

**Spring
2010**

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Greetings Public!

Here's your journal—part two.

The strange drawings you see throughout this issue are exquisite corpses: three people, three parts, joined to create something new. A childhood favorite, this game is both an individual and collective endeavor, in which each person's unique contribution is combined to form something remarkable.

The *PJ* works the same way. It collects a random jumble of thoughts and emotions and somehow transforms them into a semi-coherent whole. Of course, you never really know what it all means, but I guess that's why it's so pleasurable. Each piece in this issue is wonderful in and of itself. All we've done is bring them together.

Enjoy!

– Will.

P.S. If any of you are into stocks, from what I've seen here, it looks like the time to invest in vibrators is now.

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From: ANONYMOUS@anonymous.com
Subject: TPJ Entry
Date: March 11, 2010 4:43:00 AM EST
To: pj@PRINCETON.EDU

From the content of your fall issue I judge you seem to be a renamed version of the rants and raves column of craigslist. Why don't you do something more productive with your life? If you have steam, talk with your friends. How someone pisses or jerks off, is that what your idea of a journal has to come to? This place is getting filled with Idiots! (with a capital "I") and the mass in here is getting fed with crap and more crap. I don't understand you people. Why add to it? This is plain foolishness.

IT'S CALLED...SHIT, I DON'T HAVE A TITLE

I was wearing a costume with a tail. A boy walked by with a similar costume, gave me a high five, shouted and then became quite serious, patted me on the back and said, “your costume is really quite good,” and for a moment I was overwhelmed by a feeling of sincere satisfaction because I had in fact made my costume by hand and I thought it very kind of this boy (who had, to be quite honest, a rather haphazardly stitched-together thing hanging over his body like a fleece trash bag) to go out of his way to compliment me on mine. So I said to him, “and yours as well,” because I thought that was the appropriate thing to say.

And he was walking with a girl at the time so I assumed he would continue walking, and I was walking towards a girl and I didn't want to be constrained and made tardy by an actual conversation, but this boy, he stopped then and lingered. He lingered there and kept looking me over with these brown eyes that looked like he had rubbed mud on his face and he said, “you're just saying that, you think your costume is better than mine, don't you?” And now I was quite taken aback, and I had one foot still moving towards the girl I was to meet and so half of me was being awkwardly pulled away from this boy, who at a glance shared my likeness but really didn't at all, and then he did an odd thing and stooped down and picked up my tail and he said, “it's this tail, isn't it? You think you look better than me because of this tail? The tail doesn't make the beast, you know.”

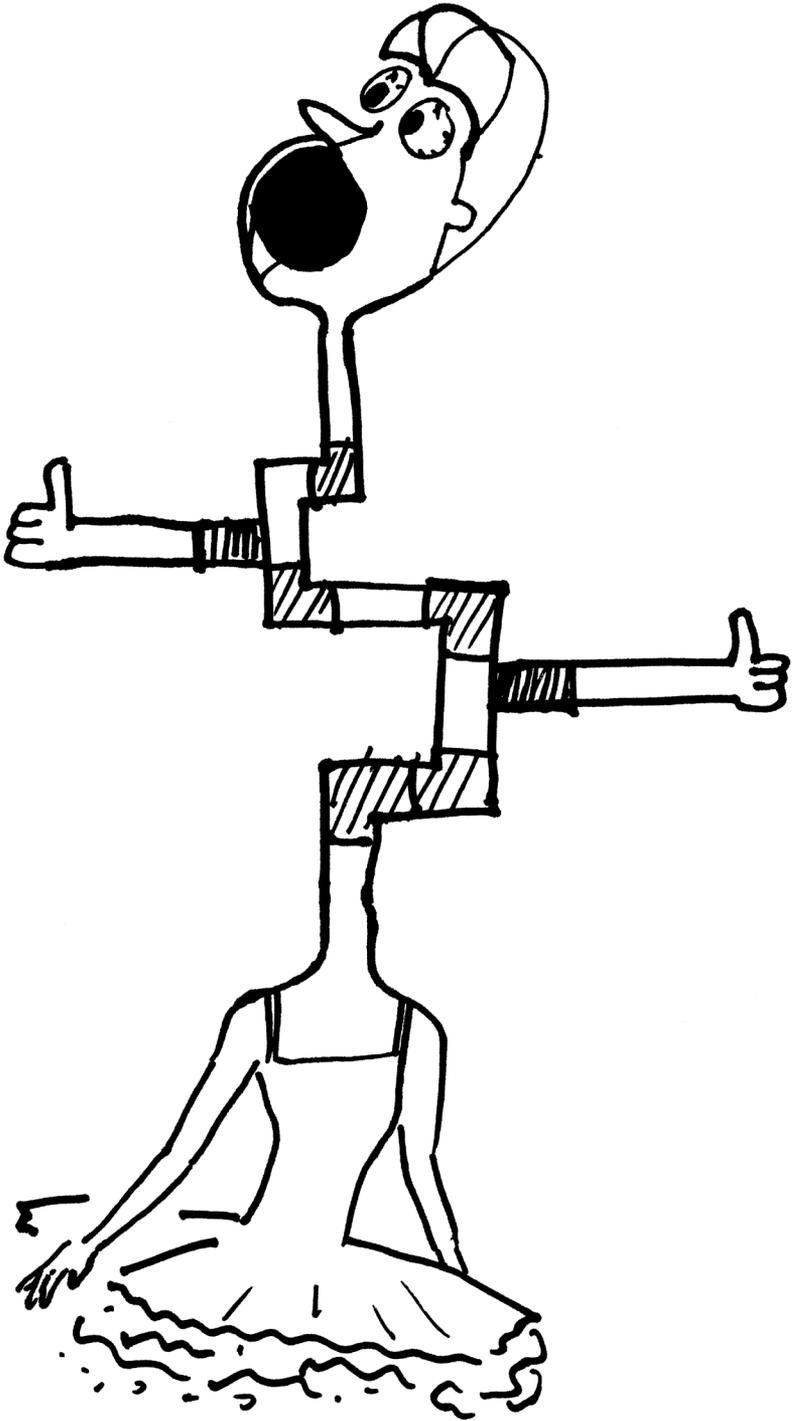
And then my other foot stopped moving and I very nearly forgot about the girl who I had been thinking about for quite some time, but she lingered there too, in my mind, but this boy moved to the forefront and I said to him quite simply, “it's not the tail, it's the stitching,” and then I gave the most violent pull on the root of my own tail to show him that it remained very much attached to me, like it actually blossomed from the flesh of my costume, like it was one with me, and then I gave just a subtle pull of his own and it fell off into my hands.

And I looked at him and his head was down, looking at where his tail had been, and the girl who had been with him was gone now, and I felt badly for a moment, but then I remembered the girl that I had been thinking about for a long time, and I didn't want to be late, so I dropped his tail and it unfortunately drifted like a bit of paper into a pool of spilt beer, and I said I was sorry and then bounded off on my way.

SATURDAY NIGHT JOURNAL

- ⊙ I don't wish I could fly, because I would crash.
- ⊙ I'm trying not to think.
- ⊙ I like having a purpose to the night that isn't just to find someone to hook up with.
- ⊙ Freshman formals sucked. Why is no one out tonight? I'm not even drunk =(which makes this night so much less fun. Plus I really miss this guy too and we're not dating. Boys suck. We're at Tower. I'm in a corner. Okay, goodnight world.
- ⊙ I'm bored!
- ⊙ To be free from yourself, you must be completely by yourself.
- ⊙ Find the perfect girl.
- ⊙ It's too early to be out. The school should not have formals with bad bands. I hope to end this mediocre night on a good note.
- ⊙ I'm worried about my COS assignment.
- ⊙ "It would be nice to have a blowjob...x4 from your mom."
– Blink-182
- ⊙ Sometimes I wish I were more dramatic, or freaked out more often so I could see who my real friends are. You really know who your friends are when you're a mess.
- ⊙ I am drunk as a mule that ate 36 fermented rotten apples.
- ⊙ I want this night to be fun, I want to meet people and I have the feeling that a lot of people will be hungover!
- ⊙ I'm so sweaty. It's loose you so HOT.
- ⊙ Where is Andrew? I have pretty handwriting. I like this song. I have to go.
- ⊙ We get to toast velociraptor awareness day!
- ⊙ That and not drowning my sorrows in alcohol! Whee! But rlyz I just wanna DANCE the night away.
- ⊙ Thou shalt avenge thee fallen of alcoholism.
- ⊙ I need to remember to take my birth control.
- ⊙ Being a lightweight saves \$, like a rechargeable vibrator.
- ⊙ I find "disturbia" quite tantalizing.
- ⊙ This dance floor is kind of dead.

- ⊙ I'm fucking li [sic] being Princeton Revel loves NO more!
- ⊙ I hate flickering lights.
- ⊙ Not everyone is friendly.



ONE NIGHT STAND

How's this for bad...

You finally meet a guy you like, and, after spending a good amount of time convincing yourself that he's not into you, he somehow, by some crazy strike of luck, makes a move and you head back home together. And then, when you think you're going to get laid (after a good couple of months without, I might add), you can't even get it up. Tragic.

And you know what makes it even worse? When you send the guy a friend request—you know, to fix any awkwardness—and he ignores you.

Great.

THE THINGS I CARRY

- ⊙ Burt's Bees lip balm
- ⊙ Cell phone
- ⊙ Cell phone charms (all for luck)
- ⊙ Cell phone numbers (missing one)
- ⊙ Wallet (fat with coins, save the state quarters for the map in my room)
- ⊙ Tissues
- ⊙ Allergy pills
- ⊙ Bottled water (tap tastes different)
- ⊙ Shot glass (never washed)
- ⊙ That night at the frat party
- ⊙ The morning after on the train back home
- ⊙ The bruise on my chest that I lied to my mother about
- ⊙ The bruise on my thigh that no one knows about
- ⊙ Sex tips from Cosmopolitan magazines

THEATERS

So they tell me that to act you need to know people, get your foot in the door. Be part of the group, so to speak. It's funny, because I don't want to be a professional. I just want to be an actor at Princeton. On the stage, by the stage, under the frigg'in' stage. Hell, I'll even do lights. No, actually, I won't because I want to be seen.

So what's the big deal? I should just down some cheap, diluted beer and make friends, right? Right. I'm not that desperate for alcohol, you know. I won't drink anything just because it's there and that's all college has to offer. Yeah, I won't go to the clubs for a lark. Watching people eat each other's faces off on the dance floor isn't my kind of fun.

Back to the auditions. My hands tremble and I feel like retching because I don't know if what they say is true. But if I don't get this, then what will I do after my ridiculously early dinnertime? I speak, and fail to impress. Fool, they think. Who is this person we don't know? Smile, smile. When I receive the condescending email of rejection, I stuff my face with my nonexistent secret stash of Belgian chocolates. Pathetic, eh?

I spend the rest of the night remembering my grade school theatrical successes. I know I don't suck. Oh, I have a healthy amount of dramatic self-doubt. But given the chance...

Fuck, isn't college supposed to be fun?

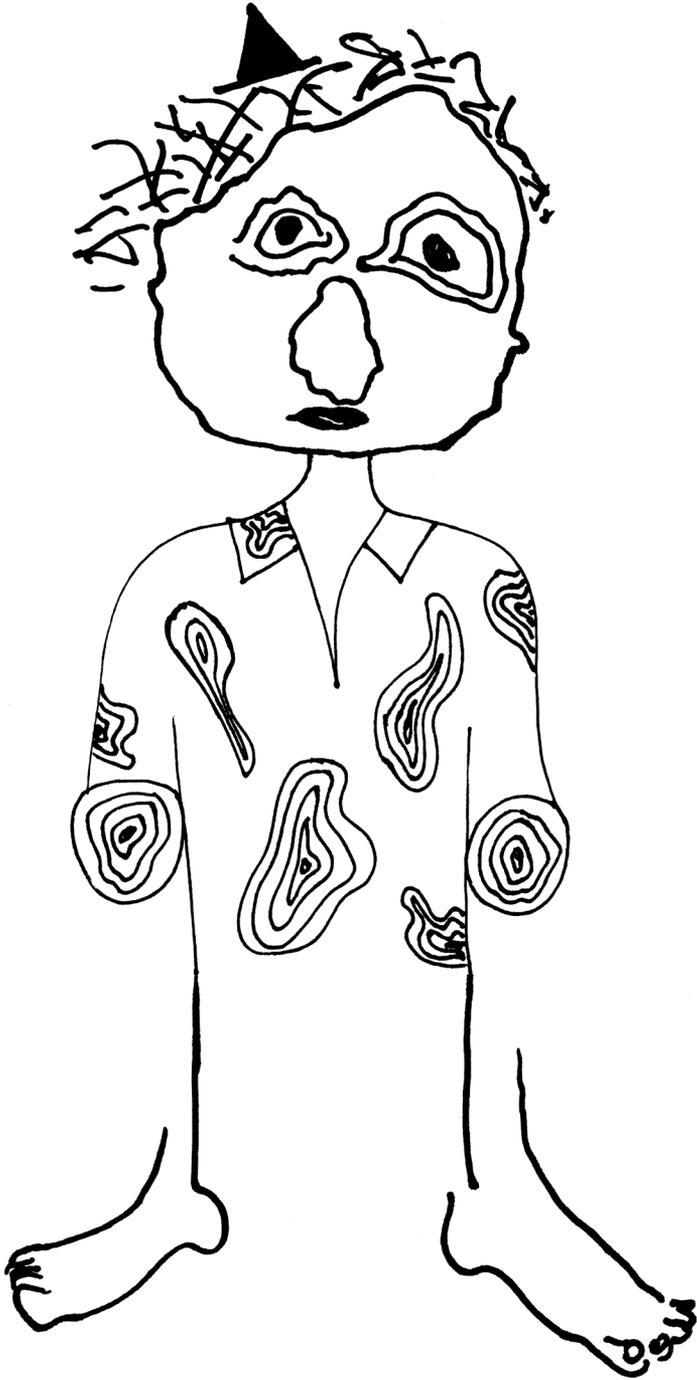
DREAM LOG

7/15/08

I had a dream that I was dating Carl, but then I remembered that he had a girlfriend and then he disappeared right before I was going to confront him.

5/5/04

I dreamed I was riding around a vineyard on horseback, both in- and outdoors, looking for Jolly Ranchers hidden in unexpected places. With Alexander Hamilton.



CONFESSIONS 1

- ⊙ I'm sorry I keep scaring you away. I'm sorry you keep coming back. (One of these is a lie.)
- ⊙ I am happy two days a week.
- ⊙ I am afraid of professors.
- ⊙ I borrowed my roommate's clothes, right down to the lacy bra.
- ⊙ Whenever I pass a reception on campus, I eat the cheese and crackers. Especially when nobody's looking.
- ⊙ I dreamed that I was unicycling down a pyramid and couldn't stop. It was the most scared I've ever been.
- ⊙ I'm a senior and I've tried paid online dating websites. None have worked so far.
- ⊙ Everyone at Princeton is a tool. It stresses me out because I don't think I'm nearly toolish enough to succeed here.
- ⊙ I only pretend to have morals.
- ⊙ I like to have six or seven crushes at a time so that I'm almost guaranteed to see one of them whenever I walk around the campus; I always walk a little bouncier afterwards.
- ⊙ I knocked my roommate's Listerine over into the toilet, filled with piss, at 3 am. I never told him. That was two weeks ago and more Listerine is gone each day.
- ⊙ I think that I could never explain myself well enough to make sense to you.
- ⊙ For a while, I had issues with my profile. I tried to hide it from the public by only looking straight at people, but they had me surrounded. You can only look straight at so many people at once.
- ⊙ I have a tramp stamp of my own name in Aramaic.

BLACK BOX

We have a messy history and it keeps getting messier. I don't understand you. I don't know what you're thinking or why you do the things you do or what all of this means. So I ran into you and things happened. So what? A few stolen kisses, a couple of nights...it's meaningful, it's something, but is it enough? I don't dare ask myself this question but here it is, finally. I'd ask for more but I'm too scared.

VOLUME

So I bought a vibrator online the other day, and it promised it would be quiet. That was the Google search—"silent vibrator." The walls of my dorm are thin; I know this because I can always hear the annoying laugh of the girl next door, or the other girl on the other side that always sings Disney songs. I can't have everyone in my hall hearing me do my business. I'm already on thin ice because my area habitually smells like pot. I don't need any more attention. Before I bought the new vibe I was using my electric toothbrush. Don't worry, I have two brush heads—one for teeth, one for clit area. But that thing is loud! I'd have to put my blow dryer and music on full blast. Anyway, I opened the new vibrator, tried it, and it sucked. Apparently quietness is directly related to powerlessness.

FOUR STRANGERS I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH

1. Boy with bike crossing the street. I'd always seen the bike, but never the boy. I didn't see either afterwards.
2. Guy with striped pants playing acoustic guitar on the train at night.
- 3 + 4. Red-haired woman sitting with little blond son by the sunny window, also on the train, perfect companions.



PROBABLY NOT

I've spent the last two years trying to convince myself that I like Princeton, and that the stereotypes are unfair; I wake up every day with less and less energy to convince myself of this...Am I the only one who feels like this?

CREEP

I guess I'll talk first.

I'm sorry for being a creeper. I'm apologizing for mostly selfish reasons, I guess, even though I still don't think what I did was that weird. I'm only writing this because a guy I know (the one who reminds me of a salamander) has randomly started sending me messages on Facebook insisting that we "chill," and I'm starting to get a little annoyed/creeped out because I have no intention of ever "chilling with him/hitting him up"/engaging in any sort of social activities with him voluntarily. Every time he writes to me I am so close to responding with something along the lines of LEAVE ME ALONE I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU CAN'T YOU GET THE HINT. But two things restrain me: (a) my upbringing, during which I learned "being polite is always right" and (b) the fact that I, on New Year's Day, did the same thing to you. Sort of. It was only one time. And I didn't insist that we "chill" or anything. Even so, it's left me with a terrible feeling, and I wouldn't want to pass it on to anyone else.

I never imagined things would turn out like this. A few months ago you were just some guy who sat in the back of my math class. We were comfortable acquaintances. Outside of class we'd exchange the friendly nod/smile/say-hello (which is sort of a big deal around here as far as I can tell, since most students are too scared to even breathe in your general direction when you pass them on the sidewalk). We weren't really friends, but for some reason I felt like I understood you so well. You reminded me of myself in so many ways. You were quiet. You were mostly by yourself when I saw you. You seemed detached. You just seemed different. I don't really know how to describe it.

Then, on New Year's Eve, I had a dream. It wasn't really about you, I guess. In my dream, I was in my room at home. Everything was exactly as it was when I had fallen asleep—I was even still in bed—but the lights were on. I was listening to music, and my favorite song started to play. The tune made me feel warm, like

it always did. Then, out of nowhere, I thought of you. And for whatever reason I got the idea that you would like this song too. When I woke up I decided that I had to tell you about it.

And there was the problem: I barely knew you. I'd never really talked to you. I didn't even know what kind of music you liked. Why would you want to hear about my dreams? Wouldn't it be creepy to tell someone you barely knew you'd been dreaming about them? This was going to be weird. I asked some of my friends if it would be okay. They didn't see any harm in telling you. To make sure, I even consulted the I Ching for the first time ever. (Weird.) I got this:

15. CH'IEN—MODESTY. "A superior man modest about his modesty may cross the great water. Good fortune."

Wonderfully ambiguous. Strangely appropriate. I was nervous. In the back of my mind I knew this would be the wrong thing to do, but I figured it couldn't go wrong. After all, it was only a Facebook message. So I dared to cross the great water. I told you. Modestly, of course. I opened and closed my message with awkward apologies. As soon as I pressed "send" though, a feeling of regret puddled in my stomach. I was sure I'd succeeded in making our already tenuous relationship irrevocably awkward. What a way to start the new year. But I couldn't take it back then, so I just tried to forget about it.

I couldn't forget, of course. I imagined what you'd write back, to thank me for telling you about the song. Or maybe you wouldn't even write back; you'd see me at school and we'd pass each other and smile and say hi, but you and I would both know that it was the best song you'd ever heard. Maybe you'd write back telling me, surprise, that band just so happened to be a favorite of yours. We'd become music friends.

We'd do all the geeky stuff like trading mixtapes and going to



concerts in New York. We'd waste too much time driving around just to listen to music, and—this is my favorite part—on the last day of summer we'd be barreling down Taconic State Parkway as the tips of the leaves began to turn orange, and the sounds of Boards of Canada would fill the car as we peaked over a hill to see a vista of the Catskills unroll before us. Goosebumps would bristle on the backs of both our arms.

I did forget the part where I had to go back to school and actually risk crossing paths with you. The first day was safe—I didn't see you. But the second day we passed each other. This time there was no nodding or smiling or saying hello. You just stared at me. What would have been a typical one-second exchange was muted with two seconds of squirmy, hollow staring jammed into it. I thought it was a fluke, but it happened again the next day. And again when we sat near each other in the library later that week. And again when you were playing ping-pong a couple of weeks after that. Pretty soon there wasn't even any staring. Our lines of vision would knock against each other clumsily and skid away. And then there was the time when you saw me coming down the sidewalk and hastily decided to take another path. Do you know what that felt like? It was like being punched in the sternum.

Maybe I'm too imaginative. Perhaps I'd just like to think that this "awkward" behavior is a result of what I did, and maybe it's not even that big of a deal. It could be that we've just turned into normal Princeton students, afraid to make eye contact or say anything to each other in passing, but I don't think so. Things like that don't happen all of a sudden, without cause.

And you know something? This was the first time in nineteen years that I actually felt bad about being socially awkward. I had always been the weird one in school, and I was okay with that. (Like one kid in my sixth grade class told me, "I was pretty cool for a nerd.") I always thought my disregard for certain "normal" things was good since being weird had done nothing but good things for me before.

And after I wrote to you I expected things to be no different. I waited patiently every day for you to respond, and only after I

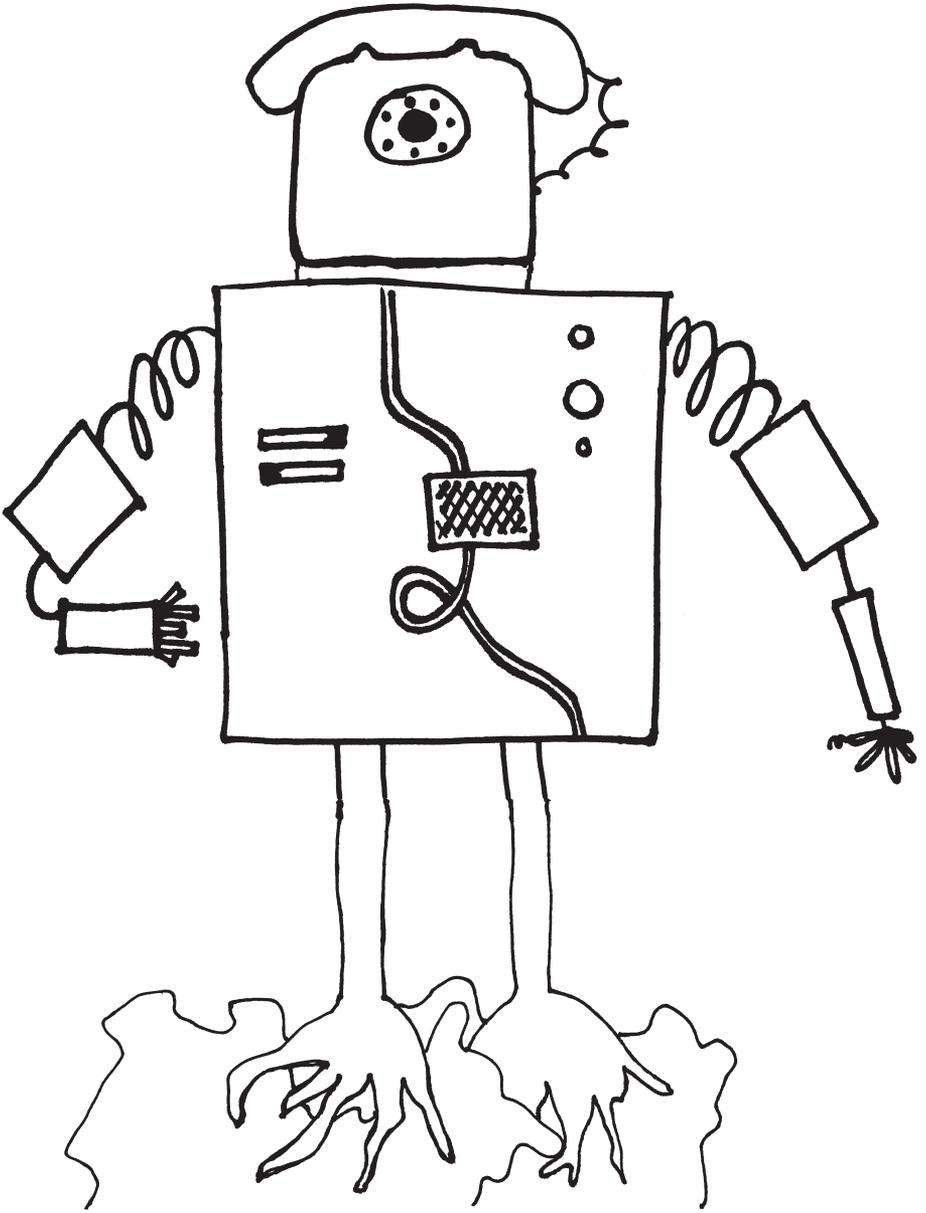
realized, quite painfully, that you weren't going to write back, much less talk to me face-to-face, I felt embarrassed. But only after I had been Facebook-stalked, after I started getting the irritating out-of-the-blue messages from the weird guy I didn't want to talk to, did I realize that telling certain things to people you barely know—specifically that you had dreamed about both them and your favorite song, which was pretty weird in itself—is not the best idea. So it's entirely my fault that things are weird. I'm sorry.

VERGE

I still remember the day I met you. It was an afternoon in early September and it was too hot to walk home. I'd called a friend for a ride and perched on the low wall bordering the high school and the street, I was absorbed in a book when her raised voice called from the car—she leaned around you to wave through the open window.

So I didn't even notice the first time you came within five feet of me, didn't even see you coming at all. I got into and out of the car having exchanged barely a word with you beyond the usual colorless introductions. I hardly suspected I'd spend the next two and a half years spending every spare thought on you—performing a kind of obsessive exegesis on every message you ever sent me, every word you ever spoke and every word you didn't speak; interpreting your silences, or the way you'd lean in and touch me or hug me. I'd measure the heat of your skin as it burned next to mine, even as you'd face me and I'd pretend not to notice when the outside of my knee touched the inside of your thigh.

And I still wonder what you meant by that night in July, when so close nearby I could feel your silhouette breathing. In the close summer darkness it weighed heavy on my tongue—the intention in the air—a foreign flavor I imagined might be some semblance of you. What did you want from me? What did I want from you? That night in your living room with honeysuckle in the air.

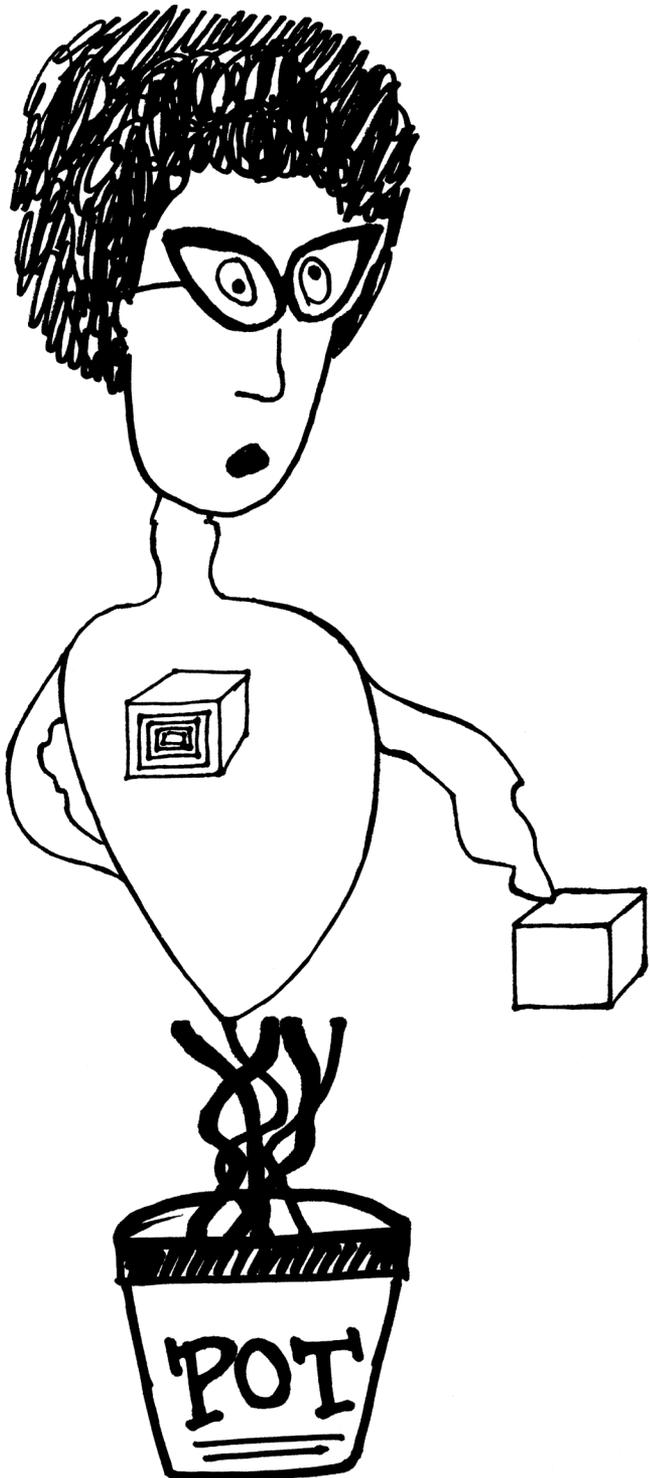


SHIVERS

Seriously, sometimes the loneliness penetrates deep down to your bones, and you ache for the warmth of someone else's tender, loving, supportive embrace. It's only hope and that quasi-rational voice in the back of your head that allows you to hold out.

DOXYLAMINE SUCCINATE

I had some crazy Nyquil-induced dreams the other night. A bit of a blur but there was Eminem chillin against the wall with my secret crush; a dear friend from home wandering around the party, completely mute and dressed as an African queen; some strange SWAT team-esque men regulating everything, and a sea of faces I cannot remember enough to identify—hung out on the balcony of a modern high rise building, which was at the same time a ship rocking back and forth in some pretty heavy waves. I have since been contemplating a switch to Tylenol PM.



TUESDAY

10:00 AM: Wake up refreshed and excited for a fulfilling day of college.

10:05 AM: Become aware of sore throat. Take two Advil.

10:23 AM: Step into shower.

10:55 AM: Realize shower went too long, and that I will now have to book it to lecture. Can I finish a cigarette in time beforehand? Decide that I can.

11:04 AM: Stamp out cigarette and roll into McCosh 4 minutes late.

1:20 PM: Go to precept ten minutes early in hopes of talking to girl in the section that meets before mine.

1:26 PM: No sign of girl. Feel angry and cheated throughout 50 minute class. Wish I had done the reading beforehand. Or eaten lunch.

2:30 PM: Attend another lecture. Tear out of the auditorium at the end to avoid talking to the professor—my thesis advisor—about all the books I haven't read for my thesis.

3:21 PM: Pause outside McCosh to light cigarette.

3:21:20 PM: Notice professor right next to me, engaged in scholarly discourse with a much less jaded underclassman. Resolve to bolt before he sees me.

3:25 PM: Made it. Pour cup of coffee and read the week's "Annals of Science" at eating club.

3:50 PM: Bask in the satisfaction that I have learned a great deal about flavor chemistry. Take a moment to fantasize about how I will work this new knowledge into cocktail party conversations with intelligent (but not too intelligent) young women eight years in the future, provided my trust fund matures before I do.

3:51 PM: Sore throat returns. Wash down another two Advil with now-lukewarm coffee.

5:30 PM: Go to dinner early. Girl I tried to talk to earlier always goes to dinner early.

5:45 PM: She appears! Nonchalantly walk to the bathroom to remind myself how good I look.

5:57 PM: I do look pretty good! Unfortunately, girl has left dinner in the interim.

7:31 PM: Sit drinking coffee as I compulsively refresh Gawker on my Blackberry. Will girl to come back for a tea or some shit.

7:32 PM: Girl returns for a fruit! Have a delightful ten minute conversation about theater, black squirrels, and Bent Spoon. Agree to meet her for breakfast the next day. At eight. In the fucking morning.

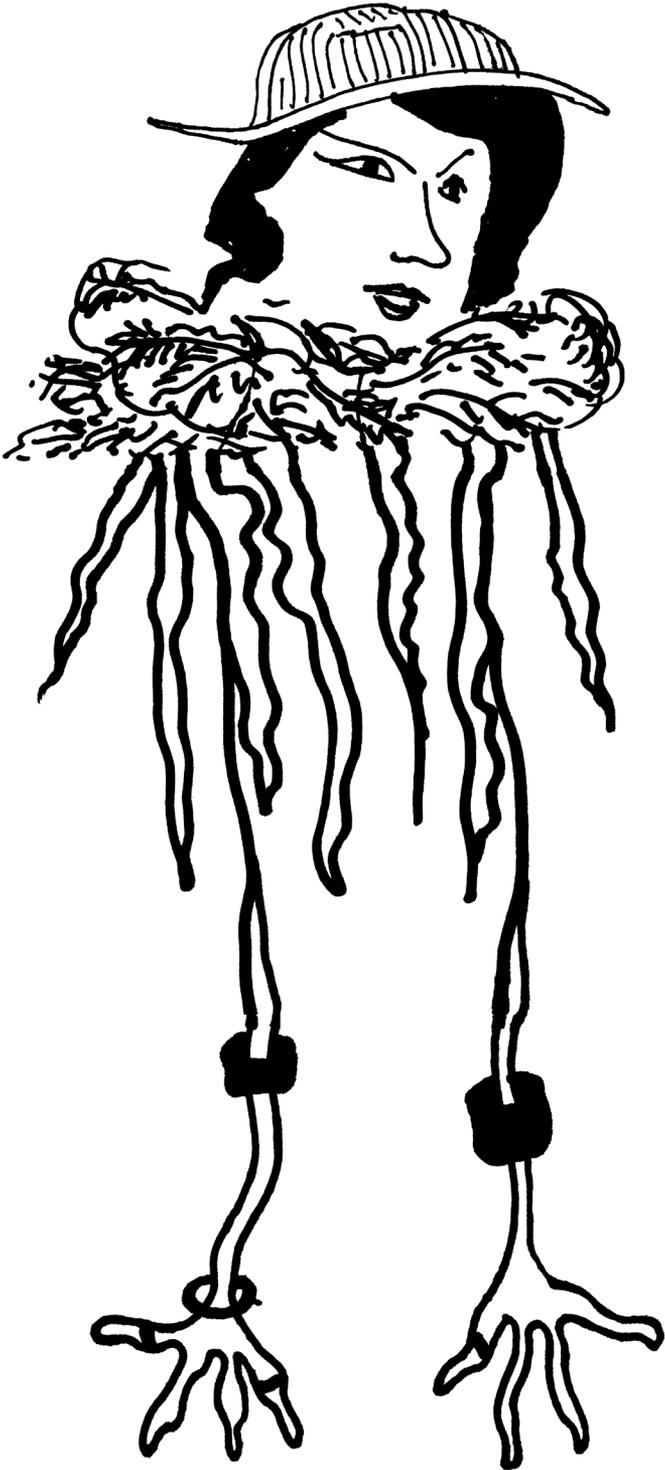
9:16 PM: Try to pitch my department to freshmen at residential college major fair. Actively suppress visible signs of my eagerness and/or desperation.

9:50 PM: Become increasingly exasperated with the lack of interest in my major. Resist urge to stroll over to the Woody Woo section and flip their table over.

10:42 PM: Random dude finally drags his pimply-ass self over to my area and takes a seat. Tell him my department is full, and that he should have come by earlier.

2:32 AM: Set alarm for 7:15AM. Consider viewing internet pornography for a few minutes, but decide against the idea given the hassle of pulling down the blinds.

11:46 AM: Wake up to snooze iteration #54.



ADVANCED IMAGE SEARCH

There is a document on my computer titled 115. Inside are ten pictures of cute boys I found on Google Images. 115 is my goal weight, the pictures are my incentive.

UNDER THE BIG TOP

My classes are not right. My life is out of whack.

Balancing. That's always the resilient motto to adopt. Surely I can make tweaks, readjust habits and such. Life moves on. Better to sleep and forget this transient nightmare.

Succeeding. At what? It's what I want, but at what? For whom? Can I succeed all alone, and do I want to?

Starting with gerunds is a silly trend to continue.

So stop. Yes, stopping, something needs to be stopped, something has to give. My attention is scarce; most of my Firefox bookmarks endure neglect. My folders banish my ideas.

Sex. Oh, now I have your attention? Well, I have a friend I think I'll be meeting over Spring Break...she calls it dating. Well, we are close.

What is life when I have too much? It's freedom's fault, privilege's fault. Anomie ensues because we are not pre-programmed for Eden. The Blind Programmer doesn't play nice with my aspirations, or yours. We're waging a war against our neuromodulators.

I call myself creative, and here's my most grandiose output. What a resume-booster this is. Fawn away, employers. Ah, I've hit a sore. It oozes the puss of social perceptions. I need just enough social pressure. Friends to earn, teachers to impress, contacts to "network"...and girls to swoon? Wikipedia says that schizoid personalities sometimes prefer to masturbate frequently to avoid interaction and its burdens. But I'm a social animal. My inner life is too blank to fill me. If I'm broken, what do I fix?

I'll start by writing that damn paper. Je ne voulais pas jamais

vraiment pratiquer mon français, mais maintenant je n'ai plus le choix. Dommage. (I don't even know if that's correct. At least that "that" won't get graded.)

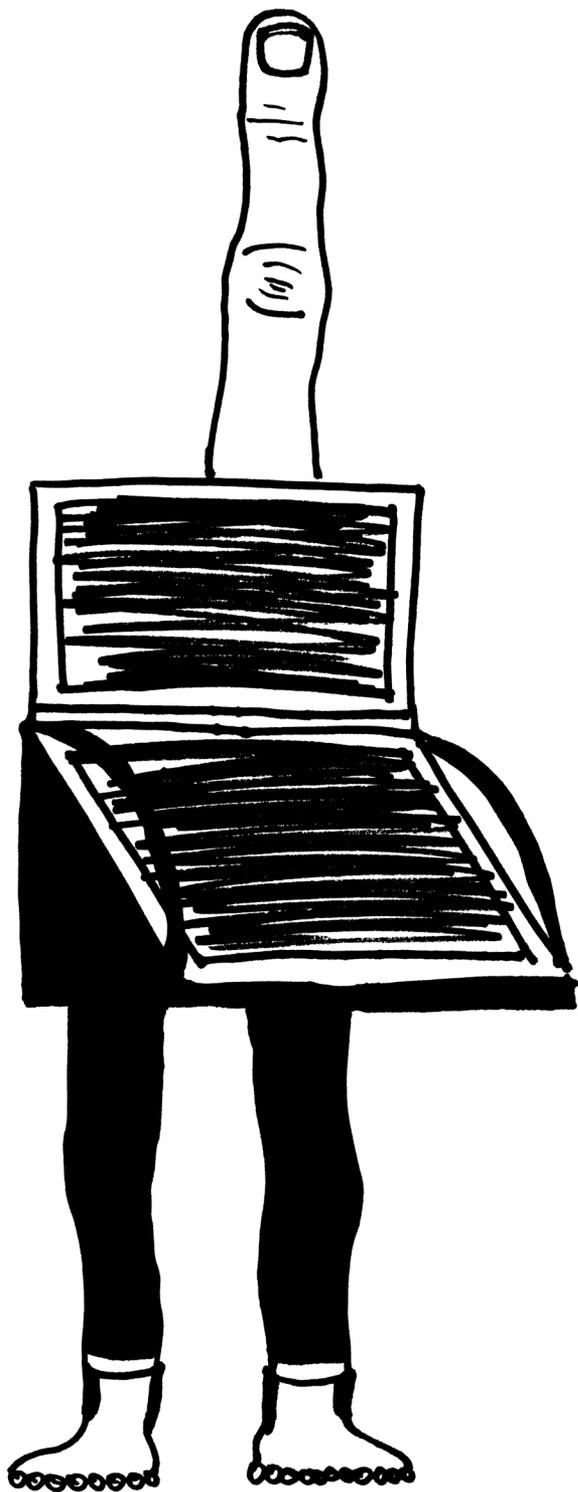
Oh, and computers. I sure wish they came naturally. As in, motivated me intrinsically or made me feel talented. Meh, perhaps feeling talented is overrated.

All in a minute's thinking, courtesy of someone you probably don't really know.

Curtsy.

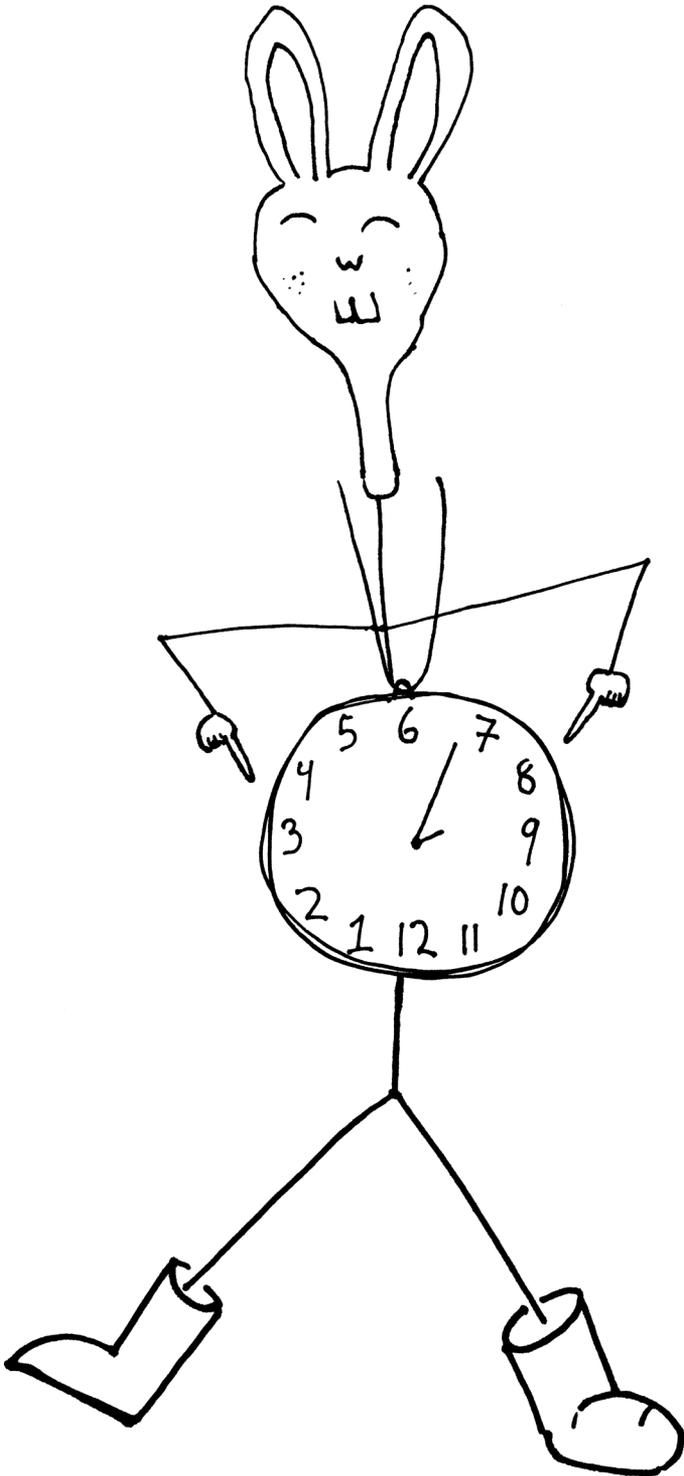
TEN WAYS IN WHICH WRITING A THESIS IS LIKE BEING PREGNANT
(not that I know much about that)

- ❶ It lasts nine months and has a due date.
- ❷ In the early stages, not much has changed, although you do get panic attacks and/or bouts of nausea as you contemplate whether you'll actually be able to do this.
- ❸ Most people have a partner to work with and complain to. While this person can't actually do the work for you, bitching to them makes you feel better.
- ❹ You progressively gain weight as the due date approaches.
- ❺ You become progressively more emotional as the due date approaches.
- ❻ You find yourself less able to sleep at night.
- ❼ You take frequent bathroom breaks.
- ❽ The final days of delivery are extremely painful, as they require staying awake and exerting extreme effort for long periods of time.
- ❾ If you're a narcissist, you'll post pictures of it on Facebook after it's all done.
- ❿ When you've finally delivered it, you get to smoke pot and drink booze again.



WRISTS

I fell in love with you in seventh grade, in jellyknee wetpalm dizzyforehead love. In love with your wrists, your eyelashes, your thumbs hooked to your backpack straps. In love with you playing violin, you playing soccer. In love with your double-checked answers. In love with how you were the last kid to finish every test—so in love that I started finishing my tests last too. Thank you, boy with beautiful wrists. I hope all other things just take time as well.



SOME OVERDUE THANK-YOUS

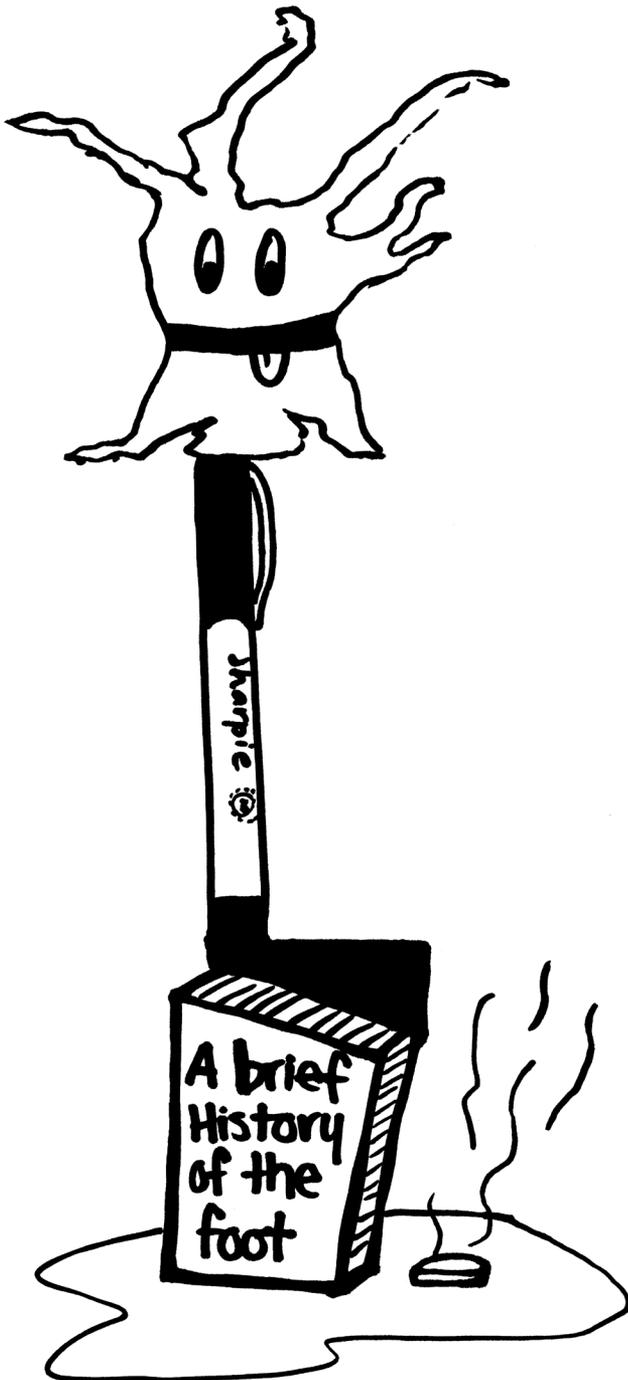
- ⊙ Thank you for knowing something's wrong just by the tone of my telephone voice.
- ⊙ Thank you for telling me where you thought the dining services meeting was held when I walked into the servery soaked in rain and feeling miserable.
- ⊙ Thank you for remembering my name and saying hi.
- ⊙ Thanks for letting me borrow your flashlight in the woods so I wouldn't have to pee in the dark.
- ⊙ Thanks for being a slow hiker.
- ⊙ Thanks for checking in an awkward spot to see if I had a tick bite.
- ⊙ Thank you for letting me cry on your couch when I was really confused.
- ⊙ Thank you for letting me cry in your office when I was really confused.
- ⊙ Thanks for doing laundry with me.
- ⊙ Thank you for teaching me how to dance.
- ⊙ Thank you for not keeping your promise.
- ⊙ Thanks for pretending nothing was wrong when you saw me with wet eyes writing a letter to my mom.
- ⊙ Thanks for being a good sport.
- ⊙ Thank you for walking barefoot all the time.
- ⊙ Thanks for helping me fold my bed-sheets.
- ⊙ Thanks for asking me where the common room was and then extending a hand in greeting even though you always have sweaty palms.
- ⊙ Thank you for letting me walk under your umbrella.
- ⊙ Thanks for borrowing my pencil. (You still have it.)
- ⊙ Thanks for letting me borrow your pencil. (I still have it.)
- ⊙ Thanks for trash diving with me in search of ceramic artwork.
- ⊙ Thank you for the free hug.
- ⊙ Thank you for crossing the highway with me to get shoes and a haircut.
- ⊙ Thank you for teaching me how to mop.
- ⊙ Thank you for preparing the mop bucket.

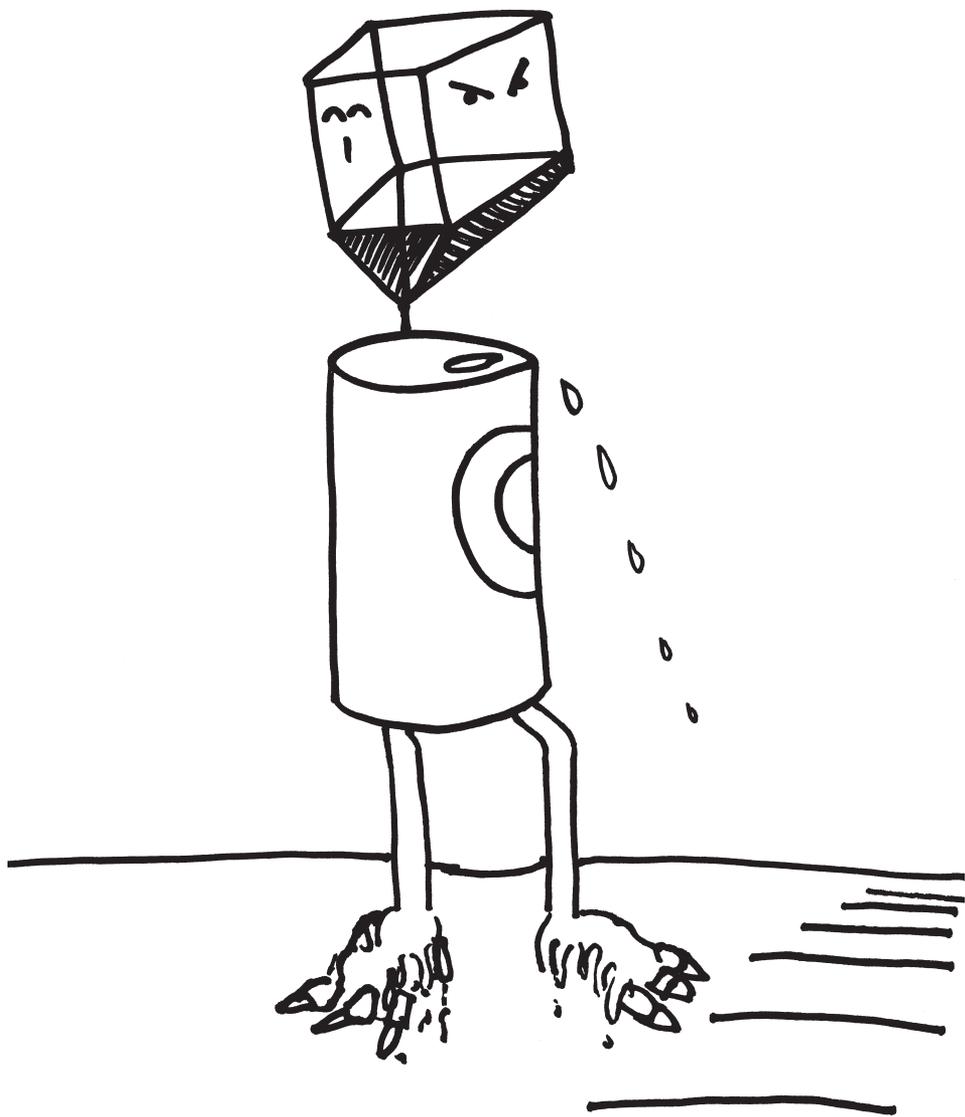
- ⊙ Thanks for teaching me the right way to peel a banana.
- ⊙ Thanks for always changing the milk.
- ⊙ Thanks for square-dancing with me.
- ⊙ Thanks for the tip.
- ⊙ Thanks for the dime.
- ⊙ Thank you for playing the flute so I could hear through my window.
- ⊙ Thanks for visiting.
- ⊙ Thanks for sharing your secret stash of extra spicy jerk chicken.
- ⊙ Thank you for having shower conversations with me.
- ⊙ Thank you for wearing that scarf.
- ⊙ Thanks for the sour whiskey.

ONLOOKERS

Last night I had a dream that I was raped by two girls I knew from high school. But the thing is, I'm gay. The worst part of the dream was that before, during, and after the whole event no one really seemed to care. In fact, I'm pretty sure that they were laughing at me. And what's even worse is that those gleeful onlookers were meant to be my friends.

Today I feel just a little bit nauseous.





CONFESSIONS 2

- ⊙ Sometimes I think what we've got going on is just a bad knock-knock joke.
- ⊙ I don't know if there's a god, but coincidences, sunny days, rain and insects make me feel like there is one. Feeling is better than knowing.
- ⊙ The best thing I've learned from my astrophysics class is how to find Orion.
- ⊙ I have not felt the emotion of pride in over a year.
- ⊙ I pee in the shower, but I always aim for the drain.
- ⊙ I hooked up on the McCarter stage in the middle of the night.
- ⊙ My roommate snores, so I will "accidentally" set off my alarm to wake her up.
- ⊙ Miraculously, I've stopped drinking. Unfortunately, this is because it's liquid truth and whenever I drink, I realize how much I repress during sober life. So it turns out that taking the sober train means that I'm a weakling.
- ⊙ I wanted to know what a vibrator felt like, so I used my cell phone. I kept wishing someone would call me.
- ⊙ I'm really scared that everyone will realize I'm a total sham.
- ⊙ It's strange how we all have our dark sides, sides that really do not depict us in any sort of flattering manner.
- ⊙ I have this awful habit of drawing on my tummy and making my belly button the mouth of a face...
- ⊙ Sometimes I think I'm a masochist and you're a sadist, but we're both probably both.
- ⊙ Facebook status: "loves Windex! Is madly Windex-ing everything: her mirror, her floors, her laptop screen, her glasses! amazing. Windex is truly a multi-surface cleaner."

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

There are some days when my mouth doesn't sync up. Something clogs up the system and all of a sudden my tongue is a step ahead of my lips, which are off-beat with my uvula. Everything is choppy and stilted, like blocks of wood clomping together instead of the sleek, metallic machine I'm used to speaking with. Or the record skips and a stutter has me spitting out staccato B's and T's like a machine gun. Reverse symptom: my words stick to my tongue like old chewing gum that I can't scrape off.

"Hello."

"I'm sorry, could you repeat that?"

"Hello."

"Again, just one more time?"

"HELLO."

"Oh, hello."

On those days, I put on a Southern accent. Slow drawls help; they are the peanut butter that gets the gum out.



THINGS OVERHEARD INSIDE MY MIND

- ⊙ You know what sounds amazing? Taco nuts. Taco-flavored peanuts.
- ⊙ Her butt is bigger than mine.
- ⊙ This v-neck tan is ridiculous.
- ⊙ Those squirrels are so cute. Look at them, chasing each other, all in love.
- ⊙ Crazy squirrel sex.
- ⊙ If I eat Indian food for dinner, will I be gassy for my precept?
- ⊙ Why is there piss on a toilet in the girls' bathroom?
- ⊙ I haven't washed this shirt in a while. Does he think I smell bad?
- ⊙ He smells nice.
- ⊙ He has big hands.
- ⊙ Big hands, big feet.
- ⊙ Big gloves, big shoes.
- ⊙ American meritocracy is a myth.
- ⊙ Big dick.
- ⊙ Am I empty inside?

INTERNALIZING

Everything.

So much in fact that I've decided to make this post private, which in turn feeds its schizophrenic quality, no? Recalls that conversation I had tonight with _____. Who the hell would think that normal people would be subject to such a range of emotional issues? Like, is everyone walking around with the same fears, etc. or is it just me?

I think it's just me.

I think it's just me who has these personal problems that take him away from friends that love him and makes him afraid to hang out with them/makes him slightly repulsed by them. I think it's only me who hates about half of the people he sees, stalks random ones. I think it's only me who is so fake, who smiles at people he secretly hates, at friends who used to be friends but are annoying as hell now but have always been this annoying but not so pointedly until now. I think it's only me who thinks that he's insane, or will be insane, or will end up in an insane asylum one of these days. I think it's just me who wants to be alone for now, who doesn't want to see anyone or anything, and who is slowly losing his love for this place. I just want this semester to be over, so I don't have to read stupid books for a stupid discussion class where NOBODY read. Or have to read boring as hell shit for MOL. Or the worst one of all, to be writing ridiculous-ass papers for WRITING SEMINAR OMG. WORST CLASS EVER.

I just want to get out of here, go home, rest, do what I need to do, go abroad for the summer, feel the same way I feel here there for two months, come back, do the same thing, hopefully get (some) issues sorted out by then, stop being so weak, stop avoiding everyone and everything. To walk around happy half the time, sad half the time—I'm so fucking messed up, bipolar, so much of a nutcase it's not even funny. But only I see it, no

one else. NO ONE ELSE. I think it's going to consume me one of these days. I feel like I'm just going to snap.

Or maybe this is how everyone feels. Maybe this is college and that's why everyone says it's so goddamn hard, because it is. I REALLY JUST DON'T WANT TO READ THIS BOOK RIGHT NOW GODDAMN IT. IT'S SO BORING AND STUPID AND THERE'S NO GRADE ATTACHED TO IT. READING FOR PLEASURE SUCKS IN COLLEGE. IT SUCKS SO BAD. THANK THE LORD I'M NOT IN THE HUM SEQUENCE.

I think it's just

Me.

EVOLUTION OF WHAT I WANT IN A MAN

He can pick me up.

- ↳ He can pick me up without grunting.
 - ↳ He can pick me up and swing me with one hand.

He tells me I'm pretty.

- ↳ He writes me songs telling me I'm pretty.
 - ↳ He tells me all his friends think I'm pretty.

His last girlfriend was nothing serious.

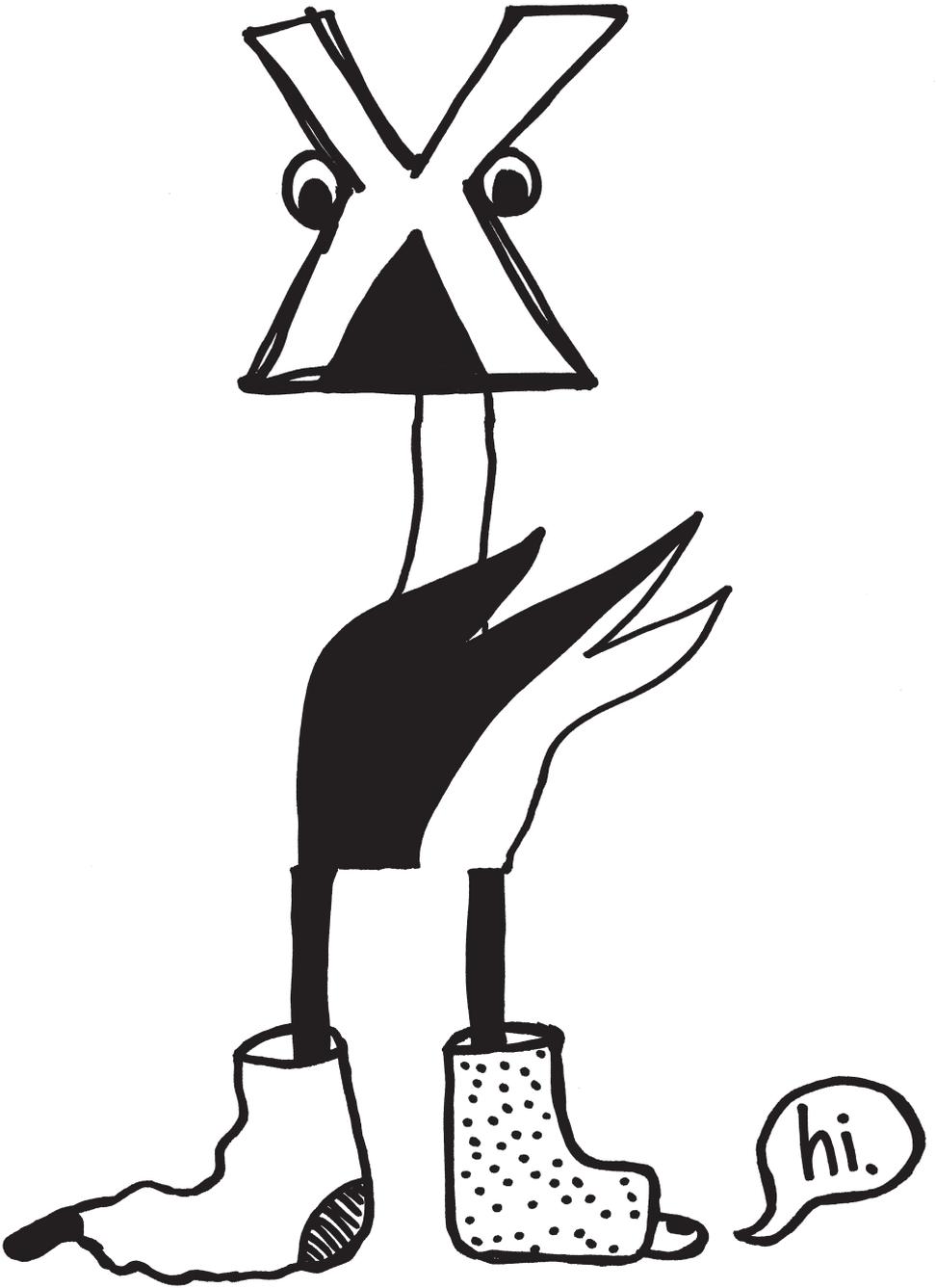
- ↳ His last girlfriend was ugly and huge.
 - ↳ His last girlfriend was in the third grade.

He can make me laugh.

- ↳ He can make me laugh so hard I fall down.
 - ↳ He can make me laugh so long it gives me killer abs.

He will watch romantic movies with me.

- ↳ He will tear up during romantic movies with me.
 - ↳ He will reenact scenes from romantic movies with me.



CANDY DRAGON

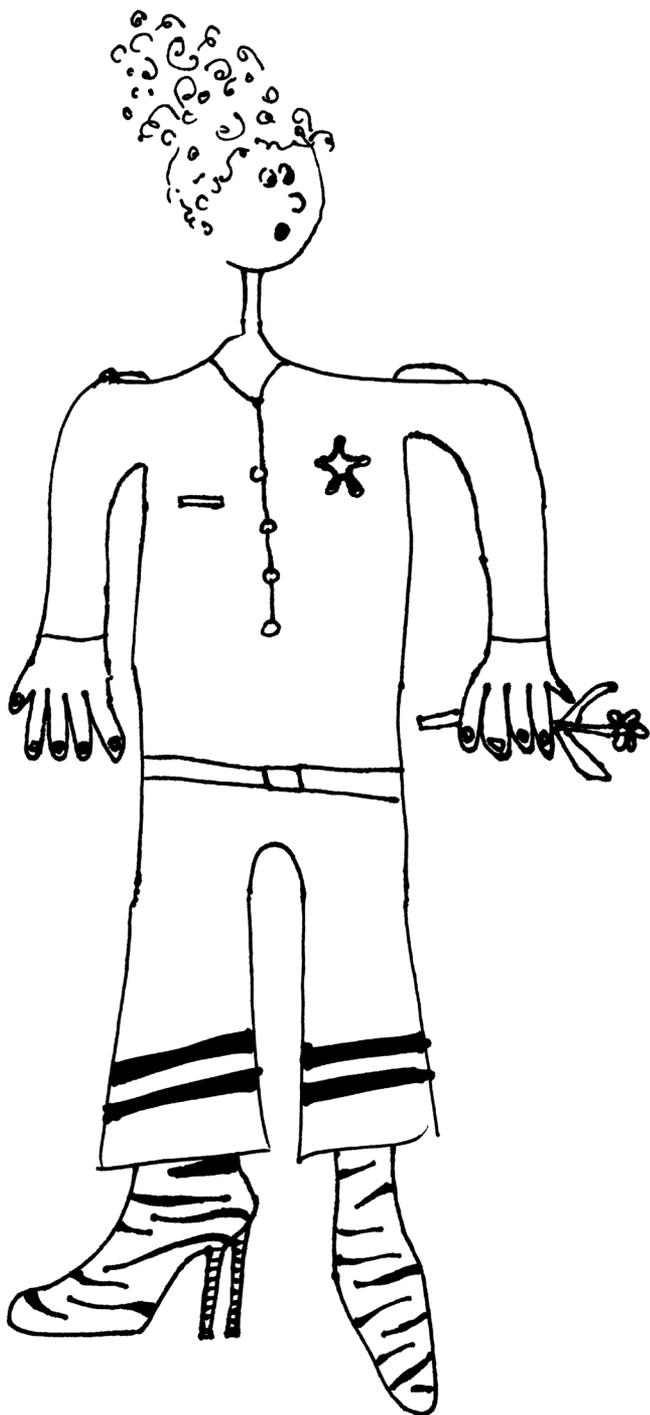
When I was a kid I thought if I ate a red, an orange and a yellow Sour Patch at the same time I'd be able to breathe fire, if only once.

AH! WORDS

Have been thinking about the notion of “words to live by” recently, which has proven to be the biggest mindfuck I’ve had in quite some time. Just think about it. Ah! Words, letters, symbols, all linguistic constructions of modernity which have the potential to dictate someone’s life; that these lines on paper, ink on parchment, shapes on screens, allow for shaping a person’s actions. I actually went as far as mass texting friends asking if they had favorite quotes, poems, sayings, etc. Anything that would be considered “words to live by.” How much can you tell about a person by some words that he/she likes to read over and over again as a way of setting him/herself on the right path? Like I said, mindfuck—at least for me. Who knows, perhaps this is all a way of gaining keener insight into individual notions of purpose or meaning in life or perhaps simply a means of subtly judging my friends’ characters. Choose your words wisely friends...

TUMBLE DRY ONLY

Sunday morning I did my laundry, something I really should do more often. Because these washes are so few and far between, I try to be thorough when I do get around to it, hunting through my room for every unclean article. I found a stray sock under the futon and a pair of dirty gym shorts I'd absentmindedly folded and put away. And under my covers, mixed in with the sheets and pushed down to the foot of the bed by my restless tossing and turning, I found your t-shirt—the purple one that fit you so snugly and sexily, but billowed laughably on me. When I pulled it out from the tangled sheets, by habit I raised it to my face and deeply inhaled. I used to search you out and find comfort in the traces of Old Spice, strongest under the arms, but now it was barely present, masked by too many nights of my own Secret and washed away by too many tears. I sat down on the bed for a minute, clutching the soft shirt and remembering the night you left it here. The only thing you ever gave me, the only tangible memory from our months together. I stood up, tossed it in the hamper, washed it, dried it, folded it and then mailed it back to you.



STILL READING?

Hello. And Bye.

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