

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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

Spring 2013
Tufts University

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Hello and welcome to the Public Journal. Take your coat off, stay a while. In the following pages, you'll learn things that you never wanted to know and things you thought everyone already knew. You'll try to guess who wrote what, and maybe you'll get it right. But maybe you won't. And that's the goddamn point, goddamn it.

The Public Journal is about all those people we don't really know and all those things we're not really talking about. As you read through this edition, I hope you find yourself in the submissions, whether or not you wrote any. And as you turn the final page, I hope you feel more at ease with your secrets, maybe even enough to share them out loud. God knows we're reading them anyway. And we love them. In fact, they made our day.

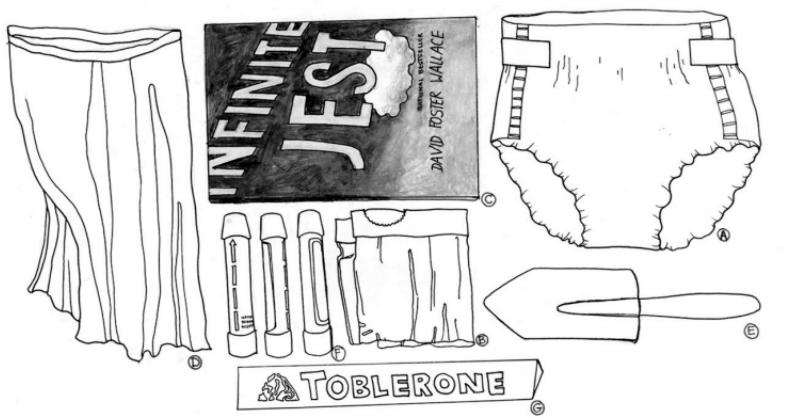
All these cheesy words are here to say: thank you. Thank you for contributing to a little book that looks wildly inappropriate, smells wildly inappropriate, and actually has a lot of heart. Anonymously, when your inhibitions are gone, you guys are great and you always were and you always will be. And that's all PJ needs to keep going.

xoxo
Kayla



Item:	Mystical Adventure Survival Kit	75
Serial Number:	WTB80830	
Signature:	Playboy [Signature]	Date: 11-12-12





Item:	Infinite Jest Survival Kit
Serial Number:	DTO1ERW0
Signature:	David Foster Wallace
Date:	12/5/12





I wish I didn't look 4+ years older than I actually am.

I wish I'd get carded at the liquor store.

I wish I could be more of a freshman and get away with more foolishness than society allows me to.

I wish I'd look "cute" at parties and it wouldn't be so hard to find guys to dance with.

I wish I never isolated myself here.







CONFESIONS

I still suck my thumb. I'm twenty-one.

I've become asexual in my old age.

I once hid under a sink for two hours...and I had a good time.

I love getting naked pictures of you on my phone almost more than seeing you in person.

My roommate and I sit in our beds with no pants on and converse.

I make Little Women references all the time but nobody notices :(

We were horny and hungry at the same time, so we had sex while eating pizza. It was awesome.

I was blackout drunk and made out with a random chick at Winter Bash in front of a girl I've had a crush on for two years, and ruined any chances I may have ever had.

I get hammered before I do my rounds as an RA.

Out of the five people I've had sex with, I regret having it with four of them.



I don't want to hold your hand because I've seen you
not wash them too many times

I support Israel's right to exist but Birthright makes me
uncomfortable. So do FOI and SJP. Oy.

During my first ever bi-curious exploration in a crusty
bathroom at the Middle East, I accidentally butt-dialed
my mother. She listened for 8 minutes.

My boyfriend and I are very serious and happy together,
but it's actually really upsetting to me that I may never
get to have sex with a woman.

I borrow things from you I don't actually need just so I
have an excuse to come return them.

I resent my friends because they're happy.

I wish it was acceptable to _____ at a party

reverse grind (ya know, like when you make the boy touch his toes while you chill up against the wall)

fart on lax bros

turn on the lights at a party for a minute after every song to check to see if whoever you're hooking up with is good looking

say I love you to the person you're grinding with

wear my sweat pants that say Flavalicious

raid the host's fridge

act like a cat

wear Crocs

play jazz & dance the Charleston

take all the leftover cans/bottles and recycle them for money at the nearest grocery store



Charles
Litz



Buddhist
Monk in
Bagel Shop

pluck a stranger's eyebrows

have intellectual conversations over fresh croissants

be those awkward freshman girls who stay in the basement until the end of the party and get to take all of the extra alcohol

say hi to the ones you would not say hi to were you not drunk

cha cha slide



Lady in MF K
Fisher "N" for
Nautical chapter
who organized
everything on
the menu



Charles
Litz

Shit **Tufts** People Don't Say

What's Hillel?

So like what's going on in Israel and Palestine anyway?

I think the Daily has really academic articles.

I am so bored with social activism.

I had the classiest time at DU.

I am perfectly happy with my life right now, I have no homework, I am so free.

Administration really handled that well.

I love SIS!

Go Big Jumbo Blue.

I wish we had more of a hookup culture.

He's probably straight.

Carm really got it right tonight.

In the end, Tufts was just a better fit than Brown or Yale.

SEXUAL SUPERHEROES

“No, That Was Really Good, I Actually Almost Came”
Woman

Miss Masturbation

Clitastic Tits

Count Chastity

Frigid Bitch

Dr. Cocktopus

Scrotar the Wrinkly

Super Softy

The Procrasturbator

Cocktimus Prime

Starfreak Wondertits

Beyoncé

Captain Cry-When-It's-Over

confessions pt. II

I had sex with my high school crush in my high school nemesis' bed last summer.

I actually like watching the women's basketball team. They play really good basketball.

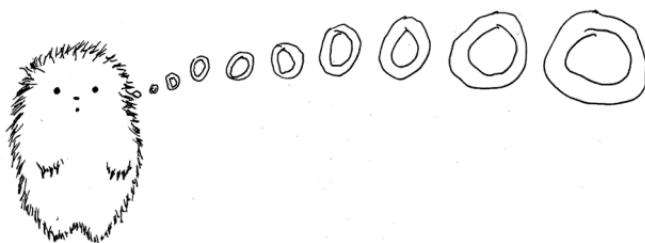
I'm truly happiest when I'm playing toontown and eating yogurt.

I felt okay wearing revealing things when I was taking hard/engineer classes because it was 'unexpected', but now that my schedule's really easy I just feel like a stereotype.

I don't think this is a real relationship. Do you feel it too?

You know your new boyfriend? He was still texting me while you guys were already hooking up.

It was me who was farting the entire Intro into Japanese class, sorry.



If I see you cutting fruit into cereal I'm sorry but I'm going to have to kiss you.

I almost had a child three years ago.

My first kiss was a drag queen.

I pooped in the Hodgdon bathroom and used too much toilet paper and it overflowed. I ran out as fast as I could and instead of reporting it to facilities, I accidentally called TUPD.

Sometimes I masturbate to the Barefoot Contessa.

When I pick my nose I put the boogers in my pocket.

I wear the same pair of underwear the entire length of my period...sorry I'm not sorry.

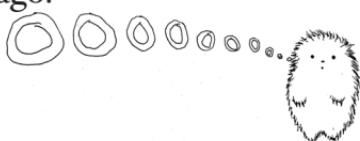
Early in the morning when I really have to pee, instead of crossing the hall to the bathroom, I pee in a red solo cup, then empty it in the sink when I am more awake.

Sometimes I steal people's FB statuses and hide them from our mutual friends.

I pretend to be asleep in the morning so that I don't have to talk to my roommate.

I've given head in a movie theater, a public restroom, and the steeple of a church.

I don't think SIS is that bad.





A Life In Doors

This is the story of the disintegration of a life. Not the usual breakdown of vital organs and gradual wearing away of bones that eventually leave us lying in our old, familiar beds, gasping as we drift into the unknown, but the closing of the mind. The loss of the small things that build up to make our lives our own, leaving us trapped in fear and only the most basic processes of life.

It begins simply, quietly. You are afraid. And in this world, these times, that's not at all unusual. You can hardly turn on the television without being told to be afraid -- afraid of mercury in your fish, plane hijackings, the pedophile who might be lurking down the street, the economic downturn, gang violence, rape, artificial intelligence, Freddy, Jason, Jigsaw, the very air you breathe. So, you are afraid. What can you do with this fear? I'll tell you what I did.

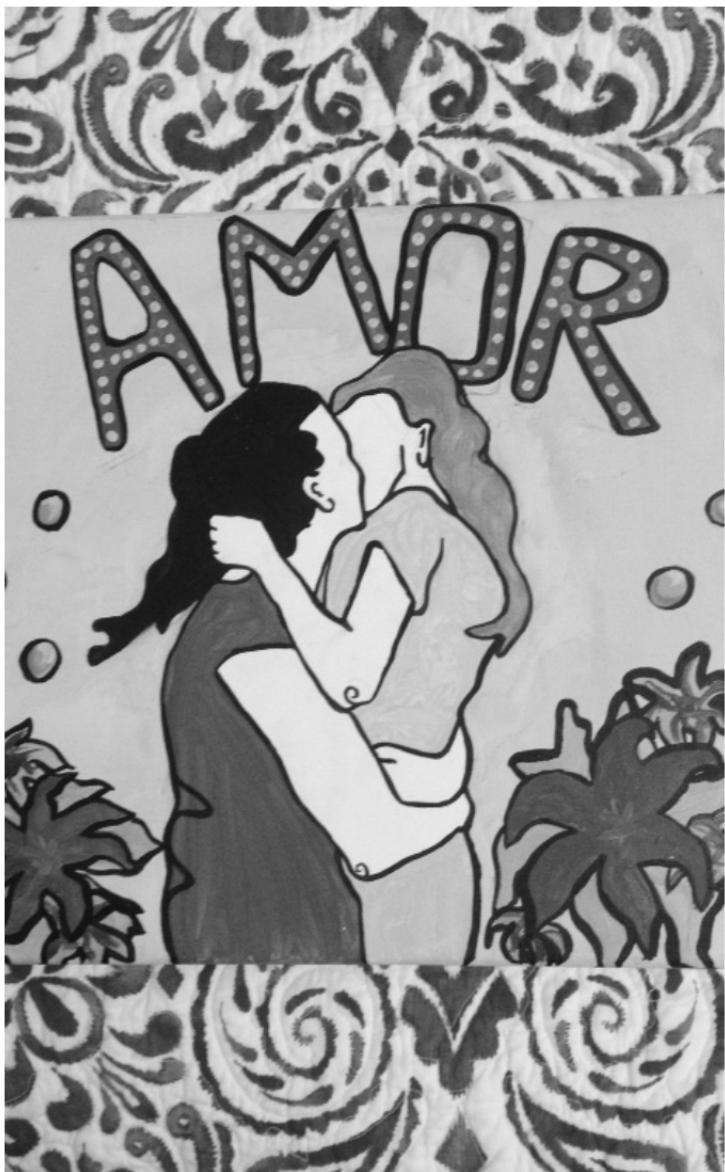
One night, I made sure the doors were locked before going to bed. You do this every night, I'm sure. I never had before. That's what parents are for. The next night, I made sure the doors were locked. I went up to bed, but couldn't recall whether or not I'd really checked the doors. I couldn't visualize what they looked like locked. I went back downstairs to check again. I needed some

way to remember that I'd seen these locked doors, so I tapped my fingers three times against my leg. That was the sign that I'd seen the locked doors. I wouldn't have done that if I hadn't seen that the doors were indeed locked.

You have rituals, too. We all have them; they make structure; they help society work. Maybe you always say "I love you" before bed, you're an athlete with lucky socks, a surgeon who washes her hands systematically before surgery, always in the same pattern, the way we align our forks before dinner, the words we repeat in church, the way we make our coffee, the things we say to our children as we tuck them into bed. Some are more accepted than others, but they're all rituals.

My rituals grew. And how couldn't they? Everywhere I looked there was something else to be afraid of, something I couldn't control: the war in Iraq, panic about E-coli infested spinach and salmonella, my father's cancer. I could control the locks on our doors; I could control the food I ate; I could control what I touched and did not touch. At first.

I was the victim of a gradual paralysis, slowly feeling myself close off and lose feeling. I lost my toes and figured that was acceptable -- toes for peace of mind is a fine trade. My ankles went, my calves, and finally I couldn't walk. I found myself whispering nursery rhymes under my breath as I stood in front of the back door, my eyes boring a hole into the deadbolt. It's here. I'm here. It's here. I'm here. But I wasn't. Not really.





I know I'm home when... .

it smells like Brussels sprouts.

everybody is fighting.

I can't wake up before noon.

I can put my butt on the toilet seat.

my mom questions me about my sex life.

my friends don't care if I fart.

people start calling things "gay" again.

the toilet paper feels like butter.

every night ends in masturbation.

I see fucking Harriet, my fucking dog. Harriet hates me because she's thinks she is the only child and I am the dog. This is not correct. The opposite is actually true.

I hate Harriet.

there are things in the fridge to eat that aren't pasta and beans.



I'm eating ice cream and explaining structural
oppression to my parents.

I watch Netflix all day.

there isn't a ready supply of weed and alcohol.

someone is crying.

the pants are off.



WHY IS YOUR BIGGEST FEAR YOUR BIGGEST FEAR?

because it was killed by my great-grandmother

they're down there, no matter what everyone tells me. i
know they're down there. waiting. oh god.

assholes can't stretch that far

i got bit by one while feeding the ducks

the face paint...it suffocates them

that's not the way I want the world to change

it gets weird in between my fingers

i mean, have you seen my father???

i don't want to be accused of loitering

i have no idea. i think it was sparked by courage, the
cowardly dog, and has since escalated way out of my
control

too many legs, man

millions will perish

it's just SO hairy!



we found _____
in a hopeless _____.



peanut butter, person who is allergic to peanut butter

gay, straight girl

gummyvites, cvs

poetry, tisch bathroom

hummus, meat loving country

internet, hippie cafe

food, winter bash

white pizza, dewick on a friday night

an excuse, hookup

outlets, corner of tisch

nemo, weekend

people having sex, playground

a perfect unopened smirnoff ice, river in the white mountains and drank it

i am the _____ of my family.

cynical, hilarious asshole nice guy

fake perfect one

New Jersey

sad clown

Lindsay Bluth

only success

lead husky dog

boobiest

awkward golden-ish child

adorable basketcase

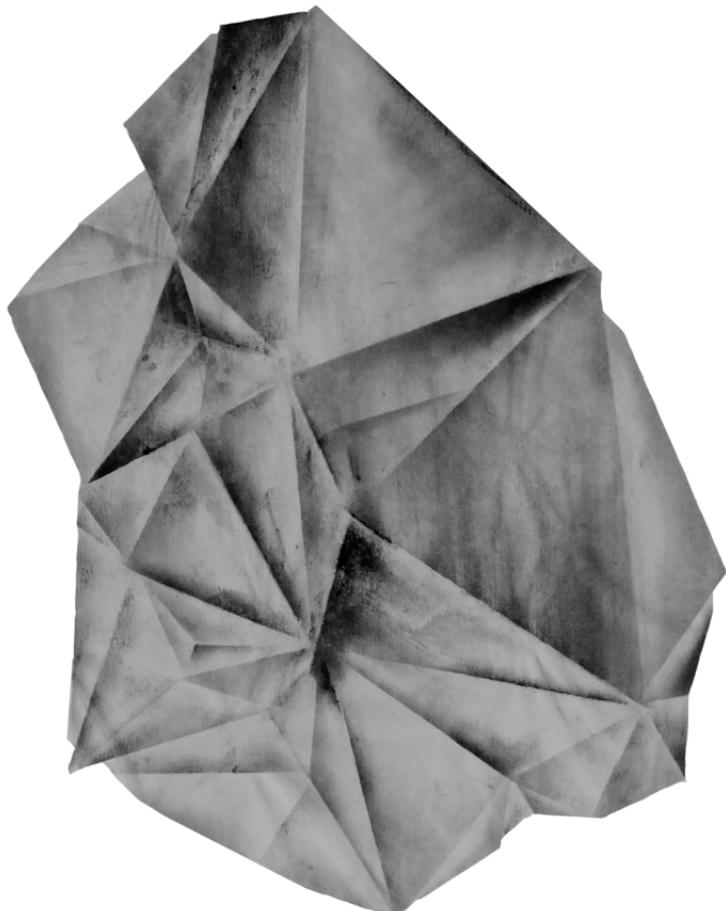
last remaining Jew

best part

lowest-achieving overachiever











While I'm pooping, I take the time to...

measure my thighs.

text everyone back.

do my Race in America reading.

have standoffs with other poopers and wait until they leave the bathroom so I can continue. I enjoy private poops, and have waited up to thirty minutes for this privacy.

make profuse eye contact with the alleycats.

pick up and throw away hairs on the floor.

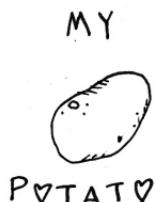
check to make sure my note hasn't been erased from the bathroom wall.

read the back of my toothpaste to myself under my breath.

call my mom.

find some semblance of a pattern in those discombobulated tiles on the floor.

make sure I'm not in a South Hall shower.







GOOD LUCK,

Before I went abroad, pretty much everyone told me that I wasn't going to miss anything, that nothing was going to change, and that when I came back, Tufts was going to be more or less exactly the same as when I left it. That was bullshit. The world here doesn't stop just because you're on the other side of the world "finding yourself" and having your "life-changing experience." I came back to a lot of new and different things -- the collapse of a long relationship, friends hanging out with new friends I don't know, and a campus full of strangers' faces. A lot of this coming-back-and-making-sense-of-everything shit is exciting and awesome, some of it paralyzes me with sadness and fear, and all of it is weird. Very, very weird. I guess if I could give anyone who's going to leave and come back one piece of advice, it would be that: Go, absolutely do go, but go knowing that coming back will be way fucking harder than anyone tells you, and not just because YOU'RE suddenly more cultured and awesome and mature and perfect, because also you're not really any of those things. Good luck, buddy.

BUDDY

Things I wish I wrote an op-ed about

student loan debt at tufts

smug pseudo intellectuals

nothing. i wish people would stop writing op-eds.

why we shouldn't get a female artist for spring fling

the bagel situation at tufts. what gives?

beyonce's half-time show

the fact that way more tufts students feel alone than we think. people aren't as settled and comfortable as they may seem.

rEsPeCt. far too many people get hurt unnecessarily.

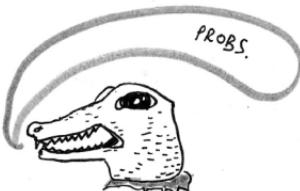
the assholes who use two salad bowls in dewick leaving me with nothing

how annoying satirical op-ed's are

washing the dishes: why all of my housemates should do it

the inconsistent supply of bananas in the dining halls

my sex life



Things I stick to the man

my raging hard-on

not wearing shower shoes

fuck sorting silverware



i say the pledge of allegiance but i don't say "under god."
been doing that for a real long time and so far not one
soul has ever noticed, but i still think i'm sticking it to
the big guy.

asked for a water cup at mcdonald's, got lemonade
instead

i'm not afraid to park outside the lines

eating loud, crunchy food in ginn

lighting candles in my dorm. i'm just trying to celebrate
hanukkah, yolanda!

i steal all of my school supplies from my work-study job

taking my dad's 58 thousand a year to get a degree in
anthropology

i wear underwear maybe a quarter of the time. ***and
nobody knows***

missed



You were in my American Politics class last semester and I just saw you walking around campus with a cello. Your pants are expertly cuffed.

Dear neighbors: your over-25 vibe and gorgeous back porch and hot tub and fun parties got us all feeling really jealous on this side of the fence. Please invite us over for partiez.

Short haired girl with round glasses! You are graduating so soon! Please make out with me before you go!

You have blue eyes, my mom has blue eyes. We got a fifty fifty shot for the kids.

TALK TO ME GODDAMMIT

To the girl I spilled piping hot tea on in Hodgdon, I am extremely sorry and I wish it wasn't so awkward seeing you around all the time. Let's get coffee and I'll pay!

I was walking on Pro Row drinking Diet Peach Snapple and you, wearing Darth Maul makeup and a trenchcoat, said "Pass that shit man," but when I said "It's just Snapple," you'd already walked away.



connections

I'm sitting right next to him in The Rez. He is always here. I also have a class with him. I love him.

GODDAMNIT CRIPPLING SHYNESS.

We ate pizza together in some girl's room during orientation and I've barely seen you since. RIP Stacy.

We both put just lemon in our hot water at Carm.
That's gotta count for something.

We kept holding doors for each other on the way into Hodgdon and laughing awkwardly about it.
I think you're fucking adorable.

I'm straight, but only for you, you misanthropic alt. literature toaster strudel.

Hey you, walking on Boston Ave. I want to be the reason for that spring in your step.

Guy in Dewick who refused to break eye contact as you put pancakes, toast, and scrambled eggs into a ziplock bag -- why did you put everything in the same ziplock?? why would you do that???

Butt Girl, where did you go?

START A RUMOR

RIGHT NOW.

I heard that Tony Monaco isn't even our real president.

Tony Monaco is the president of Tufts Kink.

Tony Monaco is a never-nude.

Tony Monaco told me to fuck off.

Tony Monaco and Tony the Tiger are the same. Ever seen 'em in the same place?

Did you know that the admissions office is actually a cover for the largest biweekly gay orgy on the east coast?

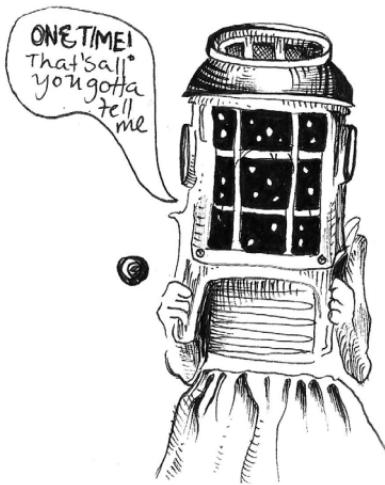
There's actually no cannon inside the paint.

I heard Beyoncé is coming to Spring Fling.

I heard PJ started a rumor about you.

Moe's and the Greek Truck are part of a deadly gang turf war.

Jean Wu is running for President.



They put laxatives in the dining hall food.

NQR is back.

Kyle XY goes to Tufts.

That girl who sits in front of you in Econ? Yeah, she has four arms.



I knew you were trouble when you _____.

looked me up on the student directory while we were hooking up.

fell off that stripper pole.

told me you'd slept with "only" twenty people.

thought Sandy was the name of a drink, not the hurricane happening outside.

didn't put milk in your cereal.



texted me “sup”.

asked me to squeeze grapefruit juice down your chest during anal.

bought me white chocolate oatmeal instead of tazadoodle...worst flavor.

vomited into my cleavage.

asked me out on a date...and took me to Dewick.

told me you poked holes in all my condoms, and that you were late.

wore Mountain Dew pajama pants to class.

sent me too many winky face texts.

referenced T-Swift.

started twerkin.

punched me after I kissed you.

threw your fur coat on my face and shouted “SOMEBODY MAKE ME A SMOOTHIE!”

checked me out on LinkedIn.

only had one mutual friend with me on Facebook.

spoke.





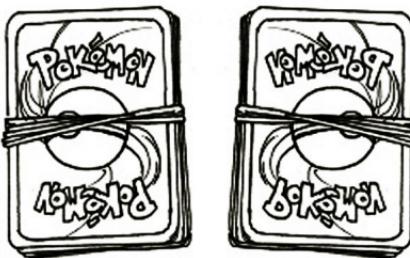
When I was thirteen, I would've sold my soul for...

my dad not to make me play Snowball at my Bat Mitzvah.

boobs.

Beyoncé's.

a vagina.



a pair of doc martens and a lunch date with Avril Lavigne.

someone to compliment my faded flare jeans and baggy museum gift shop t-shirts.

embroidered pants. Still would.

my parents not to get divorced.

someone to tell me what a blow-job was.

a faerie paint brush on Neopets.

a chance to talk to the Pepsi girl.

Daniel Radcliffe's love.



my parents' love

probably an uncrustable or something, I was a stupid
fuck.

a retainer! I wanted metal on my teeth so badly.
Thought it was cute.

a lock of Orlando Bloom's hair.

a pack of cigarettes. Actually, one cigarette.

I'm a hypocrite because...

I say I want to talk about sex when I really don't.

I tell my roommate she's messy even though there are chips in my bed right now.

I like big butts & I can lie.

I tell my friends to not be bitchy, but when in reality, I'm the biggest bitch of them all.

I like to believe I'm a feminist but all I want is for a guy to control me in bed.

I diss white girls but secretly I act a lot like a white girl.



I tell people not to exercise too much...then hit the gym.

I'm in the SJP group but I support Israel.

I judge people who aren't in the sciences but I never got past Calc I or Physics II.

I talk about rape culture and consent and the importance of communication all the time but if my boyfriend tried to do something I was uncomfortable with, I know I would be too nervous to say anything.

You touch my food, I kill you. But I've been eating your nutella since day one.

I'm terrified of giving a blowjob, but I'd love to be eaten out.

I don't want my brother to smoke.

I said "God Bless You" to my mother, but I'm an atheist.

I've never been too poor to go without a meal.

I'm in an a cappella group, but I hate a cappella music.

I'm way phonier and pretentious than all those people I laugh at.

I think the Public Journal is exclusive and full of hipster nonsense.

Everyone is.

Never have I ever

been in love or whatever.

enjoyed a class in my major.

lost at a game of never have I ever.

bonked in the stacks.



given a boy a hickey, too much effort.

faked it as hard during sex as your girlfriend did.

been in a shower that I didn't pee in.

not faked an orgasm.

not given myself an extended seductive 'fuck me' bedroom eyes sort of look when passing a mirror.



Overheard on Pro Row



From a bro: “Oh my god, it was so CUTE.”

“Where the fuck is Moe?”

“I’ll probably end up marrying a cactus.”

“The best part about being a super senior is that all of the people I hooked up with freshman year aren’t here anymore.”

“He slipped on his way to history and just SHATTERED his wenis.”

“Vitamin C doesn’t really do anything for you.”

“Why has Moe abandoned us?” “Chill bro, he will return when the nights get warm again.”

“I’m too hungry to be sexy.”

“Do you think they drank the pee cup?”

“I just need to stare at the ground and I can make it home.”

“Taking off your shirt doesn’t make you cool. It just makes you... shirtless.”

“All my fleece smells like weed.”

Lessons in Lesbianism

Lesson 1: The Three Cardinal Sins

1.

You see a cute girl long boarding down the street. WAY down the street. You prepare your best cool but aloof lesbian scowl, you muss up your hair a bit, maybe adjust your beanie. As the cute girl gets closer, you get ready for the sustained eye contact that will give her the signal that you'd like to see HER longboard. Soon she will be close enough for you to reach out and grab her by the flannel. But lo, she boards by and she is a 13 year old boy. You sick fuck.

2.

You're out to coffee when suddenly you see a really cute girl out the corner of your eye. You can't tell for sure but she seems great. Hip but approachable, well dressed, smart. You turn to really get a good luck. But lo, that is a mirror. You were actually just checking yourself out. You sick, narcissistic fuck.

3.

A cute straight girl texts you out of the blue to hang out. *Ooo*, you think, *maybe she likes girls*. “Nope,” your friends tell you, “she doesn’t.” You hang out anyway and play with puzzles even though you hate puzzles. You start texting her all the time. Like all the time. “Is this how straight girls interact?” you ask your friends. “No,” they tell you, “you’re being so weird.” You keep texting the straight girl all the time. The straight girl invites you over to watch netflix. “Should I get my hopes up?” you ask your friends. “No,” they tell you,

“*she’s*
just
bored”

You get your hopes up and you go watch netflix. You stay until 5 a.m. “Do you want to sleep on the couch?” the straight girl asks. *No*, you think, *I want to sleep in your bed*. You walk home and take a cold shower. “You’re so dumb,” your friends say, unsolicited. You do this multiple times a week. You only think about this straight girl. You should really be concentrating on your studies. Your work falls by the wayside. You can’t sleep. You can’t eat. Lo, now you’ve done it. You’ve fallen for a straight. You dumb, sad, pathetic fuck.

confessions pt. III

Do people really clean their buttholes when they shower? I just learned this was a thing and like it REALLY seems to be a thing.

I looked through the hole in my brother's boxers once and I really wish I hadn't.

I'm madly in love with every boy in The Traveling Treasure Trunk. And several of the girls, too.

I'm a conservative and I constantly question why I chose Tufts. We have a love-hate relationship.

Who knew that playing footsie while watching episodes of Freaks and Geeks could make a person so wet? Please come back to my apartment so we can make out on my small bed.

My future housemate asked me to have a threesome with her boyfriend. I always thought I was too normal to be considered for that kind of thing.

I lost a little faith in my best friend when she told me she believed in God.

The only reason I hooked up with you last year was because you had a bed and my stuff was already in storage.

A week after I withdrew from my History class, I peed on my professors office window while drunk.

I don't know If I do cowgirl style correctly. I just realized this and now I never want to get on top. Do I bounce or grind?!

My fingers bother me.

One time I pulled a half-eaten bluezone out of the trash and finished it. #worthit

I use the sports rosters to find names of hot athletes I want to Facebook stalk.

I put my blanket between my wall and my back so that I can pretend I'm cuddling with someone.

You get super into hooking up, and then say completely mood-killing things and then go right back into it.
What the fuck, pick one.

I was masturbating. I just tucked my boner under my shirt until you stopped talking to me.

I snuck into the first floor women's bathroom in Tisch to write my own name on the "hottest boys a tufts" list on the wall of the first stall.

My first two years at Tufts were the worst experience of my life. It's great now, though.

The Sisterhood of the Traveling _____.

tampon.

tissues and cookies and tape and creamer because when
you're not in the room I steal all of these things from
your desk

mob of freshmen on Packard blocking everyone's way.

ugly rhinestone cuff.

cold sore.

Diva Cup.

Netflix account.

pubes (STOP LEAVING THEM ON MY TOILET).

fake id.

jeggings; a story of 4 girls who magically were ALL too
lazy to button their pants.



Dates d'obtention et provenance d'origine



the end

