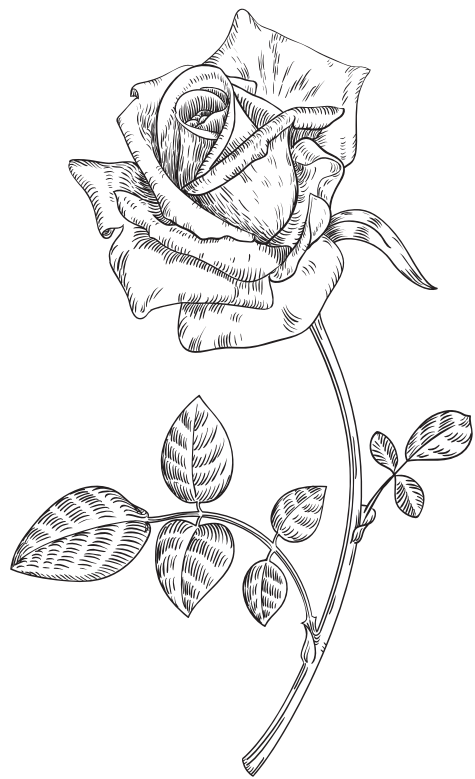


A LIST OF REJECTIONS OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD:



- 2010<sup>1</sup> ANONYMOUS, San Francisco, CA  
2010<sup>2</sup> xo SHARAINA BELL, Over the Phone, San Francisco, CA  
2009<sup>3</sup> LAURA GREIG, Text Messages, and Facebook, New York City, NY  
2009<sup>4</sup> IRENE LEE, My Cousin Margaret’s Wedding, New York City, NY  
2009<sup>5</sup> ANNABEL LEE, My Cousin Margaret’s Wedding, New York City, NY  
2009 HEATHER STEERE, My Bedroom, San Francisco, CA  
2008<sup>6</sup> xo y JINA VALENTINE, Various Locations, San Francisco, and Stanford, Palo Alto, CA  
2007 JASMIN LIM, Alice Caraway’s Kitchen, Oakland, CA  
2007<sup>7</sup> JAMIE VENCI, Southern Exposure, San Francisco, CA  
2006<sup>8</sup> xo y CHLOE KLOEZEMAN, Sidewalk Outside 49 Geary, San Francisco, CA  
2006 LINDSAY BENNEDICT, UC Berkeley, Berkeley, CA  
2006<sup>9</sup> UNKNOWN, Kroeber Hall, UC Berkeley, Berkeley, CA  
2005 GEENA UNKNOWN, Painting Studios, SFSU, San Francisco, CA  
2005<sup>10</sup> LISA CASERI, Her Apartment, Oakland, CA  
2004 SUZANNE HUSKY, Random Party of Drunkards, San Francisco, CA  
2004<sup>11</sup> HAREG UNKNOWN, Sandee Manuel’s Car, San Francisco, CA  
2004<sup>12</sup> xo DANIELLE JEDINY, Philosophy Lounge, SFSU, San Francisco, CA  
2004 NAOMI JABAMI, Painting Studios, SFSU, San Francisco, CA  
2003<sup>13</sup> SANDEE MANUEL, My Apartment, San Francisco, CA  
2002<sup>14</sup> UNKNOWN, Barton Gallery, Sacramento, CA  
2002 ESTHER UNKNOWN, Raphael House, San Francisco, CA  
2001<sup>15</sup> JENNIFER BAUMER, Her Office, SFSU, San Francisco, CA  
2001 LISA McLAIN, Orange County, and San Francisco, CA  
1998<sup>16</sup> DENISE JONES, Academy of Art College, San Francisco, CA  
1998<sup>17</sup> xo JENNIFER WILSON, Her Office, Academy of Art College, San Francisco, CA  
1997<sup>18</sup> REBECCA NEY, Her Car, Esperanza H.S, Anaheim, and San Francisco, CA  
1996 STEVIE UNKNOWN, Esperanza H.S., CA  
1996<sup>19</sup> COURTNEY SMITH, Esperanza H.S., CA  
1996 SHELLY UNKNOWN, Esperanza H.S., Anaheim, CA  
1996<sup>20</sup> xo y JENNIFER SALTZSTEIN, Esperanza H.S., Anaheim, CA  
1995<sup>21</sup> xo RACHEL SALTZSTEIN, Esperanza H.S., Anaheim, CA  
1994 BETH JOHNSON, Esperanza H.S., Anaheim, CA  
1993 JENNIFER LANDIG, Esperanza H.S., Anaheim, CA  
1991 CRYSTAL SMITH, Bernardo Yorba M.S., Yorba Linda, CA  
1987<sup>22</sup> SUSIE KANG, South Hills Christian Academy, West Covina, CA  
1986<sup>23</sup> SHAMIRA JOHNSON, South Hills Christian Academy, West Covina, CA  
1985<sup>24</sup> ROSE UNKNOWN, My Driveway, West Covina, CA  
1984 MELISSA UNKNOWN, South Hills Christian Academy, West Covina, CA  
1982<sup>25</sup> xo JANNA “BANANA” UNKNOWN, KinderCare, City of Industry, CA

1. Various women whom I had huge, passing, drunken, crushes on who were all out of my league, and wouldn’t have liked me anyways. I can’t remember who they are now. I only remember what I drank. I’ll just go ahead, however, and chalk them all up as one rejection.
2. Sharaine found out about this piece, and rejected me because she thought it’d be funny to be on this list. I’m still trying to find the humor in it. Maybe she could explain it to me over dinner. Unfortunately, I’m sure she’d think it funnier to make this list twice.
3. One of the very best drunk-text conversationalists I’ve ever met. She was so effortlessly endearing, it was rather disarming.
4. A great dancer.
5. Irene Lee’s mother. Also, a great dancer. If I ever see her, or Irene, again I’ll need to apologize. I was very very drunk when we met. I’m sure I don’t step on as many toes when I’m half sober.
6. Continually astounded me, in ways good and bad; nobody rejected me as often. I hadn’t chased anyone so diligently, for so long, in quite some time. I threw everything at her, including the kitchen sink, and then, I threw in the towel.
7. I was an idiot, and would rather not talk about it.
8. The long-distance, lover of my dreams. She only liked girls, though. But, of course I still tried; leaving her to wonder aloud why she put up with my “hijinks.” I’m the wrong gender, and I try not to hold it against her, so long as she lets me drunk-text her.
9. She was an ex-Mormon, making an easel painting in the hallways at UC Berkeley. My artist friends like to sometimes ask, “could you date a bad artist?” Well, dear artist friends, I surely could have dated her. So, my answer was “yes,” but of course, her answer was “no.”
10. She once told me that she wanted to press her body against mine everytime she saw me, but she had promised her ex-boyfriend that she would never get together with me, specifically. I never even met the dude. She moved to Italy to study opera before I could work it out.
11. She would only date fellow Ethiopians. I tried, and repeatedly failed, to convince her that my great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather was a sailor who had ran his junk (ship) ashore in Africa, and had taken an Ethiopian bride, thereby making me 1/100th Ethiopian. I’m a fairly gifted liar, but it’s a tough story to sell considering Ethiopia doesn’t border an ocean.
12. I blame this one on gross immaturity. She was beautiful and I was weird. Not good weird, but creepy weird, but not as creepy as she claims.
13. My grandmother kept pressing me to marry Sandee, I didn’t know how to tell her I couldn’t even get a date with Sandee.
14. She was a cellist. We talked about Schnittke, and Shostakovich, which was a tremendous turn-on for me, but apparently only for me.
15. I’ve almost never not had a crush on a female English, or Philosophy teacher, so long as they were older than 18, and younger than 65.
16. We seemed fairly fond of one another, but she was Mormon, and wanted me to go to Church with her. I said, “OK.” She was then asked to address the congregation, and talked about how she found Jesus. She cried a lot, and then left for her missionary.
17. During our one-on-one meeting about a research paper, I interrupted her mid-sentence to clumsily tell her I thought she was beautiful. She laughed, and carried on with the meeting. She eventually gave me a B+. I deserved an A-.
18. For whatever reason, I think she wanted me to date her brother, but would get jealous everytime I spent time alone with him. She would eventually date my best friend, Paul Stapleton. She would go on to like him much more than she ever could like me.
19. I never asked her out, but would have if I wasn’t so shy. She was smart.
20. She was hung up on one of my closest friends. She played the clarinet. She came from good stock. I liked her for her brains. The FBI had a file on her dad from his days as a war protester, and he could talk intelligently about the books we were reading. I liked him.
21. She played the violin. Rumor is she wouldn’t date me because I kept hitting on her twin sister, who wouldn’t date me, rumor has it, because she didn’t want Chinese babies, but I still liked her for her brains, because I was obviously lacking in them. We were so young.
22. Never had I met anyone so overwhelmingly more intelligent, and willful, than every other person around her. She was destined for greatness.
23. She was the only human being I knew who could run faster than me. At the time, that was my criteria for true love.
24. She lived down the street, and walked up behind me while I was taking practice swings with an aluminum baseball bat. I never saw her coming. She needed four stitches in her forehead, and inexplicably lost interest in me.
25. She liked my best friend, Ryan Patterson. It was to be a pattern for things to come.

y. Repeat offender.  
xo. The most beautiful woman I’d seen up to that time.