

The PRINCETON TIGER



THE "THERE ARE TOO MANY
SUPERHEROES" ISSUE!

The PRINCETON TIGER

JIM VALCOURT '12

Chairman

President TIM MATCHEN '14

Editor-in-Chief DAN ABROMOWITZ '13

Unofficial Chairwoman/Tiger Mom MYRA GUPTA '12

Executive Editors RODRIGO MENEZES '13, STEPHEN STOLZENBERG '13

Managing Editor ALEX JUDGE '14

Editors CHRISTIAN FONG '14, MATT GWIN '14, KYLE ONEIL '14

Business Manager TREVOR KLEE '15

Art Director KATIE ROSE '15

Technology Director JACOB SIMON '15

Operations Chair ANDREW SONDERN '15

Layout Editor PAVITHRA VIJAYAKUMAR '15

Contributing Writers MATAN APPELBAUM '15, YUHAN CHEN '13, DONGWOO CHUNG '14,

JAIME DING '15, ZACH GARCIA '14, MICHAEL GLASSMAN '15, TZ HORTON '15,

ADLAN JACKSON '15, PRESTON KEMENY '15, HANNAH KRONENBERG '15, ELIOT LINTON '15,
MEREDITH MORAN '15, ALEX MOSS '14, CHRISTIAN EDWARDS VAN MUIJEN '13, LILY OFFIT '15,

CADEN OHLWILER '15, KASHYAP RAJAGOPAL '14, KEVIN SHI '15, MATT SOLIS '14,

EZRA SPIRO '14, ALEXANDRO STRAUSS '15, ABBY WILLIAMS '14, STEPHEN WOOD '15

Contributing Artists JOSH BOCARSLY '15, DONGWOO CHUNG '14, EUGENE LEE '15, LINDA WANG '15

Cover Artwork KATIE ROSE '15

Archival Comics ROB MIDDLETON '95, CHARLES SEIFE '93

GRADUATE BOARD

Co-Presidents CHARLES COXE '97, KEITH BLANCHARD '88

Vice-President JOHN FARR '81

Treasurer JOSE PINCAY-DELGADO '77

Secretary CLINT KAKSTYS '00

Advisory Cartoonist MICHAEL C. WITTE '68

WILLIAM BROWN '50, SEAN CUNNINGHAM '98, MARK DANIELS '06, CHIP DEFFAA '73,

MARK DOWDEN '84, ED FINN '02, TOM GIBSON '77, JIM KIRCHMAN '88, ROB KUTNER '94,

JIM LEE '86, STEVE LISS '10, STEPHEN MOELLER '99, VASIL J. PAPPAS '72, EDWARD STRAUSS '72,

TRUMAN TALLEY '47, BRYAN WALSH '01, BRET WATSON '82

VISIT US ONLINE

www.tigermag.com

facebook.com/tigermag

twitter.com/tigermagazine

THE PRINCETON TIGER, INC.

Suite 406

48 University Place

Princeton, NJ 08544

tigermag@princeton.edu

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

All content, except what we've stolen
from elsewhere, is ©2012
The Princeton Tiger, Inc.

SPIRES AND GARGOYLES



JIM VALCOURT

Chairman / Aspiring Superhero

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.

DEAR MR. FURY,
I'm beginning to think that you may not be getting my letters. After seeing your movie, I've written to you 27 times asking to join the Avengers, but I haven't heard back yet. I know you only have one functional eye, but I don't think that typically impacts one's reading speed.

What do I have to contribute to your team of superheroes, you ask? Well, Mr. Fury, not much... but that doesn't seem to be a problem anymore. The standards of your organization have been declining for many years now. Let's be real: This isn't the 1950s. That was a time when men were men, when Coca-Cola had a certain kick to it, when people weren't pussies about a little ionizing radiation. Back then, superheroes were something special. They could leap tall buildings in a single bound, or they were at least billionaire playboys with a studly jawline and a voice like a bullfrog who's smoked 12 packs a day since conception.

But these days, you seem to be letting in anyone with a mildly distinctive skill. There's that one guy who's kind of good with a bow and arrow and literally nothing else. Is that all it takes to join the Avengers now? A silly costume and slightly above average marksmanship? Seems like a pretty low bar to me.

So why the hell am I not a superhero yet?

As I've mentioned repeatedly in my previous correspondence, I would make a great addition to your team. I have the power to repulse packs of attractive women with a single word. When hungry, I can comfortably eat nearly 10% more food than most of my friends. I'm quite good with Microsoft Word 2003, and I can reliably perform simple arithmetic in a low-pressure environment if I can use a pocket calculator.

And while I don't have any superpowers per se, I'm pretty resourceful. I can fly, as long as I have reasonable lead time to book tickets. I don't have laser vision, but I do have a laser pointer, which is pretty close I guess. And I don't have super strength, but I do have a super heart. Figuratively, of course; my actual heart can barely keep up with climbing stairs.

Sure, I'm not an ideal candidate, but you let in Ant-Man. When confronted with danger, the best he can do is make himself easy to step on by accident. Terrifying.

Regardless of your decision, Mr. Fury, I hope you will enjoy the humor magazine I've enclosed to sweeten the deal. I would tell you more about it, but you don't really care.

Please call me,

We Make People Smile In All 50 States

Purchase or refinance. All types of loans. All 50 States. Truly mortgages without obstacles.

PrimeLending 
A PlainsCapital CompanySM

Mortgages without obstacles.



Michael J. Sondern

Senior Loan Officer

Office: 908.577.9981

Cell: 913.710.9635

Fax: 877.835.2198

NMLS ID #: 209229

msondern@primelending.com

lo.primelending.com/msondern

11 Commerce Drive, Ste 301 • Cranford, NJ 07016

© 2012 PrimeLending, A PlainsCapital Company. Trade/service marks are the property of PlainsCapital Corporation, PlainsCapital Bank, or their respective affiliates and/or subsidiaries. Some products may not be available in all states. This is not a commitment to lend. Restrictions apply. All rights reserved. PrimeLending, A PlainsCapital Company (NMLS no: 13649) is a wholly-owned subsidiary of a state-chartered bank and is an exempt lender in the following states: AK, AR, CO, DE, FL, GA, HI, ID, IA, KS, KY, LA, MN, MS, MO, MT, NE, NV, NY, NC, OH, OK, OR, PA, SC, SD, TN, TX, UT, VA, WV, WI, WY. Licensed by: AL State Banking Dept.- consumer credit lic no. MC21004; AZ Dept. of Financial Institutions- mortgage banker lic no. BK 0907334; CA Dept. of Corporations- lender lic no. 4130996; CT Dept. of Banking- lender lic no. ML-13649; D.C. Dept. of Insurance, Securities and Banking- dual authority lic no. MLO13649; IL Dept. of Financial and Professional Regulation- lender lic no. MB.6760635; IN Dept. of Financial Institutions- sub lien lender lic no. 11169; ME Dept. of Professional & Financial Regulation- supervised lender lic no. SLM8285; MD Dept. of Labor, Licensing & Regulation- lender lic no. 11058; Massachusetts Division of Banking- lender & broker license nos. MC5404, MC5406, MC5414, MC5450, MC5405; MI Dept. of Labor & Economic Growth- broker/lender lic nos. FR 0010163 and SR 0012527; Licensed by the New Hampshire Banking Department- lender lic no. 14553-MB; NJ Dept. of Banking and Insurance- lender lic no. 0803658; NM Regulation and Licensing Dept. Financial Institutions Division- lender license no. 01890; ND Dept. of Financial Institutions- money broker lic no. MB101786; RI Division of Banking- lender lic no. 20102678LL and broker lic no. 20102677LB; TX OCCC Reg. Loan License- lic no. 7293; VT Dept. of Banking, Insurance, Securities and Health Care Administration- lender lic no. 6127 and broker lic no. 0964MB; WA Dept. of Financial Institutions-consumer lender lic no. 520-CL-49075.

PRINCETON DEFEATS HARVARD IN ANIMAL ABUSE MATCH

By Stephen Wood '15

IN ADDITION TO FOOTBALL'S THREE-point victory over Columbia last week, Princeton managed to eke out another win against archrival Harvard in the annual Ivy League animal abuse tournament. The Tigers defeated the Crimson by just a single violation of the natural laws governing the interactions between species.

"It was neck and neck for a while there," said Dr. John Phippen of the USDA's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service. "We'd find some malnourished pigs at Harvard and they would look like the clear victors, but then we'd find out Princeton had deprived chimps of water. I don't think any of us was sure who was going to win."

It was not until just before the

report was set to be released that the Tigers finally emerged victorious. Princeton and Harvard were tied at 48 violations apiece as inspectors were leaving Princeton's Friend Center for Engineering and Animal Cruelty. That's when Princeton researcher and rookie phenom Brian Welsh '15 put the team on his back.

"I saw them leaving," said Welsh, who hopes to pursue a degree in Chemical Engineering with a certificate in Fish Poisoning. "And I knew this was our last shot to take down those [fellow research]ers at Harvard."

And take them down he did. Welsh grabbed a nearby stapler and began attempting to staple a nearby marmoset to the floor. "He never

actually got it," said inspectors. "In fact, the marmoset came out on top, but his intent was clear. It was a textbook case of Mammal Stapling, and it was enough to push Princeton over the edge."

When asked to comment on how Harvard's undergrads were taking the loss, Harvard President Drew Gilpin Faust said, "Undergrads?"

Overall this season, Princeton is tied with Yale for Second Most Abusive in the Ivy League. The tie will be broken by a bald eagle-shooting competition between the two schools to be held next Saturday in a national park to be named later.

Penn is this year's champion with 120 animal abuse violations, which I think we can all agree is just sick.

"The devotion Princeton [Tiger Magazine] inspires in its students and alumni speaks volumes about how special it is."

JAMES VALCOURT '12
CHAIRMAN

Please consider making a donation to help Tiger Magazine continue to print physical issues like this one.

Make checks payable to "The Princeton Tiger," and mail them to:

The Princeton Tiger
Suite 406
48 University Place
Princeton, NJ 08544

Or, make a contribution by credit card online at tigermag.com

**The Possibilities
are Endless**



LAW & ORDER: SUV NOT RENEWED FOR 3RD SEASON

By Matt Gwin '14

NBC has announced that it will not renew its cop-automobile-drama Law and Order: SUV for a third season. "We simply ran out of creative juices. Frankly, we also ran out of SUV models. The new models that keep coming out aren't very conducive to crime story puns. We might bring it back in a few years after the auto market has a chance to catch up, but we accomplished all we wanted to with the show for now and felt it was time to call it quits."

The show initially received solid ratings and critical acclaim. Its pilot, "Honda Pilot," created a buzz

in Hollywood but inspired reviews such as Roger Ebert's: "It's entertaining, but it's just the same as other shows with a forced emphasis on the vehicles that criminals drive. I don't know who thought this show had to happen."

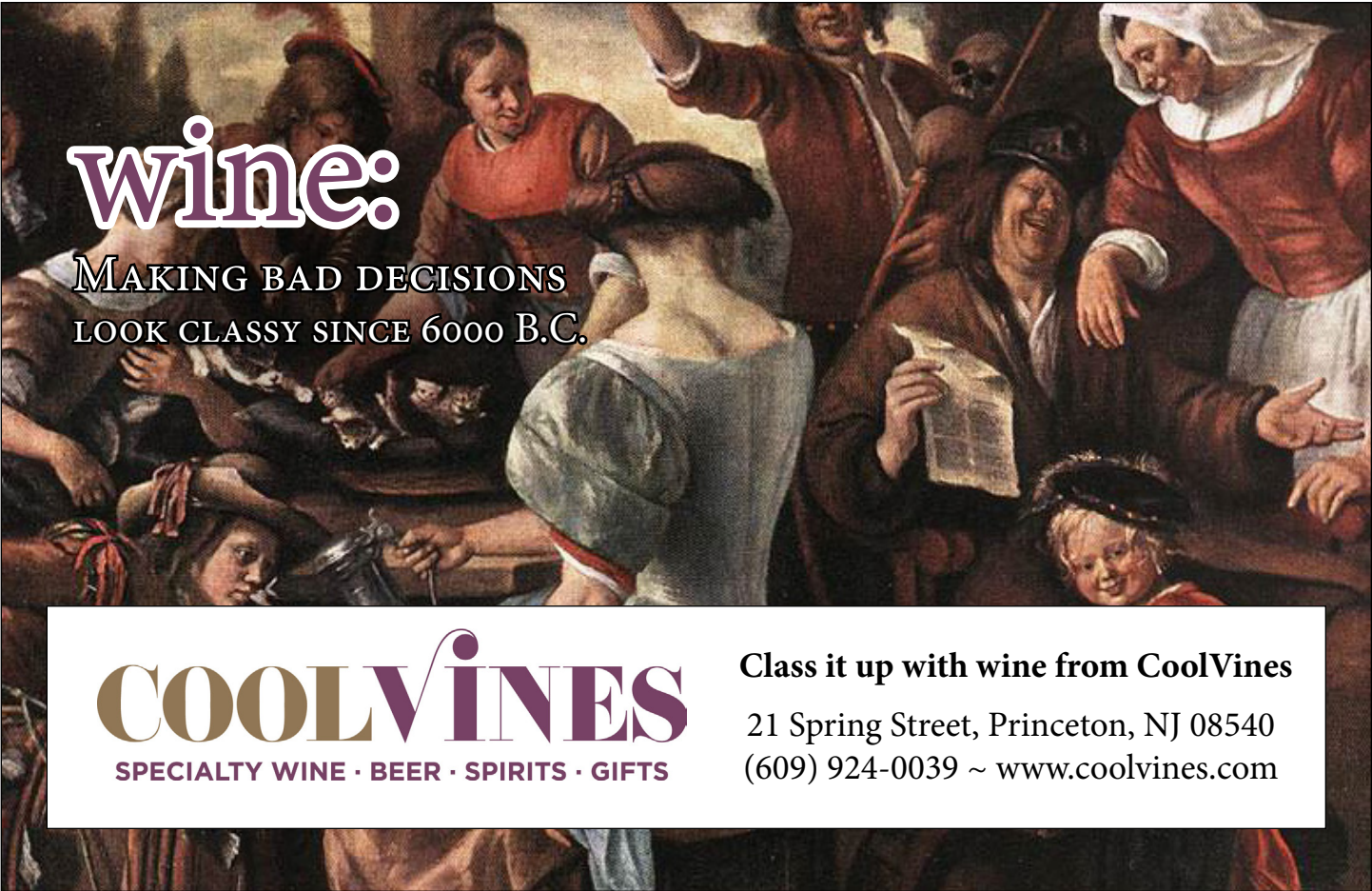
The Boston Globe said of the show, "I don't get it. It's the same as all the other cop shows but all the crimes involve Sport Utilities. It's dumb." The second season suffered a hit in ratings and received criticism for a lack of creativity, but still limped to a complete 8-episode season. The show leaves behind a memorable 16-episode catalogue.

Season 1

Pilot: Honda Pilot
Episode 2: Yukon't Get Away
Episode 3: XTerrorizer
Episode 4: Jeep Wrangler Strangler
Episode 5: Rav:4, Death:5
Episode 6: CR-V for Vendetta
Episode 7: Escalade Excapades
Episode 8: Range Reaper

Season 2

Episode 9: Tribeca Trifecta
Episode 10: Chevy Suburban Stalker
Episode 11: Rendezvous at the Edge
Episode 12: Death in a Durango
Episode 13: Chevy Equinocked Out
Episode 14: GMC Saga, Pt. II — Yukon't Handle the Truth
Episode 15: GMC Sage Pt. III — Yukon Run, But Yukon't Hide
Episode 16: Ta,Ta, hoe



wine:

MAKING BAD DECISIONS
LOOK CLASSY SINCE 6000 B.C.

COOLVINES
SPECIALTY WINE • BEER • SPIRITS • GIFTS

Class it up with wine from CoolVines

21 Spring Street, Princeton, NJ 08540
(609) 924-0039 ~ www.coolvines.com

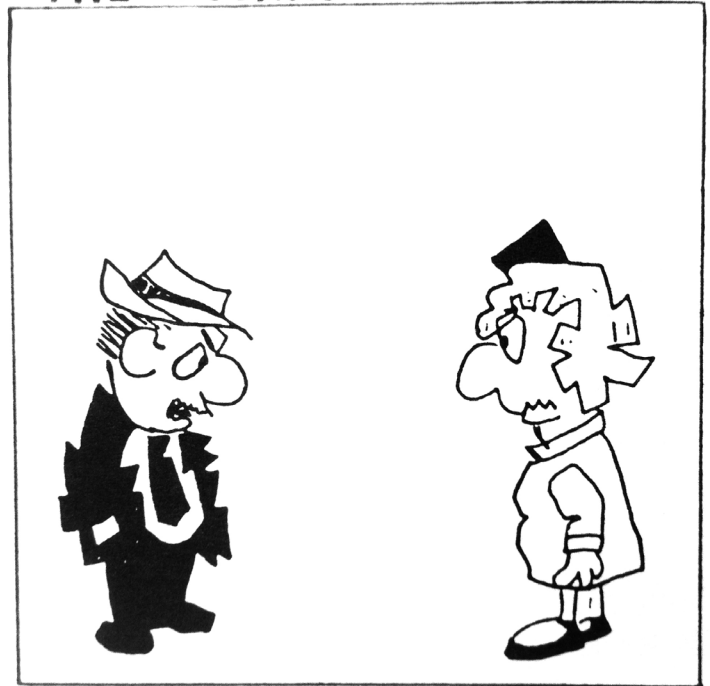
From the Archives: 1992

MARMADUKE



Honey, what's Marmaduke doing
with your toothbrush?

THE LOCKHORNS



"FUCK YOU, I WANT A DIVORCE!"

Orchive

Find the reporter in you

*Discover accurate, real-time
news and let the world know
the events around you with
Orchive.*

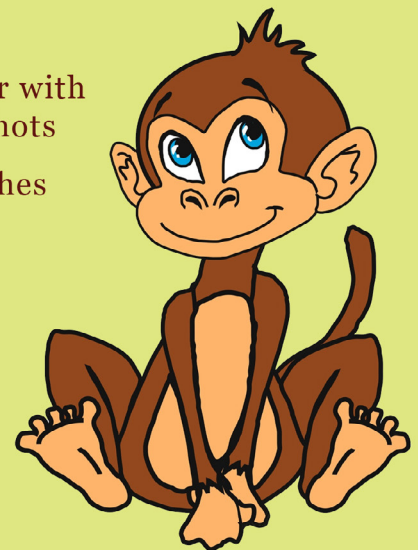


orchive.com
facebook.com/orchive
twitter.com/tryorchive

Tico's

eatery & juice bar

Full Juice Bar with
wheatgrass shots
Deli Sandwiches
Quesadillas
Burritos
Salads
And More!



33 Witherspoon Street - Princeton, NJ
609 252 0300 - www.ticosprinceton.com

WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?

AS TOLD BY FAMOUS COMEDIANS

By Matt Solis '14

JERRY SEINFELD

What's the deal with chickens crossing roads? I've never seen a chicken cross a road, have you? Is this some big chicken conspiracy? Is there even another side to this "road"?

BILL COSBY

Why, did the zip zoppity chicken zoop wop bop cross the zip zip zoop road? To get zip woppity do zip wop other pudding pops wop zippity side.

BOB SAGET

Why did the fucking chicken cross the shitty-ass road? To fuck the Olsen twins.

JEFF FOXWORTHY

If you cross the road with your feathers groomed in the shape of a mullet, you might be a redneck chicken.

DANE COOK

Okay, so there's this chicken. A CHICKEN! And this chicken's name is Paul, okay? So Paul's wife has just left him, get that, right, huh? And so anyway Paul's wife left him, so Paul's thinking he needs to make a change in his life. So, get this, he CROSSES the road. Yeah, I said it.

LISA LAMPANELLI

The chicken doesn't have to cross the road. I'll cross the road to get to that big black cock.

DEMETRI MARTIN

If I were a road-crossing chicken, I'd be pretty upset. "There's a whole video game about frogs doing this, and all we get is a joke?"

CHRIS ROCK

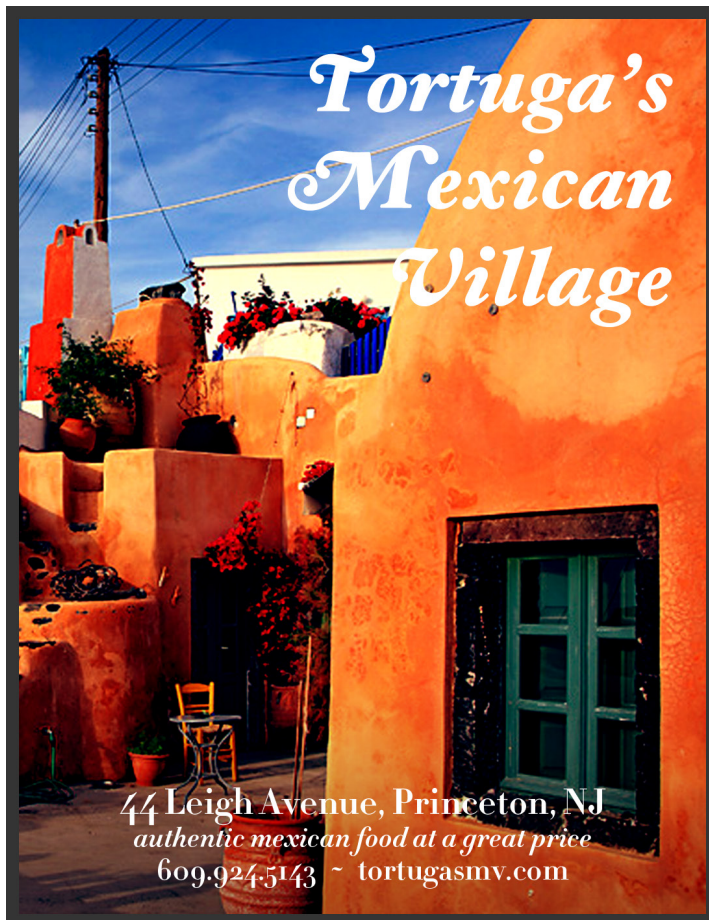
White chickens and black chickens cross the road very differently. When a white chicken crosses the road, the police don't follow.

JIM GAFFIGAN

Chickens crossing roads? When did that become the default joke? At what period in time did we have both well-established roads and freely roaming chickens? "Uh, Daddy, why did the chicken cross the road?" "Because you didn't close its cage son," and then he whips him. It's not pleasant. "I don't think that's how the joke started." Have you ever had chicken nuggets, though? Chicken nuggets are delicious. I'd cross a road for chicken nuggets. "How long is this guy gonna talk about chickens?"

LEWIS BLACK

THE CHICKEN WANTS TO STAY ON THE SAME SIDE, BUT SOME BIBLE-BASHING DUMBASS CREATIONIST LURES IT TO THE OTHER SIDE TO INDOCTRINATE THEIR KIDS ON HOW GOD MADE IT. AFTER THEY'RE DONE WITH IT, SOME DIRTBAG CORPORATION WILL TAKE IT, CHOP IT UP, SELL IT TO FAT DISGUSTING SLOB-ASS AMERICANS. THIS IS IF THE FUCKING REPUBLICANS DON'T FUCK IT ALL UP. IT PISSES ME OFF!!!



By Trevor Klee '15



AN OPEN LETTER TO BATMAN

DEAR BATMAN, You probably don't know me. But I know you—very well. It was a cool evening last Sunday, at about 6 p.m., when you crashed my head through the bank teller's window and yelled, "Justice never sleeps!" in that idiotically gruff voice of yours. Moments before, I had been in the process of demanding—no, begging—the teller to hand over just \$20 (of the money they got from their government bailout, I might add), just enough to make it through the week and feed my family until I got my unemployment check. I didn't want to take too much. I knew that'd be greedy, and I really only needed enough for food. It's just been tough since some asshole blew up the skytrain I was helping to build, putting me out of a job.

But you didn't listen, did you. You just swooped down, crashed my head through the window, yelled in my face, and got the fuck out of there to do whatever the fuck you do. I had to get stitches for that, did you know that? Do you know where I got stitches? Not at my normal doctor's place, the only one in Gotham that accepts Medicare. Nope, you threw the Riddler through his window on Saturday, and he's still cleaning up the shards of glass from his waiting room. I had to go to the creepy doctor, the one that always mutters to himself about finally getting his revenge on Batman. You know what happened, Batman? You know what happened? I woke up 3 days later with no recollection of how I got there, and a tattoo of a gun on my forehead. Or, as I like to call it, my permanently unemployed stamp.

So, Dork Knight, I'd like to ask you a question. You once branded yourself the hero that Gotham needed, not the hero it wanted. You're right about the latter part, but I'm not sure about the former. Did we have a shortage of unbroken windows in the city? A desperate need for people to be thrown through them?

And what is this "Gotham" you're speaking of? It's certainly not the Gotham I know. The Gotham I know is really poor and living day-to-day. We don't have custom bat-cars, or custom bat-motorbikes, or custom bat-attack-helicopters. We don't have bulletproof clothing or strangely rigid capes. And we certainly don't have the apparently limitless amount of money that you throw around to build your stupid devices. I heard that you even have shark repellent in your toolbelt. Shark repellent? Really? Gotham's not even near shark territory.

Couldn't you donate the money you spent on all your goddamn toys and batarangs to build a children's hospital or something? Or, better yet, couldn't you just spend it on a plane ticket to anywhere but here? I hear Superman's Fortress of Solitude is very nice this time of year. Maybe you could visit it for a while, like maybe 40 years or so while I try to put the shattered fragments of my life back together. Or maybe you could also just keep being an asshole and wrecking Gotham and the lives of everyone in it. Your call.

Go fuck yourself with a batarang,

Tommy Elliott

LISTEN, I'M A MAN. IT SEEMS LIKE YOU can't throw a spear in this town without alerting the authorities or hitting an op-ed about how little free time the average Princeton student has – you're all too busy playing on trampolines and earnestly making up names for the constellations on cloudless nights and securing the reticent trust of betrayed dogs and whatever the fuck else it is students do – so I can appreciate that you don't see many commercials, and as such have no idea what it means to be a man.

Let me break it down for you. A man, first and foremost, cares about any and all light beer more than he cares about whatever hooker he happens to be married to at any particular point in time. A good example from my life that demonstrates how I am a man is when I say to my bitch at the end of a day 'yo, bitch, grab me a refreshing Miller Lite with aluminum something and a frost activated swirling machine, and don't tell me about your day.'

Men, second and foremost, are America. You better shut the fuck up about other things that are not America. William Henry Harrison once murdered a man for not shutting the fuck up about other things that are not America, and no one even asked him to justify himself. William Henry Harrison was a man.

But third and foremost, and most important, men love to watch sports. This is true of me. To conclude, here is a quiz: I will list several things that it is okay for men to say when watching sports television, and several things that it is not okay for men to say. If you can tell them apart, congratulations – you are a man.

1. 'Fuck.'
2. 'Run, you fuck!'
3. 'Now, when the swinger hits the ball and decides to run, why is it that he wants to run around in a circle and get back to where he started? That seems like a waste of time.'
4. 'I don't see why they have to hit each other like that.'
5. 'What a terrible fucking call.'
6. 'I fucking hate (Player X) for being such a fuck.'
7. 'Now that didn't seem fair!'
8. 'You've got a man wide fucking open!'
9. 'Tampa Bay? My friend is from Tampa Bay!'
10. 'It's nice that someone got to win.'

Men.

By Alex Moss '14

50 MOVIE TITLES MADE INTO CAT PUNS

1. The Empire Strikes Cats
2. The Fast and the Fur-ious
3. The Lord of the String
4. Meow or Never
5. Catbaret
6. Cat-22
7. The Big Meowski
8. Cat Race
9. Catsablanca
10. Cat Me If You Can
11. The Purrfect Storm
12. Cat's All Folks
13. Whiskers in the Dark
14. Cats on a Plane
15. A Streetcat Named Desire
16. Purrincess Bride
17. The Great Catzby
18. Catsaway
19. Prince of Purrsia
20. Cat and Release
21. Mr. Smith Goes to Pawshington
22. The Pawful Truth
23. The Wizard of Paws
24. The Meowtese Falcon
25. The Sound of Mew-sic
26. A Clawkwork Orange
27. Hairballs of Fury
28. The Adventures of Pawbin Hood
29. Danderous Game
30. Hairspay
31. Kitty Kitty Bang Bang
32. Clawshank Redemption
33. Walk the Feline
34. Catman Begins
35. Being John Meowkovich
36. Meowcolm X
37. Reservoir Cats
38. Mission Impawsible
39. Cattyshack
40. Cattyshack II
41. Catsper, the Friendly Cat-Ghost
42. Catsanova
43. Dude, Where's My Cat?
44. Harold & Kumar Go to White Catsle
45. The Clawfather
46. CLAW-E
47. Slumcat Millionaire
48. Catsino Royale
49. Catatouille
50. Milk



From the Archives: 1992

CALVIN AND HOBBS





10. Touch her subtly. Making contact lets her know that you are interested. Too much contact lets her know you're a pervert.

Because you are, in fact, a pervert.

9. Laugh. Smile. Make sure she knows you are having a good time.

Talk to that random guy by the wall. You don't actually know him, which might make the conversation a little awkward, but the important thing is to pretend that you do.

8. Tell her how nice she looks, compliment the second thing you notice about her. Compliments will get you everywhere.

Yes, compliment the second thing you notice. It probably wouldn't go over too well to compliment her left boob.

7. Be general. Allow her to ask you about details, if she's actually interested.

Which she isn't.

6. If you like Star Wars, Comic Books, etc...try not to talk about those hobbies too much. Most women are interested in goals and world issues.

Bring up starving Nigerian children. That always makes for some steamy repartee.

From the Archives: 1967



"...but Henry, you're so different from all the other boys."

5. If other people have told you certain things are weird, wrong, or despicable, then try not bringing them up in casual conversation.

Like that awkward incident involving a frustrating night and your roommate's pet ferret?

4. If you can smell yourself, other people can smell you. Wash yourself daily.

Daily? That's how it's done? Maybe you could even use soap?

3. If you look like you care about yourself, other people will want to care about you.

Look in the mirror, you cocky bastard you. That guy looking back, he cares about you.

2. Confidence is more important than status, money, or looks.

Unless?

a) You're uglier than a boozed-up bearded butter troll

b) You have a royal shitload of money

c) She's really, really desperate

1. Be cool. Act like yourself, and always think before you speak.

Hold it. If acting like yourself was cool, you wouldn't need this list would you?

CHEMISTRY

What you'll need:

- Course textbook

Procedure:

- Choose a seat near the back of the classroom.
- Put the textbook on your lap.
- Rest your head on your hands and pretend to be reading the textbook.
- Close your eyes and sleep.

Chance of being caught: 5%

What to do when caught: Pretend you were reading the textbook all along.

MUSIC

What you'll need:

- Music from your professor's favorite composer on your iPod
- Headphones

Procedure:

- Choose a seat near the center of the classroom.
- Turn on your iPod and put on your headphones.
- Fold your arms and tilt your head slightly back.
- Close your eyes and sleep.

Chances of being caught: 20%

What to do when caught: Explain that Palestrina (or some other composer your professor likes) has such powerfully moving music that it put you to sleep. The professor will not only commend you for your good taste, but immediately forget about your falling asleep in class.

PSYCHOLOGY

What you'll need:

- Guts

Procedure:

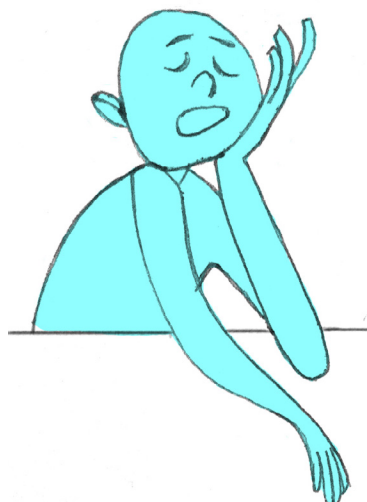
- Show up to class explaining that your psychology experiment is finding the effects of sleeping in psychology class/precepts/labs on the professor's temper.
- Sleep anywhere you like.

Chances of being caught: 100%

What to do when caught: Keep sleeping.

HOW TO SECRETLY FALL ASLEEP IN CLASS

By Yuhan Chen '13



COMPUTER SCIENCE

What you'll need:

- Laptop
- Glasses
- Sharpie

Procedure:

- Choose a seat in a dimly lit area of the classroom.
- Using the sharpie, draw dots on your glasses that

look like eyes.

- Put your hands on the keyboard.
- Tilt your head back but make sure you are still facing the laptop screen.
- Close your eyes and sleep.

Chance of being caught: 25%

What to do when caught: Run towards the nearest exit and pray to God that the add/drop period hasn't ended.

ENGLISH

What you'll need:

- Sparknotes
- Wikipedia

Procedure:

- Leave the classroom and go back to your dorm.
- Sleep anywhere you like.
- On the day before the paper is due, use Sparknotes and Wikipedia to write your essay.

Chances of being caught: 0%

What to do when caught: Doesn't matter, you won't be.

UNCLE BERM'S CORNER

From the Archives: 1982

Little Anecdotes To Liven Up The Conversation

1. A man is walking down a lower Manhattan street, when he finds a brass lamp in a pile of garbage. He rubs the lamp, and a genie appears. The genie kills him and everyone else around him, then disappears.
2. A little old lady hypochondriac is told by her doctor that she is perfectly okay. She shoots him, then herself. Her last words are, "I am not."
3. Three children are playing 'tag' in a quarry. A rock falls on them, traps them, and they slowly die. Their names are Chuck, Billy, and Tony.
4. An ugly, wimpy high-school boy asks out a gorgeous high-school cheerleader. She laughs at him. He grows up, becomes rich, powerful, and famous, while she gets a job at McDonalds™. He comes to her and proposes. She laughs at him again.
5. A man is walking in the desert. He has no food or water. He sees an oasis and runs toward it. It turns out to be a mirage. He is Hispanic. This happens 4 more times until he dies.
6. Two women are walking down a street. They have been friends for years. Suddenly, a car zooms down the street right towards them. The car then backs up and runs them over. The driver is wearing a green felt hat.
7. The world ends. Everyone dies horribly.

Things to Tell People to Cheer Them Up When They Are Upset About Something

"Well, at least your entire family can only be gunned down once."

"So what if the accident has rendered you permanently impotent? I'm sure that plenty of guys will be more than happy to satisfy your wife for you."

"At least you can be grateful that it didn't happen to me, too."

"You lost all your money in the stock market? Why don't you try to win it back at Atlantic City? Or you can even sell your body for money if you want to."

"Look, lots of people with your disease go on to live productive, fulfilling lives. Productive, fulfilling, incredibly shortened lives, yes, but still productive and fulfilling."

"It could be worse. Maybe."

Rules and Regulations

1. Your friends will remain friends until they finish using you.
2. Everyone has more fun than you do.
 - Everyone goes out more than you do.
 - Everyone does more interesting things than you do.
3. You are only asked out as a last resort.
 - You call them more often than they call you.
4. Everyone gets it more often than you do.
 - They also started getting it at an earlier age than you did.
 - Nobody else is ashamed of the person from whom he gets it.
 - Nobody else buys Valentine cards for his hand.
5. More people always show up at their parties than at your parties.
6. People talk about you behind your back.
 - Just because people talk about you behind your back does not mean that they ever think about you at any other time. They don't.
7. Nobody to whom you have been introduced has ever remembered your name.
 - This will continue. Forever.
8. There exists a secret club:
 - Members of this club have secret meetings, communicate with each other, go to secret parties, and have great times.
 - Everybody in the world belongs to this club, except for two people.
 - You are one of the two people.
 - The other person died in 1843.
 - His friends, having finished using him, coaxed him into committing suicide.
 - He went to Hell.
9. Every negative thing you have ever noticed about yourself has been obvious to everyone else all along.

HEMINGWAY, VERA VAUGHAN'S WAY BIG SELF-CLEANING OVEN: PART II

From the Archives: 1982

BETH AWOKE AS THE MORNING light shone through her lace curtains. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes with her fists. Some throw pillows fell on the ground, and when she got up she put them back on the bed. The curtains were white and handmade, and the throw pillows were pink with lace ruffles. She was going to bake a cake this morning. Monday was baking day.

As she got dressed she thought about what a good bedroom it was, with good curtains and a good bedspread. She would make a good cake, too. She knew about cakes, how they could fall if you made noise while they baked, and how overmixing made them tough and bad to eat. This cake would not be like that.

She went downstairs and put an apron on over her dress. The apron felt strange, like an extra dress you don't need, but it kept clothes clean. She pre-heated the oven to 350° and gathered the ingredients. She would boil the water in a kettle, and then pour it in a cup, to mix with the cocoa. The cocoa, vanilla and baking powder were in a small cabinet. She got them first. Then she got the butter and eggs from the big white refrigerator in the corner of the kitchen and she rested her head against its smooth cool side for a minute. The eggs

had to be large eggs, but she did not have to separate them for this cake. After she got the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder from the big cabinet, she started to grease the cake pans. There were two cake pans and she greased them both quickly. She remembered that she needed wax paper. She bent over and reached under the sink and got the wax paper. It made a crinkling sound when you unrolled it. She

*This bowl was
a stoneware
mixing bowl.
It was brown
and smooth
and deep.*

lined the pans and greased them again and she floured them also.

Beth whisked the cocoa and the boiling water together. The mixture had to cool down now. She put the flour and the baking powder and the sugar and the salt in a large mixing bowl. That was where all the ingredients would go soon. She had a metal mixing bowl that made

pinging sounds when the electric mixer hit the sides of it. This bowl was a stoneware mixing bowl. It was brown and smooth and deep. She felt how heavy it was and held it in the crook of her arm and mixed the dry ingredients and walked over to the window. The kitchen curtains had blue and white checks. They could be washed in the machine. They were the right curtains to have in the kitchen. Kitchen curtains can get greasy and sometimes smoky.

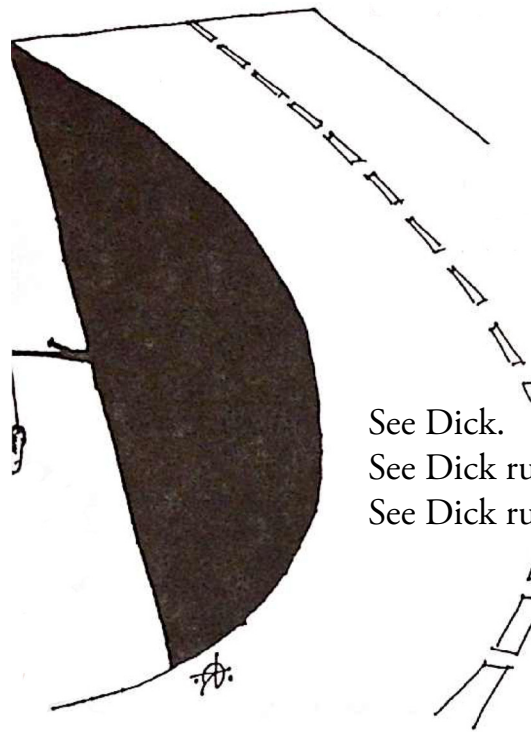
It was time to lightly combine the eggs, 1/4 of the cocoa mixture, and the vanilla. That was the egg mixture. You added it last to the big bowl, but you made it now.

As Beth added the butter and the rest of the cocoa mixture to the dry ingredients, she realized that she had not sifted the flour. Now the cake would not be as good. It didn't matter what she did. She would mix well and make sure there were no lumps, and the cake would not fall, but it would not be such a good cake. She gradually added the egg mixture. The pulsing electric mixer sprayed batter up against the sides of the warm, deep mixing bowl. Then she poured the batter smoothly into the pans. The layers would be smooth and firm and they would yield to the touch like a woman's belly. It would be a good cake with buttercream icing and she would serve it after dinner.

From the Archives: 1997

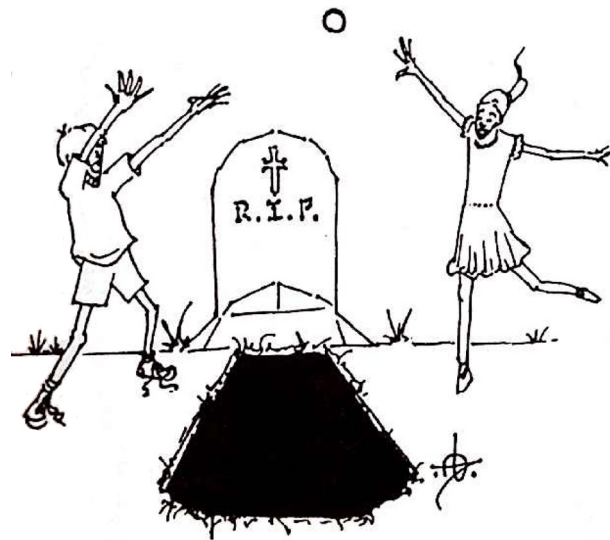
FUN WITH DICK AND JANE

*An
Existentialist
Primer by
Friedrich
Nietzsche*



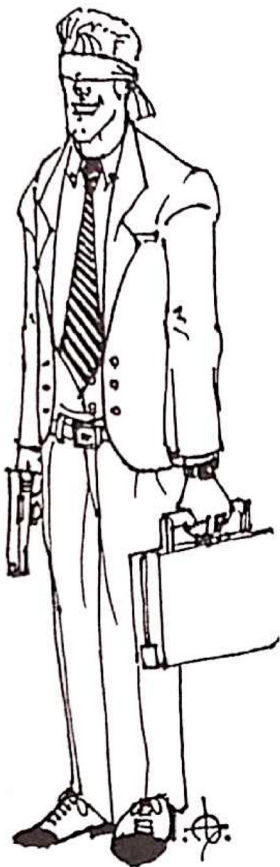
See Dick.
See Dick run.
See Dick run into the Abyss.

See Daddy.
Daddy is wearing a suit.
See Daddy get ready for work.
Daddy is an impotent tool of the elite.
Work, Daddy, work!



See Dick.
See Dick throw the ball.
See Jane.
See Jane catch the ball.
See Jane throw the ball.
See Dick throw it back to Jane.
See Dick and Jane grow old and die.

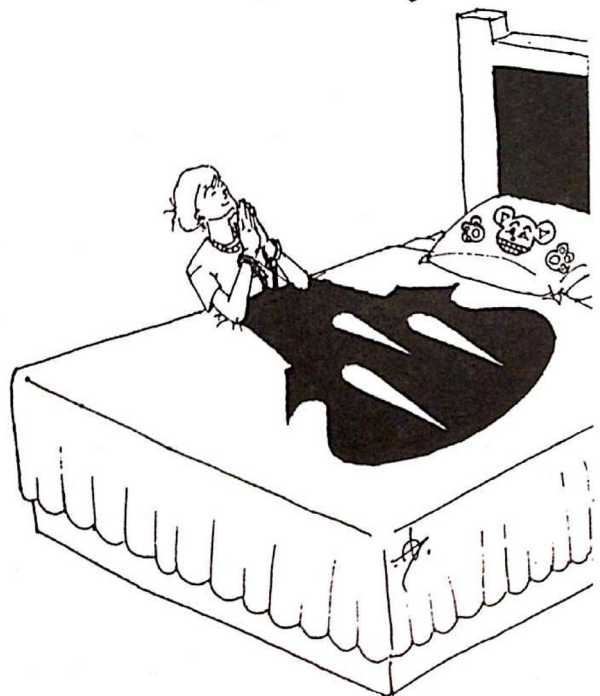
See Jane.
 Jane throws the stick.
 Jane is the master.
 See Spot.
 Spot fetches the stick.
 Spot is the Slave.
 Spot must be destroyed.



See Dick. See Jane.
 They are in Mommy and Daddy's room.
 Look at Dick.
 Dick is wearing a suit.
 "I want to be just like Daddy," says Dick.
 All is lost.



See Dick pray.
 "God bless Mom, and
 Daddy, and Jane, and
 God bless Spot, too."
 See Mommy and Daddy die
 in their sleep.
 God is dead.



Thesis Pieces

from the Archives: 1987

Gurn Burblemeister, The Woodrow Wilson School:
"The Socio-Economic Systeming of the Muhlavi Peoples"

well. I type here, and right no one will
no choice but laundry.

These rugged desert peoples are steeped in poverty, the only natural resources of their blighted valley being sand and a few bramble bushes. These are carefully guarded and harvested, although their produce is normally left to rot in the sun, there being no appreciable local market for vegetable products which rip open your cheeks and throat. The barrenness of the land compels them to import from nearby tribes not only basic food-stuffs, soap, medical supplies, and clothing, but silly things as well: heavy overcoats, inflatable life rafts, penguins, dough figurines, Halloween masks, bansai trees, shards of broken glass, marzipan, whoopee cushions

Jeanne Peuntangue, Department of Psychology:
"Learned Resentment: An Experiment"

scalps, to hold their heads firmly in the desired position. With the lasers pointing directly into their eyes, the subjects were then asked to identify common geometric shapes from flash cards: circle, triangle, cube. At this point the subjects were divided into two groups and quizzed on sportwelding techniques. Group A received a small electric shock for each incorrect answer, while Group B were tied to their chairs and beaten with blackjacks until

Tanya Dweezle, Department of Chemistry:
"The Impact of Esthers on Carbonic Emulsifiers"

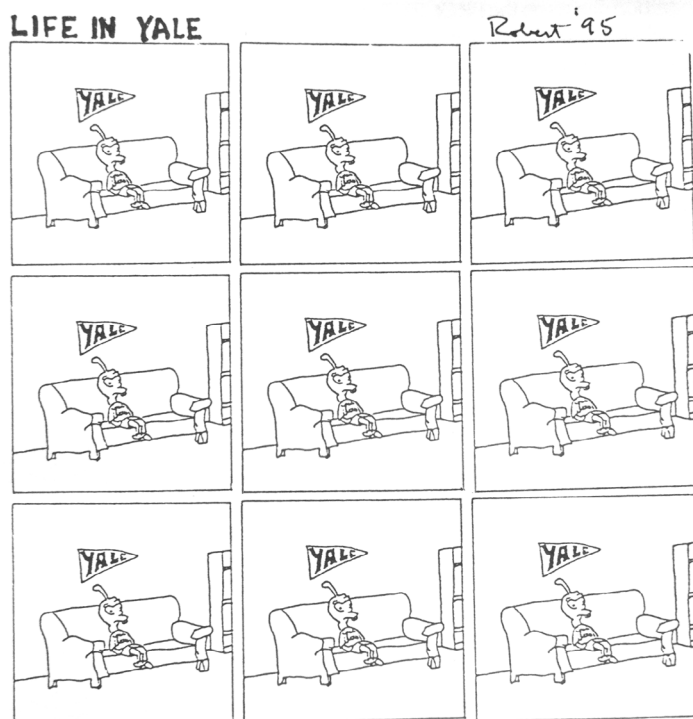
the synthesis had been completed, albeit with the single, unexplainable vapor emanating from the sixth test tube. All that remained, therefore, was to find the existence of the silicon residue in tubes 5 through 10, omitting 11 and 12, which I unfortunately knocked over shortly after noticing the strange odor from the enigmatic Tube 6, but whose data proved extraneous. Despite a brief fainting spell (having been up many long nights with this study) I shortly began the closer investigation of the tubes, noting to my surprise that the odor now seemed to emanate from all the tubes, or rather, from the part of my mind where the mental picture of the test tubes was stored. In addition, several of the test tubes (the number seemed to vary) had changed colors, not to ordinary colors of the rainbow, but to new and exciting colors which emitted a sort of peace, and end of frustration, and little flower-birds with googly eyes. Gazing at my watch, I noticed that about 17 hours had elapsed since I became a test tube. Remembering suddenly about the experiment, I began comparing data, but noticed to my chagrin that I had drank the contents not only of Tube 6, but also

From the Archives: 2002

10 WAYS TO MAINTAIN YOUR DIGNITY AFTER GETTING HOSED

1. Avoid the temptation to sign into Quad.
2. Stubbornly claim that you were bickering “just for the experience.”
3. Grab your Super-Soaker 9000 and hose them.
4. Start your own club. That’ll show them!
5. Write a thinly-veiled satire, denouncing the elitist wine-drinking girly-boy club of your choice.
6. Pass out on their lawn, thus creating “probable cause.”
7. Hire a male stripper to grind the president.
8. Thank God you didn’t bicker TI.
9. Transfer.
10. Create a paper-mache version of the club, then stomp on it shouting, “Who dares to hose Godzilla?”

From the Archives: 1992



FINE WINE AFFORDABLY PRICED



Wide selection of Domestic
& Imported Beers, Spirits,
Fine Wines from around the world

FREE DELIVERY IN PRINCETON

609 924 0836 ~ WWW.VARSITYLIQUORS.COM



Godfrey Fitzgerald is a luxury hair salon in
where beauty is synonymous with style. With
a brand new style team, we bring the world of
fashion and beauty to you.

Tell your stylist Tiger Magazine
sent you for a 10% discount.

15 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ
609 924 5355

THE VOICE OF THE TIGER

From the Archives: 1947

'Tis the night before press-time, and all through his lair,
The TIGER is roaring and tearing his hair.
The ad copy's late and the edit is missing;
The chairman is cursing—the editor's hissing.

One story's too long and another too short,
The whole maddening issue's about to abort!
The cuts are too big and the cartoons too small;
The proofreader's drunk and passed out in the hall.

But the show must go on and the rag must appear;
So, bloody and sweaty, with many a tear,
They grease and they grind and they scream and they curse;
They paste in the prose and they glue in the verse.

At last then it is finished, at last it is done,
The last comma's in—the battle is won
"It's a fine looking issue," so saith an editor.
A tired little candidate whimpers "You said it, sir!"

And then Old Dame Conscience begins to prick.
Is everything pure and quite politic?
We must be certain and perfectly sure,
That all we publish is sweet and pure.

Remember the Charter we just barely wrested
From hands that for months had insanely contested
Our rights to distribute and print once again,
A magazine cherished by all Princeton men.

How far can you go and where stay you your hand?
What will delight them, and what will be banned?
Is this line so smutty and that line so clean?
One man calls it splendid, another obscene.

So use your own judgment and all your good taste;
The lines must be pure and allusions quite chaste.
Make Lifebuoy your model and never offend;
But keep out the saccharine and sugar, my friend.

Now humor is humor, and art, sir, is art.
It seems that the twain must continue to part.
Be risqué and funny—they'll call it plain smut,
Be risqué and deadpan—it's art quite clear-cut.

If your name is but Jonson, Boccaccio or Wilde,
You'll call it a bastard instead of "love-child."
You can talk about life as it's usually lived,
And don't have to fear that you'll be negated.

Now even the moderns whose names are well-known,
Can pull all the stops out and skip undertone.
When Faulkner or Steinbeck or Sartre or Joyce
Would speak of the seamy they use a loud voice.

Our rival in letters, the artistic Lit
Is straitlaced and moral, the critics admit,
Yet they write of people as people exist,
And nobody calls them a foul sexualist.

We look at the ads in the popular press,
And find there more sex than we'd dare to express.
The funnies are full of affairs and seductions,
Of low-bodied ladies and lewd introduction.

The question to answer is—what is profanity?
What is obscenity and what is urbanity?
What is immoral and what is reality?
What is this thing that we call sexuality?

A writer soon loses all sense of perspective,
He asks what is smutty and what is effective.
A friend who is clever, a friend who is canny,
Tells us it's clean if we'd tell it to Granny.

The trouble with this, for Pete's holy ake,
This granny in question's one helluva rake!
What's poison for one is another man's meat;
So how in the world can a man be discreet?

Some say we're insipid and some say obscene,
Some cry out "Get sexy!" and others, "Keep clean!"
Some warn us of sisters and elderly aunts,
Of mothers and daughters who'll sure look askance.

And others remind us the TIGER's for men,
And written for Tigers right here in their den.
If they wanted their humour in spirit maternal,
They'd lay out their chips for the Ladies' Home Journal.

Now humour is one thing and smut is another;
They're never related like brother and brother.
We'll use our good taste; strive hard to be funny;
We'll laugh at the world and regard it as sunny.

For sex is so basic, says Freudian rumor,
It's found in all writing—and yes, by God, humour!
It's here and it's fun and it's quite necessary;
So we'll string along with it—subsidiary!



FINE INDIAN DINING



FREE DELIVERY WITHIN 5 MILES

15% off all student orders

Catering available

164 Nassau Street
Princeton, NJ 08542-7005
Tel: (609) 279-9191

**DINE-IN
TAKE-OUT
DELIVERY**

Get that special person a truly unique gift of wearable art.

A one-of-a-kind piece of jewelry.

Choose from nearly 200 different gemstones from around the world.

Select from our vast inventory or let us create a piece especially for you. We are a husband and wife design team. Whatever your taste or budget we can provide something just right.



We specialize in custom orders for Princeton students and alumni

Tomorrow's Heirlooms

2 Chambers Street, Princeton, NJ 609.921.9440
www.tomorrowsheirloomsnj.com 11am-6pm Daily 10am-6pm Friday & Saturday



OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
48 UNIVERSITY PLACE, SUITE 406
PRINCETON, NJ 08544

Monday, February 17, 1997

Dear Shareholder,

As many may know, the Princeton Tiger has faced serious financial difficulties in recent years. Although disorganization, offensive content, and dealing in risky financial instruments have all played a role in the damage to Tiger's balance sheet, recent reports show that Tiger has reached the brink of bankruptcy primarily because of one reason: utter stupidity.

Several Tiger staffers had spent time in the taproom of Tiger Inn during their years at Princeton, and the beer was certainly flowing freely. It seemed obvious to them that barley demand would soon outpace barley supply, and so Tiger purchased 400,000 bushels of barley on the futures market. However, at roughly the same time, Ted Kennedy made a very public remark about his preference for gin, and the price of barley plummeted. A margin call followed shortly thereafter, and trouble began.

In order to protect the revenue from their vast international sales, Tiger had long been hedging in the currency options market. However, in December of 1995, Tiger's new treasurer (who is currently in the custody of the Federal marshals) took over. Sadly, she misunderstood the board's directive to adjust Tiger's position in currency options. Rapidly, she purchased options to buy \$100 bills at a strike price of \$105. This was, as the board stated in an early January press release, "Real fuckin' stupid."

But the deals get even more complicated. In the months leading up to last year's bicker, Tiger predicted low turnouts at the bicker clubs. If this were the case, the clubs would need to go to an outside vendor in order to buy the number of souls they would usually need to fill the club. So, Tiger purchased almost 300 souls from Satan, hoping to sell them later at a much higher price to the bicker clubs. Unfortunately for Tiger, there were ample numbers of Princeton students willing to sell their souls to the bicker clubs at very low prices, leaving Tiger with hundreds of souls that were essentially worthless. They pawned several off to investment banks, but still took a huge loss on the transaction.

Preliminary results for the rest of fiscal 1996 look no better. To avoid defaulting on our commercial paper, Tiger was forced to liquidate bad real estate investments in the desert southwest at a tremendous loss. As a result of this and myriad other financial disasters, Tiger's bond rating was downgraded to "Junk." And although we feel our current market capitalization of \$240 million reflects the corporation's true value, analysts from several independent firms continue to recommend "sell" on our stock. We can attribute our sound market performance only to you, our loyal investors.

It should come as no surprise, then, that we announce that Tiger will be suspending dividends for the next three quarters, and while we hope to return the corporation to sustained profitability in Q4 1997, we fear that increasing competition in the humor rag business may adversely affect our bottom line. We are also fearful that Tiger may be crippled by ongoing labor disputes. More complete information can be found in our recent filing with the SEC.

Yours truly,

The Officers of the Corporation

P.S. Want to read more about our financial misfortune? Check out <http://www.tigermag.com/investor-relations/> for more details.



beautiful clothing, accessories, furniture, art,
& princeton ephemera

www.janeconsignment.com

7 spring street • princeton, nj • 08542

609-683-jane (5263)