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*After a lot of hard work, cold calzone slices, and hundreds of JumboCash pennies wasted at the color printer, we present to you a zine that we hope you'll enjoy. This "promotional" issue is the product of a very small club: we are not currently TCU funded, we've only recently started running our advertising, and our greatest business expense so far has been thirty sheets of Staples sticker paper. Unless you've heard one of our drunken, vague rants about how we're about to "change everything" and "put an end to all this nonsense," you probably haven't heard of us. We welcome that fact with open arms.*

*This first issue of Tufts Portfolio is a celebration of the vast array of literature and art being produced on campus, which we believe has not yet been given its due. Many students on campus produce works that, though they might not represent a certain "artist's lifestyle," reflect the events, struggles, and beauty of their own lives. None of us live the same way, but we all have the capability to be amazed by the ways one can frame an aspect of life with a pencil, or a camera, or a keyboard. This issue is a small piece of what we hope will become a beautiful, bountiful portfolio of what Tufts students can really bring to the artistic table.*

*Included is a sampling of those minds, a collection of pieces that speak to some of the variety we hope to garner over the coming years (well, at least over the next semester, but dare to dream, right?). We of Tufts Portfolio hope that you enjoy all the goodies we have for you this issue and look forward to a wonderful friendship.*

*Have a nice day and a lovely summer,*

*Lucas Zerah and Rob Katz*

LAYOUT BY ROB KATZ, EXCEPTIONAL BOY

PR/MARKETING BY LUCAS ZERAH, SOMETHING SOMETHING EDITOR

A LOT OF THINGS BY JULIA PAPPAGEORGE, RING BEARER

COVER IMAGE BY ELIZABETH BROOKE, ARTISINAL FRUIT SNACKS

Special thanks to everyone we sufficiently convinced/flattered/bribed/blackmailed into submitting.  
Y'all are the stars of this rodeo.

P.S. How's our driving? Send any feedback to [tuftsporfolio@gmail.com](mailto:tuftsporfolio@gmail.com)



TAUROCTONY

10/25

JK

# Sonnet: For Dogs

*Let us suppose there were a dog that day  
When God pared clay into three even portions,  
Such that, despite a few grotesque distortions,  
One might have deemed them kindred, in a way,  
But for the question of on whom the burden lay  
To bear the world a bringer of good fortune  
Who'd stall its Maker snuffing his abortion;  
Thus Eden's first three beings plot this delay.  
Dog said, "you, in His image wrought, offend;  
A jealous God dislikes a measly double.  
And Eve, though fruitful, you're a walking tomb,  
And bear the base profusion He would end.  
I will annul myself, in bliss end trouble,  
And eat that fruit, my Knowledge, and your doom.*

Matt  
Chervin

Paris  
Sanders

## Beginnings

Between my lips lies a space  
Where words feign armistice

Where desirous smiles unfurl  
Yet become duplicitous

Yes, in this space I am marred, insatiable  
Where heat burns but does not linger

One night my head rested between your ribs  
And though only tepid, its warmth softly dwells,  
Lulls racing thoughts to dreamless sleep

Oh the wonder of such stillness  
By which my hunger subsides



Nina Hofkosh-Hulbert

## "Powdered Donuts"

Monica Brennan

The snack aisles of the Seven Eleven a few blocks over from my apartment were a labyrinth that I somehow found myself easily lost in on a Friday past midnight. My car was parked out front with the headlights still on, and I was inside the dimly lit store, my glassy eyes scanning sections of Nacho Cheese Doritos, "King-Sized" Kit Kats, and Halloween-themed Oreos with sickeningly fluorescent orange cream filling. My white-turned-grey sneakers came to a squeaky halt at the sight of the assortment of Little Debbie cupcakes and cinnamon rolls. The crinkly plastic wrappers glistened under the flickering yellow lights, and I stared at the array with glazed, puffy eyes and a half-open mouth, releasing breath that smelled like greasy pizza and Listerine Strips. The individual packages of six mini powdered doughnuts caught my eye, each one drenched grotesquely in the sugary dust, and the muscles in my face involuntarily contracted into a scowl.

Powdered doughnuts were for three types of people: manipulative Christian stepdads, my boyfriend named Greg, and people who gave up. Growing up, Sundays were about spending the day wearing princess-themed pajamas and eating pancakes drenched in a pool of syrup. But, that was before my parents got divorced, and it was before my mom decided to get remarried to a Christian accountant named Todd. My mom thought it would be a good idea to make Todd feel welcome by going to church as a "family" on Sunday mornings. Having to sit on stiff pews while wearing uncomfortable dresses was another reason for me to resent Todd, other than the fact that he wore sweater vests, called my brother, Jack, "champ," and couldn't make my dad's pancakes. Every week, Todd would try to win us over by buying a box of powdered doughnuts after church. Todd didn't even bother to taint his fingers, freshly dipped in holy water, with the doughnuts – he just used them. It worked for Jack, because little kids get addicted to sugar like it's crack. I was thirteen, though, and the mere sight of the doughnuts reminded me of middle-aged priests, the stale scent of churches, and Todd's overuse of hair gel. Jack would shove his sticky hands inside the box, leaving trails of powder everywhere, from his saliva-coated lips to his shirt. Then he'd smile up at Todd and tell him how "cool" he was. It was nauseating.

The doughnuts also reminded me of Greg, the second type of person who had an affinity for them. He was almost definitely passed out on the couch at the apartment, the only source of light being the pulsating blue glow of the TV. He'd have his mouth

open, a fresh puddle of drool dripping down the stubble on his cheek. One hand would be outstretched on the coffee table, his palm open next to a half-empty beer can. The other would be tucked snugly into a bag of Cheese Puffs, his knuckles stained orange. On his

stomach would be an empty wrapper of a doughnut package, the residual powder spilling out onto his already stained shirt and seeping into the fabric of the couch. Greg loved those convenient little doughnut packages, and every time I sat on the couch, I'd be sure

to find wrappers wedged between the cushions and leftover powdery fingerprints on the baby blue throw pillows that I had splurged on at Pottery Barn. My pillows.

The fact that powdered doughnuts fit into the category of "baked goods" was disgusting to me. As the owner (or, past owner) of a bakery, it was insulting that my culinary talents could be compared to dunking a ring of dough into sizzling oil and rolling it in sugar. The mass production of plastic-wrapped powdered doughnuts capitalized on people's sickeningly incessant need to fuel their bodies with anything fried and sugary. So, while I spent time carefully concocting the perfect balance of ingredients to create baked masterpieces, from fresh loaves of banana bread to cranberry-lemon muffins - all of which wouldn't result in sugar-induced comas - powdered doughnuts effortlessly stole from fat people's fat wallets. That's why, when they told me that my bakery was going out of business, I blamed it on powdered doughnuts. That's why that Friday night, after locking the bakery door for the last time, I thought it would be a good idea to eat half of a pizza, drink half a bottle of wine, and then stand aimlessly in the snack aisle at Seven Eleven.

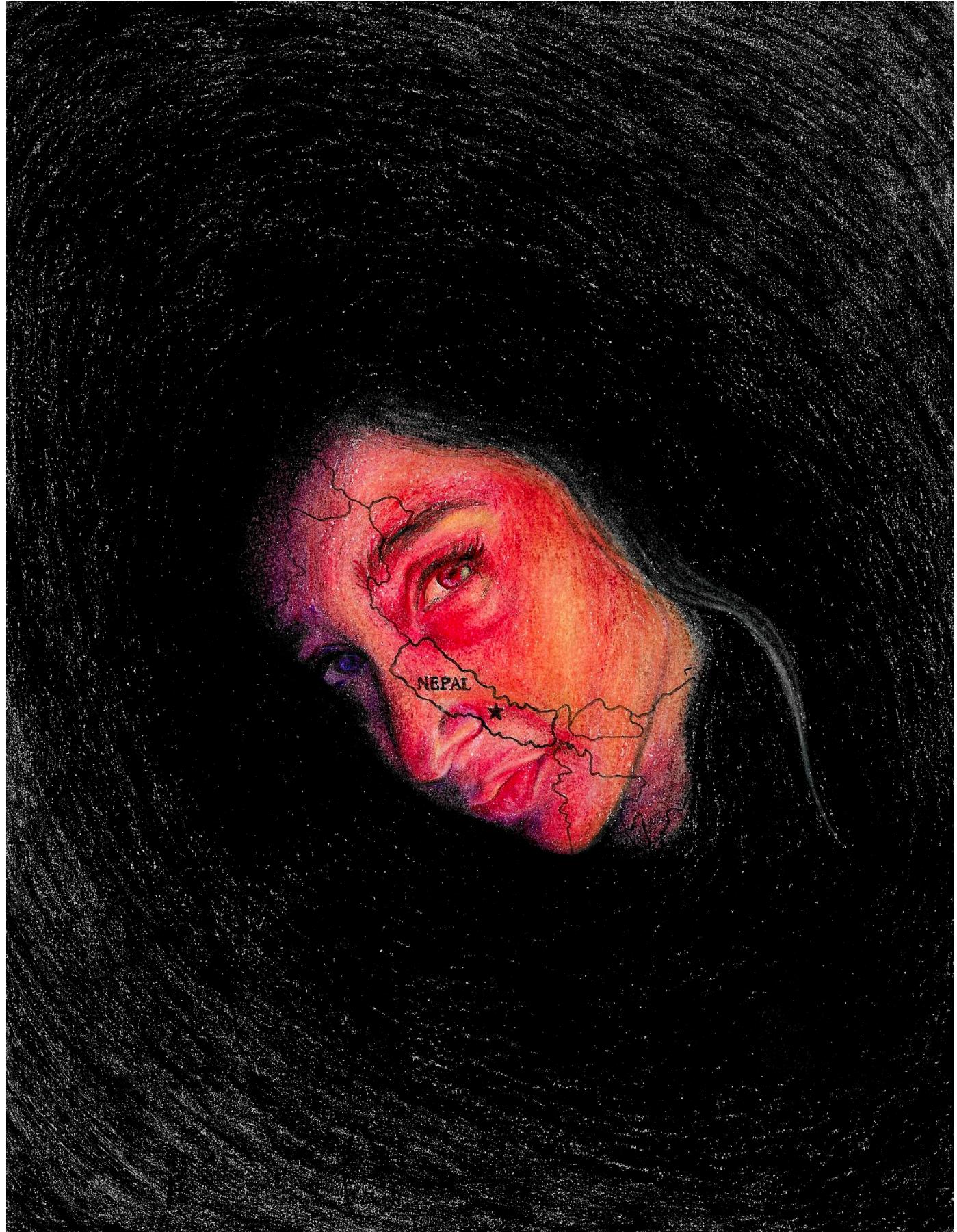
I stared at the package, the little girl's twinkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and perfectly sunny disposition mocking me. Screw you, Little Debbie. I reached out and grabbed one of the packages, the plastic crackling in my grip and my fingers slightly sinking into the spongy dough. I tore open the plastic, cutting right through Little Debbie's smug face, and grabbed the first doughnut, the glistening coating already sticking to my fingers and dusting the dirty tile floor. I shoved the doughnut in my mouth, feeling the powder melt into a sticky, thick paste and the dough turn into soggy, lumpy mush. I swallowed, and then did the same with the second doughnut. And the third.

The greasy, sleep-deprived teenager at the register watched the crime unfold and said, "Um, ma'am, you're gonna have to pay for that, you can't just."

"Yeah, I got it," I said, the movement of my lips spewing the sugary evidence, "don't worry about it." Oh, yeah. There's that third type of person.



Lewis Brown



RIVA DHAMALA “DEFINED BY LINES”



GRACE SHANK

# Manchas//Goodbye

ETHAN WHITMAN

ya no puedo.

tu cabello mojado hace manchas en mi pecho.

manchas profundas

que ya no  
salen.

*Traducción//Translation:*

*TSA agents don't care  
if we'll ever see each other again.*

*please go.*

*please just go.*

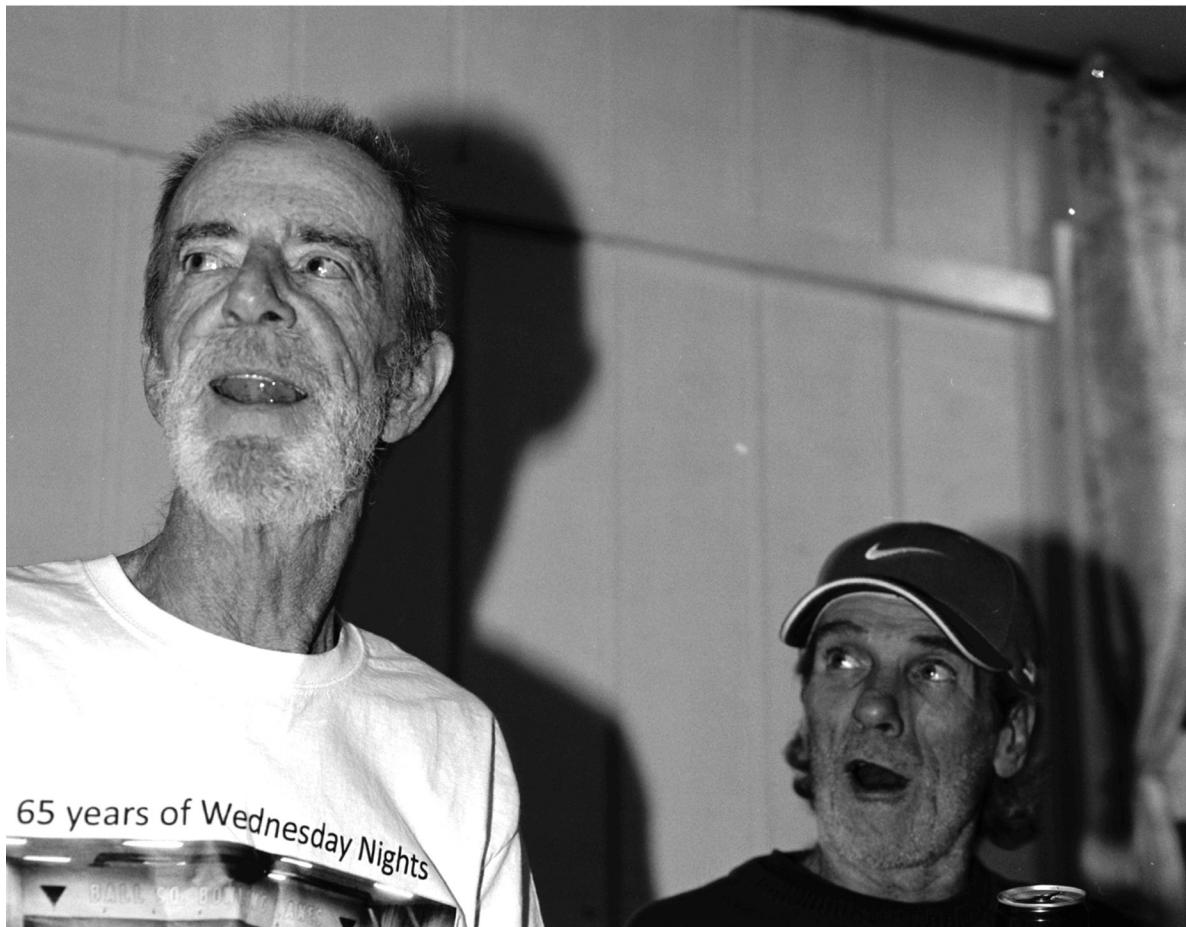
*Feeding*

OLIVIA JONES

*or eating. Chewing up rags of  
glitzy sacrilege to the hashtags  
we can digest without Tums.*

*And choking,  
and choking on the chalky, immaculate  
irony of the obvious obscure.*

*Snoop Dogg is Jesus on a tuesday  
and so are you tomorrow  
if you can get someone to believe it.  
Feed the multitude.*



Luca Eisen

*FROSTY PAWS*

*Rob Katz*

no little sandpaper tongues  
from furry cuddle snouts  
are eternal;  
imagine how dry they could  
be

and momma said they gave his  
to the vet

(so)

no craigslist taxidermist  
can bring him back  
to curl up  
behind the couch  
or take shits in the grass

up in ash, he comes up smoke,  
he won't be there when i  
get back.  
mom, don't forget,  
light a candle for yahrzeit, because  
i intend to be away for  
the spring

//

ah,  
teddy bear hair  
masks the gray blotched  
skin  
guarded beasts wear

so I think kindly on  
the  
summer buzzing air,  
it's  
a lovely day  
and a little doggy is  
licking doggy ice  
cream from a  
paper cup

and yet

with so many letters  
I hang your sight from  
the clothesline

but you knew me back when  
shoelaces could go untied  
and payments unwired

and it seems to me I have just suspended  
you as a trophy of my  
wit, sentiment, and college degree.

(detectives would never make a dime  
if we all didn't love a good murder)

(so)

all the frenzies of an unproven  
mind  
swallow you whole  
and do embalm you  
although to bury you with  
my wealth  
not yours

but don't worry  
puppy  
i'll get my sleep  
now get yours

//

reader, thinker, feeder,  
be now of a prancer on  
four furry feet  
a frequent bluffer  
but indiscriminate lover

lest anyone think otherwise  
of a napoleonic pupper  
always barking at the  
bigger  
dogs



*Elizabeth Brooke*

