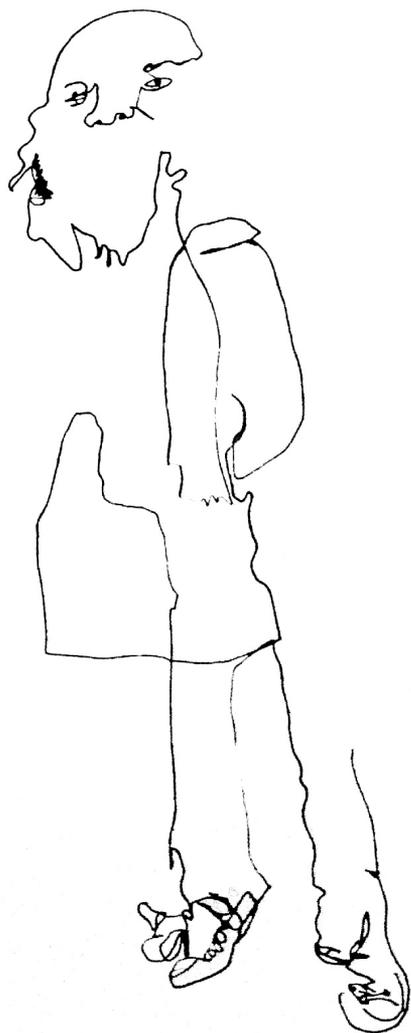


THE PUBLIC JOURNAL.





CONTRIBUTORS

(in alphabetical order)

Lily Akerman
Clay Blackiston
Ricardo Brown
Ray Brusca
Katrina Bushko
Chinwe Chukwuogo
Alex Cooksey
Elizabeth Cooper
Lauren Cubellis
Maria Cury
Manuel Espitia
Ting Gou
Alaka Halder
Phyllis Heitjan
Melissa Ilardo
Eric Kim
Melissa Kim
Marissa Lee
Lillian Li
Flora Massah
Katie McGunagle
Stacey Menjivar
Ashley Mitchell
Daniel Ryan
Anji Shin
Ben Weisman
Jess Yao
Anonymous

EDITOR'S LETTER

Hello Public!

This is your journal, you made it. In these pages are your weird and wonderful musings, your contagious joy and pure outrage, your crying, your laughter, your letters to yourself and to your lover(s), your late-night conversations, your fears and frustrations. Here are your secrets and confessions.

All we did was put them together.

And the crazy thing is, while these journal entries are incredibly personal, they are at the same time incredibly universal.

Thanks so much for sharing, if only for that comfort we get when we discover, "Someone else feels that way too!"

As for the drawings, the idea was that you had to try to sketch someone without lifting up the pencil or looking at the paper.

These drawings are like the *PJ*: you never know what you're going to get, but in the end there's always something familiar about it.

Enjoy!

— Maria

Maria Cury
Editor-in-Chief

Jess Yao
Assistant Editor, Treasurer

Lillian Li, Anji Shin
Creative Directors

Lily Akerman, Laura Hamm
Art Directors

Joseph McMahan
Webmaster

Ricardo Brown, Katrina Bushko, Alaka Halder, Melissa Kim,
Flora Massah, Stacey Menjivar, Erika Rios

A LITTLE OVERZEALOUS

Dear Ms. ****,

Please tell your publicity staff that we are not allowed to post anything in the elevators, not even our own signs. We would prefer that the post-its not be put up there, as the janitorial staff have to keep removing them, as do we.

If you have another type of sheet, you are welcome to hang a copy in the sign rails that flank the first floor elevators.

thanks,

--

***** *****

*** Peter B. Lewis Library
Princeton University
Washington Road and Ivy Lane
Princeton, NJ 08544
609.***.***



WINTER 2010

THINGS NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT ME

1. I am a very selfish person.
2. If it weren't for my mother, I probably wouldn't go back home.
3. Because I go to Princeton, I feel superior to my high school friends.
4. I am slightly afraid of elevators.
5. I feel more lost than I ever have in my life.
6. My roommate is a moocher, and I hate it.
7. When we were growing up, I wish I had been nicer to my siblings.
8. I don't think I'm capable of romantic love.
9. I have never thought myself to be beautiful.
10. I'm glad that my distinguishing feature isn't physical.
11. I'd rather forget than forgive.
12. I think that English is such an ugly language.
13. I'm scared that I won't be able to get pregnant.
14. I say things like "let's get together over break!" but I really don't want to see you ever again.
15. I love the smell of books: old or new.
16. My procrastination is a serious problem.
17. That night replays over and over in my head when I can't fall asleep; it's terrible.
18. I don't want to be the American stereotype, but I feel like it.

CONFESSIOIN 1

I'm going to have sex with my boyfriend in two days. Sorry Mom.

MEU PAÍS

Brasil is where my heart is. I know I want to live there for the rest of my life. I just know it. The city of Rio de Janeiro is captivating: every time I go there, I feel a connection to the people—a connection that surpasses the friendly *olá!* or the occasional *como vai?* I think of myself more as a Brazilian and less as an American. It's funny, since I was born and raised here in the United States. It must have been my mother.

When I was just a fetus in her womb, my mother used to ache for her motherland. She ached for those she left behind and for the way of life she had abandoned. Those thoughts must have been transmitted to me, the developing child, for now I ache for the same thing. My younger sisters do not feel this strongly for Brasil, and it's strange to be the only child in the family who can relate to my mother in this aspect.

Acho que Português é uma língua maravilhosa—uma língua melhor do que inglês. Adoro falar, e eu quero falar essa idioma para o resto da minha vida.



DEAR *****;

I am sitting in East Pyne Cafe with no shirt on (I like to include visuals because I know you like that) and a shaky finger. Two fingers. But not the pinky.

I am hungover. I am hungover like tall things are tall. Or like Haefner is hair. If you were to look up "hungover" in the dictionary (Urban Dictionary, Merriam Webster is too classy) you would find a picture of me and the knots in my hair and the ink on my fingers and the way my eyes are glazing right now. You would see how I am sitting in East Pyne Cafe smelling Indian curry and feeling like the building might be rocking. (See what happens when you leave New Jersey? Earth quakes. Bitch.) You would also see the way I haven't blinked in ten minutes. I think the alcohol impaired my ability to blink.

or spell.

or pee. because that hurts too. possibly for other reasons. i'll contact my drug dealer and let you know if that's related at all. but i doubt it because i hear heroin is good for you. at least that's what I got out of DARE lessons. maybe you shouldn't of made me skip all of those to nap in the Judo room...

but i digress.

i'm writing this to you because I got an email from some guy named Remy. Like the cognac.

and i reminded that i was willing to Remy. i did. i conquered the bottle of gin. kind of. i mean, it fell out of my hands a lot and i spilled all over my desk but in the end, it was my stomach in which it ended up. not the other way around.

I dont really have a point in writing this. i just thought i should share with you how i'm feeling.

and i am feeling nauseous.

hope you're feeling nauseous too,

LITTLE ORANGE TRUTHS

I've never submitted a paper I was proud of. It's always a few minutes before the deadline and then I say to myself, "Well, there's nothing I can do about it now." Send.

I never realized how much it meant for me to be smarter than everyone else... until I came here and all of a sudden wasn't.

SONNET FOR A MISTAKE

The second time I kiss him I recall
exactly why I broke away before
(some weeks ago, quite early in the fall)
pretending that I wanted something more
to drink, or that I had to find a friend.
This time there is no clear excuse to make,
no easy way to make the moment end.
I move my lips and when I can I take
a breath, because he uses too much tongue.
He sticks it down my throat. He thinks he's good
but he's just boring, and it isn't fun.
If I could think of some excuse I would
have disappeared already. Until then
I swear I won't make this mistake again.

THE FUTURE *****

The Future: A collaborative creation. Waffles with peanut butter, banana, and bacon in the middle. Best with thin slices of banana and more bacon than at first seems reasonable. Never to be referred to as “The Future Sandwich”.



WHAT WILL YOU NEVER TELL YOUR PARENTS?

- ⊙ That I'm in love with my boyfriend.

- ⊙ Sometimes I'm afraid you love me significantly more than I love you. This, more than anything else in the world, makes me feel like an awful person.

- ⊙ I will never tell my parents that I'm gay.

CONFESSION 2

I call the Suicide Prevention Lifeline at least once a month.

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME

I thought I hated it here.

I hate the way my roommate won't let me sleep and the way my cheap Payless boots can't stand up to the rain like Hunters. I hate the way I work—relentlessly and with little purpose. In fact, I hated waking up to the same routine every day so much that now I wake up at 5:30. When you're up that early, all you see is Quiet and it's almost like this campus freezes and becomes normal for a couple of hours.

Then I went home and I hated that too. Now I realize it's not the university; it's me. I'm just filled with hate and not enough anti-depressants.

A HARD DECISION

So I had to read a book called *Born on the Fourth of July* for one of my classes and it's basically the memoir of a Vietnam veteran who is paralyzed from the chest down during the war. And I couldn't stop thinking about how much stuff actually goes on below your chest. And that may be because he spends at least five chapters (not in a row) talking about how he no longer has a penis (not literally), and how he wishes he could make love to a woman, but he can only touch their bodies and hold them and sleep next to them, and I guess that idea was too massive for me to swallow quickly, because it followed me for days afterwards. He couldn't masturbate anymore, he couldn't get hard anymore, he couldn't fuck anymore. Was he still a man? Was he still a human capable of intimacy?

I was fooling around with my boyfriend the night after I finished the book and we were both baked and I started thinking about the man without a penis (not literally) again. I do that sometimes. Just think about completely random things during the most inappropriate times. Like once, I thought about a male friend's sister who looked almost exactly like said male friend while my boyfriend was going down on me and I started cracking up with him between my legs. Anyways, it was one of those moments and I just kept wondering what it would be like to be with a man who couldn't use his penis, who was essentially a corpse below his chest, who had a tube inserted in his dick that connected to a piss sack hanging off his leg and whose legs were probably completely wasted and withered. I know the guy in the memoir never took off his pants when he went into whorehouses. Understandably. And there was my boyfriend and his penis was working fine and I just had to ask, in my completely out-of-it state, "What would you do if you could touch me, but you couldn't fuck me?" And he said something about exploding, probably. But it wasn't enough, I needed him to know how truly awful it would be if he didn't have a penis, if he couldn't have sex with me, couldn't get a blowjob from me, couldn't even have a wet dream thinking about me. So I asked again, "No, seriously, if you couldn't even feel your penis. You could see me and touch me, but you didn't have a penis." God, what a boner-killer that must've been. I don't know what I wanted to hear. That he would

stay with me anyways, or that he would die from blue balls that he wouldn't be able to feel. Some kind of devotion, though, some kind of promise would've been heartening. As if I would ever stay with a man who couldn't feel his penis, even one who was devoted to me.

SOMETHING REALLY WEIRD

sometimes I suffer from sleep paralysis. this is when you wake up in the middle of the night, but can't move your body at first, so it feels like your brain is awake but the rest of you isn't. When this first happened to me, I used to think, 'well, if I stay here long enough, eventually someone will realize I haven't woken up, and then they'll shake me,' but then I learned that if I concentrate really hard on moving just my fingers, they'll move, and then eventually the rest of me will follow.

CONFESSION 3

I am addicted to internet shopping. I hardly even buy anything, too. I just sort of go on and browse and make wishlists. It's a terrible way to procrastinate.

CONVERSATION IN MY ROOM LATE AT NIGHT

Roommate 1: If anybody wants to eat my apple honey bread, please go ahead.

Roommate 2: Apple bottom jeans and the boots with the fur.

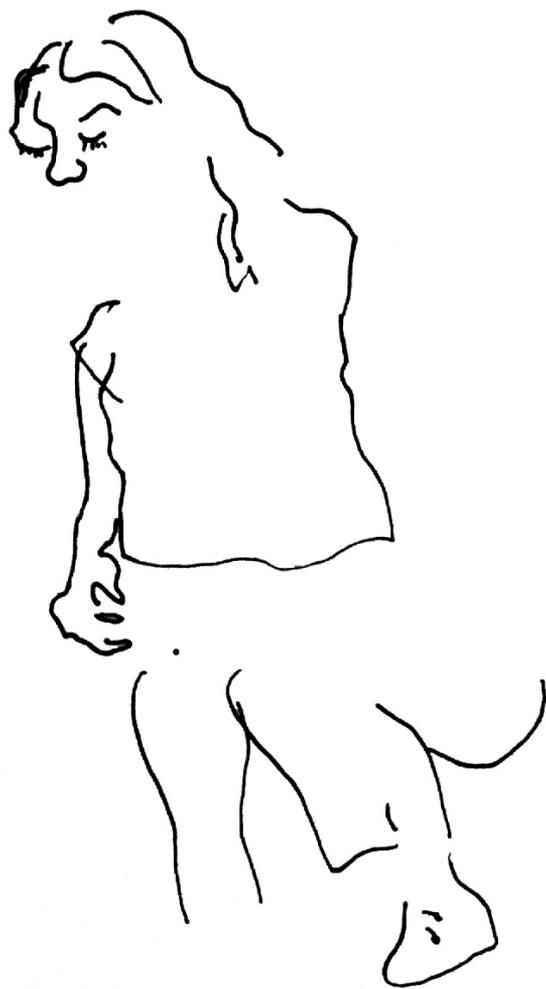
Roommate 3: That's different.

Roommate 1: Apple honey bread and the knife with the spread.

Roommate 2: Everybody looking at the bread.

Roommate 3: It hit the floor, next thing you know, shorty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low.

Roommate 2: To get the bread.



EDITED OUT

If I can't even be honest to myself, who am I going to be honest to? I keep denying and suppressing my feelings because if I let them grow and cover me with what now feels like the softest sun, I'll soon be burnt by the heat of impossibilities.

I am not a poet. I am not a writer. I can only try to be honest. I just want to be with you forever, to love you and grow old with you. I want it to feel like the old times all the time.

But I suppose that this is just me being selfish. I look at you and I realize how beautiful and strong and intelligent you'll become one day, and it makes me sad because I won't be a part of your picture.

You'll have forgotten me by then, if only because you can't love me. At least not romantically, and sadly, that's the only kind of love that exists in your book.

January 29, 2006, 1:30 am

I was just looking at everyone's photos, and I realized something: the world is beautiful.

I'd forgotten that, somehow. I would look around me and all I would see was the unbearable ugliness that man has created: smokestacks pouring their poison into the air, snow turned to brown slush by the passing, mindless wheels of cars. Blocky buildings, dumpsters; garish cereal boxes in their rows in a supermarket.

And then here we are, and here I am presented with irrefutable evidence that the world is, literally, breathtaking. Looking at those photos, I felt something grand, bigger than I am—awed—and I wanted to be there. I wanted to scream, or shout; laugh, or cry; open my arms and embrace the world for everything that it is, for in a place where such incredible beauty exists, nothing can truly be as bad or unbearable as we think it is. It's hard to believe in evil when you see this beauty, feel and taste and smell it all around, on your skin and in your mouth and on your tongue. It's hard to believe in evil when you're in love with the world.

LAST CHANCE

i'm running out of hope, here, man.

she's the last could-it-possibly-be that i can afford to throw everything at.

after this it will always be less than true, less than perfect.

i will never have that completely-stupid, all-consuming, pure, young love we've seen on tv shows since we were 5. it may end badly 95% of the time, but that is 100% irrelevant.

from now on it will always be guarded, and tentative, and adult—complicated by schedules and very real worries.

i guess i put it off for too long? in favor of what? school? work?

that was a stupid decision.

GOOD FRIENDS

I like the fact that my best friend is now fatter than I am. I think this makes me wicked.

whenever my roommate refuses to take out the trash (even though it's her turn) I steal her packaged food, gather them, and donate them to a shelter in Trenton. at least something good is coming from that bitch.

WE MIGHT BE BEST FRIENDS

But

I'm so much more invested in our friendship than you are ;-(

Sometimes I wish I could be more selfish and have a life to focus on, rather than spend so much time thinking about you, worrying about you and helping you.

But I love you too much, even when my problems are on the verge of driving me insane.

I wish you could love me too.

WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY?

- ⊙ Noodles really make me happy. If I'm feeling down, annoyed, sad, cold, or hungry, noodles fix everything. Any kind. Even pasta is great. I could eat noodles all day.
- ⊙ My friends make me happy. My family makes me happier. And sitting at home drinking apple cider while watching a movie with my family is heaven.
- ⊙ when my boyfriend licks my clit
- ⊙ Thing that makes me happy: conversation
- ⊙ Not being nostalgic.
- ⊙ What makes me happy? Acting like a fool and talking really loudly with my best friends in the dining hall and not caring who sees or hears us.
- ⊙ What makes me happy is to have plans to do something with another person and to know that I'm important enough to them that they're setting aside time for me.
- ⊙ What makes me happy: chilling out with my extra loud friends, knowing everyone around us is staring at our clownish antics, and realizing that I wouldn't want it any other way.
- ⊙ Sitting with my friends with no care in the world.
- ⊙ Lying on the beach on a warm summer day in California with my best friends. Knowing that I don't have to worry about a thing except making sure I have sunscreen and water.
- ⊙ Knowing that I am part of a bigger plan gives me the greatest happiness.
- ⊙ homemade bolognese sauce or homemade suadero tacos
- ⊙ this makes me happy: finding ladybugs and washers.
- ⊙ Getting to make a wish at 11:11
- ⊙ feeling alive in my body, mind and heart. knowing that i'm doing what i'm meant to be doing. also hugs, smile, sunshine, five finger shoes, water bottles, drinking out of mason jars, eating lots of fruit, chocolate, really good conversations with loved ones, or strangers, being challenged to think differently about something, anything, learning something new, sleeping soundly, waking up with the sun, rainbows, feeling at home.



I am not going to bore you with a sappy love story, a weird sexual fantasy, or a class that I always fall asleep in. I am going to write about something that crosses my mind every day: religion, or lack thereof.

It's funny, I was raised a Catholic. You know, go to Sunday School then immediately attend mass: sit, stand, kneel, repeat. I was excited to serve the Lord in the early years. I became an altar server and even started aiding in the Sunday School classes.

By the time my confirmation came around, I was doubting my faith in God. Why does He let bad things happen to good people? If He is all-powerful and just, why doesn't He stop the violence that goes on in our world? But as a mandatory part of the confirmation process, I went on a retreat two hours away from my home, for a weekend. There we learned about the awesome power that God has and how He displays it in everyday life. I must say, I was quite impressed and my questions were quelled—for the time being.

The retreat had emphasized the importance of giving back to the church community after confirmation. So many people became confirmed Catholics, then stopped going to and supporting the church. In a way, that's what happened to me. We moved to a church closer to our house, after my confirmation, but even though it was more accessible, my family attended mass less than we previously had. Even when I went to church, it was as if I were only going through the motions, not actually praying to God or really believing in Him.

And then it happened.

One night, I was writing something online about my faith. I was trying to explain Catholicism to my friend, I believe, and it just slipped: I spelled it with a lower-case "g." It was shocking to me when I reread what I had written and noticed the blasphemy. I thought long and hard about this slip... was my subconscious telling me something? I didn't feel that rush of faith that I had as a child. I stayed silent during prayer, not even talking in my

head. It was through this unintentional mistake that I re-questioned my beliefs.

For the next few months, my best friend and I talked about our religious thoughts. I told her about the incident and asked the questions that were swimming in my mind. I became agnostic for a time, I think, or at least apathetic to the topic.

But when my sister had her seizure, I knew that it wasn't god that was going to save her. My sister was saved by the paramedics: the men in flesh and blood that I could believe in.

Even so many months after my atheistic realization, I am still struggling to break the religious ties I hold. I do not believe in Christianity at all, but I feel as though there must be something else, something at least vaguely spiritual. And that is what crosses my mind every day. What is it?

WORST CASE SCENARIO

When anyone I care about is late to something or hasn't been around all day, the first thing that comes into my mind is that they're dead. That they got hit by a car or shot by a mugger or knifed by a gang member. And I prepare myself for the phone call from the police. But then they come home, and I feel a little ridiculous.

COLLEGE

I hate having a boyfriend

It makes it impossible to focus

I'm always thinking about:

Will he call

Will he text

Will he e-mail

Write on my Facebook

Fire up the smoke signals

Or send a carrier pigeon

I have finals damn it!

Essays to write

Books to read

Internships to apply for

I am a career oriented girl born in the 20th century

I don't need this crap

I wrote this when I first started dating my boyfriend. We've been together for about a year and a half.



GCHAT CONVO

I'm a Princeton student. I won't give you my name. All the names in the conversation below have already been changed.

8:43 PM **me**: btw, last night was not good because i was a little buzzed and like, gah! you're not even available to text

8:44 PM **Herbert**: haha
uh huh
yeah

8:45 PM **Herbert**: no drunk dialing/ drunk texting opportunities for you

me: haha, i wasn't drunk i was buzzed!
i was nowhere near that now infamous night

Herbert: haha
aww

me: just a little happy

8:46 PM **Herbert**: that night was good times
trust me
i learned a lot about you
of interesting things about you
and

me: ok, so what else did i reveal to you that you have yet to tell me?

Herbert: i got to have a hot girl show up at my door

8:47 PM **Herbert**: for a several hour make out session
i think that's a win
as far as i'm concerned
actually
you said something to that effect

me: what?

8:48 PM **me**: i said that to you?

8:49 PM **Herbert**: something along the lines of i bet you're probably wondering how you ended making out with a hot drunk girl on your bed tonight
this was in my response to my initial timidity
and confusion
haha

8:50 PM **me**: good lord, i can imagine myself saying something like that

Herbert: haha

me: it's funny, i've heard that for guys it just wants to make you go to sleep
but for me at least, i just get revved up

Herbert: getting drunk
depends

me: yeah

8:51 PM **Herbert:** i'm under the impression
well
actually

it's a theory i've cribbed from "Benjamin Darrell"

me: "cribbed"?

Herbert: so i can't claim it as my own
you know
taken from someone else

me: yes, i got what i meant. i was raising my eyebrow at you
using it
but continue

8:52 PM **me:** i'm listening/looking attentively at the screen

Herbert: haha

basically

when people get drunk, it just brings out your natural
tendencies

8:53 PM **Herbert:** and magnifies them

if you're a happy person generally

you tend to be a happy drunk

and angry violent person

a violent angry drunk

that being said

though

in my experience

alcohol

8:54 PM **Herbert:** makes me sleepy

and of course if you're a guy

the phenomenon of whiskey dick

me: so that makes me lascivious all the time?

Herbert: often sets in

no

not particularly

me: yeah...my friend was explaining that to me the other time
day

8:55 PM **Herbert:** just that you probably have a very strong sex
drive
and that when you're sober you rein it in more
but when you're drunk
you're less inhibited

8:56 PM **me:** sounds about right
that time you were buzzed after reunions and we were
talking and you were heading into your dorm
you were talking a lot
and you were so excited
it was great

Herbert: haha

8:57 PM **me:** you just seemed really happy, it was nice

Herbert: so i can infer from that statement then that i'm
normally super happy/excitable

me: yeah, most of the time you're in a really good mood
well, except those two times

8:58 PM **me:** right before orgo

Herbert: haha
yeah

me: and then the day you were talking about all the tragedies
in your friends lives
but beyond that, yeah
and you are talkative

Herbert: i won't deny that

me: my mom and "Abigail" comment on that

Herbert: really
hmm

me: commented*
in a good way!

8:59 PM **Herbert:** i hope i don't come across as a windbag
haha

me: i talk a lot too. when i was little my mom used to tell me
that she would be a millionaire if she had a nickle for every
question i asked
no not a windbag
i mean, if you get annoying and i want to make out i'll just

say: stop i want to make out
9:00 PM **Herbert:** haha
lol
me: but no, "Abigail" was saying that we could keep each other
interested
Herbert: oh i know
"continue with your jibberjabber"
:-)
me: haha, i felt that would come up eventually
Herbert: yeah
9:01 PM **Herbert:** it's so appropriate here though!
me: no, i mean guys in general like to explain stuff
so appropriate
though i think it was more of a jibbajabba
Herbert: actually
me: if i remember through the alcohol correctly
Herbert: you're right
me: haha
Herbert: no rs
9:02 PM **Herbert:** just ended in an a
me: i haven't the faintest idea where i even came up/heard
that
Herbert: Mr. T
haha
me: wait, is he really the one who said that?
Herbert: it's his catch phrase
9:03 PM **me:** ooooooooohhhhh i must have heard it on i love the
70s or something
makes more sense
9:04 PM **Herbert:** yup yup
9:05 PM **me:** what time do you have to be up tomorrow?
Herbert: umm
yeha
about that
me: it's 3 there, right?
Herbert: i should prolly turn in for the night
yeah
9:06 PM **Herbert:** gotta get up at 6:30
me: yeah, you want to be well rested for your trip

Herbert: haha
or rather
7

me: omg!

Herbert: yeah

me: why didn't you say something

Herbert: bad life choice

i know

umm

honestly

i didn't notice

me: i wouldn't go so far as to say all that

Herbert: haha

it just kinda happened

haha

9:07 PM **me:** we've been talking since around 6:30 my time

Herbert: which is

?

how many hours

me: two and a half

it really didn't seem like that much

but yeah, now the sky is dark here

9:09 PM **Herbert:** alright

i'm off to bed

me: oh, i miss you

k

Herbert: yeah

i know

i know

gah.....

me: haha

no the making out would have started long ago

Herbert: yeah

i know

i know

me: it was has been...

Herbert: gah.....

9:10 PM **me:** 26 days since we last kissed
just to quantify things

9:11 PM **Herbert:**

me: i was thinking about you this morning before i got up
and out of bed

Herbert: uh huh

in what way

just general

i miss you

kinda thing

9:12 PM **me:** in a way that i won't type here in case someone
ever gets a hold of this conversation

Herbert: haha



IS IT WRONG?

That I tell you “I love you” every night, and stalk his Facebook/ twitter every day?

That I listen to your stories and laugh at all the right moments, but smile when I think of the slight New Yorker accent that emerges when he says “go” or “know”?

That we can cuddle for hours and nap together, but that “Sex on Fire” will remind me of him every time?

That, even though I know I made the right choice, I still sometimes want to take it back?

Obviously it’s wrong.

I know it’s wrong.

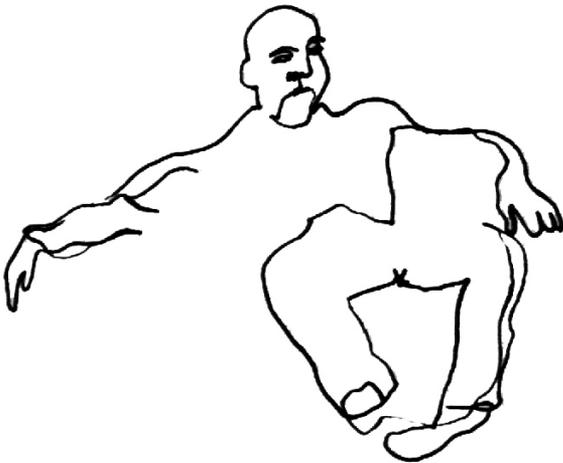
But that hasn’t stopped the influx of dreams.

I think I’m cursed.

Or destined for loneliness.

LIMBO

I don't know what I want. I'm not hungry but I want food. There's something I want to say in class but I don't want to speak. I've had a boyfriend for two years and I want to be in love. I don't see anyone I want to be in love with. I want to know what I want but I want to be okay not knowing what I want, too.



THE GREAT DIVIDE

My writing professor was right—writing really is excruciating. The distance between what is in my mind and what I am writing down is universes apart. Bridging this gap is the most frustrating task possible, I swear. It's what I imagine being mute must be like.

THE THINGS I LIKE AT PRINCETON

the clock on blair tower and how it actually tells the time
that cluster of trees in the forbes golf course
carribean jerk chicken, rice and beans, and plantains night at
mathey dining hall
wucox onion rings as a consistent food item
my 'patio'
the third floor and roof of blair hall during dead week
blair hall fourth and fifth entryway
brunch
frist food gallery the night before dean's date
blackbox
joyce carol oates
squirrels
lewis library as an architectural statement
the coconut almond cookies at murray dodge
how my oit computer auto-fills 'princeton university' and gets
angry when i don't want to capitalize it
that couch in the blair second-floor tv room
cjl stir-fry
the lady who cardswipes at the cjl
the plastic flamingo player of the pu band
the boathouse bicycle machines
the gingko trees
that bright red tree in front of dillon gym
the green exercise ball at the stephens fitness center
sketchy couches and futons
leftover fruit and cheese platters from receptions
the darkrooms
yoga everywhere, absolutely everywhere on campus
tango festival weekend
grad students, especially rgs's
that french guy
the murray dodge meditation room
hibben garden and how it's hidden
tulips at prospect garden
the strategically-placed ivy that hangs off nassau hall
studio 34
yes!
café antoine

people who play piano beautifully in the common rooms/frist
the dinosaur
going to charter friday
ending up at terrace
those slabs of concrete that jut out of the architecture building
the courtyard of the junior slums during reunions
that really progressive bathroom in the rocky-mathey library
the sprinkles and mixers in the bakeshop
the roof of mccosh at night
pig buckets
the whitman hill when it snows
matt frawley's dog
matt frawley
going through the tray line
monet's water lilies
designated sober sams who rescue their friends
girls on the street who say 'my goal for the night is to not sleep
in my own dorm'
the bible-guy who stands out on the street during lawn parties
and tells us we're sinners
mcgraw and how warm it is
blair kitchen
the seductive couches in the mathey common room
the forbes lawn and the forbes lawn chairs
forbes as a self-sustaining unit
woody woo fountain when it's frozen over
football halftime shows
shirley tilghman when I run into her teaching a freshman
seminar as i walk over to the water fountain
insinkerators
tork paper towels
the princeton centipedes
those flies on the bathroom walls
the gratuitous flatscreen tv hung up on a wall in a corner of the
campus club basement
water bottles commemorating dean's date
my heater and how it turns my room into a sauna in the dead of
winter and I can stay in my room with my hair wet, waiting for
it to dry, without getting sinuses

CONFESSION 4

I can fit a Mike-and-Ike in my belly button.

WHY I LOVE KE\$HA

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 and me and my friends were dancing and then i saw you come in with some of your friends who were also friends with me and my friends so everybody was saying hi to each other and you came up to me and you said "hi" and then you hugged me and i was thinking "omg i can't believe you just hugged me!" and so i was really happy and then i said hi back and we had a quick catch-up conversation because we haven't talked to each other in a while and then this one song that everybody liked started to play so everybody started dancing with each other but we were in small groups but luckily we were in the same group so we were dancing together and i was so happy that we were dancing together even though we weren't like DANCING together but it doesn't matter because something's better than nothing and so we were dancing and then you pulled on a couple of your friends' arms and told them that you wanted to go downstairs to get some beer so a few of you went downstairs and i was a little sad but i knew that you would come back and then we could continue dancing with each other but not like DANCE with each other but like i said something's better than nothing and i would be happy so i patiently waited for you to come back upstairs and when you came back upstairs i was really happy until another friend of yours who i wasn't really friends with came up to you and was all like "OMG HIIIIIIII I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN FOREVER!" even though i knew she saw you earlier today because i saw you two talking after class and then your friends gave you the biggest hug ever and i was like "oh no!" and i got really mad but i couldn't show my anger because nobody actually knew that i liked you and i couldn't go over there to try to enter the conversation because i knew i wouldn't be able to stop myself from looking suspicious so i just pretended that i wasn't watching your every move even though i was watching your every move but it was all okay because i told myself that you would come back to the group so that we could dance together but not like DANCE together but then i saw you and your friend dancing together and you two were actually DANCING together and i was beyond furious now and so i looked away for a bit to try to calm myself down and tell

myself that i shouldn't worry because it's not even that serious it's just one dance i still had a chance with you and then i felt a lot better about myself and once i felt better about myself i looked back over to where you were and OMG YOU WERE KISSING THIS MONSTER and at that point i wanted to collapse on the dance floor and just cry because i was just so angry at you but really at myself for not being more assertive when i had a chance but obviously i couldn't just cry on the dance floor because like i said nobody knows that i actually like you so instead i was just crying waterfall on the inside and then out of nowhere the dj started playing this one song that i never heard before and the moment i heard it i just felt this surge of emotions and i was kinda in my own world just dancing to this song and then the chorus started to play and i heard the one line that was like "i'm dancing with tears in my eyes" and i was thinking "omg the dj is playing my life right now!" and meanwhile one of my friends started jumping around like a fool and singing all the words in the chorus and another friend said "omg i can't believe you like ke\$ha so much!" and i was thinking, "omg ke\$ha sings this i thought i hated her but i love this song so damn much i have to download this when i get back to my room!!!" so i made a memo in my phone to remind myself and then at the end of the night when everybody was leaving the street i quickly walked back to my room and looked for the song on itunes and i bought the song and i played the song on repeat and danced to it for the rest of the night because i didn't have any roommates and i was just dancing around my room listening to that same song until the sun came up which actually wasn't that long because i left the street really late but yeah since i only had one class and it was in the morning and i was really tired i just skipped class and downloaded the rest of ke\$ha's songs and jammed to them all and now i love ke\$ha and that's why i love ke\$ha.



SATURDAY NIGHT JOURNAL

- ⊙ Fun & drunk
- ⊙ Tonight is a lot of fun. The open bar at Quad is great
- ⊙ I love Quad! I love people Alcohol... yum who I feel like this will be really fun I'm loving this hehe. He
- ⊙ Pretending to be alert but not really—need to get some courage but can't get any. But, feeling good. This is probably predictable...
- ⊙ Quad open bar + semiformal. Solid. Huge amount of alcohol, and everyone feels super nice (like family). Sadly, not super packed, but the atmosphere is great.
- ⊙ The people have been really friendly so far and the open bar is good. I feel relaxed and its nice to be around music.
- ⊙ I've got me some seagram's gin; everybody's got they cups but they ain't chipped in
- ⊙ Trying not to sleep with my "girlfriend" tonight.
- ⊙ I love Quad. I love alcohol. I love life! :)
- ⊙ God bless scotch, and God bless America.
- ⊙ I love this party. But I love even more that there is a super cute Harvard boy whose ass my BF is about to kick but he says that my eating club beats the pants off any finals club he's ever been to. Suck it HARVARD. We're #1 on the social + intellectual scene.
- ⊙ Gummi bears!!!
- ⊙ These are my jams and he's sooo cute! <3
- ⊙ I want to transcend the meat market but am utterly mired in it (and getting more so).
- ⊙ Sex on the beach~! Come on everybody~! Love this song!!!
- ⊙ I'm having fun with good friends on a good night after a long week, and that's all that really matters right now.
- ⊙ Hopefully I'll remember what happened tonight, considering the amount of wine & vodka I've had tonight. Cheers!
- ⊙ A night out in college—trying my best to experience the guilt-free (mostly) fun of drinking, flirting, finding new friends that I may never meet again. Everything passes away, but what fun it is in the meantime---
- ⊙ People at Princeton need to stop acting like the future

leaders of America and act like themselves for a while.
Relax and have fun.

- ⊙ I am pretty sure that this much drinking is not good but it is actually quite necessary for most of us.
- ⊙ I spilled scotch on my pants.
- ⊙ I hope this night becomes epic for all ages
- ⊙ Why do all the guys here have yellow fever? It's making me a little uncomfortable.
- ⊙ I wish my boyfriend were here to see me in this dress.

CONFESSIOIN 5

You know how there are functional alcoholics? I guess I'm a functional bulimic.

SIDE EFFECTS

My doctor made it very clear that I report side effects from my medication.

I told him half of my story. My body throbs and shakes all day. Food tastes like dust. I'm as jittery as jello.

And there was the thing I didn't tell him. I didn't tell him about the manic episodes where I talk way too fast and run like a hurricane. I'm more sociable, I focus on my classes, and I don't lie in my bed writing out possible death rituals. Cyanide? Drowning? Strangulation? I might have even considered some form of cutting or hara-kiri, but it wouldn't be fair to leave my roommate with a bloody mess on top of the shock.

I no longer have those days where I sleep 2/3 of the day but still feel trashed when I wake up at night. Now I don't have to sleep at all.

I feel surreal. I feel like superman. Who would want to give that up?

DON'T TAKE THIS PERSONALLY

Sometimes, when he's playing with my nipples, I get that empty, hollow ache that I used to get in 10th grade. It's awful and it makes no sense because what he's doing feels so good, but the ache makes me want him to stop. I don't know how I could feel so lonely when I'm with someone I like so much.

CONFESSION 6

I feel the closest to you when we don't touch.

What I wrote yesterday about loving Will seems pretty melodramatic today, but I think it's true. I feel really close to him. Anyway, today I went into town and got my hair cut. I hope my hair looks really nice. I want it to stand out and look ten times nicer than Cathy's. Perhaps Will will actually talk to me when we go to town then. He normally doesn't talk that much unless it's just us two, or if we are in a small group. It confuses me, because on aim we talk comfortably all the time.

Ok, now I just feel dumb. I just talked to Will on aim, and he acted like I was nothing. I'm not sure if he meant to be like that, but every one word reply really hurt. I feel awful now. I said "I might be on later." The cold answer was "ok." Why does my heart have to be broken again and again by this boy who doesn't understand what he is doing?? Why does love have to be so unfair? I don't think any of the people who go into town like me. Or is that just what I feel like at the moment? Perhaps I should give up. I'm so depressed.

Okay, I just talked to Will and I was fine with him, but then we talked about Emma and Sam and I talked about their wedding and then when he said "maybe in several years," I said he was being mean. They have been going out for like six months already after all. But I think I hurt his feelings. He didn't reply to me after that. I guess I will send him a "have fun at school" text tomorrow. I hope he texts back with something friendly.

FLASHBACK

I write your name. And your initials fill my notes. And this is strange and very foolish. I want to hug you every time I see you, but I don't dare to. I want to kiss you every time I look into your eyes, but I don't dare to. You make me feel like I'm in 7th grade again. A better 7th grade. You remind me that I'm in college. A better college. But there are no promises and the angst is too muffled.

I CHOOSE YOU, PIKACHU

I have a cousin, he's six. He used to come over my house where my grandmother would watch him while his parents were away at work. Well, a couple years ago, I went away for the summer at a camp, and when I came back, I found something very important to me had gone missing. My cousin had taken a liking, apparently, to my big, plush Pikachu, and had taken it home with him, without a word of protest from his parents or my grandmother.

Well. In all fairness, it was only a stuffed animal, and I was sixteen at the time. What was I going to do with him? Take him to college? And there he was, at that time four, the ripe age to cuddle a stuffed animal. All this I acknowledge.

What they didn't understand was that yes, I was going to take him to college with me, and no, I didn't care how ridiculous it was, because he was cute, yellow, and great to hug. I don't care if your son is four, and if I had the opportunity, I'd knock him down to take my Pikachu back.

And what I don't understand was how his parents could let him take something that wasn't his and hold it hostage for nearly two years. Why? Do you want to teach your son bad manners? Isn't it generally frowned upon when someone takes without asking? Especially when the original owner asks (pretty nicely, I think) to have it back?
But I don't need it right?

Well neither does your son. I've been to your house and seen that poor plush Pikachu lying in a corner of your living room, quite out of the way, like he's never been played with—and, besides, your son's already got more toys than he can, or should, have—and quite frankly, I'm disgusted in you, and your son, because you're lazy, a terrible parent, an annoying busy-body, and just a bit racist, and because your son is lazy, fat, ill-mannered, whiny, and cowardly.

So no, I don't think he deserves to have my Pikachu, and yeah, I think it's about high time I take him back. Chew on that.





SPILL THE CONTENTS OF YOUR BACKPACK/BAG/PURSE

Lip balm, my Firestone library ID, pads, iPod with green ear-phones, gum, miscellaneous scraps of paper, panda wallet, over-the-counter sleep aid

Printed weekly schedule
Periodic table of elements
Music for Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 3
Pen that has a unscrewable USB
Frist late meal water bottle
Pencil case with "Capability" written on it
Homework folder
Earplug
Phone charger
Macbook + charger
Hand lotion

Drugs.

IN MY BAG

tin box of peppermint altoids smalls
pouch with a cookie-monster toothbrush, whitening toothpaste
and floss
pouch with pads and tampons, thick and thin of each
visine for contacts
emergency whistle
planner
orange pencil pouch with a blue highlighter, green pen, red pen,
blue pen, black Cabot cheese pen, orange pen, purple pen,
mechanical pencil that takes .7 lead, pink eraser
orange phone
keys: room key, darkroom key, apartment key, apartment
mailbox key, key for my suitcase lock, Nassau Hall return tag
(heavy), beaded keychain

IN MY WALLET

receipts for reimbursement
film pick-up slips
list of books to read
copy card
princeton library card
u store membership card
cvs card
cvs receipt coupons
neutrogena hand lotion coupon
purell
blistex silk&shine
driver's license
laminated card with important phone numbers (doctors, family,
family friends)
laminated card with emergency contact information (parents,
home and cell phone numbers, how to call collect out of the
country)
laminated card with parent names, home address, home and
cell phone numbers, my name, my campus address, how to
open my mailbox
insurance card for medical center near home
press pass
medco card
surgery card
dental insurance card
university insurance card
aaa card
american express credit card
visa debit card
prox
folded post-it note with my boyfriend's address,
phone numbers, how to get to his house by metro
four dollars
one penny

SLOWLY OR NOT AT ALL

You are my worst friend and my best passion. Behind my eyes are yours. You're gone now and you aren't alone. You've never been alone. You aren't with me, and never have been. I am so desperate now that I am silent. A puddle freezing and unfreezing—praying to just evaporate. Slowly or not at all is the process of forgetting you. Slowly or not at all is how fast I care about other people. Slowly or not at all is what we will be.



FIRST LETTER OF EACH SENTENCE BOLDED

People are mostly self-absorbed
Relaxing is not part of everyday vocabulary
Internships are basically required every summer if you don't
want to 'fall behind'
Never feel like you're doing enough
Courses are not as 'life-changing' as you expected
Eating clubs seem just ridiculous sometimes
Tucked in orange bubble
Open-minded environment of enlightenment severely lacking
Not what I wanted

WISHES

I wish I had an extra year here.

I wish I lived in a bygone era.

A LETTER TO MR. ED (NO COMMAS PLEASE)

You.

I'm not sure even how to begin this letter. I mean, I was told that at some point in my life I would have to write a letter like this or something like this or make a phone call or an email or start a conversation or something—and not know how to begin. I guess this is my moment for that. And I sure as hell don't know this one's beginning.

I guess I hate you.

And it's taken me two years to say it, but I hate you. I hate you. I hate your voice, that silky smooth translucent voice that slips inside my mind like warm honey and tells me things. Like, "You cannot touch the chocolate cake today: you had a ginger cookie yesterday, so you'd have to pay the penalty for that double tomorrow," or "no breakfast for you today," or "You've gained weight. Guess who won't be eating for another week?" Or. "You're fat." Again.

And your touch. I hate your touch. Those silky ice fingers that trail along my jawbone and tilt my face towards yours so you fill my eyes and my mouth and all of me. Those fingers that press and pulse along my naked side those many cold and lonely nights of guilt and anguished memory—cold but forbiddenly and deliciously and fatally warm. You told me those nights to ignore the ache in my belly, you stroked and licked until it went away. You touched and made me conscious of thighs and stomach and shins and arms and cheeks and—flesh.

I never agreed to sleep with you.

And your face. Melting and sculpted and angled and pristine. A god. A sculpture of lies and falsehoods and numbers and measurements. My teacher, my guide, you said. You took my hand and led me on the path to greatness. To. Beauty. Your face that is soft and tender and wanting.

You never gave me a second chance.

I'm sick of you. I'm sick of your seeming. Of your almosts and your lies. Of the whispers like trapped bees in my mind always and the numbers on the scale that burn trapped in my mind and the images of skinny and flawless and winsome in my mind and the self-hatred and self-doubt and self-denial in my mind.

I hate you but I know I have to love you until I let you go but I don't know when that will be because you are a part of me and I of you and it is irrevocable this hated union and you have taken all of me and I am so tired.

So tell me when that day will come, that day of liberation without scales and skinny jeans and images and whispers and hiding and excuses and hating.

And I know that somehow only I can know because they tell me so and yet I don't want to go to see a counselor because you see I never thought this could happen to me.

But it did and here I am living an illusion that is slowly breaking and I am so afraid.

So I guess all I wanted to say was please. Please let me go. Because I think it's killing me and i don't think I'm strong enough and I hate you.

That's all I have to say.

Sincerely

Me



CONFESSION 7

The closest my boyfriend has come to a compliment is telling me I look good in that sweater.

IT WAS SO LONG AGO. . .

I could recognize you anywhere, even if you were the slip of a shadow. I know the back of your head better than I know myself. I miss sitting next to you on the steps of Frist, talking about maps and buildings and clouds. I miss calling your dorm ugly while you complain about the food at mine. I miss bumping into you everywhere. I miss you calling me at random times and asking to meet.

I miss a lot of things, but most of all, I miss you.

* I saw you walking to Holder in shorts on one of the colder days of fall. You have a new girl on your arm every day, and I wonder why you never say hi to me anymore.

* I saw you walking up the steps near the chapel. A self-assured smile is not something that you wear very well. But your face glowed like it always does. I've often wondered if you were really an angel, because I've never been able to dream of you without wings. I know you saw me when you walked right past me, but you pretended otherwise.

* I saw you walk down the same steps, this time with a new girl. You didn't have a coat. Don't you get cold? I ran past you both. I might have had a fit if I had to say hi, because I knew who she was. We ran away from her party, a long time ago on a very long night. It was the night we met. Knowing you, I know you remember.

* I saw you at my old (!) dining hall, standing at the pizza station. I was behind you, and I pretended not to see you when you looked at me.

* I saw you in a dream, and when I woke up, I cried.

I never saw you again after that.

SLEEP TALKING

I had that dream again last night. That one where he is dying, and I have to ask him, once and for all. I really have to ask, but I really don't want to know. He has seconds left, and if I don't ask I will go crazy never knowing, but if I do I will regret this moment forever. That's when I wake up. Should I ask him?



DO YOU REMEMBER?

Remember when we first met? We were in the same math class. You caught my attention the first time I saw you. I always came to class early, hoping that I could have a quick conversation with you before class started, but you always came a few minutes late. I always looked for you after class was over, hoping that we could grab dinner together and get to know each other, but you always left class before the professor could say goodbye to the class. And one day you unexpectedly came up to me to ask if I could help you with the next problem set, hoping that I would say yes to your question. And of course I did. (I guess participating in class is actually helpful, huh?)

Remember our first date? We had dinner at Winberie's (you paid for my meal!), we went to the Garden Theatre to see Mr. Fantastic Fox (which was surprisingly good!), and you walked with me all the way to Forbes even though you lived in Rocky (how sweet!). And right before I entered my room, you held my face and gave me a kiss. You thought that I would pull away and never talk to you again. But of course I didn't—I've been waiting for this moment since I first saw you.

Remember our first fight? ... Yeah, let's try to forget that...

Remember when you first told me that you loved me? It was right after our first fight. I was preparing for the worst—I honestly thought you were going to end our relationship right then and there. But no, instead you threw me a curve ball and told me those three small words: "I love you." Except you said them as if they were one word, so it was more like, "iloveyou." But it wasn't exactly like that, because there was still a bit of a pause between the words; it was more like, "i/love/you." You also put a lot of emphasis on the word "love," so really it was like, "i/LOVE/you." Yes, that's exactly what you said to me—"i/LOVE/you." And I felt this odd sensation in my body when you said that. It was a good sensation, though. It was the greatest sensation of all, and I wanted you to feel the same way to see if you would think the same thing. So I tried to imitate how you said "i/LOVE/you" when I responded, hoping that you could feel this sensation—"i/LOVE/you/too," I said. "i/LOVE/you/too." And

you felt the sensation, too. And of course I was happy.

We've been together for over a year now... I can't believe I still remember all of this! Do you still remember everything? ... Wait, what? You don't remember any of that? What do you mean you don't remember anything?! Did none of that mean anything to you?! ... Wait, what? You're saying that none of this actually happened? That I made all of this up? What are you talking about?! ... This was all just a daydream?! It couldn't be! Or maybe it is? Maybe I was just hoping that all of this could happen between us? ... Yeah, of course I was only hoping. This was all just a day dream... Well, never mind, then. Just... never mind...

SOME NOTES I'VE GOTTEN ON MY POEMS. . .

. . .from my creative writing classes (approximately)

10. I'm a little bit confused here.
9. I don't see this at all.
8. Who is this "they"? Is this they you, or are you they? Are you your mom?
7. I'm not sure I quite understand.
6. (Gets back poem, all marked up.) Freshman: I think this is how you should break your poem into stanzas.
5. Professor: I'm drawing you the pronoun police. (Draws a police car with sirens.)
4. You lost me when you started talking about his underwear.
3. I don't understand!!! Boxers or briefs?
2. Is this even related to the piece?
1. No.



AN ABORTED CREATIVE WRITING ASSIGNMENT

Somewhere between lunch and her car pool home, Sylvia's sex sex sex EXPLODED and it was sexy.

GOODBYE.

It's been great getting to know you over the past year or so. I guess we've had our fair share of awkward moments, but you know, that's life. On the whole, we've still both been able to benefit from our friendship. Thanks for keeping me sane during all those late-night conversations.

Anyway, good luck next year. Sorry for choosing to go to a different school, but you know, I'll be back to visit...

...

Goodbye.

I'm sorry that we missed the opportunity to make this work. Really, it should have been you and me all along.

Just to let you know, the same opportunity came again with a different person. This time, I made the right choice.



CONFESSIOIN 8

I do the dishes in the shower...while I'm taking a shower. The shampoo runoff from my hair does a great job getting off oatmeal from my breakfast bowl.

**THE PUBLIC
JOURNAL.**

WHO WE ARE

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

HOW WE WORK

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

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?

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

Submit/At least check us out at:

www.princeton.edu/~pj

You can also submit by email:

pj@princeton.edu



Our hearty and sincere thanks go to the Lewis Center for the Arts, the Art and Archaeology Department, the Comparative Literature Department, the English Department, the Anthropology Department, and The Writers Studio for supporting our humble (public) endeavors. We very much appreciate your kind generosity.



