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The Kiss Catalog

Natalie Randall
natalierandall23@gmail.com

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Informant:

The informant is my roommate of 2 years. She was born and raised in West Bountiful, Utah. She has only one brother, who is younger than her. She is 19 years old. Her family is very outdoorsy and very close knit. They enjoy doing things together and know everything about each other's lives. I've known her since high school as well. She is very comfortable around me and certain other people, namely our roommates from our freshman year of college, which is where this story originated.

Context:

Emily and I were supposed to be doing homework in our room, but instead we were chatting. I asked her about a few stories, one of which was this story. It was late afternoon and we were both home for the day and it was the first day we could both take some time to ourselves. It was dead week, so in all reality we should have been doing homework, but we enjoy procrastinating it instead.

Text:

The kiss catalog is a journal of all of the kisses, [she then whispers to me] was it all that we had in the apartment, or that we had total [referring to our apartment from the previous year, I nodded my head at this point to affirm that it was all we had in the apartment], that we had in the apartment, #sisterhoodofbullen211 [this was a hashtag we often used on social media when we did stuff together and posted about it], um, of the six girls that, uh, were roommates together freshman year, plus three other adopted roommates. Um, it includes details of MY first kiss and a lot of kisses of other people: boyfriends and stuff like that. Highly confidential, for girls eyes only [she laughs a bit at this part]. Uh, it’s some fun times, it documents all the emotions we were feeling, which sometimes you forget as you look back, so it was fun.
Texture:
Emily told this story in a kind of fun voice, the kind of tone one would have when remembering fun times. She included the hashtag that our group of girls from the previous year used to commemorate anything that had to do with all of us. We used it when posting online, or now when we email girls who are now serving LDS missions. It has become a meaningful phrase for us to use, and it’s not surprising that she used it in this context. Emily is usually very shy when talking about kissing, however because I was the only one in the room, she was more open to talk about the kiss catalog.