

**THE PUBLIC JOURNAL.**







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EDITORS' LETTER

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What's up, Public!

What can we say that hasn't already been said at one point in history? "We hope you enjoy our Spring 2011 publication"?

What about, "We hope the following submissions bring you relief and mirth"? Why does it feel like we're just repeating somebody else's words? Maybe because in the thousands of years since humans have roamed the Earth, every thought has already been thought. Or maybe just the most important ones. Like, "I love you," or "I'm scared," or "I've mastered the art of silent masturbation." As you flip through the PJ's pages, don't be alarmed if you get the uncanny feeling that you were the anonymous writer behind the entries. Given how long our species has been alive, the chances of someone else sharing your thoughts are pretty great.

One thing that all of us share are childhood fears. In this issue we look at what used to scare us and what scares us now—as you might expect, some things never change. The art also feeds into this idea, as our favorite childhood stories have been morphed into something strange and yet familiar. No wonder children have nightmares.

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— Lillian and Anji

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NOM NOM NOM

I came early to the PJL release party to steal Bent Spoon cupcakes.

SPRING 2011



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## WHAT WAS YOUR GREATEST CHILDHOOD FEAR?

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- ⊙ The diving board.
- ⊙ When I was a child I believed that the railing of the staircase up to my room was a boa constrictor. I was so afraid of going down the stairs near the snake that I would take a running leap and launch myself down the stairs. As I result I got very bruised up, but I don't remember caring; it was worth it to avoid the snake. And children are all made of rubber for the first few years anyway.
- ⊙ Disappointing my parents.
- ⊙ My greatest childhood fear was dying or losing my parents. It still is, only I've added a few more things to the list.
- ⊙ Being eaten by an escalator—getting caught in between its jaws of death.
- ⊙ The sound that bugs make when you squished them...  
CRUNCH!
- ⊙ When I was seven, I feared I would never be famous. Now I fear I will be a famous murder victim or something equally as tragic. My dreams tell me strange things.
- ⊙ My mother dying.
- ⊙ In order:
  1. Getting lost.
  2. Losing my mother.
  3. Not standing first in the class (yeah, I was obnoxious. This is SO not the case now).
  4. Being eaten up by the old woman who used to come to our house to sell vegetables.

- ⊙ When I was younger, I had a dream that I was in this hamburger costume, and my parents and sister were in the background debating whether to eat me. From then on I called all my nightmares “hamburger dreams.”
- ⊙ When I was a kid I always went to the same summer camp each year. It was on the water and therefore had a swimming test. I wasn’t afraid of the water, but I was terrified that while testing I would get tired and drown, or worse: fail the test. Failing was the worst because you got a black or red band put around your neck (depending on how badly you failed). A white band meant that you had passed. Failing the test was my greatest fear; the black band was humiliating.
- ⊙ Spiders. I must have been four when I found out that I was scared. I had been blissfully happy that day, proudly telling my cousin how there was nothing in the world that I was scared of (and the silly swords and guns and tanks on TV were just, well, silly. I was invincible). As I was saying this, my grandmother decided to give me a bath. There was a MASSIVE spider on the wall. I freaked and ran out of the tub... I don’t think I went anywhere near the bathroom until at least three hours after the beast was disposed of. And sadly, I don’t think I’ve gotten over my fear. Not really. Heh.
- ⊙ I used to be terrified of monsters. I would see them everywhere. The folds in the curtains and the shadows behind furniture would all look like monsters hiding.

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SEE: "MEDITATIONS ON FIRST PHILOSOPHY"

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Sometimes, I feel so alone. Not in a "wah, pity me" way. Alone, like I have no idea about what's going on in my life. If it really is my life? This is going to sound extremely self-centered, but what if I'm the only consciousness(?) that exists and everything around me is just a flurry of sensual stimulation, triggered by some being? I didn't just spill that hot tea on myself... the tea doesn't exist. Only I exist. And some being that controls my senses. I only think that I spilled hot tea on me because my brain tells me that I watched it fall and that I felt it burn. But the being may have just made it so I thought that, not that it actually happened. My bodily reaction is false... it did exactly what I expected it would do when it comes in contact with hot objects (the reaction that the being made me think)—objects that I only perceive through my five senses, which are ultimately controlled by the being. So I can't trust my senses. But my senses tell me everything about my life(?)!

It's so strange to think these things. I really have no idea if the world I live in actually exists. It may seem to me that it does, but...

Oh, Descartes, what have you done to my life(?)?

## PSYCHOANALYSIS

I see him only as a friend but in my dreams, we're dating. Freud??

POCKET PROTECTOR

My pen is full of ink.

My pen is about to explode.

“ ‘Twas the high tide, and a hell of a hard time for the sea men...”

“ ‘Luck, luck, luck—that’s what we need,’ said one.

‘Wrecks!’

‘Gotta love ‘em, but they make everything hard.’ ”

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## TRAIN TRACK TRASH

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I always ride the train to and from college. Along the tracks usually isn't the prime real estate (to say the least), but it's interesting. There is SO much trash. Trash is bad. Of course I wish the trash weren't there and whatnot, but it is really crazy to think about the trash. Not only is there a lot of stuff along the tracks, there is a lot of odd stuff. A washing machine? Seriously? How in hell does a washing machine end up in the middle of the woods? There is literally nothing around it—no roads, nothing. There wasn't even regular trash around it. Just a rusty washing machine from decades past. Surely that must drive other people crazy.

Today I was riding the train back to school on the last day of Spring break and I saw the ultimate: a car. And no, this was not near a junk yard. This was not near anything. Just a fucking upside-down car right next to the train tracks in the middle of the woods. It was completely gutted and rusted all over. The tires were missing, but the wheel rims were still attached, as if someone something had taken off only the rubber. Also, this car was practically brushing the train. Had some unfortunate person been in that car's passenger seat, he or she could have reached out the (now gone) window and almost reached the track.

This doesn't keep me awake at night, but damn it, I want to know how this crazy garbage came to be! There's got to be a great (slash crazy) story of how that stuff got to where it rests today. One thing is for sure: human beings went out into the woods and dropped off a washing machine and a car. Is it so much to ask why?

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## CRASHING

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Whenever I sleep for less than 3 hours in a night, I feel like throwing up all throughout the next day. It's a fairly common occurrence.



## I'M TIRED

I'm tired of hating myself being unsure of myself.  
I'm tired of comparing myself my friends my experiences to other people their friends their experiences.  
I'm tired of having such self-centered thoughts.  
I'm tired of being tormented by not knowing what to do with my life.  
I'm tired of expecting college study abroad youth to be a certain way, and when it's not, feeling dejected.  
I'm tired of wallowing in depression.  
I'm tired of not being able to make quick firm decisions.  
I'm tired of feeling so pathetic and lost.  
I'm tired of these highs and lows, mostly lows.  
I'm tired of not being able to be happy satisfied with what I have.  
I'm tired of relying on other people, or maybe thinking I need to rely on myself too much.  
I'm tired of letting my relationship with other people affect my mood so much.  
I'm tired of feeling out of place and awkward (in own skin).  
I'm tired of hoping, hoping tonight will be the night, of waiting for something to happen.  
I'm tired of this cycle of feeling down, then magically feeling better optimistic confident, then spiraling down again.  
I'm tired of being insecure about fussing over my appearance style.  
I'm tired of feeling apathetic.  
I'm tired of thinking about how I have no character-defining life experiences.  
I'm tired of feeling inadequate.  
I'm tired of setting goals & objectives for myself and never following through.  
I'm tired of categorizing people, thinking certain ones are out of reach imagining some sort of barrier between us.  
I'm tired of being bitter & jealous.  
I'm tired of not being able to slap myself out of this.  
I'm tired of having no luster for life.  
I'm tired of feeling guilty for not having better family relations keeping in touch.  
I'm tired of thinking I've reached a turning point, that from

tomorrow on I'll be an improved person, and instead just returning back to all this.

I'm tired of feeling regret reliving past mistakes.

I'm tired of putting on a fake face, masking how I really feel.

I'm tired of using alcohol as a way to forget about my problems.

I'm tired of the mindset that a boyfriend will solve all my problems.

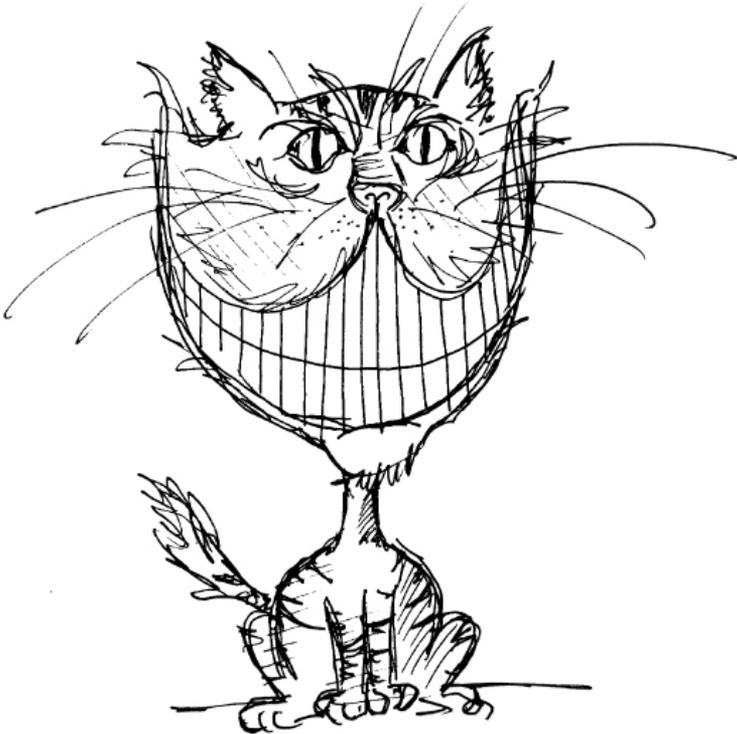
I'm tired of searching out manipulating pity.

I'm tired of stressing about finances.

I'm tired.

PASSING THE TORCH

After my close friend started dating someone, I no longer felt like I was responsible for taking care of her. And, shamefully, I am so relieved.



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## HOW TO GET AHEAD IN LIFE

For those who are concerned, GPA stands for Genital Penetration Approximation. From what certain majors tell me, your ass needs to be penetrable by at least 3.5 inches to get an incestment wank internship; 3.7 inches is preferable for those who intend to go for Golden BallSachs. All though it's a rough ride, you're left with a hefty bonus at the end—savor the feeling while it lasts.

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## PEP TALK

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I'm sitting at my desk, in my dorm, trying to motivate myself to do the reading I should have done two weeks ago. All I want to do is sleep though. I wonder what happened between end of high school and beginning of college to make me so lazy. And stupid. People here make me feel stupid. Everything here makes me feel stupid. What's worse is I spend all my time thinking about the guy I like. Okay, revised list of things I want to do: sleep, eat, and hang out with the guy I like. But I have too much work to do to have time to sleep. And if I keep eating I'm going to look like Maru the cat. And the guy I like is working on his thesis. Also, I think he likes someone else, who's kind of a bitch, but I might just be biased. I feel stupid whenever I text him. I always text really stupid things and wish I could go back in time and not send them. But why not just NOT send them in the first place? Fuck, I don't want to read. I want to text him. And I want In-n-Out. Why isn't it warm yet? Spring, you're doing it wrong. Fuck.

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REFLECTIONS AT 4:52 AM

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\*My most interesting experience at college was having to walk barefoot in the rain, across some rather sharp gravel, because my sandals snapped when I was trying to jump across a puddle.

\*My life is a string of boring and rather uneventful letdowns, which is kind of sad for someone who was raised on novels and movies.

\*As a result, I live through other peoples' lives, which is okay because even when their lives are as boring as mine I can make up happy little endings and interesting twists for them without having to suffer from the fact that I really do know otherwise. Does this sound a little lame, creepy, strange and all that jazz? Nah. I'm sure we all do it a little, and without it, my life would be so boring that I wouldn't bother getting up in the morning. XD

\*When I was 13 I blew up my uncle's computer.

\*I also somehow managed to set the kitchen window on fire.

\*This list is rather random, and not very entertaining so far? Ah well...

\*Sometimes I will lie to people to test them, to see if they will listen to me, and to see if they care about me. This is how I weed out enemies from friends, and find out what kind of people my bosses and co-workers are. My lies are white lies, but it often turns out that the motives of the people I test are less than so.

\*When I was 14, I had a really big argument with my aunt. I emptied a bottle of nailpolish into her shampoo. It kind of ruined her hair a little, but really, she asked for it. heh >\_<

\*Over the last semester and half of college, I have somehow lost my only talent—the ability to cut my own hair. XD

\*My friends tell me off for putting 'deadlines' on friendships, but I've been close to so many lovely people in the past, and I have lost so many of these lovely people in the past, that it's easier to be pragmatic sometimes. And I don't say this like one of those annoying, cynical, "I'm so tough" people out there. It breaks my heart. But the worst part of it all is telling people that I love them, only for the friendshiprelationshipwhatever to fall apart... And then, along the road, I kind of think about them less and less. Forgetting cheapens the sentiment, doesn't it? What is love if it doesn't last forever? What makes you or me special if we aren't even going to think of each other one day? Ahh, sad, sad questions. :(

## FAKE IT 'TIL YOU MAKE IT

I can hear everything that goes on in the room next door. When the girl next door has sex with her boyfriend, and I hear her moaning, I wonder if she's really having an orgasm or if she's just faking it for his pleasure.

## STEALTH

I've mastered the art of silent masturbation. I can even reach orgasm while my roommate is asleep in the same room.

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## STAYING ASLEEP FOR WORLD PEACE

My greatest trial in life is waking up every morning. It's actually become a curse. It's not that I hate my life or anything. I don't have a medical reason to function this way. And though often times I do not get enough sleep, it is even on nights when I have slept a full 8 hours that I cannot wake.

I cannot, cannot, cannot get up. I just struggle, really truly deeply struggle, to choose unconsciousness over sleep. This concerns me.

It concerns me partly because there is such a complexity behind my drive to remain asleep. My mind plays truly fantastic tricks on me in order to keep me from entering into my real life. Ask my sister, roommate, or boyfriend. Try to get me up and I will start blurting out excuses why I should be asleep. I convince myself that there is work to be done in my mind. I never fully remember these once I am awake.

Often times, I think that I am doing homework, or thinking about an important idea for a paper and will tell that to the person who is trying to wake me up. Sometimes I am formulating a conversation. Often I use the word "important." It is important that I finish thinking about this idea before I wake up. It is important that I sleep even though I set three alarms and told you to wake me up at 8:00.

Yesterday my boyfriend literally squirted me three times with a water gun. I got up, smashed the watergun into pieces on the ground (while still asleep) and returned to bed saying that he had interrupted an important meeting. He said that this morning I told him that I was planning a conference to end world peace and that's why I needed to stay asleep. Staying asleep was important for world peace.

Where the fuck does this come from?

Besides the fact that this generally ruins my schedule and means that I fear every early class, interview, and test I have generally laughed at this tendency my entire life. People have

also been laughing with me.

Is this merely the curse of an overachiever? Or maybe I am actually solving problems and creating solutions in this strange moment between sleep and consciousness. I can never remember them but isn't it possible?

Maybe I am a genius but only in the few minutes before I become conscious and enter back into our world.

Or maybe there is nothing important enough for me to wake up to in real life.

And that's what disturbs me the most.

## FPFML

A really mean PrincetonFML post was written about me months ago, and just the thought of that website is enough to give me a sinking feeling in my stomach for the rest of the day. I fill in the karmic gap that asshole left by posting sweet things on Goodcrush about people I see on campus who look like they're lonely or down.

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## THINGS I HATE

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- 1) The University of Kentucky.
- 2) Throwing up.
- 3) That apparently I am not allowed to flirt with just anyone because I might hurt his feelings if I am not interested.
- 4) That apparently I am not particularly good at flirting anyway because I have only ever kissed one boy in my life. And I am twenty-one in September.
- 5) That I am twenty-one in September.

TO ME:

Dear Me

I would like to formally introduce myself. I am also one of Mr. ED's lovers. We've been together for 6 years now. It's a rather abusive relationship. You know.

I read your letter in PJ and I believe that we have been seeing the same person. That same asshole.

Have you sworn to yourself that this is the last time you will see him? That after today it is over. Forever? Have you lied or stolen or cheated or done lots of immoral things because he said so? Have you abandoned dreams friends family YOU because he took up every occupied all of your thought space?

Did he make you sit alone in a corner of the dining hall? Did he whisper in your ear : You need me. You have no one else. You are worthless without me. You have no future. You cannot live without me.

Did you scrutinize yourself critically harshly in front of the mirror after seeing him? I know. He's like a drug. He told me that I was special. He told me that as long as I had him nothing in my life was too horrible. He told me that everything would be alright.

He lies.

I ran to him every time the world got a bit scary. Or when I felt the least bit of insecurity or stress. As I am writing to you now he is lying next to me. With his usual nastiness.

But I have began to break away from him. And now I know these things:

1. He has some sidekicks. I mean does he make you anal about academics and perfection? Yup he is sneaky.

2. He gains credibility via the public. The media the social norms

etc all indicate that he is The One. But we know it is not true.

Happiness comes in all forms.

3. He is a stalker. He creeps into magazines clothing stores supermarkets... so do yourself a favor and get some sort of restraining order.

4. You cannot fight him alone. You need your friends family maybe even God. You also need to discover YOURSELF again. YOU are your biggest weapon.

When you are with him life is an illusion. You deserve better. You deserve to live a carefree life. You are worthy. You are not a damaged good because of your past. Whatever happened then happened. But you must forgive yourself. He will not make you happy. Though he tricks you into thinking that.

Sometimes it feels like he is so much a part of you. You probably wonder if the HORRIBLE TERRIBLE DISGUSTING things that you do are really motivated by him or if you really are a HORRIBLE TERRIBLE DISGUSTING creature. But see with work you can separate yourself from him.

Good always triumphs over Evil.

You don't have to believe that.

You choose to believe that in order to move forward.

I wonder if I've seen you around campus. I know that I've seen his other lovers (it's not just us two). Sometimes I wonder how he's treating his other girlfriends. Sometimes they seem so happy so I convince myself that if I stay with him I can be happy too.

No NO NO!

See—ultimately it is all about YOU. What do YOU want? Desire? Have passion for? Who are YOU? What are YOUR dreamsgoals destiny?

YOU. Choose.

It is going to be a hard fight. Despite all his bad parts he does have some good parts. He makes us feel special at those vulnerable times. Sometimes powerful. Sometimes beautiful. But never for long. What we need is a permanent divorce. Carved in stone. Sure you will run back to him again and again. But remember—You deserve SOOOOOO much better.

He's so shallow anyways.

Well—I know I'm still seeing him. I'm doing better though. I have people I talk to and get support from. The professionals aren't so bad. Believe it or not—they really are on my side.

I hope that you stay strong and continue fighting. Be patient. It's hard to end it completely. It is a process. You gotta slowly gather strength. You can do it. I'm doing it.

Ok so I tell myself that I'm doing it—it does NOT feel like it sometimes—but I've seen others break off such horrible relationships and survive. They live happy healthy lives.

You can too.

I can too.

We can.

Sincerely

Me 2

## THE BEST COMPLIMENT EVER

Him: No, she's a robot, an animatronic. But you, you are a real human being.

Thanks for acknowledging my humanity. Good to know.

RELIEF

What makes me really happy/relieved is that next day when you wake up and no longer feel sick.



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LOVE IS STRANGE

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I love washing his hair.  
I love touching his teeth.  
I love cleaning his ears.  
I love scraping his eye boogers.  
I love picking his nose.  
I love when he uses my toothbrush.  
I love using his.  
I love putting peroxide on his injuries.  
I love watching them fizz.

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## THIS IS MY CONFESSION

i'd like to imagine now that i'm sitting in a little dark musty booth and talking to a priest... although i'm Atheist, and these are not exactly sins, but i just like that image so i'll stick with it.

i think that i'm an idiot. i am currently addicted to the internet, alcohol, and cigarettes. i am writing this because i have to do this seven to eight page paper, which i will most likely submit as a five to six page paper. i've been "writing this paper" since 3pm this afternoon and it is now 12am. i get very distracted, you see, and my thoughts are scattered. like when it's really windy out and you just made a bunch of copies of these flyers for whatever, like, a capella group you're in and then you loose grip and they just fly everywhere. i have to run around like a madwoman trying to catch each thought blowing around in the wind.

...what was i talking about? some cute guy just walked past. anyway...

the amount of time i spend on the internet is alarming. my usual routine: i spend hours procrastinating via youtube or facebook or whatever. in the last two hours before a paper deadline i will furiously write up some... thing, hoping that it's not too horrendous. submit. my brain makes that \*pssss\* sound like when you put out a candle with your fingers. i take a nap. this may be the death of me this semester. if not, then it will be alcohol. if i'm alive by summertime, i'm going to throw a big party, then probably die by alcohol poisoning.

i have this serious problem with good looking guys. on the one hand, they are very nice to look at and, if i'm lucky, touch. on the other hand, they drive me absolutely insane. when i go out i always have to find someone cute to pine over. when i find my target, it becomes a mission to get his attention. i try to do this subtly, but it becomes the obsessive thought of the evening. this is bad. because, if i don't get noticed by that mysterious, dark haired, dreamy eyed musician poet who may or may not be gay, i am very sad when i get home. i think this stems from my extreme insecurity and recently having been dumped. dumped slowly and painfully, if that makes sense. now i really just need

some reassurance that i'm attractive and fun and maybe even sexy.

wow. i should probably get back to writing that paper.

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## ABJECTION

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I guess you never forget the one person who destroys you...  
i know i didn't.  
and i still don't.  
we all must have this need for self-destruction.  
otherwise, we'd just let it go.



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## STAY-AT-HOME STUDENT

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my roommates call me the roommate that doesn't exist.

i spend a lot of time at home.

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## IT GETS BETTER

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My first semester at Princeton was miserable. I was the farthest I'd ever been from home and even farther from my friends. I felt like I wasn't really making any true connections with anyone on campus. Things felt forced. The food was different and hurt my stomach. I forgot how to write. For the first time I felt the biting, bitter cold of December, and all I wanted for Christmas was a parka.

And I was miserable for being miserable. For not being happy in such a beautiful place. I knew this place was beautiful, I just wasn't feeling it.

I went home for intersession and my parents told me I needed to figure out what was wrong. Something was wrong and I wasn't happy. I wasn't grateful, they said, I wasn't grateful. I didn't appreciate what I'd been given.

In the spring of my freshman year I woke up. I don't know how it happened, but I wanted, wanted, wanted, wanted with all my heart for it to happen and it did. It wasn't something all-of-a-sudden or miraculous or momentous. It was slow and sometimes small, and I had to work for it and open up to it, but it happened. I felt happy again.

It happens. For every person it's different, but it happens. Just let yourself let it happen and it will.

And the funny thing is, everyone thinks they're the only one having a hard time. Later on you'll realize that the people you thought were the happiest, they were probably feeling something like the same thing.

So I just wanted to tell you that if you're still having a miserable time here, it gets better. I promise you, it will get better if you let yourself let it get better, and if you realize just how many people feel exactly the way you do, and just how many more felt exactly the way you do until they got better.

So smile.

Because Princeton is not the kind of place you should take for granted, or resent, or be ungrateful for. It is a difficult, difficult place, it pushes you, it stretches you and makes you recoil. And it may not be what you expected. It's never what anyone expects.

But if you let yourself, you'll realize Princeton is so much more. So much more than you expected, so much more than so many people are given, so much more than you can possibly understand when you are feeling miserable.

Let yourself let it get better. I promise you, if you do that, it will.

## INDENTURED STUDENTS

Had a recent dream that I was traveling with this ballet dance crew. We often lodged in scenic places, but work was hard. Painful. We all stayed because the company was paying for our college tuition. So we danced and danced.

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## ICE COLD POCKET

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Recently I had a few one dollar bills in my wallet—and a \$100 bill. It must have been my Dad's reimbursement of my train ticket from Princeton to DC. Being from a school which is often unfairly stereotyped, this situation put me in a bind. Whether at the U-Store or in town, I always considered the ramifications of whipping out the bill. Don't want to give the impression that my school is filled with rich douchebags. So the father of electricity remained in my pocket for a few months. Ended up spending it at a Chipotle near Brown's campus... while wearing the Princeton University Band uniform.

You win some you lose some.

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## OMG. SHOES.

I spend so much time looking at shoes online and making mental wishlists for shoes I wish I could buy and shoes I wish I could wear. Because there is a difference. Shoes I wish I could buy are shoes that are too expensive. Shoes I wish I could wear are shoes that are too gorgeous for my ugly feet. I would just ruin them by either never wearing them or wearing them and feeling so uncomfortable and awkward that I never want to wear them again. This isn't that interesting, but I guess I just have shoes on the mind.

Hey professor, thanks so much for basically calling me out after lecture for using my laptop to go on Facebook and check my e-mail. Honestly though, I'm not embarrassed. It's Thursday during Midterms week and I am tired. I am tired of lectures, of precepts, of learning. So SORRY if I couldn't focus during that boring lecture where NOTHING important was said. And you know what I realized. English lectures are the biggest waste of time. All that happens during them is a bunch of useless close-readings that I could really just do on my own time or in precept, or a quick glossing over of broad themes. And when something important is said, your ego is so large that you have to make it almost impossible to understand because of all the figurative language you use. Just be straightforward for god's sake. What's with all this shit about "intersecting discourses" and "describing an unknown world of sensuality with language of reality." Now I know there was a clearer way you could have put that. Also, let me remind you that half of the class was missing today, probably because they are as tired as I am and most likely because they've realized how pointless showing up even is. So fuck it, at least I showed up and spent about half the time taking notes.

And do you realize that everything you tell me I could find on Wikipedia? And in fact I have found on Wikipedia because I constantly need to clarify all the bullshit you spew out? What are you actually teaching me here? If you could give me a solid reason for why I should give you 100 percent of my attention, then I will, but until then, FUCK YOU, I am going to take breaks from note-taking to check my e-mail. Your attention span might not be able to handle two things at once, but guess what, mine can. I can check the internet and tune in to the lecture at the same time, and in fact most people can. And when I realize that the internet is more substantial than anything that is being said, guess where my attention goes?

So nice try, professor. But I'm going to keep checking my e-mail and Facebook during class because I believe there's nothing wrong with that. It is MY responsibility to take notes, not yours,

so mind your own business. I'm still going to get a good grade in your class because I'm a good student. I'm interested in the readings. I'm interested in the precept discussion. I'm just not interested in you.

I KNOW BETTER

I know better than to believe this won't end in suicide.

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## SETTLING

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I want my boyfriend to talk about our future, even though I don't even know if we have that long a future together. For some reason, I believe that if I hear him talk about getting married or having kids, I'll feel more secure, more in control. But I don't know if I am what he wants. I don't know if he thinks he can do better than me. And I just feel that if I know that he sometimes thinks I'm good enough to be his future wife or the future mother of his children, then that means he thinks I'm good enough to be his girlfriend right now.

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FAMILY PORTRAIT

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Every time I say “I miss you” to my family, I’m lying.



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## MY PORCELAIN THRONE

I honestly think that I am the most comfortable sitting on top of a toilet seat. A clean one, obviously. There's something about a roomy bathroom that gives me peace of mind. I just like to sit there for a while and relax. One of my favorite bathrooms on campus is the one in the Henry House, mainly because it's one of those private, one person only kind of deals. A cramped bathroom stall is awful, you feel almost claustrophobic, like at any moment the walls are going to collapse on top of you and you're going to die with your pants down. So I usually go straight to the handicapped stall. Although I'm always a little wary, because one time, a person in a wheelchair actually did enter the bathroom and waited outside the handicapped stall for me to finish. I was so embarrassed by the idea of facing an actual disabled person, having flagrantly used their special bathroom, that I stayed in the stall until she finally gave up and left. That was a few years ago, so the fear has mostly left me. The best handicapped stall might be the one on the first level of Frist. It actually has windows and a little ledge. It could almost substitute as an office. I wish it were my office.

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## WHY I LOVE KE\$HA, PART 2: I LOVE HER MORE THAN BEFORE

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so i was on the street with some of my friends and we were at one of the eating clubs that begins with a “c” but i don’t remember which one except i do remember which one because i’m a member of the club now and me and my friends were putting our coats up in the coatroom and we were telling ourselves that we were so excited to go out and dance because we were all stressed out even though it was only the beginning of the semester and so after we put our coats up we went to the dancefloor and we started dancing and then this girl that i met during initiations came up to me and was like, “HEEEEEYYYY NEW MEMBEEERRRR!” and i was like, “HEEEEEYYYYY GIIIIIIRRRRL!” and we hugged each other and i introduced her to my friends and then we were all dancing with each other and having a fun time and then at one point the girl i met at initiations said “i’m gonna get something from downstairs, i’ll be right back” and i said “ooh, i’ll go with you, i want something, too!” and so we went down to the taproom and when we got there the taproom was packed and so i said “let’s just wait till later when it’s not so full” and she said “nah, watch this, i’ll be back before you know it” and so she started moving through the crowd while i waited for her and while i was waiting i felt someone tap me on the shoulder and when i looked around to see who it was i was surprised to see that it was you and i was like “o-m-g it’s y-o-u!” and then you were like “y-e-a it’s m-e-e!” and then we both laughed and i was happy that you remembered that inside joke between us from freshman year and then we were updating each other on our lives and i was so happy that i was having this conversation with you even though it was really loud and we could barely hear each other and we had to keep repeating the things that we said but it didn’t matter because at least i was having a conversation with you in the first place so i appreciated the talk but then you said “oh b-t-dubs i’m sorry i didn’t say bye to you last time i felt kinda bad because we were kinda together that night” and then i asked “what are you talking about?” and then i remembered last time when we were in this same club and we were dancing together until you went downstairs to get a drink and when you came back you DANCED WITH THAT MONSTER AND KISSED HER TOO and after i remembered i said “oh right hahaha don’t worry about it people always lose each other when they go out”

and when i realized that you said that we were kinda together that night i said "and what do you mean we were kinda together you make it sound like it was a date or something hahahaha!" and then you said "oh come on you know what i mean!" and then we were both laughing and then out of nowhere i heard this loud "OOOOHHH MYYYYY GOOOOOSH!!" and when i looked around to see where it was coming from i saw the girl that i met from initiations running over with beer cups in her hands and she ran straight up to you and gave you the biggest hug ever and then she KISSED YOU ON THE LIPS and i was thinking "what the FUCK is going on?!" and that's when i realized that the girl i met at initiations was also THE MONSTER from last time and then i thought "omgomgomgnoooooo" and when she pulled back she looked at me and screamed "i can't believe you're friends with my boyfriend a friend of my boyfriend is a friend of mine so let's be really close friends!" and then she rushed to me and gave me a really big hug and then i said "oh, yeah, definitely let's be members and friends together!" and then she pulled away and gave me my cup and then she gave you her cup and then she said "let's go upstairs and DAAAAANCE!" and so she pulled us both upstairs to where my friends were and then everybody was dancing and i was dancing but not really because i couldn't believe that i was dancing with THAT MONSTER right now and i didn't know what to do until i heard "sleazy" by ke\$ha playing and i remembered how much i loved that song when i downloaded her albums and so i started dancing like crazy while screaming "GET SLEEZY!" and after the song was done i was like "eff this i'm getting SLEEEAZY TONIGHT!" and so i went back downstairs and chugged like six cups of beer in like ten minutes and let's just say that i got so sleazy i eventually had to be mcccoshed and i didn't remember anything else from the night and it was really embarrassing but based on what my friends told me i didn't mention anything about you or how i liked you or how i hated the fact that you're dating THE MONSTER so that was a good thing and when i went back to my room the day after and started playing music while doing homework the first song that played was "sleazy" and i was like "REALLY? REALLY?!" except right after that i got up and started dancing around my room and that's when i realized that i loved ke\$ha even more and that's why i love her more than before.

## THE WEIRDEST DREAM I'VE EVER HAD

I was sitting on a patch of grass outside while my boyfriend put individual cooked corn kernels into my vagina. I would then launch the kernels one by one onto the roof of terrace.

I'm not even in terrace.

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STRESSING

I wish I didn't worry so much.

It is too fucking easy to get pregnant, or to get into a situation in which you may become pregnant, i.e. sex. Before a spermy gets to my ovaries there needs to be a passcode lock, or a Rubik's cube, or the abominable snow monster that attacks on Ski-Free. Ok condoms, birth control, nuvarings—whatever. Imagine we are in a world where only accidents happen and it's really too easy to get pregnant. It's incredible that someone so unprepared and unqualified to create an entire human being can just get WHAMMO pregnant—more accurately, “wham.” “oh.” It's incredible that you can have sex for the first time with someone who won't talk to you 2 weeks later and 5 weeks later be wondering if you need to go out and buy a pregnancy test. And then how will that conversation go?

“Hey we need to talk.”

“I can't. I'm busy with my thesis.”

“Well I'm busy with a fucking person growing inside my uterus and this person has the potential to be a permanent reminder of that two week period when we knew each other.”

Cool.

So in the next few days I'm either going to have to get my period or a pregnancy test. Despite the fact that I don't think I was living in a world of accidents, I am afraid that I could be pregnant. It's too easy to be unsure. Your body needs a built-in pregnancy test, like if your tongue instantly turned purple. Even better would be if your body knew you were in college and sleeping around (not me, but I can imagine what it's like to have a sex life) and it just wouldn't make eggs—a phenomenon that has always grossed me out anyways. Eggs. :o/

Morals, for me, of my story:

1. You won't lose your virginity again, but if you could do it again, pay attention to what's going on down there girl.
2. Have sex with people who will talk to you afterward.
3. Get on some birth control even though it will make you chubby and mess up your pheromones and probably make you depressed; at least you will have clear skin, and not be pregnant. Hopefully.

## A TOAST

Sometimes, when I'm writing, I take a swig of Amaretto.

## LET'S BE PRACTICAL

crying's no use. you just get mascara on your homework and then you have to start all over again.

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## THURSDAY NIGHT JOURNAL

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- ⊙ What a pleasant surprise seeing so many happy familiar faces! The hardships of the week melt away on the street. I love the institutionalized fun!
- ⊙ Oh dear lord—so many rabbits! Are those marsupials sipping root beer floats at my Cliffside dinner table? Concepts and reality. Breton would have something to say—OMG Molly's birthday! WTF was with that stripper?
- ⊙ Not drunk enough. So happy! Sleepy Sleep red shoes.
- ⊙ Vibrations everywhere!
- ⊙ Some of the things that I miss most from my former (read: pre-Princeton) life (sorry that they are all television related): every episode of Iron Chef (Japan + America), Tivo recordings, Gilmore Girls (the one constant thing in my life) and random Frasier/Law + Order SVU episodes.
- ⊙ Oh hey, we're affiliated.
- ⊙ Oh, the invariable recommendations of selfless check mackey's.
- ⊙ What I'm excited for during the upcoming year— (1) roommate love! Except if Peter has an obtrusive lover and an annoying-as-fuck alternative personality (The ? I know that he doesn't) (2) That's mostly it. Oh! If we can recreate the Ikea walk-around scene from (500) Days of Summer, it's totally cool...
- ⊙ We got drunk and performed an awesome spontaneous kazoo composition. Thursday forever! Food = <3
- ⊙ I LOVE MY FRIENDS SOMEONE STEPPED ON MY TOES IT REALLY HURT BECAUSE I RUN AND I DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT SHOES.
- ⊙ It's a Thursday at Terrace. Finished work @ 1am, as usual. 1 hour less of sleep couldn't hurt. The smell of weed is a welcoming sign. People yawning and stumbling. Forgetful of

tomorrow's obligation... shit... precept.

- ⊙ I should've kissed her how I had imagined I would. But, our friendship is so great. In spite of how much I wanted to kiss her in that way, I would never want to complicate what we've got now. I have to be sure she feels that way before all that becomes real.

## GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MYSELF

I don't care if masturbation is taboo for women, and if no one ever talks about it.

I know how to touch myself. AND IT FEELS GREAT.

## ALL HAIL THE HAIL

I love crazy weather. Especially because i hail (get the pun?) from a country with pretty boring, standard weather. But i was stuck indoors all throughout the awesome sleet-storm today and completely missed it :(



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PICKING UP THE PARTS

(but not reading the lines)

So unfamiliar in my hands,  
long and thin  
No! Not that! Pull your  
minds above the belt,  
children. I'm talking about  
my toys, not boys.  
I never had any interest  
in males, or in any other  
type of person,  
beyond their minds.  
My first intellectual crush  
was a genius. My second, also  
brilliant. My third, brilliantly  
jerky, ass-holy, if you will.

Back to my hands, and the  
plans I have for my dolls,  
from whom I have been  
estranged. My lovers, if only  
in name, dear girls. Pretty,  
witty, adventurous, and smart,  
their stories began in their boxes,  
before they were purchased  
at Wal-Mart. Some of them  
were little bribes; honest greed  
kept me in line.

At some point, teachers and school  
decided I shouldn't have dolls anymore.  
Those who give homework  
figured I had swallowed whole the  
lessons from the social programming  
toys, had learned my role in society.  
I was supposed to have learned that  
people called girls like dolls  
and kitchen sets, and people called boys  
liked video games and model racetracks.  
And people called people liked other people.  
They were wrong. I hadn't learned

a damn thing. I was caught up  
in the next storyline I was planning  
to spin, after I finished  
my schoolwork. I didn't know  
how to care for people,  
and treating my so-called friends as  
my dolls didn't work, because  
humans have their own agenda. My stories  
were of no use outside my head.

Now people drive me crazy,  
drive me back to my toys,  
my dolls, who are tall and skinny,  
but who don't remind me  
that I haven't learned what I ought.  
I see in perfect plastic bodies the absence  
of rules. They will never make me learn  
a different role than storyteller.

## MIXED SIGNALS

I'm scared of commitment, but it's sublime. Can we be happy alone?

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## OOPS...

I'm so fucked about everything, and it always happens the same way: I get a dumb idea into my head, and hold on to it for all it's worth (which is not much), even when everyone around me stops and says, wait, what? and then the opportunity passes, and I'm left there in the dust, holding on to this useless sentimental idea, stretching out a hand to say, wait, I didn't really mean it! and it's too late, there is literally nothing left to do but be bitter, and get told, I told you so, by anyone you might bother to talk with, because even if they don't say it out loud, they're thinking it, and so am I, in my head: damn, I was an idiot.



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## THINGS I'LL NEVER TELL YOU

\*I didn't join Anscombe because I love you and couldn't let you down.

\*I'm glad that I was drunk out of my mind when you told me that you'd given yourself away; for all the random things I said that night, I didn't break down. I didn't betray myself. I let you do the talking and crying and hurting.

\*After I came home, I cried myself to sleep. You were still the same in my eyes, which is why it hurt all the more.

\*I thought I'd stop loving you because of what you did, but I love you all the more now. I've always just wanted to protect you.

\*The truth is that I'm the one who needs protecting. You're so much stronger than I.

\*I still cry for you sometimes. I regretted your actions more than you, which makes me selfish.

\*I'm still that child who lives in that perfectly pure, innocent world where I want to curl up against you and lie with you forever the way I would with my mother. I want nothing more. Just safety, whiteness, purity, love without the ugly chemistry and strings. I wouldn't know how to pull yours. I wouldn't want to.

\*I still can't believe that you did the things you did.

\*I still can't believe that it hurts me.

\*I'm glad I lied that night you told me everything, because now you'll never know how I really feel on the inside.

\*I still wish that you'd be more honest with me.

\*I still wish that it didn't hurt so much.

\*I'm such a silly, silly, silly child. But I wouldn't give that up. Not even for you.

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## I WANTED TO ASK

Had a dream about you last night. For some reason you came back to Princeton although you were in Europe on Study Abroad. I just said hi but in my mind I wanted to yell at you. I wanted to ask, why didn't it work out, why don't you ever talk to me, and why do I still miss you? But I don't say any of these things. Even in my dreams I still miss you.

GET A MOVE ON IT

Are you ever going to confess that you like me?

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I AM AFRAID OF BEING WRONG

I am afraid of being wrong.

All decisions are made with imperfect information  
So I try to horde as much data as possible  
Until there's no time to make a selection.  
I procrastinate.  
I make mistakes  
And I don't learn from them.  
I complain. I mope. I self-pity. I admire  
others.

I don't act. I observe  
Until it's too late to do anything but regret and envy.

Despite the self-doubt, I've made it this far  
Into the Ivy League  
Into further self-doubt  
Into debt  
Into depression.

I chose this path.

I am better than who I think I am.  
Who do I think I am?  
Who am I?

There are a lot of things I don't do.  
There are a lot of things I haven't done.  
There are a lot of things I do wrong.

But maybe, I'm wrong.

What will I do about it?

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## PRESENT TENSE

I don't know what I want from you. Except maybe I do. I want you to say that you love me—not that you loved me, or that we should have been together, or anything else in the past tense. I want the present tense. For once. For now. Let's not be tortured. Let's not be unresolved. Let's just be together.

## GETTING HIGH ON LIFE (?)

Most times when I'm high, I just feel like I'm going to get stuck in the sofa cushion or something stupid like that. But every once in a while, when the circumstances are right, I get so high that I feel like I can see the whole universe. My life seems to unfold around me like the pages of the greatest book ever written, and I feel like Handsome Squidward (youtube it), spinning through a world where everything makes sense and everything is great. I love everyone and everyone loves me. It's really the most amazing thing.

I'd like to think that some part of me is experiencing life like that all the time, and if I can just cut through all the every day bullshit (that feels like being stuck in a sofa cushion), then I can feel how magic life is ALL the time.

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MARGARET AND FEDERICA

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I think I have a crush on Margaret and Federica, but they show no interest in getting to know me, and it is sometimes really depressing at times.

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## COLLECTION CONFESSION

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I have a confession. It is a compulsion. I swear, I am a pack rat at heart.

I collect scraps of paper—bits of letters and cards and postcards, play bill covers, business cards, pamphlets, ads, newspaper cutouts and strips of glossy magazine paper. I cunningly cut images out of any paper product. I pluck Student Design Agency posters off the bulletin boards in Frist and I steal poster papers from the lampposts even though I had nothing to do with the event being advertised.

I pilfer images. Then I take them to my room, bisect them with my scissors, and tape each one carefully and precisely to my wall, creating a massive collage of color and beauty. I collect images because I find them eye-catching, bright, witty, beautiful, or intriguing.

But I also select these images for my memory book, a notebook that my grandma gave to me.

Yet, not all of these pieces make it in. I still save them, though. I tuck these papers into awkward places—empty folders and drawers. I'll find them eventually.

I save these papers because I'm trying to hold on to my memories of life-changing events and everyday moments. I keep these images so that I can relive a memory, or live out other people's memories vicariously. These pieces of paper are fascinating little entities, capable of triggering, distorting, and erasing my thoughts and reflections on the past.

These papers and images simultaneously save and destroy my memories.

I foolishly believe that these scraps of "special" paper will preserve what my mind constantly forgets.

TINY PACKAGES

I am sick of ordering one eensy-weensy little thing, like a laptop sleeve or three bras, and picking it up at the mailroom in a box that, with some slight re-working, could function as my backpack.



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## WHAT ARE YOU MOST AFRAID OF NOW?

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- ⊙ I'm scared that I'm a coward, and that I'm too timid to do anything in life, and that eventually, all the people I love will leave me behind. And I'm scared that I won't do anything about it, even though the thought of loneliness like that makes me want to disappear. And I'm scared that eventually, this heavy weight in the pit of my stomach will grow too big for me to handle, and that it'll all break down: me, my life, my body—and I wonder, how long would it take for people to find out I've left?
- ⊙ Things that scare me the most:
  1. dying
  2. loss of, or harm to, the ones I love
  3. underwater asphyxiation
  4. change
  5. graduating
- ⊙ The thought that I missed my chance.
- ⊙ Walking through a dark room.
- ⊙ I'm afraid I'll never be perfect.
- ⊙ Being alone.
- ⊙ Not figuring out what to do with my life until it's too late.
- ⊙ I am scared of being unsatisfied. Sometimes I feel like I'm trying too hard, sometimes not hard enough, but I always, always, always feel like something is unfinished, and that I have to do more. It drives me crazy.
- ⊙ 1: I'm terrified that I don't really think, or at least that I don't think anything worth thinking about. I worry, often, that what I think is boring. I know that much of it has already been thought before. I've always been better at copying something that already exists, like drawing something in front of me, than at inventing something new. Even when I try to invent something, I see the leg of a

goat or the tail of a coat and I know that my “invention” is just a conglomeration of copies.

2: I'm afraid to let go of my ex because letting the door close on that part of my life feels like closing the door on any possibility of living a life different from what my parents want for me. I know it's irrational, but every time I let myself let go, I feel suffocated by the pressure to be suburban-married-wealthy-normal.

- ⊙ I am most scared of not being content and happy. For almost my entire life I have had something wonderful or (in my opinion) valuable around me to keep me rooted and happy. My outlook has always been naturally content. My fear is that, for some reason, all that will change. I am terrified of the idea that one day I could wake up and not be happy or content anymore. I'm also horrified of drowning.
- ⊙ I am scared that I'm not one of those people who are destined to figure it out and get the happy ending. Whenever I feel stressed out or depressed I cling on to the idea that everything will work out in the end, that I will be happy in the end, but what if “in the end” ends up being awful? Who is to say that everyone gets a happy ending?

**THE PUBLIC  
JOURNAL.**

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