

The PRINCETON TIGER

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**WE WON A
FRIGGING
AWARD**

INSIDE: WE TRY TO FIGURE
OUT WHAT WE ACTUALLY WON

WE ASK: WHY IN THE FLYING
HELL DID THEY GIVE US THIS?

PLUS: DO WE WANT A TROPHY
OR SOMETHING? (YES.)

EXCLUSIVE: DEAN DUNNE:
“I REGRET IT ALREADY!”

The **AWARD-WINNING HUMOR MAGAZINE** Issue

join tiger magazine.

we've been publishing marginally literate comedy since 1882, which makes us the second-oldest college humor magazine anywhere in the country. no matter what your skills, we have a place for you. even if you've never done humor before, we can teach you! so come to our open house on

thursday, september 29 at 8:00 pm
in the 4th floor conference room of 48 university place.
(we'll have fun.) (and maybe food.)

The PRINCETON TIGER

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Suite 406, 48 University Place, Princeton, NJ 08544
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Suck it, *Daily Princetonian*



Jim Valcourt '12

Chairman / Award-winning
humorist / General disappointment

Jim only started writing for the Tiger to work off the debts from his crippling addiction to chartreuse eye shadow.

This strategy is marginally ineffective, since his position is unpaid. He originally worked as a spy, but his budding career at MI6 was cut short by a tragic case of restless leg syndrome. Jim spends his free time moonlighting as a psychotherapy test subject, sharpening his crowbar for the impending zombie apocalypse, and writing the "Alluring Lures" filler column for Bass Fisherman's Quarterly.

Read the life stories of all of our staff members online at tigermag.com

Holy crap you guys, we won a frigging award! A real, 100% legitimate award! And not just any award, mind you, but the prestigious Alberto Santos Dumont Award for... umm, honoring our achievements in...

Well, shit.

All right, I admit that we have no idea what it is, but it has to be good, right? It's probably an award for good magazines. Maybe for like, having the best sentences? We do write some good sentences. Like that one, the last one, the one about sentences. It had a verb, and one of the other ones that modifies another... like a describey word, or whatever. A participle?

Fine, the award's definitely not for good writing. And it's definitely not for tact. Or cleverness. Or financial solvency. Or graphic design. Or attractiveness of our staff. (Sorry, guys.) Jesus, we're not really good at anything, are we?

In fact, you might even say that this award runs pretty contrary to the feedback we've received in the past. People come up to me all the time on campus and punch me in the face, just for helping this steaming pile of refuse to continue to exist. Remember when we got one of our videos picked up by the *New York Times*, *New Yorker*, and *Huffington Post*, only to have a prominent blogger call me a "Princeton buffoon?" That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me. So you'll understand why we get a little excited about recognition that isn't a Dean's Warning.

But come to think of it, what is an Alberto Santos Dumont, anyway? I asked our crack research team to find out, but it turns out that we don't have a crack research team. However, Wikipedia tells me that Alberto Santos Dumont was a Brazilian aviator who flew a dirigible around the Eiffel Tower. That's pretty cool, I guess, and brave too, at least by French standards. So maybe this was for our advancement of dirigible technology? Wait, they don't think we're an aviation magazine, do they? That would be awkward.

In any case, we're tremendously grateful for the award, and I think it's about time that we were recognized for doing whatever it is that we did. (Blimps? We might have done blimps.) In fact, we're so grateful that we've sent a year's subscription to *Cosmo* to Dean Dunne as a special thank you. But actually.

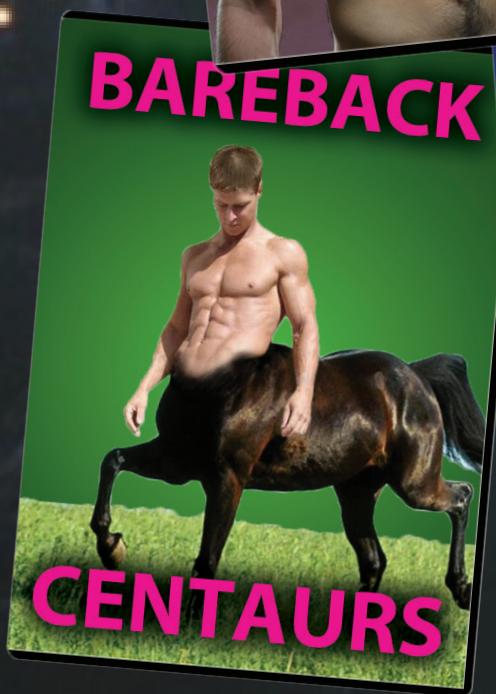
So as you flip through this issue and take in the utter drivel to be found herein, I would like you to remember this one thing: We won an award for this crap. Maybe.

Triumphantly yours,

Jim Valcourt '12

Chairman / Award-winning humorist

XXX MOVIES FROM THE HARRY POTTER UNIVERSE



Debbie Does Slytherin ~ House Elf House Orgy III ~ Snape's Dungeon
Whorecrux Patrol ~ Albus Dumbledore Presents: The Elder Wand
Quidditch Bitches VII ~ Platform 9 and 3/4 Isn't Big Enough

-MS '14

HEY GIRL, CHECK OUT MY NEW CAR

(by a guy who knows nothing about cars)

Hey there, girl. I can see you checking out my sweet new ride. Don't be shy. Come take a look. That's right. Run your fingers down her aerodynamic curves. Polished her myself. I like to get my hands dirty; I'm definitely a bit of a grease monkey. I guess I just love machines. Ain't nothin' more gratifying than keepin' a machine running smoothly. Makes a man feel right, you know?

Isn't she sexy? All polished and waxed up to smooth perfection. I bet you'd like to see what's underneath the hood, if you catch my drift? I'll show you everything, baby. Just as soon as I find the hood release lever.

There we go. She's a beauty,

ain't she? Got a quad-drive V8 with dual power wheel locking, magnum tipped injectors, and an asymmetric differential transmission carburetor. And that's on top of the hardened silver hemi drive train, and a turbo overdrive intelligent no-slip... a no-slip... well, I forget the next bit, but the salesman assured me it's the best thing available. Of all the things. Plus, it's got a roof rack.

You don't have to pretend, baby. I can see you like a man who knows his way around an engine, and trust me, I know how to keep your motor running if you know what I mean. ...and what I mean is a little bit of oil and preventative maintenance can dramatically im-

prove the lifespan of your vehicle. That sounded a lot sexier in my head.

Let me start her up so you can feel the power... there we go. Sometimes the fan belt pulls to the right, so I have to run her short to maintain throttle power. Now if I can just modulate the ABS hydroponics, I should be able to... shit.

No, babe, the smoke means it's working! Come on girl, don't go! It's just the... G-diffuser? Fuck.

Fine. Fine, just leave. It's your loss. I could tell from the second I saw you that you don't appreciate fine cars. I'll find some other chick who wants a ride in my used 1993 Toyota Corolla.

-JRV '12





Tired of trying to find common ground between the Left and the Right? Is the gravitas of our current political situation bringing you down? Worry no more, Mary Todd's Secret has come up with a bipartisan solution:

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Available in a wide range of sizes (from AA+, for America's credit rating, to D, for Democracy), you're sure to find the right balance! Sold in select stores. Customers in the highest tax bracket may be eligible for a 20% off coupon.

*Obama, the support you gave in 2008;
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-MG '12

Headlines You Missed This Summer

"Kate Plus Eight" Replaced by "Casey Anthony Minus One"

Steve Jobs Ascends to Heaven in Smooth Black Capsule That Has No Buttons

Devastating East Coast Earthquake Leaves Millions with Homes, Jobs

Death at Comic-Con After Man Describes *Firefly* as "Meh"

Portland's Hipster City Planners to Build Whole New City Underground; Citizens Apathetic

Bankruptcy of Borders Leaves Millions Wondering Where to Look At Books Before Buying Them From Amazon

Ashton Kutcher Claims He Was Totally Punking *To Catch a Predator*. That's all. Honest.

Rupert Murdoch: "Yeah, I Tapped That"

-RM '13

Dean Malkiel Leaves for Standard & Poor's

It may seem like a completely different line of work, but former Dean of the College Nancy Malkiel says her new job isn't as different from her position at Princeton as many would expect. Instead, in an exclusive interview, she has told the Tiger that her new role as chief analyst at Standard & Poor's was a relatively comfortable transition.

"Coming into the job, I knew what I had to do," she said.

"The situation was out of control when I got here. It was just too easy to get a good grade! Here at S&P, we were handing out those AAAs left and right."

This lax grading policy was considered one of the major causes of

the economic crisis, and it became an immediate target for Malkiel. Since arriving in July, Malkiel has had an immediate impact, installing a new philosophy of more rigorous evaluations of groups in the hope of decreasing the number of AAA ratings given out by S&P. Already, the new policy has

the several trillion dollar error in S&P's initial analysis, Malkiel muttered something about "adjusting for the curve" and quickly changed the subject.

We concluded our interview with Malkiel by asking her if anything about the reception to her new plan had surprised her. Though

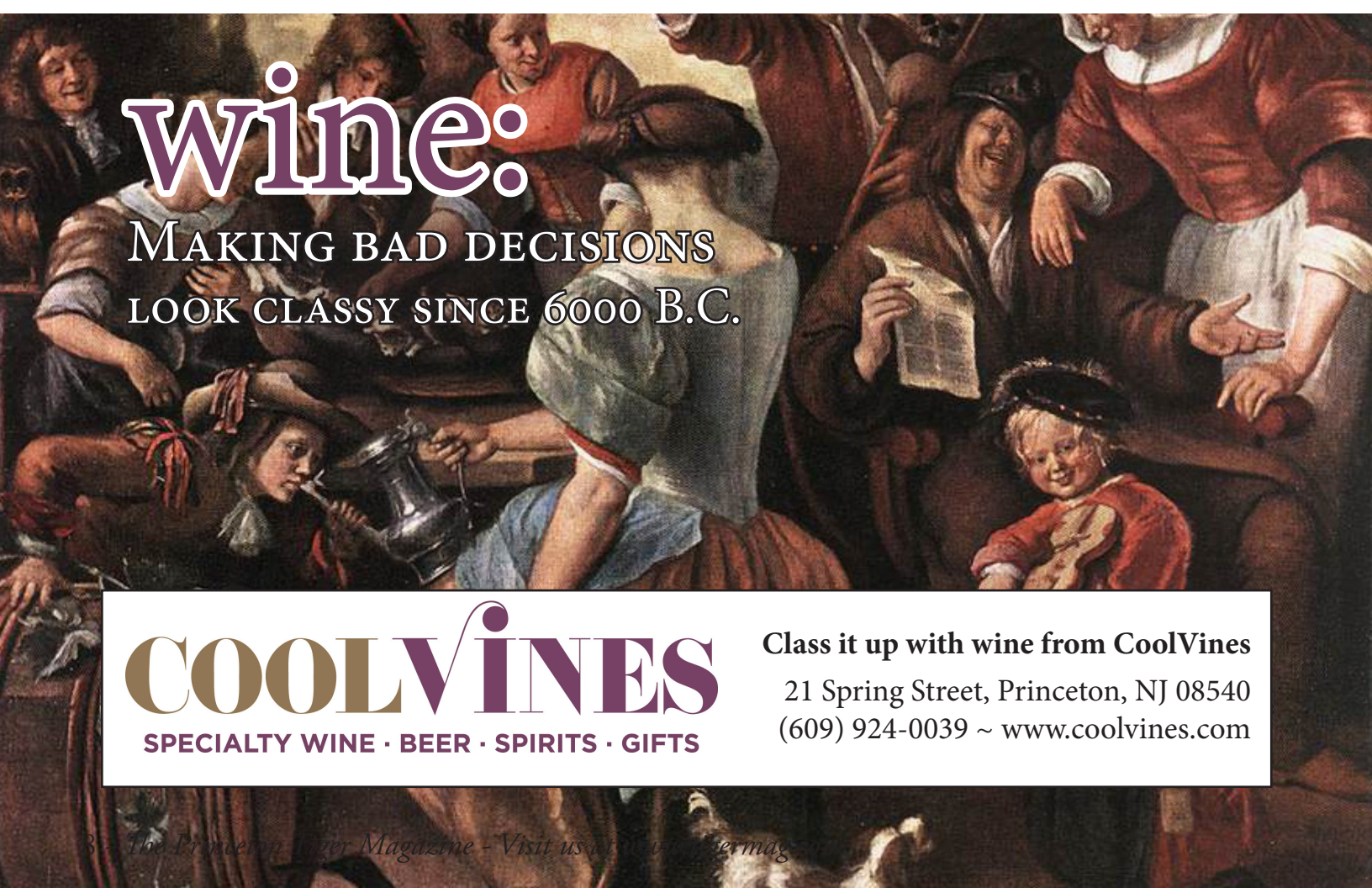
she dismissed concerns about the rapidly falling stock market- "once they understand what

"Here at S&P, we were handing out those AAA's left and right."

claimed its first victims, none other than the United States government and lenders Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac. Said Malkiel about the downgrade, "I wanted to just give them all B's, but apparently that was too harsh." When asked about

we're doing, it shouldn't affect the country's chances"- she did admit she had expected other major credit groups like Moody's to follow suit. "But none of them did," she said, "so now we just look obnoxious."

-TM '14



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THE 100 WORST NICKNAMES

TO PICK UP DURING FROSH WEEK

1. Dumpy
2. Slickfinger
3. Papa Doc
4. Bad Santa
5. Chowderfoot
6. Grundle
7. Skinny
8. Bracecrotch
9. No-Toes
10. Butts
11. Statutory Steve
12. Fleaz
13. White Tyler Perry
14. Black D.W. Griffith
15. Brown M. Night Shyamalan
16. Two-Handjob Doug
17. Obamacare
18. Rabies
19. Pecan Sandy
20. Lez Paul
21. Chunderbucket
22. Snape
23. Faggioli
24. Buffalo Bill
25. Caligula
26. Uncle Tom
27. Sorority Boy
28. Walt Disney
29. Agamemnon
30. Thundertits
31. Lou Gehrig
32. Tiny
33. Heavy Flow
34. Homeless
35. Bedbugs
36. Fart Simpson
37. Chelsea
38. Crampon
39. Milk
40. Snot the Hoople
41. Harvard
42. Psoriasis
43. Yoko
44. Sluts
45. Three-Balls



46. Encyclopedia Brownnose
 47. Diddle
 48. Moist
 49. Jenkem
 50. Fat Man
 51. Little Boy
 52. Disgrace
 53. Ed Wood
 54. Voight-Kampff
 55. Puberty
 56. The Boy From Brazil
 57. Sammy Davis, Jr., Jr.
 58. The Laramie Project
 59. The San Francisco Treat
 60. Cougarstown
 61. Freud
 62. The Troll
 63. The Dunwich Horror
 64. The Shadow Over Innsmouth
 65. Bulk
 66. Skull
 67. Himmler
 68. Party Fowl
 69. Depends
 70. Zuckerberg
 71. Minstrel
 72. PTSDipshit
 73. The Sperminator
 74. Shylock
 75. Iago
 76. Edmund
 77. Cockblock O'Clock
 78. Famine
 79. War
 80. Pestilence
 81. Death
 82. Freebird
 83. Runny
 84. Scepterhead
 85. Rapescallion
 86. The Last King of Scotland
 87. Genghis Can't
 88. LL Drool J
 89. Crusty
 90. That Little Fucker
 91. Girl Nixon
 92. Gizzard
 93. Great White Shart
 94. Mountain Douche
 95. The Human Tumor
 96. Poor
 97. Fancy Feast
 98. Kübler-Ross
 99. Kentucky Fried Chickenshit
 100. Nobody's Favorite
- DJA '13
*This article has also appeared on
CollegeHumor.com*

7 SCHOOL SUPPLIES YOU NEED TO BUY IMMEDIATELY

Sharpened Pencils

Nothing says the start of school more than the smell of freshly sharpened pencils. Make sure to stock up on pencils and sharpen them before the school year starts: there's nothing worse than being heavily engrossed in a problem set, only to break a pencil and have to waste time scrounging around for a pencil sharpener. Sharpened pencils can also be utilized as a great makeshift weapon. Use one as a shiv if you find yourself jumped while walking between classes. For this reason, I recommend you buy wooden, as opposed to mechanical, pencils, as wooden splinters can cause more damage, and displaying your blood-stained pencils will help to ward your enemies away.

Binders

The successful student keeps organized, and what better way is there to do so than with a binder? Use dividers to keep notes from different chapters separate in order to speed up your studying. Also, be sure to keep a separate section for notes about who owes you money and how much. It's also helpful to keep records of who you will allow to pay you back with sexual favors.

Planner

Forgetting to do your homework was no excuse in high school, and it certainly is not one in college. In addition to keeping track of assignments, however, there's a whole slew of other things to be on top of in college: club sports practice, USG events, speakers, and high-

stakes drug deals. Whether you end up joining the Band, Tigermag, the Tory, or any one of Princeton's notorious drug gangs, you will be involved in making a sale, and lateness is not appreciated.



compartment or sleeve for a laptop; you don't want it to get scratched by loose pens and pencils. Extra pouches are a plus, too. Use them to help separate pills you have a prescription for from the ones you don't. You don't want to accidentally take an oxycontin instead of Adderall.

Textbooks

When buying textbooks for class, don't just go straight to Labyrinth and buy new; Shop around a bit. You can save some serious cash doing this, and after all, who really wants to spend \$100 on a book that you are just going to carve the pages out of so it can secretly store a flask?

Mini-fridge

Use a mini-fridge to store your sodas, Gatorade, water, and, let's face it – alcohol. Be aware, however, that the University prohibits the use of non-sanctioned microwave-fridge hybrids. Instead, be sure to purchase a mini-fridge large enough that you can store your microwave inside of it. Fire-safety will never think to look there.

Computer

You don't have to buy one through SCI, but you most certainly need to have a computer for college. Many classes have homework that is online, most teachers require papers to be submitted on BlackBoard or by email, and more importantly viewing certain web sites in the computer labs is seen as inappropriate. Don't worry, tigermag.com is ok!

Backpack

Chances are, the backpack you had in high school just isn't cut out for college. Maybe it's not big enough, maybe it's Hello Kitty, or maybe it rolls on wheels. When buying a new backpack, one of the most important things to look for is a separate

- MS '14



I Think My iPhone Weather App Needs More Icons That Mean Rain



This was a mild drizzle.

This was LITERALLY A HURRICANE.

-JRV '12



A RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE!

Here's a chocolate cake so rich you'll think it's John D Rockefeller! It's so dark you'll think owning it is illegal (post 1863)!

Ingredients:

2 cups sugar
1 cup all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 teaspoon of salt
18 small eggs
the milk of a baby goat
1/2 cup vegetable oil

Many people are doubtful when they see 18 small eggs and are tempted to add 2-3 large eggs instead. DO NOT DO THIS! There needs to be a very precise yolk ratio, and it cannot be tampered with. You can use 18 medium eggs if you want.

If you have problems with the goat, try tickling it under the chin while smoothly reaching for the udder.

Directions:

1. Heat oven to 750°F. Grease and flour two 9-inch round baking pans, unless you wish to die a painful death by my hand!
2. Stir together sugar, flour, cocoa, baking powder, baking soda and salt in large bowl. When adding the sugar, baking powder and salt, first combine them in a glass of water. Then swish the water in your mouth for 45 seconds and spit into bowl. Then rinse (mouth, not bowl) with listerine because, well, there's a reason you're not married. Add eggs, milk, oil and vanilla; beat on medium speed of mixer 2 minutes. Stir in boiling water, heated to the temperature of 10,000 suns! (Batter will be thin.) Pour batter into prepared pans.
3. Bake 30 to 65 minutes or until vernal equinox. Cool 2 days; remove from pans to wire racks. Normally serves 8, but with your fat ass I'd estimate 3.

-ES '14

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Marinara Pizza (No Cheese). San Marzano tomato sauce, olive oil, fresh garlic, topped with fresh basil. Small \$5.50, Large \$8.50.

Toppings. Small \$1.50 each item. Large \$2.50 each item.

Pepperoni	Portobello Mushrooms
Sweet Italian Sausage	Extra Mozzarella
Imported Anchovies	Extra San Marzano Sauce
Oven-roasted Red Peppers	Artichoke Hearts
Black Olives	Eggplant
White Onions	Hot Peppers
Broccoli	Imported Ham
Spinach	Green Peppers
Beefsteak Tomatoes	Ricotta Cheese
Vegetarian Pepperoni	Vegetarian Sausage
Sun Dried Tomatoes	Grilled Chicken
Pineapple	Prosciutto
Meatballs	Fresh Garlic
Extra Basil - Small \$0.50, Large \$1.00	

Our menu also features tossed salads, antipasto, garlic bread, sub sandwiches, and a selection of refreshing beverages.

What Does Diversity Mean to You?

The author submitted the following supplemental essay in her application to the University of Michigan.

Prompt:

"We know that diversity makes us a better university -- better for learning, for teaching, and for conducting research." -University of Michigan President Mary Sue Coleman

Please explain in 250 words what diversity means to you.

I am half Caucasian and half Indian. My mother hails from the quintessential Midwestern city of Indianapolis and my father came of age in the rolling hills of Darjeeling. I grew up in a typical American town, with dinner preparations composed of shucking corn with my Midwest-

ern mother and cooking chicken tikka masala with my Indian father. My diverse experiences, bridging two cultures in the backdrop of America, can be symbolized by the Queensborough bridge, which connects the Indian-heavy neighborhood of Queens to midtown Manhattan, the Midwest of our great nation's strongest emblem of the American dream. I am the connection of two cultures with a distinctly American twist.

This is the culmination of America's melting pot, of immigrants blending their own culture with the local one to form something entirely unique, except my melting pot contains equal parts potatoes and tamarind. This delicious combination represents the success of the American ideals. Current debates

about immigration in America often exhibit a national desire for a melting pot that is more like a uniform, bland fondue than a crock-pot full of different spices, vegetables, and assorted meats. It is time for Americans to expand their palates to the betterment of all, except for the companies that want to pay laborers well below minimum wage resulting in higher rates of unemployment.

I believe that my diverse experiences contribute to a unique weltanschauung that would greatly add to the student body at the University of Michigan.

I am diversity. But I am also more than that. I am America.

She was waitlisted.

-MG '12



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Funny stuff. Updated often.



NEED ADVICE? ASK ABBY!

Dear Abby,

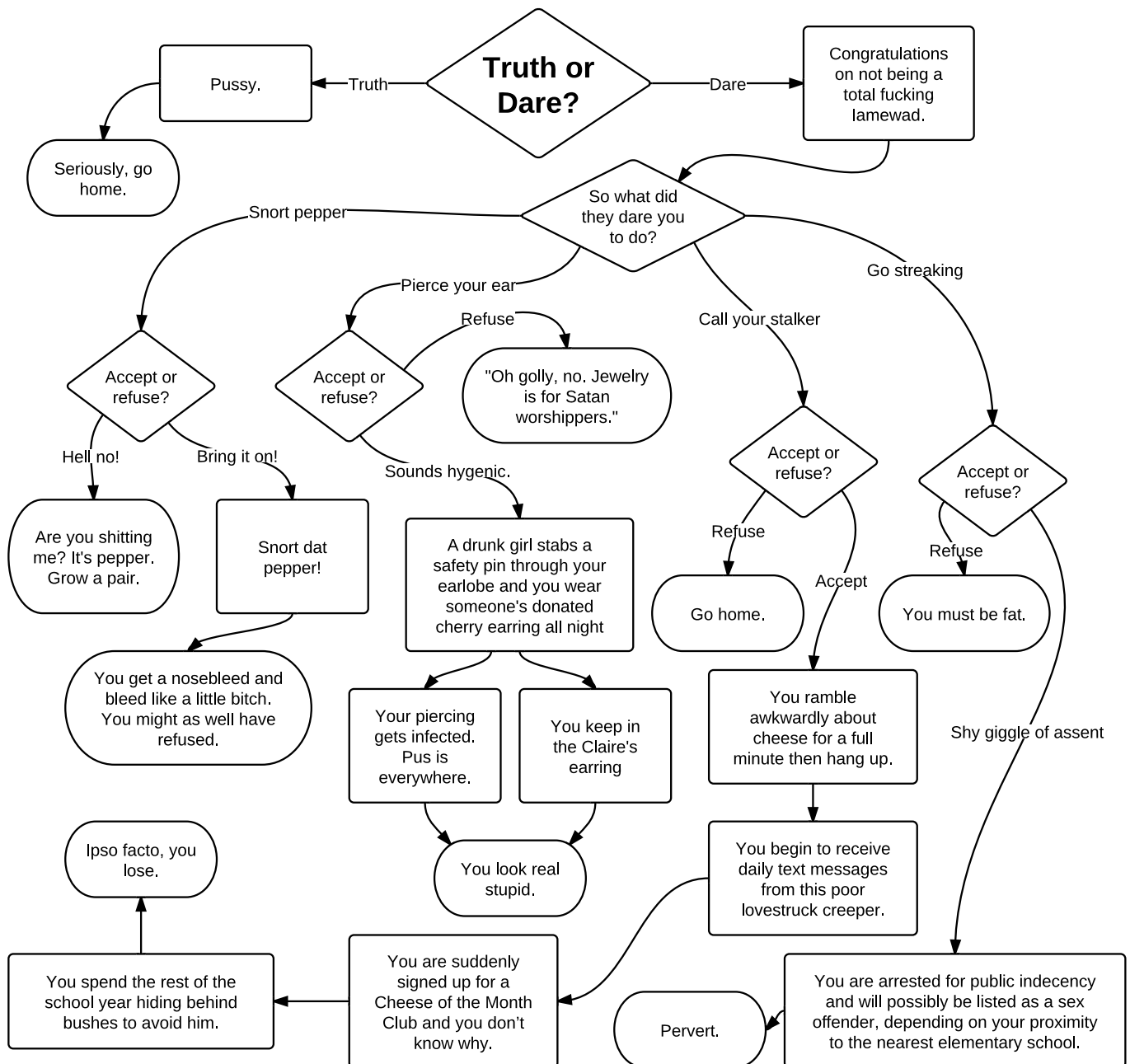
I'm a girl, and I'm going to my first sleepover! Since I'm totally oblivious to social cues and haven't the slightest ability to interact with other human beings in a normal fashion, I was hoping you could make me a flowchart for how to play Truth or Dare.

Thanks,
Scared of Dares

Dear Scared,

Don't worry! Everyone gets a little anxious before trying something new! Just kidding, it's pretty likely that you'll never make meaningful connections with other people, mostly because you sound like a total frigging weirdo. Anyway, here's your flowchart. Nerd.

Huggles,
Abby



Prithee advise me: Why is my retro clothing line failing to catch on?

By J. Booth Worthington III

I must admit that I am positively perplexed by the poor sales of my new retro clothing line. Thus far I have only sold twelve-score items, and I'm starting to think that I'm a bit off my trolley.

It used to be that a man appreciated a hand-sewn shirt of wool and linen with trousers complemented by knee-high stockings. These were the staple of any casual wardrobe. Sure, the young men might wear their trousers a little too low for a proper gentlemen—one might even spot their stockings!—but they respected proper styles of dress. Instead, nowadays they ask for denim.

Perhaps I simply misunderstood the capricious trends of fashion. I assumed that future dress styles would follow old and established patterns of returning to decades in order. For a time, flowers and flare jeans were in, so why wouldn't white wigs be next? I don't know bell bottoms from bollocks, but I do know that the 80s comes after the 70s.

Have I done my market research? *My market research!* Sir, you besmirch my honor. I have done my homework, you can be right sure of that. Near on every night I loiter in the local tavern long after hours befitting a man of stature in order to ascertain the tastes of the common man. All of my labors have been for naught thus far, as the local taverns seem to only be frequented

by squalid ruffians who speak only of "Budweiser" and "truck nuts." No, sir, the masses are opaque to me.

I cannot even venture into the garment vendor's business establishment anymore, for it is too disheartening to see my beautiful items of clothing sitting so pitifully unsold. Whole shelves of stylish woolen breeches, of finely laced bodices, of pantaloons

that would make a prince swoon. Even the petticoats are performing particularly poorly. I can't imagine how every woman doesn't fancy them. It's more than a man with a keen interest in 1780s fashion can take.

As much as I can hardly believe it, I've become convinced that the problem is indeed with my product! Perhaps the quality of the manufacturing is not up to snuff? I really must send a messenger to the factory in the Orient to inquire of them regarding the deficiencies in their product. Indeed, now that I think on it, I had noted numerous instances of shoddy workmanship. Surely, then, this is the root of the problem.

I suppose that's what one gets for hiring Chinamen.

-JRV '12



INSIDE THE DISCUSSION THAT LED TO THE INTRODUCTION OF A PROMOTION FOR \$4.45 OFF OF TWO LARGE CHEESE PIZZAS EVERY TUESDAY AT A LOCAL PIZZERIA IN EAST STROUDSBERG, PENNSYLVANIA

Open on a table in a old west style saloon in East Stroudsburg, PA, the last frontier. Seated around a central table are 10 or 12 townsfolk dressed as cowboys, including DUKE, MARSHALL COGBURN, and JERRY. They are led by the president of Palumbo's Pizza. Since I have no idea who that is, we will imagine him as Republican presidential candidate HERMAN CAIN. Also at the table is a MARKETING GURU, a roguish fellow with a devil-may-care attitude and a noted disdain for conventional advertising methods.

HERMAN CAIN

Gentlemen, this is it. We have come to a crossroads. Sales are down, and the future of locally owned and operated pizza establishments in the the greater Stroudsburg area is at stake. We need ideas.

MARSHALL COGBURN
(nervously)

Could offer a free toppin'?

JERRY
(wincing)

Or maybe... a discounted order of cheesy breadsticks?

Without a word, HERMAN CAIN takes out a revolver and shoots JERRY in the face.

HERMAN CAIN
Any more bright ideas?

Everyone turns to face the MARKETING GURU, hoping for answers.

MARKETING GURU
Yeah, I got one. But you ain't gonna like it. Remember when you was just a little tyke, and your grand-

pappy would always ta tell ya stories of how folks used to gather 'round Old Nellie's General Store on Tuesday nights and swap stories?

DUKE

Yeah, but Old Nellie's place ain't bin open for nigh on 15 years, not since that pore ol' lady died of a locust overdose.

MARKETING GURU

But it was a tradition! The kind of tradition that Palumbo's Pizzeria needs—no, that East Stroudsburg needs. We need people to say, well it's Tuesday, time to head over to Palumbo's and grab a hot slice of pizza pie.

HERMAN CAIN

All right, but how do we get them townsfolk in here?

MARKETING GURU

Simple. A discount.

HERMAN CAIN *cocks his revolver.*

MARKETING GURU

On two large cheese pizzas.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

HERMAN CAIN

Well, that sounds like a perfectly reasonable idea. Not your usual lunacy. I think that can work.

Everyone starts chatting happily and begins to pack up. As the first staff members stand up, though, MARKETING GURU speaks softly.

MARKETING GURU

I ain't finished.

Everyone freezes and falls silent.

MARKETING GURU
(rising from his chair)

We have to go one step further and make this a real discount. Not one dollar. Not two dollars.

DUKE

Surely not more!

MARKETING GURU

Damn right it's more. I'm talking about giving a discount of... four dollars and fifty cents!

The room erupts in angry chatter.

MARSHALL COGBURN

Lunacy! Madess!

DUKE

You reckless sonofabitch!

JERRY
(bleeding profusely)

Medic?

HERMAN CAIN

You are just asking for a shooting, boy.

The chatter dies down, as the MARKETING GURU sits calmly.

MARKETING GURU
Four forty-five.

DUKE

Done.

MARSHALL COGBURN
Very reasonable pricing.

HERMAN CAIN
Print the fliers and ship 'em out. Palumbo's Pizza is safe.

JERRY
(weakly)

Fuck you all.

-JRV '12

What is best in life?

By Dan Abromowitz

Bill Murray riding Bruce Willis down a sand dune on Mars bro carrying a handful of police badges drenched in Ovaltine in his right hand and in his left carrying the American flag upon which is impaled an adult dinosaur of above average intelligence which carries in its mouth a 36 pack of Vanilla Coke in glass bottles. Bruce Willis is singing "Sweet Child O' Mine" by Guns N' Roses while Keanu Reeves from *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* and Ralph Macchio from *Crossroads* accompany him on guitar, riding the hoverboards from *Back To The Future 2* next to them. The black guy from the *Green Mile*

is looking on and nodding approvingly. As they approach the sound barrier, the Swiss women's synchronized diving team, wearing only bikini tops and low cut socks, is launched at them from an orbital space station, and they pleasure them to completion on contact. At the bottom of the sand dune is a jump, off of which they are able to achieve escape velocity, launching them directly into the center of the sun, which explodes red, white, and blue for ten thousand years while every eagle and every World War II veteran scream in unison.

-DJA '13



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Princeton's Faust in One Part

An adaptation of Wolfgang von Goethe's Faust

By SRS '13

Cast:

Mephistopheles (the Devil)

God (The President of the University)

Faust (The hero)

Brander, Frosch, Siebel, and Altmayer – 21 Club Members

Heavenly Host (Senior and Alum Revelers)

Chorus Mysticus (Graduates)

Prologue in Heaven

Mephistopheles makes a bet with God that his influence will cause Faust to fail out of college.

Mephistopheles:

Oh you, our Pres, fancy my presence once more,
To hear how institutional torment goes;
The dread and sorrow I cannot underscore,
That is... at least not when it's written in prose.
I'm sorry I don't offer language of praise,
For here many students would feign otherwise,
Their pathos disguises a kind of malaise,
So their condition I will now summarize.
Learn for the "real world," It's de facto fiction,
Prescribers are the students of affliction,
And the U's little gods hold onto the great lie,
That happiness springs from their money supply.
A little better they would live,
Did Princeton demand a modicum less of them to give;
Work ethic its name and it alone,
Will suck their bones dry before they are grown.
It seems to me - of this please do not repeat -
That there is a solid market here to cheat,
For quicker minds and bodies exist
And the braggarts with A's make many folks pissed;
If such sorts would only keep their grades hidden -
The rest of them wouldn't feel so guilt ridden.

God: Don't you have anything else to say?
Are you only here to cry foul-play?
Is there anything that you don't detest?

Mephistopheles: Not really... No. Nope.

God: Do you know Faust?

Mephistopheles: The frat boy?

God: College Student!

Mephistopheles: Indeed! His remove is a peculiar case,
Intention has he not to run the rat race,
Inner turmoil has him transfixed,
Yet he's fully aware of his disgust.
From heaven he claims the most beautiful chicks,
And from earth drinks of the beers most robust.
Nothing that's near or packaged as six,
Can pacify a student so nonplussed.

God: Yes, though he is a bit discouraged,
He will soon pick up his slack and graduate;
Educators know, one reaches rock bottom
Before great improvement... or attending Yale.

Mephistopheles:

What'll you bet? In this gamble I'll prevail,
If you but permit me the chance
To tempt him along the slacker's path.

God: So long as he is still alive,
You may lead the man along your line,
But he will be shown yet to strive,
Princeton's support structure is too fine.

Night

In a high-vaulted, gothic room. Faust sits restlessly.

Faust: I've had it with this party scene,
Lackluster nights and drugged out weeks,
Alas I've no faith in our Dean,
Utterly weary from the incessant rage,
Here I stand, a pitiful fool!
Nowhere closer to ending school;
M.A., doctors, I'll never earn,
And for two years I have returned,
Around, about, and through and in,
Frat mates and I drunk thick and thin
And yet the beer keg pours forth no knowledge.
It almost tears my heart asunder,
For lo, I have more smarts than all the pre-laws,
Religion, History, English and withdraws;
Am unfazed by scholastic scruples;
And fear not my profs or their finest pupils,
But I get no pleasure from my college days,
Try not to look out beyond the murky haze,
Try not to show that I think of my future,

Or a family to raise and to suture.
 Sadly I've no land or money,
 Nor do I find this mess funny;
 No Dicken's character is so bereft,
 For this reason I have taken to theft;
 In hopes that my dishonest deeds
 Will bring the good grades that I need;
 Then no longer must I pay the fee,
 To attend university,
 And thus I'll gain my freedom on earth,
 To find a job of even less worth.

(Faust then cheats and is caught.)

Faust's Study

Mephistopheles, disguised as a member of the Honor Committee, tempts Faust before his Honor Committee hearing. In exchange, Faust promises to party with him.

Mephistopheles: I salute you,
 my forlorn fellow student!
 What you've done was clearly
 not prudent.

Faust: Who are you?

Mephistopheles: A piece of
 the draconian force, which
 brings justice to academics.

Faust: What do you mean by
 this absurd remark?

Mephistopheles: I am the
 spirit of honor!
 And rightly so, since I've been
 entrusted

To punish those 've been busted;
 Though I'm much happier not to deign,
 In upholding a law so arcane;
 Corruption is my proper suit
 And I should like to play Beirut.

Faust: You call yourself the whole, yet are but one of
 twelve.

Mephistopheles:
 In the humble truth we then shall delve.
 Outsiders believe that our system is,
 Loyal to its golden standard -
 When in reality, the ancient stream has meandered.

Faust: Now, I see what you would like to say,
 You mean to harness your mighty sway

So then what do you want from me?

Mephistopheles: I, a reputed shape shifter of sorts,
 Want to drink like a state school man,
 Beer foam gushing down hand and can -
 Cast away the books which keep me in
 While all the others delight in sin -
 Oh, how many breasts there are to squeeze!
 You must help me, these urges to appease,
 For this is true, man is a snake biting his tail,
 And this devil has a great big maw,
 Which he would turn on himself to gnaw,
 Were there not so many hot college broads to nail.
 So decide quickly what you choose for your fate,
 Will you permit me to be your best mate?

But a warning is in order,
 If you fail to reach graduation,
 Your soul is mine to drag
 down to hell;
 Yet act you not now, bid am-
 bition farewell,
 And face an earthly damna-
 tion.

Faust: You extend here a quan-
 dary,
 I must carefully consider,
 To hide the stench of dirty
 laundry,
 It seems I must play the bid-
 der,
 I take this chance and sign it
 in blood,
 You will learn to obtain your
 fun.



Auerbach's Dumpster Behind Cottage Club

21 Club initiations

Mephistopheles: I must first, before all other things,
 Bring you into the circle of kings,
 Thus will you observe, how thrilling life can be,
 When every day is approached with esprit.
 With little ado this cadre drinks beers --
 Before an open dumpster stand two-and-one,
 Knocking back brews like a tommy gun
 For in this college, they have no peers.
 But should one not finish all cups,
 Upon dumpster juices he sups.

*This is an excerpt of the much longer (11 page!) full article.
 Read the whole thing online at tigermag.com/faust.*

China Reports 25th Year of Economic Growth

In a press conference yesterday, Chinese Foreign Ministry spokesmen reported yet another year of rapid economic growth. The government reported 12,000% GDP growth in the fiscal year 2011, adding to the 11,500% growth reported by the Communist party for 2010. Cumulatively, the Chinese economy has exploded since the reforms of Deng Xiaoping, rising to 1.5 million times its size in 1973. The current nominal GDP per capita hovers around \$12 million, according to official data.

“Of course it’s legitimate. Why would we falsify numbers?” the spokesman angrily asked at a press conference in Beijing, un-

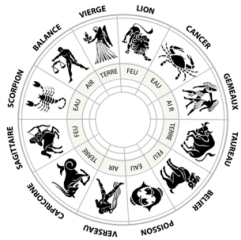
prompted. In response to questions involving the recent rise of China’s annual steel production to 185% of the total quantity of iron in the world, the official said that the country had obtained “a super secret source of iron, and you don’t know about it.” Six heavily armed men informed the Washington Post reporter asking the questions that there was a family emergency that required his attention before any further questions were posed on the subject.

The rapid growth of the Chinese economy is widely regarded as a miracle, far exceeding any rate of change since the reign of Stalin in the Soviet Union, when similar figures were reported.

China has repeatedly rejected requests to allow external review of its economic data, citing concerns that Western interference could cause the growth to collapse and development gains to disappear just prior to inspection, much as occurred in the USSR in 1964. “We don’t need to prove anything. Why are you asking questions about it? When has China ever lied? Name one time, one time. I dare you. Do it,” the spokesman said to a silent room towards the end of the conference, which was concluded with declarations that China had achieved full democracy, a fact proven by the lack of protests.

-EE ‘13





HANNAH READS YOUR HOROSCOPE



Aries

It's not easy being green, but after your organic chemistry precept this week you might just have to get used to it.



Taurus

When you find yourself in a situation so insane that not even the stars could have predicted it, don't say you weren't warned. That's just being redundant.



Gemini

The stars would tell you the most exciting thing that's going to happen to you this week, but they wouldn't want to spoil the season finale of *The Secret Life of the American Teenager*.



Cancer

Your astrological sign will seem especially ironic this week when, despite your regular prostate exams, what finally kills you is a massive coronary.



Leo

Tomorrow your dreams will come true when you find yourself in the biggest candy shop in the world. Also for some reason your high school english teacher is there.



Virgo

The stars are sick and tired of telling you your future, so maybe you should reciprocate and tell the stars what's in store for them this week.



Libra

You know that dream, where you realize you have a test in a class you haven't been attending? You have 5 minutes, and this is not a dream.



Scorpio

Remember last week when the stars told you that your mother would always love you no matter what terrible things you did? Apparently they didn't consider *that* thing.



Sagittarius

If you want to know what Sagittarius has in store for you this week, just text your name and the name of your crush to 788743.



Capricorn

You will quickly discover that what they say about all roads simply isn't true when you find yourself hopelessly lost in the Italian countryside.



Aquarius

The stars told you not to count your chickens before they hatched, but you had to, and now you're freaking out because you lost 5 of them in your dorm room.



Pisces

Reply hazy, try again.

YOU'RE DOING FACEBOOK WRONG

Picture this – You're in POL 240 lecture, taking dedicated notes, when you decide to reward yourself with a little Facebook break. You see you have two notifications, one from an invite to the latest dance show on campus (so that doesn't even count), and another from a wall post by a high school friend. You look at your wall, read, "I MEES YOU, Love, Marcus," gag inwardly, and click on Marcus' thumbnail prof pic. You are now on Marcus' page. You read a rather witty wall post about the Black Eyed Peas' Super Bowl halftime performance from one of Marcus' female friends. You click on her name, because her wall post made you chuckle and maybe she's halfway decent-looking. Ehh, looks like her nose is a little out of control, but you'll go through her profile pictures just for fun. Hey, her thirty-sixth profile picture is with a girl whose boobs can't POSSIBLY be real. Click on that tag, we're analyzing this chick and nudging the friend next to you to get his opinion, when BOOM. Her interests are tanning, Garnier hair color, Armani Exchange, and Secret Keeping. So we just solved that mystery (only girls with fake boobs use Garnier), but who else on the planet would ever list the interest of "Secret Keeping?" Now we're checking out that page, when class ends and you just spent forty minutes not giving a shit about the Peloponnesian War.

This sound familiar? It should, since you've ALL DONE IT. EVERYONE IS STALKING THE SHIT OUT OF EVERYONE.

The age of Facebook has opened up millions of doors to today's youth. We can now create online personae and spy on other people's

online personae in broad daylight, without having to wear Groucho Marx glasses. Some critics have said that our generation is isolating itself into this online world, where people aren't really what they seem and no one truly knows anyone else.

...So?

Facebook is an incredible device. It removes the necessity to tread lightly around people's feelings, because we don't have to suffer the psychological distress of watching people cry after insulting them. In the past, this has been called cyber-bullying. I like to think of it as being fucking honest. And after years of experience in the Facebook honesty department, I have a few observations to report. The following list provides a comprehensive profile of common misuses of Facebook, aka reasons I hate people.

I feel no compunction about judging you if –

1) Your past fourteen profile pictures are of you and your boyfriend. Okay, I get it. Girls love their boyfriends. But fourteen profile pictures? In a row? That's just a big flashing advertisement of, "I like to call my boyfriend repeatedly at two in the morning until he picks up, just to make sure he misses me as much as I miss him, and if he sounds groggy, I will DROP that motherf*cker because the only reason he could possibly be that tired is that he's cheating on me with a BLONDE."

2) You have over a hundred profile pictures. Do I look like I have time to scoop the water that is your insecurity out of that rapidly sinking ship?

3) You write self-deprecating statuses. Leah E. – "Feeling fat and ugly post-Thanksgiving :(" The best

part about self-deprecating statuses are the loyal minions who immediately jump on that grenade. You've seen them – "LEAH! You are SO BEAUTIFUL, inside and out!" "L – any boy would be lucky to have you." Maybe, Leah, you should stop announcing how unbangable you are on the internet, and hop back on the treadmill.

4) You write ambiguous statuses about your significant other. Sara I. – "The stupidest mistake in life is thinking the one who hurt you the most, won't hurt you again." Well Sara, that sounds like an extremely personal matter advertised in a passive-aggressive manner on an extremely public forum. Maybe you should keep that shit to yourself and avoid vomiting your relationship troubles all over my news feed.

5) You talk about things that make me uncomfortable. David O. – "RIP grandpa :>(" ...Please show your deceased loved one a LITTLE respect by not publicizing his death on a site dedicated to LOLCATS pictures, nut-tapping videos, and inappropriate, vaguely racist jokes.

6) You write a variation of "I love you baby and I miss you soOoO much </3" on your girlfriend's wall every day, twice a day. You're clearly trying too hard for a reason, and that reason is infidelity.

7) You want me to read your tumblr. Stop.

I doubt the Founding Fathers had "Carol is fighting a urinary tract infection...boo :(" in mind when they drafted the first amendment. The freedom of speech only goes so far. Facebook deserves our best efforts. Please don't pollute it with your crap.

- AW'14



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