had too much tequila, falling asleep while driving on the highway, spending most of one night sleeping in a 24-hour ATM center, three flat tires, getting the cops called on me, my run-in with Bob the soldier, almost being smashed to death at a MTV rock concert in Mass, freezing in Maine, suffocating in New Hampshire, starving in Texas, being molested in Cali, having one too many sliders in Jersey, almost losing a limb in New York...whew, I'm lucky I'm still in one piece.

So what are my plans? Well, I guess survive the after-party and then... um, maybe get a job.

The fault to which I feel most indulgent is...

by various authors

- Sloth.
- Gossip
- Naïve idealism.
- Eating, without a doubt. I cannot control my obsessional and completely all-consuming thoughts about food: eating it, fantasizing about it, and of course, shitting it out.
- Vanity? Big surprise.
- Procrastination. Nothing feels better than not doing what you're supposed to.
- Being disorganized.
- My ass.
- Eating expensive food, buying hair styling products.
- Being too nice to people. Eventually they stop taking you seriously.
- Wanting to be right. I mean, it's so embarrassing when you've been arguing for half an hour and then you realize that you're wrong. You just have to keep going at that point. I do.



Dear ~~*****~~

I am sorry I threw you away. I deleted your number on my phone. I deleted your pictures from my computer. I didn't want your traces now, I in my technology. We haven't talked in almost a year and a half - I cheated us both out of a real break up and have felt guilty ever since. No regrets on the actual decision, but the way I went about it all wrong. I

thought I broken you even though you told me I didn't. You said I was just a different person to you now.

Respect changed, I was not the honest loving girl you thought I was, but ~~was~~ evasive and untrustworthy.

I thought I destroyed you, and if I wanted to think so to propagate inner guilt, a narcissistic competition of the needier and the less needier. I wanted to not want anyone. To need no one. To not need you.

A teacher of mine said that when you're young, sex is just for fun.

(I don't believe him.) Young infatuation is one of the most piercing experiences, and unusually vivid moments persist, returning every so often, unexpectedly.

Suddenly I realize that this letter is only to myself. I can't regret the past, and I couldn't have done things any other way. I can't hold on to someone because I pitted ~~him~~ him especially because he did not deserve it.

Peppermint

Calcium Deficiency

So today I got hit by another memory. You'd think that after this much time had passed, I might be allowed some peace, but I guess not. I was sitting in class learning about lead and calcium in the bloodstream and all I could think about was when I was boarding the plane this summer and all the stewardesses were yelling at me to get off the phone, but I knew I wasn't going to talk to you again for two months and the thing is that I was so in love with you and I know you were in love with me, too. And it's dark all around me in New York and I'm sitting on this plane and I'm hearing you whisper to me and my clammy hands are gripping my cell phone and the stewardesses are yelling at me to please turn off your cell phone and you're telling me how much you love me and how much I mean to you and how you can't even express it and I think that I've never lived until now. I've never really lived until now, and I didn't know it was even possible to feel like this.

And now it's months and months later and I'm sitting in this fucking classroom and I could care less about calcium, and, honestly, I hate myself for not caring about the poor African kids with calcium deficiencies but all I'm thinking about is that plane and my heart is racing and my hands are clammy again and all I know is that when we pass each other in the dining hall we don't even look at each other anymore. And I don't know how that can be. I don't know what the point of anything is if we can't even look at each other. And I know that some day maybe things will be okay again, maybe some day I'll be able to wake up and not dread being awake.

But right now I don't know what the point of it is.



What does all my beauty

Come from



Sacrifice?

Thoughts I've Had in the Shower

by various authors

- I wonder what it would like to have someone else's body, but still have my mind
- I am so tan! Oh. Nope, still pale as baking soda.
- I wonder if my housemates can hear me masturbating?
- I want to stay in here forever.
- Carmichael is disgusting.
- I could use some company.
- Thank God I'm not so fat that I can't see my own genitalia.
- I really don't want to get out.
- I wonder if anyone just heard me fart.
- Someone's going to open the curtains and murder me.
- I'm proud that I can remember so many songs.
- Did someone pee in here?
- My skin is slippery soft.



grover 33rd st

Feb. 2015

We look for signs,
symbols
the carriage telling us to
do something, to fulfill
our role that's waiting
for just us.



Micho Stellai

Emotional Weather Report

The worst is a drizzle.

It's not the drizzle itself that bothers me. There's nothing wrong with getting your hair damp or a few spatters up the back of your jeans. It's the inevitability of a downpour, or worse, the waiting for the downpour that never comes. Sunny is sunny and it's great. Pouring is pouring and it's cozy—inspiring, even. But don't put me in between. Don't half-ass it. Because then I am waiting for it to clear up, or to dump, and come on, I have better things to do.

I don't want to pack an extra jacket "just to be safe." I don't want to take my chances and walk home clammy and chilled. Catch me in a sudden downpour, open the skies and bathe me in heavy grape-sized drops. Let the puddles splash up at me with frenzied enthusiasm and then, let it stop. Clouds peel away and the sun is back and wasn't that more fun than a drizzle?

The End.

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