



THE PUBLIC JOURNAL.

CONTRIBUTORS

(in alphabetical order)

Alexis Brown
Katrina Bushko
Christina Campodonico
Jilly Chen
Diane Cho
Maria Cury
Lisa Han
Natasha Japanwala
Rob Lambeth
Lillian Li
Elliot Lopez-Finn
Stacey Menjivar
Stephanie Noble
Carlos Sanchez
Angela Shin
Junzhi Ye
Heling Zhao
Alice Zheng
Your subconscious
Your mother's subconscious
The monster beneath the bed
Me
You

EDITOR'S LETTER

Oh hello there, Public!

You ever feel like your world is ending? We know we do. And not just on December 21, 2012, but on a bi-weekly basis. Sometimes the bad juju just keeps piling up until you start to imagine cracks forming in the sky. Sometimes, it's *you* who is the destroyer, whether the motivation is anger, boredom, or just a compulsion to watch your world burn. And sometimes, your world is ending because you are leaving it behind, like a phoenix rising from the ashes, transcending all that earthly nonsense.

In the end, though, it's all in your mind. The apocalypse is what you make of it. We asked the Princeton community, *What would you do if this were your last day on Earth?* And we ask it again now. What would you do? Really?

Because we get the feeling that there's always an apocalypse around the corner (literally, if you look at the illustrations in this particular issue). There's always some Chicken Little who thinks the sky is falling. So perhaps we should take these false alarms as a reason to reflect on what is truly missing in our lives. Just a thought to hold on to, come Judgment day.

— Lillian and Anji

Lillian Li, Anji Shin
Editors-in-Chief

Katrina Bushko
Publicity Director

Alice Zheng
Art Director

Rob Lambeth
Treasurer

Joseph McMahan
Webmaster

Ricardo Brown, Maria Cury, Melissa Kim,
Flora Massah, Stacey Menjivar, Erika Rios

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WE PLOD ON

Do you ever look at yourself in the mirror, and find yourself completely incompatible with the physical representation of the person you are? As in you can't believe you are that person, and that within the physical embodiment of your reflection, there lay a thousand doubts, preoccupations, concerns, anxieties, apprehensions? Perhaps it's not apparent to everyone; perhaps it's just something inherent to a certain subset of people, with me falling square within that category. Nevertheless, we continue to walk around with our outermost layers showing God knows what kind of impression to the rest of humanity, and with the true essence of our selves, the parts that aren't hidden back into recondite corners of our hearts or subdued during social interaction, rendered completely invisible.

In a sense, no matter how well you get to know someone, you will never truly grasp the entire essence of their being. You may know love affairs, deep dark secrets, habits, mannerisms, etc. by heart. Yet what of the person when you're not there, when he or she is alone in a room - how do they act? Who are they then? What terrible habits are brought to light by solitude and the absence of judgment? They say that the truth eventually comes out, but from what I've gleaned from these 18 years is that this rule doesn't always hold true. I really think no one understands who or what I truly am at my core, and at the same time, I don't think that I truly understand anyone else either. Still, it seems sometimes like everyone else is so simple, and that their afflictions, pains, and actions are so easy to read and interpret. In contrast, upon looking at myself, I cannot fathom how anyone else could ever understand me. But who knows? Maybe I'm actually really easy to interpret and manipulate, and I just can't perceive it. I don't know. In the words of Amory Blaine, "I know myself and that is all." I know the dark mazes that compose the obscure, furtive paths of the labyrinth that is my identity, and while I may make inroads into other people's, I will never pretend to have the labyrinths of their identities mapped out.

(Sigh). It's such a weird feeling to be continually observing and analyzing people's lives, a habit that comes by sheer habit,

and knowing very well that no one is doing the same. But we plod on.

THE DIFFERENCE

The difference between fun and debauchery is that one has an odor.



YOUTH IN REVOLT

I know the boy I want to marry in the future. He wants to marry me too. I just don't want to be with him right now. I want to be free.

I hate that I'm hurting him, but I don't want to look back and regret my decisions later on in life.

I am young. Let me be young.

INNOCENCE

You lose it a bit at a time... your innocence. The loss of one's innocence doesn't always happen all at once. Innocence doesn't suddenly disappear. It's not always violently destroyed in one instant. The loss of innocence doesn't happen in one striking moment; it's not gone in one destructive and cutting swoop of imposed will or unfortunate fate. The process is much more gradual and subtle.

Innocence slips away from you, and you willfully wiggle and slide out of it. As a child you're coated in it, wrapped and protected by it; admired and sheltered for it. Then, as you grow up, innocence—it—gets chipped away, breaking off in chunks and flakes as you're exposed to the world's flaws, mishaps, and mistakes.

Innocence is chipped away with experience. Or, depending on how you look at it, perhaps, experience whittles away at innocence. Some people are masterful artists at chiseling away your protective layer. Sometimes you consent to being molded and shaped by their instruments. Other times you have no say and are subject to their creative vision.

And then there are times when you rip innocence off yourself. You willfully and rebelliously shred and tear it apart, casting this layer of pureness off with force and resentment—a veritable loathing for your inexperienced self—a self that has been so sheltered and protected, that you can't stand to breathe in your nascent skin anymore! You want to step into a different skin—one that's not so green, and not so pure.

To rid yourself of this feeling of being held prisoner by your own skin, you exchange your innocence for experience. This exchange can be self-motivated and violent. At the same time the loss of innocence can occur as naturally as an act of osmosis, or gravity.

Yet this process, this act of nature, can be aided and catalyzed by a neglect and indifference that leads to carelessness. In this way, this carelessness is almost, if not veritably willful.

In some cases, one's loss of innocence is a plan that is executed by a sheer, willed neglect.

The loss of innocence can be like a limp, layered, Grecian evening gown falling off a bony woman. First you let your clothes hang a little looser, unabashed that the dress's ruffles, hemlines, and holes may reveal more than it conceals. You may carelessly let your strap fall off to the side, exposing your thin, bird-like wing of a shoulder. You may let your leg slip through the dress's slit and allow your dress's envelopes to unfold around your body. As the dress slowly slips off your thinning body, you let your inhibitions and modesty go. (Frankly, you are at the point where you just don't care where they've gone, nor do you care about the consequences of their absence.) The dress simply doesn't fit (anymore), but you simply do not care (anymore). And regardless of whether you care, or not, the dress will fall off, but this does not seem to faze you either. Let the silk folds fall where they may.

In doing this—in allowing the metaphorical dress of innocence to fall—you think you will gain more. Moreover, you convince yourself that this osmotic, gradual disrobing is most assuredly natural. You have to be willing to unzip a little in order to get at something more. And the dress must come off at some point, anyways. Right?

But you always pay a price. You lose a bit of yourself with every exchange of innocence—a sliver here, a slice there, a chunk over there. With each exchange, you find yourself feeling less than you did before; you feel that your human value, your human stock has taken a dive. You don't feel as valuable and you don't feel as worthy. As your innocence layer sheds, you begin to feel an increased sense of vulnerability because with every transaction, you have exposed more raw skin.

When your last bit of innocence escapes you...wait, no, it didn't escape you. You let it fly free and moreover, you freely traded and bartered with it without reservation, (which makes you feel even more bitter).

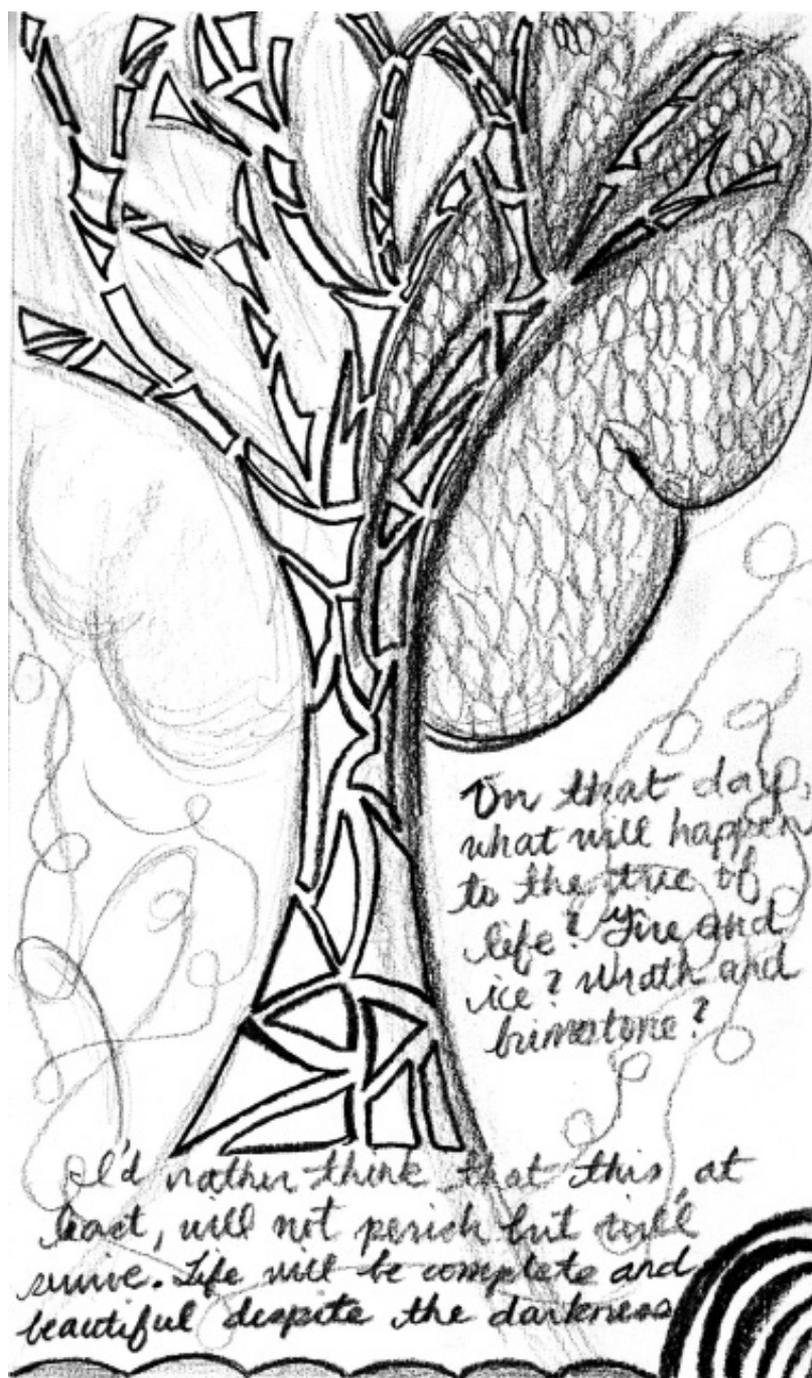
When it is finally gone, when only a shred of it lays snagged on your skin, you feel absolutely ruined, inside and out. You've utterly exposed yourself. You've given up something that was wholesome and pure, (or perhaps it was taken away?), and exchanged it for something that was deceptively desirable, alluring and promising, at the time. In reality the exchange was base and cheap. You paid too great a price for what you got. You were ripped off, as you freely tore off, while simultaneously, neglectfully, and indifferently let fall that last protective layer.

Yet, once you've made the gamble, after you've felt as if you have lost all your worth and value, you find that the exchange can empower you. It can make you richer and fuller. After feeling like all your insides have been ripped out of you, after feeling completely dead, exposed, naked, and vulnerable, after the exchange has left you feeling as hollow as a shell, the new "you" begins to creep in, filling the space that was left behind.

The loss of innocence coupled with the gaining of experience, may leave your heart, (and your ego) a bit bruised, skeptical, and hardened. You've lost some idealism and naïveté. You thought that you could handle the loss without feeling any emotion, but you deceived yourself. You had to in order to make the exchange in the first place. You see your mistake and at first you look at it with a tinge of shame, a shred of guilt, or an immense feeling of embarrassment.

Yet, in the end, you have a better sense of who you are and who you are meant to become. The new "you" is not so green and nascent. It is a little weathered from the storm. It emerges a little older and little wiser, not well-versed, but at least exposed to and familiar with a few "ways of the world." Understanding what these forces are and how they have affected you, you can begin to tangle with them more skillfully than you did before your gut-wrenching loss. Amidst this reformulation, you can understand and know yourself better. You played by others' rules in your pursuit of "experience," and now you can make your own conventions, shaping your own experience as a self-assured person who has confidence, no shame, guilt, or regret.

Finally you realize, that you just can't be so hard on yourself; you come to terms with the fact that you are only human and like every human being you must trade innocence for experience in order to grow.



On that day,
what will happen
to the tree of
life? Fire and
ice? Wrath and
brimstone?

I'd rather think that this, at
least, will not perish but will
survive. Life will be complete and
beautiful despite the darkness.

UNTIL THEN

After I finish this paper, I'm going to drive to a someplace with a beautiful view and chainsmoke until I feel sick.

NUMBNESS

Nothing excites me, or makes me happy anymore.

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER

so i had a weird dream that i'm going to tell you so i don't forget.

we (the entire family) were in a huge supermarket together and were buying weird things. i forget what. but you were acting strange the entire time and i vaguely recall us being at home beforehand and you doing reproachable things. anyways, it ends up that you push four people into big freezers and lock the door. dad had to put in quarters to get them out quickly and then i was like... this is the last straw and started driving you somewhere. you were talking like a crazy person and asked where we were going and i called up this mental hospital while driving (it was the middle of the night) and asked if they could keep you there. the lady at first said that they couldn't take you but i said it was an emergency and so they gave in and offered you a bed.

but suddenly i was driving with you and you were normal and it was like on a quest to steal things or something and i had to take things from an islamic art museum or something and go back to my friend, who was one of the three guys from that new tv series "New Girl" (i was watching that show before going to sleep last night). so i ended up stealing the muslim stuff but the caretaker kind of caught me, in that he was slightly crazy and didn't think that i was a thief, but was there to set in new marble for the steps, and so i went along with it and he didn't call the cops. and then we drove to a new place... it was someones apartment i think that i had to steal something from, and as i was coming down the steps, the cops showed up and i had to escape and then i woke up.

SHOPPING LIST

- * Grapes
- * Oatmeal
- * Sprite Zero
- * Splenda Brown Sugar
- * Strawberries
- * Bulk pack of highlighters
- * Tylenol PM
- * 3 bottles of wine
- * Anti-anxiety pills
- * Caffeine pills
- * Shampoo

SUGAR FREE

I hate not having a crush on anybody. It's like eating bland, blah oatmeal every day, without a single spoonful of brown sugar to sweeten the total banality of it all.

FEELING OVEREAGER

so i'm up late tonight, even though i'm at home, because you texted me right before i was about to go to sleep, and i have to wait the appropriate amount of time before texting you back.

i'm a pretty fast texter, you know—a regular speedy gonzalez. text me and i'll respond like BAM because i prefer being punctual and not letting people down. you, on the other hand, are a different story. when we meet up, you're usually a good five minutes late (and, given my afformentioned anal punctuality, i'm always on time). Some might say this is evidence that we are incompatible human beings, but i choose to ignore it just as i ignore any other signs that we are in some way not good for each other.

but to return to this moment, i'm waiting an hour at least to text you back, which is keeping me up, but it's now “summer” (supposedly), so whatever. i'll just sleep in tomorrow. i have to stay awake now until enough time has passed that i can respond, and i have to hold off on responding because anything else would make me look overeager.

and might i point out that it is 2 am and you are responding to a text i sent you yesterday at 3:30 am? you are continuing a conversation that is almost 24 hours old. this makes little sense to me.

it wasn't even a creative text, by the way. i mean, if you're gonna take a whole 24 hours to compose a text, i'd expect something a little more impressive than those five words you just sent, which added literally NOTHING to our conversation. it's 2 am and dead week and you're on campus, so is it wrong for me to assume you're drunkenly texting me inane nothings? the way i choose to look at it is that you are rational during the day and can avoid contacting me but get emotional at night and are a little more prone to reach for the phone. the way i choose to look at it is that you're in some small way affirming that you still care about me.

the funny thing is that when you texted me i was reading the

spring issue of the public journal. i had been on facebook, and i noticed that you changed your profile picture a few days ago. you looked really good—and goofy, of course, but you always look goofy which is just one reason in a long list of reasons that my mouth somehow finds itself spreading into a crooked smile whenever i think about you. but, of course, we aren't together anymore (for the summer? forever?) so i don't smile so much now. anyway, your new picture made me sick and sad and nostalgic so i opened PJ to see if anyone had written anything that might assure me that (even if i was lonely without you and your goofy smile) i wasn't alone. and then you texted me while I was reading PJ to be sad about you forgetting me. and then i wrote this for PJ to waste time before i texted you.

i think i'll text you back now. it should be something clever, but it has to be short. anything else would make me look overeager.

SELF SUFFICIENT

Don't need a man! There!

METAMORPHOSIS

I hate who I've become at this school.



SOMETHING GOOD HAPPENS AFTER 2 AM

After coming back from a late, late night on the street, I made the usual trek to Frist in search of random foods and the last pieces of the night. I got said food and then plopped down in the big chairs in front of the TV. Sportscenter at last. But then...the piano. No, no. This isn't what you think. Usually the piano signals an auditory apocalypse, day 1 of lessons in a public place. Painful noises. But not this night. It wasn't anything elaborate, but damnit it was perfect. Dr. Dre ft. Snoop Dog, "Still Dre." On the piano. Now I don't even usually listen to rap/hip-hop, etc. But this was perfect. Suddenly everything sunk in and was alright. All that worry of the work that "I should be doing" just went away. I instantly learned a lesson that could take forever to actually learn. We are only going to be in college once; regardless of whether you're supposed to be taking a break, if you are, just enjoy it. Whenever you are living it up, even just a little, let it all sink in and appreciate it for what it is. I felt completely justified in my late night Frist run and I was completely in the moment. As everyone should be.

ADVENTURES IN MAFIALAND

It was 4.30 in the morning and I was on my way home from trouble, but instead found my legs had placed me by the fountain of Neptune for just about no reason at all. I'm pretty sure I wasn't doing or thinking anything, just sort of breathing gray dawn. Well, two men with a suitcase approached, or perhaps appeared from thin air, as my consciousness only registered their presence when they said "Scusa" an arm's distance from my seat.

They were young architects from mafia land, Palermo, and wanted me to lead them to any place where getting drunk as the earth spins the city into daytime is a thing that you can do. I, in a whythefucknot? kind of mood led them and their suitcase around for about an hour, a trek that culminated in the disheartening realization that no such scuzzy venue exists in Bologna, at least not on principal roads. So instead we dragged ourselves to a café, where a wrinkly lady was just opening up for the day and still wearing her pyjamas. I wish I were making this up, but her dirty pyjama shirt said "Fuckbook. I is a sex bitch." We asked the sex bitch to make us cappuccinos, I wrote my name in Arabic on a receipt for no reason, and the bearded architect paid.

At this point, they informed me of their "business" that needed to get done, so I walked them within sight of the train station, pointed, said "That's how to get to Milan, hope the job goes smoothly," and quietly walked home trying not to think too hard about it.

APHRODISIAC

I get turned on by precept discussions.



APPRECIATION FOR THE ARTS

oh, god. he wrote me a poem. how am i supposed to casually tell him that i don't really want to date him now that he wrote me a poem?!

CONTROL FREAK

I have a tendency to fixate. I think because my life is without a center. Freshman year, my friends were my center. Sophomore year, my boyfriend was my center. And now, I doubt my friends, I dumped my boyfriend, and I feel like I'm drifting. I've got nothing to hold onto, nothing to believe in, and I'm so confused about what I want, that all I can focus on is who might want me, because the only way I can define myself is through other people, and I know I can't live this way, but I've got no other way to live. I don't trust anyone because I know me, and I know that I am vile and flawed and I know that I am human, and therefore every human is just as, if not more, vile and flawed. I will be okay, but not right now. I have done awful things to other people, but not shockingly awful things. I've done understandably awful things. And people have done and will continue to do understandably awful things to me. I want to not care. I want to not overanalyze. I want to feel only the good things and to shake off the bad things, but it's only the bad stuff that sticks. This will pass. I will be happy again, but not right now.

I don't know what would make me happy. Someone who wants to talk to me? I'm having sex with someone and I don't care about him and he doesn't care about me, and that should be fine. But it's not because I want him to, if he sees me standing there or sitting there, to come over and talk to me. I don't want to only have conversations in passing. I want to be sought after as a person. Not by everyone, but by some people. And so I stand there and wait for them to stop, but they never do, unless maybe I stop them, unless I come up to them, unless I tap them on the shoulder. I want someone to reach out to me, to care enough, not a lot, just enough. Just because I don't wave giant warning flags around doesn't mean I don't need someone to worry about me, to ask me how I'm doing. Every shoulder I try to lean on folds away. And maybe my problems are not big enough to warrant attention, but they are still problems. They are still bugs in my system and I just need someone to ask me how I'm doing because I am not doing okay. And I tell my friends I'm not doing okay, but to them, it looks like I am, and yet here I am TELLING YOU I AM NOT OKAY. I FEEL LIKE SHIT. HELP ME. COMFORT ME. Do I have to get belligerently drunk? Do I have to

break down and weep? Is that the only way to get some attention? Isn't it enough for me to just tell you that I am not okay? I'm not a basket case, I'm not going to have a nervous breakdown, but I still need someone to worry about me. My life is okay, yes, and it will be okay, yes, but there are bumps.

I want him to want to talk to me. And this is a different him than the one before. I want him to think about me, not all the time, but sometimes, to hope for me, to wish for me, sometimes. To be happy to see me, maybe. Don't put all my eggs in that basket, I know. I don't want to stop writing because I am still so confused, and as long as I am confused, I will not be able to fall asleep, even though it is 3:18 in the morning. What do I want? I want that night with him to have meant something. I want our conversations to have meant something. Which him am I talking about? I want to control them. Which them am I talking about? Isn't this what it's all about? Controlling other people? I want him and him and them to care because it means that in some way, I control them. Just as everyone I care about and think about controls me. It's not a malicious or power-hungry kind of control. Maybe what I mean is impact. I want to impact someone. But then again, I am vile and awful, so I probably mean control. I feel like so many people control me, control my emotions, control my state of mind, control the stability of my life. And I have no idea how to take back control, so instead, I want to control them as well. Everyone who has control over me, I want to control as well, so that if they hurt me, I can hurt them. If they make me happy, I can also make them happy. I suppose even if someone did ask me how I was doing, I wouldn't even be able to tell them coherently.

It's easier to define my problems around other people. To say I'm upset because he didn't try to talk to me, or because they didn't try harder to see if I was okay. But those aren't really the root reasons for my problems. I'm the reason for my problems. I am unhappy because I am unhappy with myself. I lack a center because I don't know who I am. I should be my own center. No one is responsible for my problems, but it is easier to understand my problems when they are based on outside agents.

LAZINESS

When I prox in and no one else is around, I sometimes try to do it without taking my wallet out of my pocket. I end up looking like I'm relieving a butt itch on the wall, and the door stays shut.

CIRCADIAN RHYTHMS

Falling asleep in at least one class is one of my daily rituals.



TO BE A WRITER

You have to be somewhat arrogant to want to be a writer. You must have enough confidence to believe that someone else may actually want to read what you have written down.

PRINCETON'S BRATS NEED A VEGAS MAKEOVER

Growing up in Las Vegas, Nevada forces you to watch your back and take nothing for granted. Sin City has every kind of scam-artist, criminal, and trouble-maker imaginable—all mingling in a city that is open 24-hours, 365-days-per-year. Throw in access to legal gambling in supermarkets and gas stations, free alcohol in every casino, easy access to fake IDs, illegal narcotics, and even legal prostitutes (just outside the city limits), and it should come as no surprise that the city's official motto is "What Happens in Vegas Stays in Vegas."

Sometimes I wonder how I survived growing up there, let alone managed to stay focused enough in high school to get accepted by MIT, Stanford, and yes, even Princeton. But when I reflect on the support structure I had, I can see why it all worked out. Not only was my family behind my efforts, but so were all my friends in school. My high-school classmates and I not only helped one another out with school projects and extra-curricular stuff, we went out of our way to offer a kind word and a hug to one another whenever someone was feeling a little down, out of sorts, or just overwhelmed. Maybe the fact that all of us personally knew at least one victim of violent crime and we even had a classmate who was "dancing" at a local "gentlemen's club" somehow bonded us. We knew we needed to stick together if we did not want to end up dealing blackjack in our mid-fifties to tourists in a smoke-filled room downtown.

So now all of a sudden, Princeton is no longer a dream. Wow, I am actually here! Amazing...Well, sort of. Obviously, the academic environment is as exciting and challenging as I expected, and I am learning a lot, but something is a little off. I have made good friends here, and I am enjoying their company, but I still feel a little let down by the Princeton social environment. Do you sometimes feel a little out of place, a bit neglected, even hurt as you pass your days in Princetonville? Me too. Let's see, what could it be? I know it is not Vegas, but...Oh, hold on, I think I know what it is...just a few too many too-cool-for-school, don't-have-time-for-anyone-who-can't-help-me-get-an-investment-banking-internship, out-of-my-face, no-sense-of-fellowship brats running around campus and making everyone around them

feel just a little less proud to be at Princeton.

Think about it—even in a little Orange Bubble there should be enough air to share a kind word or gesture with nearly anyone we encounter on campus. Those who cannot find the time or energy to be civil with fellow Princetonians are really bringing down the quality of campus life for everyone. Let's look at some examples from my "non-random" sample of experiences.

On move-in day as a Freshman, I am at the check-in table. The student working the table rudely glares at me as she tosses me my welcome packet. Tosses it! I ask her for directions to one of the dorms, and she shrugs without saying a word, then turns her back to me and starts talking to some guy who was lingering behind her. It is fairly clear that she is telling me to get lost and stop wasting her time. I get it, she is practicing for Bicker, but aren't I a new freshman? How does this benefit Princeton as an institution or her as a person to alienate every other new freshman on the first day? Yes, I stood back and watched—she did it to three others while I was standing there.

Another time, I am at the Friend Center (go ahead and re-read the name, it is not a misprint) looking for help on a programming assignment. The TA makes snide remarks (some of which are not repeatable in this esteemed periodical) while looking at my code. She then comments, "Well, let's see...You start by adding a header, but I guess Physics is obviously not your thing, now is it?" I have no programming experience and do not want to major in physics, so I mean, obviously she is correct. But how is the climate at the "Friend" Center improved by that kind of attitude. And no, I did not do anything to instigate that behavior. I don't go around looking for trouble. I learned that in Vegas. Out there, speak up to the wrong person at the wrong time and you can end up with more than your feelings hurt.

How about this one: on my first day of cheerleading practice, I introduce myself to a fellow teammate. "So, which residential college are you in?" I ask. How bold of me. She states the name - nothing else—in a snarky manner, then immediately turns away

and starts fumbling with her outfit. Isn't cheerleading supposed to be the fun, upbeat rabble-rousers that pump up school spirit and make people smile? Why is she even on the team? My follow up question, "How are you enjoying being on the team?" is her signal to walk away in silence.

I could go on, pulling examples from places like my Asian student organization, where a fellow Asian makes a loud comment to a bunch of us Asians that she "hates Asians." Or I could keep you away from tonight's homework boring you with tales of bratty behavior in the cafeteria, like people not willing to move over two seats so a small group can sit together at the dining table. But, look, by now you either hear what I am saying or you are too busy crossing names off your list of Bicker candidates (while downing your tenth beer) to finish this article. Just kidding. I have no issue with Bicker. I have not participated yet, but that kind of stuff at least has a bit of tradition and spirited-if-a-bit-dated camaraderie associated with it. The bratty behavior I am addressing is gratuitous and really adds no intrigue or benefit to anyone at Princeton.

Here is a wake-up call Princeton: we only have four years together, and then it is off into the wild-non-orange yonder! Wouldn't it be great if we all left here (yes, I said "all" of us, not just your six friends from the pencil-sharpening club) with a love of the school, a respect and admiration for our peers, and a desire to donate a combined-use library/friend-center-building...anonymously! Why not find a way to get along with everyone. I am not saying you should come sit by me in the cafeteria and stick a second straw in my smoothie without introducing yourself. But at least make eye contact and say hello as you pass by on the way to class. I promise to do the same.

We ought to embrace our common identity as Princetonians. And really, if we can't make a difference in the cultural climate of this little orange campus, how are we going to shape the big flat world out there? Much of the value of going to Princeton comes from the relationships that we form during our undergraduate years. These relationships extend to a strong alumni

network and a pride in belonging to the “Princeton” club. Let’s get rid of our conceits, insecurities, and hang-ups, and let’s get to know each other.

Princeton is not going to ever blow your hair back like your best night in Vegas, but what happens in Princeton doesn’t stay in Princeton. Our experiences and our relationships here follow us when we leave Orange Land, and that is pretty neat. Let’s celebrate that and each other! And please, if you must be a brat, be one responsibly.

CULTURE SHOCK

Every time I cook, I get this uncontrollable hankering to open a can of beer because, you know, cooking is just that much better when you're drinking beer.

...And then I remember that in America, the drinking age is 21...

Damn. Can't even make my fish and chips.

THE ONLY THING

I am so apathetic and depressed about my life right now that music is the only thing that can bring me to tears.

SATURDAY NIGHT JOURNAL

- im an overheated dancing machine!!!!
- i am having so much fun. drunk though.b
- i am sober
- that boy is reallllllllly cute
- scotch is awseom yay
- All I want in life is drugs and not-casual sex. And greatness. That too.
- I think that guy in the orange is a virgin but he won't tell me...
- Stress stress stress stress stress stress stress stress vodka? No stress anymore.
- Motto for Reading Period Fall 2011: Overworked and Underfucked.
- I just wanna win, and I'd rather chase my dreams, than to try to chase these men.
- I'm a fucking feminist and I'm wearing fucking heels and my freakum lipstick. DEAL WITH IT.
- I always come to the Street completely sober so that I can take three sleeping pills when I get back to my dorm without fear of dying.
- My life is enthusiastic consent.
- I'm so fucking drunk but I'm so fucking sober.
- Alcohol and weed, baby.

- I am not high. I have done a lot of things tonight like taken off my bra in a room full of strangers and left my credit card on a table at Frist, but I have not smoked weed!

- When your back up plan fails, go for the best friend of the back up.

GOOD LUCK TRANSLATING

This is my first time drunk texting. Good luck translating, but it'll be worth it! All singular, capital letters are names of people who have been censored. For the record, the K that F talks about is referred to as "Me" but the K that I refer to is another K, my roommate. This shall go down in infamy.

Me: omg F i lve yo lolll

F: I love drunk K. Shes really affectionate

F: Be drunk more often? :D

Me: K an di are really abd at beer pong together lol theyr playing that obcene song about windows and walls at tower i don even lnow if this is sanitary lol omg creepy black guy wait hws a bouncer omg maybe.im a christian why do i ceep saying omg i loe you

F: Can i please post these texts on tumblr so we have them forever? And cool, then you can get me into all the colonial stuff next year!

Me: i wish i had a hookup i wish i had a ciut hookup like R i really like R F im sdizzy

F: i miss your laugh :(and your smile :(the way your eyes squint when you smile too :(

Me: but i dont think im goign to thorw up. five is my limti i know this from last ltime.five i tjink i had fivfe alrayd preety sue so me vodke and wtf no music now wher is my friend K she said sjud bw here now with her feirend

F: no K you can do better than R. hes not even that cute!! No more hooking up with J? Damn i want to go out with you!!

Me: whay are you ralking about hes perfect

F: I dont see it...

Me: what and J jad a girlfrisin R dos peerfect how is hw not yoi tell me

F: What when did this happen?? I cant explain it...just a weird vibe...you deserve better!! Is he the guy youve been referring to in your posts?

Me: yes omg F i dont thinki love him gut im soa ttractwd to him and hes amazing and isl trhis somngis good

F: I just dont have a good feeling about him..but im your friend and here to support you are you gonna go for him? But dont you think the whole religion thing might be a problem

Me: you tell me why i sjouldn want to date him hes just amazing i mean vesides the oen thing but idk it might eork out and why shouldnt i. do you have a bad vibe. for yourelf of from me i mean i am god frend wit him and by golly theat boy is so special. i jusrt habent found anyuione whop compares

F: BY GOLLY?? haha wow i dont think ive ever seen you this worked up over a boy

Me: no u sear hes like the only one cause i mean hes half and evry thing and sudt swewt and K lost her prox sje is sad. i think we hsild go home now but dancing is fin omg

F: Are you dancing and texting me at the same time? Lol lets skype soon

Me: like in half an hoe?

F: lol not tonight..im already in bed. Send me more funny things though!

Me: lo i pulled a muscirole in my nexk and the alcohil makes it not hurt hayayaya why are ou in bed its so early

F: Because Im waking up early tomorrow for church. K Im starting to feel like i need a boyfriend again :(

Me: K is with tis boy and i do ttig she shold be with him omg so dizzy no clsoeing eyes or keepign stil i hope i dont throw up F i lovfe you

F: I love you too. I hope you dont throw up!

Me: tht not good you font nwws a boyfiend theya re sutpid noyl make you fele bad about yourself you do you feel like that

F: Because im lonely and i want to cuddle and have someone to talk to all night

Me: so much geer

Me: you nan cuddle wit me.ant i dont like beet bu t i had so vodka but lots of beer frm beer pong ad its os godo tjough

F: Ew beer

Me: and im talkingg to you know i like tower but i dont timk ill biker it csause i dont like bixkwer idk whether i should take K away from this boy or nt its sch a hared decisioan

F: Why would you take her away

Me: becsuade3 she sdrunk too

F: Good enough. Take her away!

Me: ol i new you would trell me eodmeotng good. i lovr uou. im hungry ivfe ppeed som any times tonight im a pees machuine.

F: Make sure to drink water so you dont dehydrate
F: I wanna go on a blind date
Me: omg bfad i dea i had to be t threw chapel choir concdert
otoerow becsaude i wesnt to see him sing nad he can seing so
well and omg i nedd water so thiesty but i pedds a ot
F: The chapel choir concert is tomorrow? You should have him
serenade you in your language...find some damn water, woman!
Me: lo i wat him to actulay he kinda has because i knnew this
song and he brought it upa nd omg i ofe that song tower bath-
rooms arent workng any more and i hae to pee again fourth tie
tioniit omg pee
F: Go into a boys bathroom lol
Me: peeeeeeeeeeeee
F: Whatever you do, dont pee on yourself
Me: no thats grossssss. katy peryis playing no califlornis girls or
somethign i rewally ahhhh peeeee
F: Omg text me back when youve peed already
Me: there ar egay guys on the couch cuddlign why cant i cuddle
toooooo
Me: more kay pery
F: Why cant i have a boyfriend :(can you tell me whats wrong
with me
Me: wait jsuda from lady gag ths setreo is stupdi
Me: nothign is wrong with yo if both you and i werew satteatced
to women i woju d dsate you
F: but we arent so i guess im just forever alone
Me: no neer you havfw me if you ever decide lesibiainism is for
you
F: at this rate it might be
F: Have you peed
Me: yes it fels fwonderfiul
F: You are wonderful
Me: why }e you up so.late
F: Talking to you?
Me: lol why inm boring
F: No you arent. You are one of the most interesting ppl i know...i
wish i could be like you
Me: no my life sucks so much lol
F: Not as much as mine!your great - trust me!

Me: lol ll K says i houdl sotp trting you. im gonna stop and go
tos lepp loe you

F: Lol ok good night..love you glad you had a fun night

Me: lovfe you

THOUGHTS DURING READING PERIOD

- * that last cup of coffee was NOT a good idea. how am i supposed to write this paper when all i want to do is jump around and hug people?
- * hunger. so much hunger. mustn't eat until one more page is written.
- * STOP PRINTING. I'M TRYING TO WRITE.
- * good looking guy in front of me is obviously an athlete. THOSE ARMS.
- * back to my paper.
- * and this is why one should't shop online during precept. i know nothing.
- * must finish paper so i can stop feeling guilty about knowing nothing.
- * my pillow pet misses me. i miss it too.
- * ten more minutes until late meal.
- * 8 more pages of this paper.
- * 5 more days until i can sleep again.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON

It is so much fun to try to figure people out from afar. Not judgement, but an attempt at inferring their life from little clues, like you're an uber-observant super-sleuth. A Sherlock Holmes of Princeton, NJ. That guy; those shoes; his facial expression; that sway as he walks; those looks he gives passersby; his sense of purpose as he walks. Who is he?



LAST NIGHT

I cheated on my boyfriend last night. Then, after it was over, I went back to my boyfriend's room and crawled into bed with him, without even showering first. I'm so disgusting.



PROFESSIONALISM

I think the doctor felt me up when he was listening to my lungs.

Actually, I know he did.

I'm a strong, independent woman. Why was I paralyzed by uncomfortable fear? Why didn't I speak up and say something? Why didn't I report him?

And why the hell do I feel so damn guilty about it all?

WHY AM I (STILL) FACEBOOK FRIENDS WITH YOU?

“Accomplishments for the evening: to bed before 3:00 (barely), came out of [Marley’s] with the exact number and gender that he went in with, and finally conquered massive wheel of Brie after 7 days. Be impressed folks.”

One of the random statuses that pops up into my feed from someone that I friended months ago but have not talked to since. You know “those” Facebook friends. The type of person you meet maybe once, and think, “Yeah, I will keep in touch with you.” Or the people you meet at those weeklong leadership conferences or camps. You are “best friends forever” for the week and then the week happens, you Facebook friend them when you get home, and then you never talk to them again.

I have a bijillion of “those” kind of Facebook friends. I should probably delete them all from my friend list. I should delete this person, too! Then I remember. This status, this particular Facebook friend, who I have not talked to for over a year, is special.

We met one weekend last year. I was visiting a friend at a neighboring college and you were there on the dance floor looking absolutely ridiculous. But you were eyeing and smiling at me—an immediate magnetic attraction. We danced. We talked. We had some drinks, exchanged numbers. You called the next day. “Want to go out?”

That night we are on the dance floor again. We went outside to get some air, walked around the block a couple of times, talking about whatever was passing through our minds.

Then, it was almost like whiplash, you pulled me in. Your lips were suddenly connected to mine.

You were my first dance with a boy, that wasn’t cotillion. You were my first drink. You were my first date. You were the first guy who asked me to “come up” to his room. You were the first guy I said “yes” to and the first guy I said “no” to. And

you were my first kiss.

We knew each for less than 48 hours. Our Internet romance was fleeting, ending shortly after I clicked the “confirm” button.

But that memory still lingers in my mind. That kiss upon my lips—I can’t forget it. So it is with a tinge of embarrassment and touch of ecstasy that I remember that kiss every time I read one of those Facebook statuses. I just can’t shake you because for a little while, for the first time, with you, I felt the beginnings of that strange and wonderful emotion called love and I think of what could have been.

So you’re my Facebook friend—a first kiss devolved into an Internet connection. You’re a virtual imprint and link to my personal history and to our collective memory. We’ll never talk about it or acknowledge it. We’ll never cross paths in life or in cyberspace again. But nonetheless the connection is still there...at least electronically. I guess that’s why I’m still “friends” with you.

PARALYZED

I can't delve into anything because I'm paralyzed by indecision most of the time.



PROBLEMS

I'm an atheist, and I think I'm falling for a Mormon.



GIVING THANKS

This Thanksgiving, I am thankful for these things:

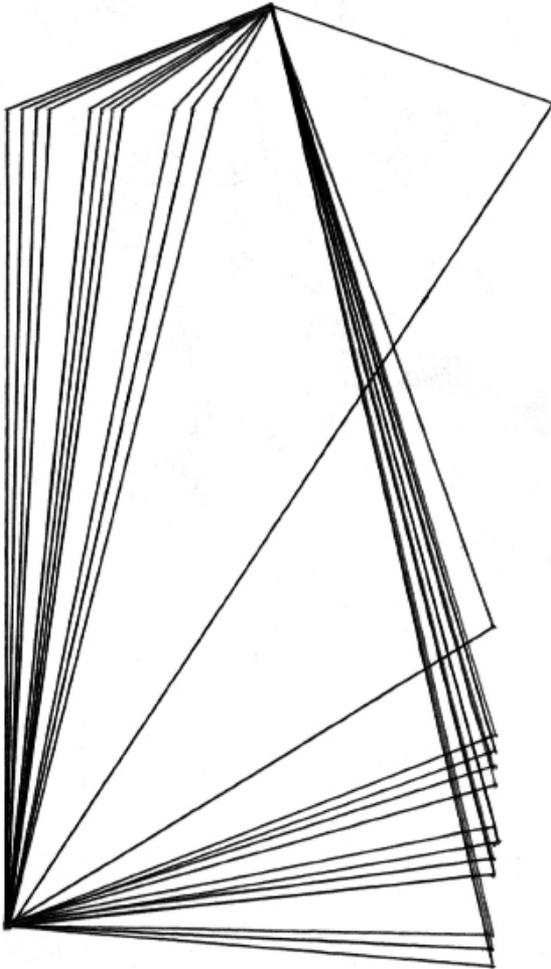
- * My family
- * That my facebook profile is more prolific and has more foot traffic than that of my pathetic nemesis's
- * That my old hook-up has restarted things and that I will now be getting sex on the regular
- * That I have finally established a connection with a famous professor and may be able to find a job through him after I graduate
- * That I have decided that grad school is not for me (and therefore will not have to study for the GREs)
- * That my high school friends still want to hang out with me
- * That I have lost some weight and so will not feel bad for gorging all of Thanksgiving break

MOTIVATION

I've been sleeping next to a pile of my clean laundry for 4 days now because I haven't built up the motivation to fold and put it away...

TIPPING POINT

Ever since you said you were an only child, I haven't been able to stop thinking about you.



MY DESCENT INTO MADNESS

I had a dream last night.

It was a dream like a film. A scene at a carnival, lights flashing, dutch angle. Three smiling boys laughing and toddling across the field, with something colorful in hand. Cotton candy? Balloons maybe. Whatever it is, it's photogenic.

Jump cut. One of the boys sits on his bed smoking a cigarette in a manner that I never would—post-coital, half-naked, patiently, any one of those things. He's staring at a wall with an intensity of facial expression that I've never had. He is contemplating something deep and meaningful.

Tracking shot as he walks to the bathroom. The young boy stands in his boxers in front of a mirror. He leans inward, widening his eyes towards his reflection, watching his pupils dilate. He tightens the muscles around his lips and bares his teeth. He wrinkles the eyes and tries again. He tries it again, this time with an outward huff of breath. He's practicing his smile. He tries again.

I've been thinking about that boy, the cheesiness of that scene, and I've been thinking about myself. I've been thinking a lot about myself. I, like the boy, feel a possessed desire to communicate with the outside world that is doomed to disappoint, not because I don't have the tools to do it but because I can't seem to ever figure out how and why I want that communication to occur. I am addicted to editing the visible version of myself, and I have a sneaking suspicion that I'm losing track of my "real" identity. In short, I think I'm having an identity crisis. Well no, that's not right either. It's not a crisis. It's a question. I'm having an identity question.

My conversations lately I can only describe as being exhaustive, emo, and self-absorbed. I find myself telling the same stories about unimportant facets of my recent life to different people, sometimes the same people with little recollection of their responses. I find myself acting outwardly stressed about things I am inwardly pretty confident about. I find myself

pompously singing my own praises to my parents whose opinions I don't care about, with the knowledge that when it comes to my family, this praise will always be a solo tune. I find myself over-tweeting and over-Facebooking, then editing both mediums ad nauseum. I find myself writing endlessly about nothing and nothing and nothing and not being able to bring pen to paper when it comes to anything useful (classes, papers, applications). I find myself actually LYING to people for no reason. LYING about really small, pointless facts for NO reason (a liberating and terrifying experiment).

The weirdest part is that I think I'm pretty candid about baring my embarrassments in this regard. For instance, I feel that I could easily say to someone that I think I have a problem with crying out for attention. In fact, the more desperately I attempt to tell myself to stop self-pitying, the more I seem to purge my insecurities to others. You know when you hear yourself say something and immediately find it repulsive but you can't seem to stop talking? This has happened to me in almost every single social context I have been a part of this semester. This needs to end. Now. After this.

Or maybe it doesn't. I've been thinking. Would keeping a diary solve this problem? Would putting myself in dialogue with myself help me to ease off my addiction? Maybe it's just me liking the sound of my own voice, or thoughts. If this were the case, then a diary would be the perfect option. I can write and write and write and there will be no perception of consequences.

There's a problem. Writing for myself is like substituting seitan for chicken wings. Like chewing gum for tobacco. I compulsively edit when I write for public mediums in ways that I never do when I write privately. I want people to read me. No wait—I don't want them to read me. But I do! But I don't. Publish, unpublish. Do I want attention? What am I doing? What do I want? Do I sound neurotic? Am I really cocky? Or am I just super insecure? Are you judging me? Am I judging me? Does anyone care? Do I care?

And that's when I hear the cynical voice of Roger Waters singing on my shoulder: Hello? Is there anybody out there? Just nod if you can hear me.

NEW PERSPECTIVE

Whatever I once thought I knew about sex was completely off. I feel transformed. I feel reborn. My legs are so wobbly it's as if I've never walked before. I can barely keep my eyes open. I'm still feeling the visceral aftershocks. Holy shit. HOLY SHIT! THIS IS SEX!

In response to: What language do you wish you spoke? Why?

French. Cuz it sounds sexy.

In response to: What's something you'd never tell your roommate?

Your xenophobia scared me back into the closet

In response to: What is your best scar? How did you get it?

When I was two, I slipped while trying to reach for a tissue-box. I hit the side of my forehead on the corner of the shelf the box was on. I remember feeling the blood running down the side of my face, and not registering what it was until I went to wash my face and the water in the sink turned red. I had to get stitches. For a long time afterward, my parents put rubber corners on the edge of all the furniture in our house, and I suppose it worked because I didn't have to get stitches again.

In response to: What planet would you be? Why?

Jupiter or Saturn because they have over 99% of the planetary mass

In response to: What are you looking forward to most at Princeton?

I'm hoping to take a class in one of the science departments that will make me want to change my major and turns me into a genius... Like Einstein... or not. I'll settle for creating one cool mathematical equation, just one...

In response to: What did you dream about last night?

I was traversing the side of a massive volcano only to get to the top and dive into the heart of it. Sinking down deeper and deeper, getting hotter and hotter, I suddenly hit a cold patch, and the volcano exploded, and I erupted into a warm, tropical ocean bay to find the prettiest of girls standing in front of me in the water. And I knew exactly who she was.

In response to: What is the best way to make a sandwich?

To ask your woman.

In response to: What is the most annoying thing in the world?

- * when people misuse “e.g.” and “i.e.”
- * when people chew really loud
- * having to sit through a terrible movie in a theater from start to finish
- * misusing statistics
- * when muggles (inferior people) speak

In response to: Name one thing you couldn’t live without and why.

The “Hookah” I just can’t imagine myself living without it!

In response to: Best/worst international travel experience?

Getting lost in Budapest w/o any money, phone, or friend in the city (got off the train at the wrong city late at night)

In response to: If you were to get a tattoo, what would it say or what would the graphic be?

This is a really thoughtful tattoo that someone else had: a barcode w/ their parents’ birthdates along the bottom as the number to show she was a product of them.

EUPHORIA

I'm happy here. I mean, really, really happy. Happier than I've ever been before!

MEDICATED

i can't function without my prozac.

ONE SHOULD NEVER HAVE A HEART

Cassowary,

Warhol was right. Sex must be the biggest nothing of all time. I don't know why people complain about giving themselves way too soon, because I don't think that sex could affect me as much as our sexless relationship has. And you know what makes me the saddest? That we were closer when we first met, and everything else has been a denial of the fact that we were set to drift apart.

You might have come a long way, and I'm happy for you, but life never let me move. There's a gap between us that can't be bridged, and I hate how you'd never admit to it because you're one of those perfect people who don't need to. It doesn't matter to you.

I'm glad that you're gone. I can live with lies—I do everyday—but I can't lie. I can't bear to see them be created. We're all replaceable, and I'm waiting for the day when I'll stop caring. I can't write poetry anyway, so what's the point of having feelings?

I'm getting there, although truth be told, only lucky people like you have finish lines and resolutions. I live on an asymptote.

Fuck you, God, fuck you.

.....

Sunfish,

It bothers me that I think about you even half as much as I do. The day we met, I remember awkwardly sitting next you on the bus, just waiting to get off.

Then God decided that I needed to spend the last half year trying to find some way to sit next to you, to the point where I took a class that I absolutely HATED. I failed, and I didn't get you either in the process.

This is no fairytale. I tried, and I failed.

How did this happen? I don't know. I don't even know you that well. I'm not one of those people who dream about the future or dwell over missed opportunities, but rest assured that I'll spend the rest of my life wondering about what could have been, and why you pulled the classiest u-turn I've ever seen.

You never made any sense to me, but you'll make someone very happy someday, and I'd like to think that I'd be happy for both of you (but in reality, I already hate him and can only wish misery for you both. There, I said it. But you've put me through enough misery that I can say this).

Fuck you too.

Cottonball,

I'm insulted that you were ever in my life. I might have mistakenly touched your hands once or twice, but I feel so dirty that I want to sit in the bathtub, scald and scrub myself so clean that I have no skin anymore.

GIMME MORE

Neither my boyfriend, nor my lover, nor my crush are texting me. Do I have to find another person to fill this hole?

NIGHTMARE

Two nights ago, I had a dream that I was a little girl again. I lived in a strange house that was really close to our neighbor's house. This neighbor was a tall, bald, Russian man who was very intimidating to look at but kind of sweet to talk to. Remember, I am five or six years old in the dream.

I walk into his house and suddenly realize that I usually spend time in this house. I see another little girl who looks familiar. We're friends. She seems beaten and worn, not just physically, but emotionally as well. The man comes home and she shudders at the sound of the door shutting. He comes into the room where we are, and the girl cowers in the corner. He tells me to come with him. That he has a present for me in his room. So I, being a naive child, go with him.

And then he rapes me.

I cry and cry and cry and cry. And I feel, even while asleep, my chest heaving and my heart twisting. It's excruciating. The little girl comes to comfort me. And I realize that she goes through the same thing every day. The feeling of being used, of being physically oppressed, and not being able to do ANYTHING about it. Of being trapped in a house, in which you know gives you a roof over your head, but for a very high price. I start sobbing not only for myself, but for the little girl who has it much worse than I do.

I decide to free this little girl from her unjust imprisonment. The man has left the house, so I go back to my own house, just five yards away. I hide for the night, hoping that the man is not doing anything to harm her.

The next day, I make sure that the man left for work before I leave my house. I go through his backyard, being careful around the guard dog and rooster (?!), and finally go through the back door.

I am surprised to find two other little blonde girls in the back room, dressed to look like dolls. They look so innocent. It didn't

look like the monster had gotten to them yet. I expect them to be little tattle-tales and call up the man, but they keep quite. I tell them that I am their friend and that I will take them home to play with me. I search all over the house for the first girl, and I eventually find her by calling her name (which escapes me). She is in a locked room in the attic. I try my hardest to bash it in, but I can't. I hear the door open, and my heart stops. The sound of dropped keys and little feet running to greet the man makes me sick.

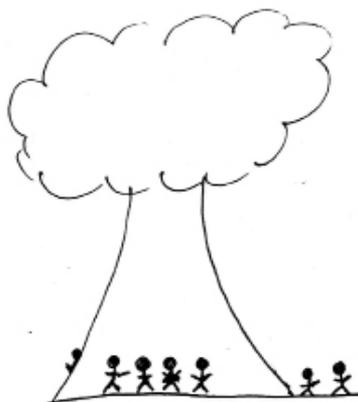
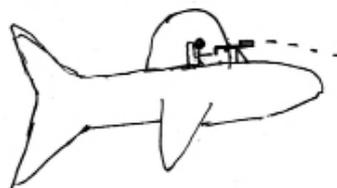
I have to get out of there. I promise the little girl that I would try again tomorrow. I'd bring a key or something to open the door. I WOULD come back for her. Sneaking back out of the house is infinitely harder than sneaking in. I wait until the three (the two girls and the man) have their backs turned to the door, and a good distance inside the foyer. I creep down the stairs and slowly open the door to make my way outside.

"Bye bye! Hope you come play with us tomorrow!" A voice comes from behind me. That is it. One of the little blondes has, perhaps accidentally, ratted me out. They only looked to be about four years old, after all. I quickly look back, only long enough to see the man whip his head around with an evil look on his face. I bolt out the door, and even though I lived so close, he is able to catch up with me and grab my arm. "Come back, let's play some more," he says while dragging me back to his house. I kick and scream all the way back.

And as soon as we cross the threshold, I wake up.

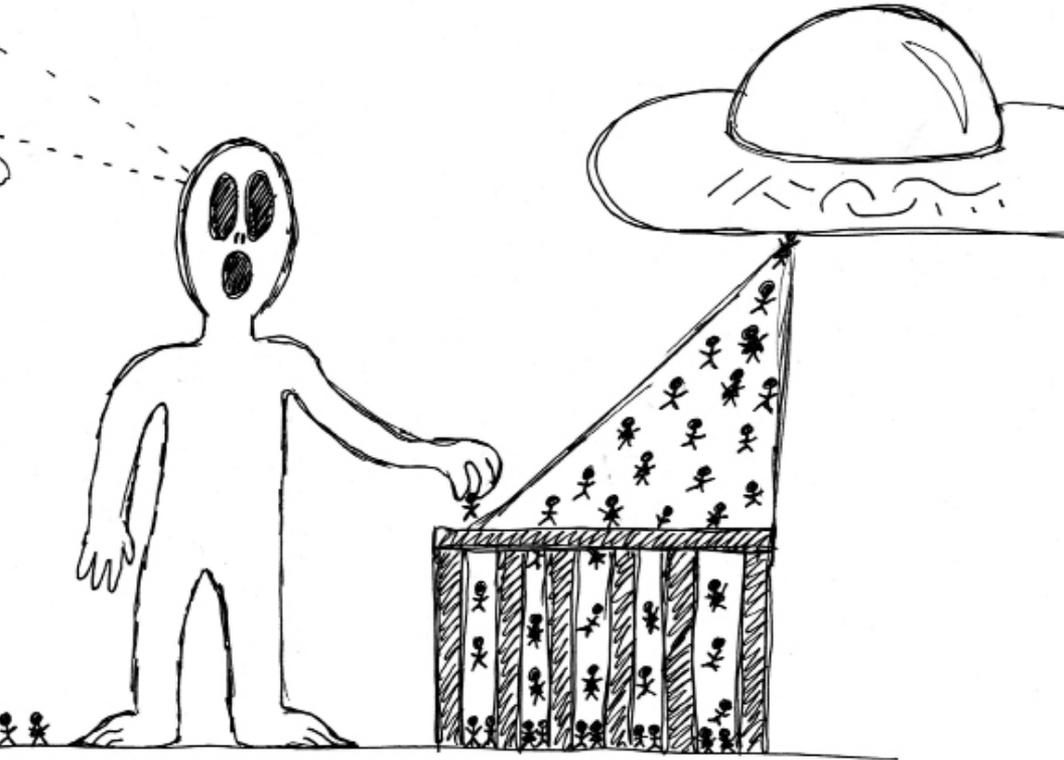
GRAND

I randomly encounter moments when I realize that everything around me is so grand. I'm nostalgic for the present to the point where I don't quite know what to do with myself. These moments come out of nowhere. I cherish them so much.



GUILTY PLEASURE

When I study in Frist I go to the McGraw Learning Center office and I pretend that I need to get a paperclip or staple something, but secretly I just want the chocolate and the highlighter pens.



STUPIDLY IN LOVE

I am stupidly in love with my boyfriend. Really. I don't understand it.

This semester is really important.

I am really busy.

I'm not good at managing my time.

But that's why I am stupidly in love with my boyfriend.

I don't understand it.

DR. JACK DANIELS

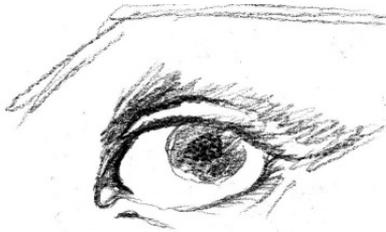
Alcohol is my therapist.

WHY WAS 6 AFRAID OF 7

I took multivariable calculus in high school. I toyed with becoming a math major. Now, three years later, I'm terrified of math. I see an equation and I squirm. I can't divide in my head, hell, I can't even add things that involve carrying in my head. My 14 year old brother called for help with his algebra homework and I couldn't do it. What the fuck has happened to me? I'm terrified of math.

WAITING

The only reason I study in the study rooms/kitchen/game room of our dorm is because I'm hoping you'll spontaneously show up to study with me. WHERE ARE YOU?



SELF-CONSCIOUS

I feel too fat to leave my room 6 out of 7 days in the week.

MY TERRITORY

Being in a foreign country for two months, and having only 12 classmates can be the best and the worst.

Best: you get to really know your friends and everyone has the same goal: not only of learning a language, but of being tolerant of everyone.

Worst: you get really sick of some people. I mean REALLY sick of them. Thankfully, it's only happened to me with one person, but SHE'S GOING TO BE IN MY MAJOR AND I CAN'T STAND IT.

I take pride in the fact that I am the only early concentrator for my major, and if that bitch messes it up, I will flip a shit.

And I'm angry that she is taking ANOTHER class with me and my absolute favorite teacher (and first JP advisor wheeee!!). No. He's mine. All. Mine. Go find your own professor to idolize. Go find your own MAJOR for christ's sake. I assure you, you'd find solace in something else. NOT IN MY PASSION.

Also, she touched my violin today. Bitch.

ALMOST ALONE

i'm trying to find a way to ditch my friends. they are entirely too judgmental and negative. however, if i succeed, i will no longer have any friends.

IF ONLY

i wish you could understand how sorry i am, how confused i still feel, and how much i hate the way things are between us now.

if only you knew how many times i wrote you letters i never gave you in which i sometimes pleaded for friendship and sometimes asked for a second chance at what could have possibly have been.

i just wish things were different.

AFTERTHOUGHT

One of you was passing out her questions last night. I forgot to give mine back.

The question was: What is something you'd never tell someone in person?

My answer: Once, you raped me and got away with it. Now, I pleasure your ex-girlfriend Every. Single. Day. and make her happier than you ever did. Who's the better "man" now?



IF THIS WERE YOUR LAST DAY ON EARTH...

- * if it were my last day on earth, i would tell everyone what i thought of them. the truth, not just what they wanted to hear. however, i'd spend the majority of my time with my family and a few best friends. i'd make sure that they knew that i loved them very very very very very much.
- * If it were my last day on Earth, I would go to church (just in case), sleep with the ridiculously good looking asshole down my hall and not feel guilty about being shallow (because it's the last day on Earth so I'm entitled), and burn my resume.
- * Get married, have unprotected sex, go skinny dipping in the Woody Woo fountain, eat an entire pizza and drink champagne from the bottle until the lights went out.
- * I would spend it at an all-you-can-eat buffet with my friends and family. And then we would all cuddle.
- * I would get a tattoo and cry.
- * Go bungee-jumping, sky-diving, bull-fighting, and drink until I forgot that this day would be my last.
- * I would forgive you for everything.
- * If it were the last day on Earth, I would panic.

**THE PUBLIC
JOURNAL.**

WHO WE ARE

Princeton's Public Journal is not the place for fiction, sparkling wit, or poetry; it is a whimsical megaphone for the secrets, desires, reflections and obsessions that we all repress and hide. A vehicle of intimacies, the *PJ* frees the writer and touches the reader. In an audacious and tender gesture, it invites the reassuring realization that we are not alone. With the exception of the occasional grammatical fix-up, *The Public Journal's* editors do not edit or in any way alter the anonymous submissions from students. Everything you read is real material from real students. So bring it on! Free yourself! Tell us all of those thoughts left unsaid, all of those wonderful, tragic and anxious moments of your lives so far.

HOW WE WORK

We don't kiss and tell. Only the Editor-in-Chief will ever know who's contributed, and that's a secret that never gets told. Each edition, we list our contributors at the front of the book, but if you don't want to be listed, you can just let us know.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?

We are looking for talented, creative, engaged people (just like yourself) to write, draw and edit for the Public Journal. We encourage anyone and everyone to get in touch. Plus, we're always looking for new friends...

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