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## A message from the chairman:

Yesterday, I went to the office of President Eisgruber to request he accept my resignation from the position of Chairman of *The Princeton Tiger* and, consequently, director of covert operations at Princeton University. I was informed that the President of the University does not in fact handle such requests, and I find myself growing increasingly suspicious of the actual responsibilities of the University president. Nonetheless, I feel compelled, for personal reasons, to step down as Chairman of Princeton's premier intelligence community.

I know that in recent months my position within the organization has been the source of much speculation, but I want to emphasize that this is truly born out of a desire to spend more time with my thesis adviser. It is not, as some reports have suggested, a response to this publication's reports of shots fired in the wake of October's hammer and chisel incident at Nassau Hall.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, former editor-in-chief of the magazine, once said, "you don't write because you want to say something, you write because you have something to say." With respect to Mr. Fitzgerald, I have found myself without anything to say for three and a half years now, and still I have soldiered on despite this glaring inadequacy. But all things must come to an end, and such is the case now with my tenure at the bastion of intelligence known as the *Tiger*. But mostly, I wanted an excuse to point out once more that F. Scott Fitzgerald used to write for us.

I have had the honor of serving as Chairman for a year and a half, and I could not be more proud of the strides the magazine has made in that span thanks to an incredible and talented staff that I am confident will carry on the proud and noble tradition that characterizes the *Tiger*. We have expanded our design and production capabilities, developed a talented group of writers and artists, and increased our capabilities in surveillance, counterterrorist tactics and espionage to levels not seen since our heyday in the 1950s.

Over the past 18 months, we have successfully carried out numerous covert operations, including the election of Shawon Jackson to USG president thanks to a relentless subliminal whitetext hyperlink campaign, the bloodless coup of Shirley Tilghman, the classified Operation MONOCLE and the character assassination of several high-ranking officials in publications across the campus. Indeed, such covert operations of the *Tiger* have done much to reinforce our position as the school-wide leader in intelligence.

Secrecy can come in many forms though, and leading this organization has not been easy. There have been many tough moments in my time as Chairman, and while many have not been fully declassified, I look back most fondly on the progress we made in the Newman's Day accords, following minutes of tense negotiations between myself and members of undisclosed other publications in the wake of the *Prince* Parody massacre of March 30, 2013. But despite this adversity, I hope that the staff of this magazine will continue to rise to the challenge in the years to come. Setting aside the circumstances of my departure (which are, to be clear, definitely not the result of the controversy surrounding the aforementioned chisel incident), I can safely say I have been immensely grateful for my time as a member of *The Princeton Tiger*. Lastly, I'd like to thank our readers over the years for their support of our magazine (when we remember to distribute it).

Drunkenly yours for the last time,  
Tim Matchen



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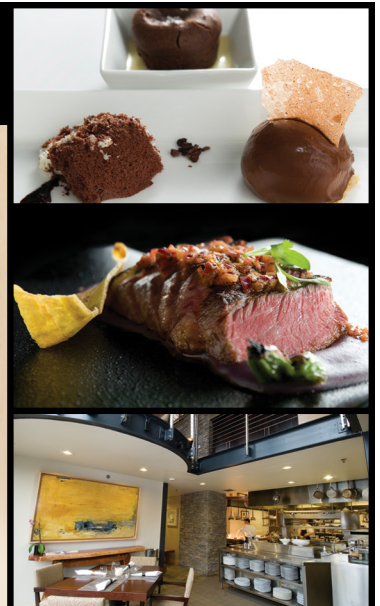
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## NEWSWIRE

## Student Regrets Not Spending More Time Studying Alone

PRINCETON – A local student reports that if he could change one aspect of his college experience, it would be the lack of time spent studying alone in his room in the dark. The senior elaborated that although he does schoolwork “like, all the time,” he also sincerely regrets missing out on many of the other incredible opportunities on campus for crushing isolation, such as studying alone in Firestone, studying alone in Frist and studying alone in the dining hall.

“Yeah, when I think about that night I spent partying frosh week, that dinner I accidentally ate with my friends and the time I introduced myself to my roommate, part of me is filled with a deep sense of regret for all the time I just flushed straight down the drain,” the student explained. “The other part of me is filled with a deep sense of regret that I’m wasting thoughts on remorse that I could have used to get more work done.”

When asked to comment on his statement, the senior’s friends declined, citing the fact that they “have, like, SO much stuff to do” and that they are “seriously the worst procrastinators ever.”

They also mentioned that they were all “screwed for this exam on Friday,” likely due to the fact that they “spent WAY too much time sleeping and for real, like, haven’t studied at all.”

At press time, the 20-year-old student was spanking himself for taking a shower and then softly weeping at his desk.

– Max Gollin '16



## The Heir of Whitman Returns

PRINCETON – Shortly after the most recent case of meningitis was reported on campus, University Spokesperson Martin Mbugua confirmed that the mysterious “Heir of Whitman” had left another message promising further meningococcal illness.

“THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED,” read the message, scrawled on a wall in the lower level of Frist Campus Center in red paint. “WILSONITES BEWARE!”

A spokesperson for the Department of Public Safety said his department believed the message referred to the Arthur C. Jackson '64 Memorial Chamber of Secrets in Guyot Hall, out of which some believe the Heir of Whitman has been operating.

He advised students to use caution when entering the Chamber until the Heir of Whitman has been identified.

The Heir, whose identity remains a mystery, has indicated that he or she has been releasing meningitis-causing agents into the population in order to continue Meg Whitman '77’s “noble work” of eliminating Wilson College from campus.

– Stephen Wood '15. Illustrated by Rachel Roberts '16

## HISTORY

## Eisgruber’s Presidency as told by his Bing® Search History

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- am i beyonce yet
- movember
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- US News and World Report



## Ivy Cocktail Night Secret Shopping List

A drink is only as good as its ingredients. Accept no substitutes, except in Autumn, when pumpkin spice can in some cases be substituted for a seasonal twist.

- Liquified \$100 bills
- The oyster
- Tears of the homeless
- Incidental tears of the help
- Sweat of the proletariat
- Dust of the Magna Carta
- Powdered blood diamonds
- A human man
- A diamond-studded diamond
- Pure history
- The graduate board’s semen
- Freshly plucked opium
- A map of the British Empire at its peak
- Woodrow Wilson’s leg hairs
- Ectoplasm
- Burberry juice
- Baby shoes, never worn
- Theta tears
- “The blood”
- Your ancestors’ remains
- Powdered rhino horn
- A soaking wet Tower pass
- Glue made from the substance on the floor of Cloister
- The golden fleece
- Lance Armstrong’s other testicle
- Theta thoughts
- The invisible hand
- The blood of Christ
- Boot straps
- Shorted stocks
- Permafrost
- Anti-hydrogen

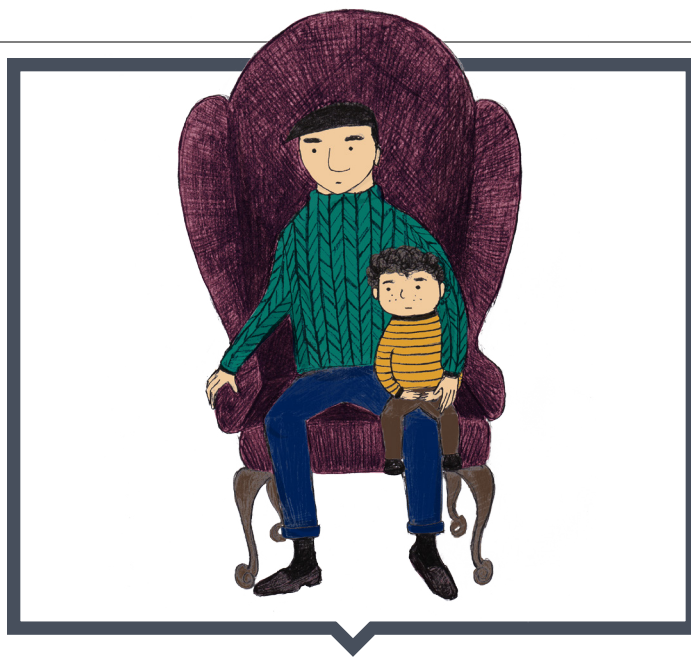


## For Sale

- 460 ft of Dinky track
- A night with John Nash
- President Eisgruber's throne
- 1,000 Cap passes torn down the middle
- Prototype Quad passes (never used)
- One meningitis (please take!!)
- Nancy Malkiel sock puppet
- A vial of Peter Singer's tears
- A mirror that can actually reflect an Ivy member's face
- 9,000 unusable condoms
- Woodrow Wilson's fifteenth point
- Grade deflator
- Spores, type unspecified
- 3.5 Theta fingers
- The mystic seaport bonds of our fraternity
- A pair of (working) kidneys
- St. A's sweatshirt
- Bike (with lock attached)
- 18 bike seats
- 431 black North Face jackets
- Body of former Dept. of Psychology test monkey
- Pallet of Charmin Ultra toilet paper
- Tiger Admirers password
- A yam shaped like Anthony Grafton's head

## Wanted

- Institutional history
- Children
- An IvyGate apology
- Cottage spot
- Womeningitis
- Eisgruber voodoo doll
- Happiness, if only for a day
- Aaron Carter's sweaty tank
- 36,000 lightly used bees
- A survivor of Beekeeping Club initiations
- A TigerTransit rider
- A pillow from Eisgruber's cuddle colosseum (will pay generously)
- Tower, in exchange for Tower passes



## US Government Institutes "Big Brother" Program

WASHINGTON, DC – The Administration for Children and Families announced plans this week to implement a new nationwide mentorship program for underprivileged youth starting in 2014. The program, dubbed "Big Brother" by the ACF, will provide companions to act as older siblings to "at-risk" children in low-income areas. The Administration has been working closely with the National Security Agency to ensure that the mentor units are programmed in compliance with "government standards."

Each of the "Big Brothers" will be equipped with cameras and microphones so that children can practice making movies and songs to share with their mentor. In addition, the machines will also have 4G connections to an online "Safety Cloud," where parents can observe their child from work.

While the offer of free child care and a responsible adult figure in children's lives seems almost too good to be true, NSA Director of Surveillance Keith Alexander assured the public that the government has no ulterior motives behind this project.

"Our Big Brothers are watching over your children, teaching them good American values, and nothing else. Any allegations these friendly guys have thought-monitoring sensor arrays that send the brainwaves of everyone in a 30-mile radius to a government server in Fort Meade are completely unfounded," Alexander stated at a press conference yesterday morning.

This statement seems to have won over the majority of Americans, as a recent poll suggests that 97% of parents agree that "as long as I'm not doing anything wrong, it doesn't matter that unpatriotic thoughts trigger our buddies' 'Guantanamo' settings," while only 3% responded "something about this seems odd."

In response to the poll, one anonymous Twitter user under the handle "Snedward Oden" recently tweeted "wow u guys r dum srslly I can't evn wit dis." The public, however, seems not to mind.

President Obama declined to comment on the program.

– Max Gollin '16. Illustrated by Caresse Yan '15

NEWswire

## Woman Can't

SEATTLE, WA – After being confronted with an article from a media aggregator which she saw on the social media page of an acquaintance, area woman Maria Hastings, 21, confirmed Wednesday that she can't.

"I just can't," she said. "I just can't right now!"

The article, written by someone with different views on society and politics than Hastings, affected the college-aged woman so deeply that she repeatedly stated that she simply could not.

"Is this serious?" Hastings asked. "I can't!"

Hastings was apologetic about not being able to.

"I'm sorry, I just can't right now!" she said. "Absolutely cannot. Nooooope."

Friends of Hastings confirmed that she could not, adding that she often can't after checking her Facebook page or scrolling through The Huffington Post.

"I remember last week there was this article in Jezebel, and Maria and I were like, 'This cannot be real life,'" said her friend, Sarah Miller. "We were both totally like, 'we just can't!'"

At press time, Hastings was starting to be able to. She is now clicking on another link and — nooo, oh my God, no — she can't EVEN!

– Stephen Wood '15



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## STUDENT LIFE

# An Inside Look at WHIG-CLIO HAZING

BY MALCOLM STEINBERG '17  
IL. BY RACHEL ROBERTS '16



We showed up to Whig Hall with cat food, hot sauce, liquor, gold fish, copies of the Declaration of Independence and gallons of milk. We were kept waiting out in the cold from about ten to twelve — two hours is typical waiting time for pledges. When the members finally picked us up, we were blindfolded and taken to an undisclosed location. One of the older members eventually removed our blindfolds and told us that we were going to “prove our loyalty” with a series of brutal chugging games, exegeses and dialogue over the letters of James Madison, and physical punishments. We spent an hour drinking milk mixed with hot sauce and vomiting, and I almost completely broke down at one point from the sheer level of discourse over the definition of “state” in a world of increasingly global security concerns. And the goldfish — well, if you’ve heard anything about Dartmouth’s MUN chapter, you know what those were for. When we finally got back to our rooms, the sun was rising, and

we were deeply concerned that my friend needed to be PMCED [taken to Princeton Medical Center, the nearby hospital, for emergency care—not to be confused with being ‘Princeton-Model-Congressed’, a hazing ritual too disgustingly budget policy-oriented to be described here].

I was gaveled, caucused and gerrymandered. The bipartisanship was so over-the-top awful that a lot of members wouldn’t even do it, but they never stopped the guys who wanted to force it on pledges.

They promised us women, Capitol-Hill internships and all the coke we could imagine. There were stories about members having wild orgies and whispers of working for the CBO [Congressional Budget Office] right out of college. And maybe I’m just a “wannabe” who did not have the stones or the in-depth knowledge of fiscal or environmental policy to survive the hazing. But the brutality of the pledging ordeal seems worse than any coked-up, inside-the-beltway lifestyle could possibly justify.



**9:00 PM** Uh-oh... Looks like I've put off my philosophy paper until the last minute! It's on Kant... as in I KANT deal with this right now! So I'm gonna live blog my FIRST EVER ALL-NIGHTER for you guys, my faithful followers. LOL! #pumped #wishme-luck

**9:02 PM** (feeling excited) Heading to the U-Store to stock up on instant coffee and energy drinks. Try and stop me now, MOM!

**9:08 PM** Back from the store! OMFG they have like everything... picked up some coffee that, get this, COMES IN A CAN, and got a case of Monster, and Red Bull, and this stuff a large street entrepreneur sold me out back :D

**9:10 PM** The salesman looked like my Uncle Jack, except he wasn't in prison (ha ha) I'm not sure what this stuff was exactly. it looks like Parmesan cheese but it feels kind of crunchy. The guy said he was a businessman and it was a study aid or something so it's probs totes chill ;p

**9:15 PM** Cracking open my first energy drink! To all y'all haters out there who thought I couldn't do it, here I am! #started-fromthebottom

**9:16 PM** I just finished it and I don't feel different, guess I'll have another one ;)

**9:18 PM** Still not noticing anything... how long is this stuff supposed to take? Making instant coffee now #notevenbuzzed

**9:40 PM** I feel... alive. More alive than I've ever felt in my life. All of my particles feel like they're moving really fast kind of like atoms when it's really hot and I really feel invincible like I could do anything

**9:45 PM** like this essay is already practically done and like why do we even write essays right

**9:46 PM** hahahaha omg right write right write I kill me... wait no I think I'm actually dying someone call an ambulance

**11:36 PM** Killer headache... I think I got a sudden rush of blood or something D:

# All-Nighter Liveblog

BY MAX GOLLIN '16  
ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15



**11:37 PM** Oh my god I was unconscious for 2 hours and I still haven't started my paper oh god, oh god no it's supposed to be 15 pages please help me

**12:22 AM** I have been working for one hour but I just checked my word count and I realized I have not finished writing my name yet #screwed

**1:03 AM** I am mortal. I am fallible. I am going to fail.

**1:15 AM** The energy is gone. I tasted perfection in that cocktail of pure vitality and saw the Heavens open up to embrace me, but I flew too close to the sun and was burned, and now I have fallen from grace. #weak-sauce

**1:22 AM** I am putting the study parmesan granted to me by my salesman/savior in my mouth with the desire to be even 1/10th as close to God as Monster brought me.

**5:30 PM** Jesus, what time is it?

**5:30 PM** I'm covered in some sort of liquid ... where am I?

**5:31 PM** Everything feels wrong. I'm in so much pain and I just want to go home. I think I'm lying on cement, in a really dank, sticky puddle. It's hard to see, it all looks so dark

**5:37 PM** I smell like garlic and sour cream and my leg is twisted at a 90 degree angle

and my hands are covered in something but I cannot tell what it is

**5:38 PM** It is blood. I do not know whose.

**6:01 PM** NO NO NO SWEET JESUS NO WHAT HAVE I DONE PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON ME

**7:23 PM** Okay, okay, Kant, Groundwork of the Metaphysics of Morals ... all right, okay, one must act only according to that maxim whereby you can, at the same time, will that it should become a universal law. #imperative

**7:28 PM** If I willed my actions to become universal laws, I think — Oh lord I do not even want to imagine

**7:29 PM** Due to a recent change in circumstances I will be leaving the country as soon as possible. Thank you to all my followers to your love and support. I am so, so sorry. #remorse #Icantgoback

**7:45 PM** This will be my final blog post. If I could leave you all with a piece of advice, it would be to stay in school and wear a condom. Any allegations you may see on the news are hearsay and cannot be proven in a court of law.  
#INNOCENTUNTILPROVENGUILTY

Friday, November 15

**4:30 PM** paper back b+ lol #latedays



# CAPMAN DON'T

BY MALCOLM STEINBERG '17 ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

## Hey there. Chuck Barriano, Private Eye.

I've been doing some contract work lately. Anscombe Society stuff. It's not just handing out flyers. There's undercover work going on too. And to do it, they hired me. Why? Cause I'm the best in the biz, that's why. I've been preventing hookups since you were wearing diapers, kid. I'm a professional. They call me "The Blocker."

Anyways, at about ten o'clock on a Saturday two months ago, I get a call. No name. The voice asked, "Is this The Blocker?" I said, "You bet your mother's biscuits it is." He said, "McCosh 10, eleven, be there." Then he hung up. I figured some extra dough might be a better way to spend my Saturday than the usual — watching some *How It's Made* and calling it a night — so I got myself together and walked over to McCosh, interested in finding out who in the hell had called me.

Mysterious rendez-vous aren't all that uncommon in a P.I.'s life, but I wasn't prepared for the scene that greeted me in the lecture hall. I entered the dim room to see fifteen people in hooded cloaks with A's on the chests. It was enough to spook a beat cop. "You all aren't—"

"We're not St. As," one of the hooded figures replied.

"Well then who the hell are you, see?"

"We are all members of a certain society; you may have heard of us. We...morally advise our fellow undergraduates. We seek to set them on the righteous path."

"So what do you want with me?"

"We're interested in your...unique skillset. You seem more capable of ending hookups before they begin than anyone we've observed on this campus in four years — or in Dan's case, five."

"Hey, I —"

"Shut up, Dan. We want to employ your services to that end. Chuck, will you help us protect the undergraduates from lives of vice, sin and unfulfilling short-term relationships?"

He wrote a number on a piece of paper and passed it to me. I'm not a particularly religious man, but when I saw their offer — and I mean this was an offer — I couldn't say no. For that kind of money you can call me the Holy Father. Hell, for that kind of money I'd be the Holy Father.

"You will be assigned hookup prevention cases the night-of, with a bonus for every casual hookup prevented. That is all."

So, I was on the case.

## White Night

In Ivy it was White Night, yes, but outside it was dark—so dark it'd make the boogeyman nervous. There I was, standing under a streetlight on the Street, smoking my last cigarette and thinking about the beatdown I'd just gotten in pool.

And then, there she was, in all white, a blonde looking hotter than the griddle at a house of pancakes and more vulnerable than a bunny rabbit. And then, there he was, wearing a wife-beater, with "hookup culture" written all over his big, smug mug. They started talking. They knew each other. They were getting along well, and I followed them real quietly as they strolled back towards the Slums.

When a P.I. spends his life working on the Street, he gets a funny kind of... sixth sense. So maybe it was just the drunken grin she gave him, or the fact that her hands were down his pants rubbing his Sugar Ray Robinsons, but somehow I knew—I just knew—that something or someone was about to go down. And I knew that I had to stop it.

So I ran up and booted all over her. Case closed.

## The P.I. Goes to TI

Thursday. Or as the kids call it, Thirsty Thursday. I hadn't been feeling great, and by 9 p.m. I had a headache that'd make a man glad to have his cranium in a vice. But I had work to do. I'd just gotten my second assignment.

My contact told me he could get me into Tiger Inn under a false name. Turning that down'd be like a fat man turning down a ticket to the Chimppugenwak County Fair. I knew I needed to get out of my rut and get going. I headed over to the Street and walked up to the T.I. bouncers. I handed over my pass and my friend's prox. "I don't think so, man," said one of the bouncers as he pushed me away with arms as big as Babe Ruth's belly. I knew I needed another plan.

A few desperate texts and an hour of walking later, I was back at T.I. with a blonde wig. Head down, twisting my

hair like a schoolgirl, I stepped up to the door. "Domingo" — my contact had told me about him — "I lost my pass. Please, please, friend...." He puffed his cigar, looked at me with his handsome eyes, and then nodded his head. I was in.

Right away, something gave me the heebie-jeebies. The air was heavy with sweat, and I heard loud music pumping from the basement. I followed the sounds and smells down the stairs.

Jesus God.

I didn't know where to begin. I tried yelling, pushing and grabbing, but I couldn't distinguish myself from all the other fellas doing the same damned thing. And when I stepped between an athletic undergrad and his newfound lady, well that made him about as mad as a cat in a hornet's nest. Soon I was running for it. I don't think he followed me out of the club, but I couldn't be sure, so I sprinted to the place I'd be safer from a big, muscular man than anywhere else on campus: the library.

I needed a place to hide. I ran down to the stacks. Gradually, I noticed a noise that sounded a lot like lips smacking. Like any good P.I., I was curious. I snooped around the corner and saw two students going at it like dogs in heat. I had to think of something. I remembered ... She kissed me, so I told her I loved her and she had nice gazongas. She never responded to my texts again.

"I love you," I said, hidden. The girl looked up at him. "Ew, what? I barely know you...." She stormed off. I had done my job, but the night left me with more questions than a big-city newsman. Why were these people making out in a library?

## Capmandon't

About a week later, I got wind of an event in Cap & Gown that I needed to go to worse than a hog needs hay: Capmandu. My contact explained what went on over the phone and I got my disguise ready for the evening. Wearing leather pants and an unbuttoned white shirt, I hoped I'd blend right in.

Capmandu was steamy and crowded,

and more low-down than a — well, no, it basically was a strip joint. I figured right away there wasn't much a fella could do to keep the kids off each other, so I got creative. I did something I had done during my first Frosh Week. First, I drank like a man who'd just crossed the desert with bad knees. The beer kept coming and coming. At one point — I'm not quite sure when — someone came up to me and whispered, "I'm going to be bored at Firestone." I was too drunk to think much of it at the time, so I didn't, and I kept drinking.

Eventually I assume my plan worked, because I woke up in PMC the next morning to the sound of "Sh-boom, sh-boom," my ringtone. The voice on the other end would've been visibly excited if I could've seen it. "Cap was closed down last night when they took you to the hospital. Congratulations, Chuck. You took hookup prevention to a whole new level. The society is impressed, so we've decided to give you a thirty percent bonus. Enjoy." Altogether, not a bad night.

## Princetowhat Just Happened?

Every P.I. has nights when the sheer quantity of work to be done, and the knowledge he can't do all of it, makes him, well, blue. Incidentally my costume was a blue morphsuit. Nice and anonymous, like a good grey fedora.

I don't have friends, so I pregamed alone in my single and then headed out to the Street. For most students, Princetoween is a night of wild revelry and vice. For me, it's a night of hard work. I saw some girls run by dressed in plastic wrap. This was going to be a tough one.

I walked to the Street. Tonight's assignments: Cannon, Terrace and Cloister. I expected to see a lot that night. I expected debauchery that'd make a cathouse madame cry, but I'm not sure I expected to see so much skin. It would've taken every damned tailor in the state of New Jersey to cover up the girls on the Street that night.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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## STUDENT LIFE

I also didn't expect that I'd be dragged away from the street so quickly. Within half an hour, I was following a couple back to campus on account of they were dry humping harder than a couple of chimps trying to start a family. But they led me in a direction that threw me off. I followed them right into Firestone. They headed downstairs to a classroom that should've been empty. Instead, the room was full of people hooking up. I was hiding behind a shelf, trying to come up with a plan, when I heard a familiar voice whisper in my ear. "We were bored." I turned around, but whoever it was had already run off. I locked eyes with a student who had apparently seen me. It was all over. Time to go. I know when I'm outnumbered. I sprinted back to my room.

### A Final Meeting

That Sunday night, I got a call. "McCosh 10. Now." Click. My heart

dropped. He sounded concerned, and when your boss is concerned you oughta be concerned too.

I got to McCosh 10, and I could sense right away things were tense. Well, not right away, because they were all wearing hoods that concealed their faces, but, you know, quickly.

The leader said, "Chuck, we appreciate the work you've done for the society, but some things must be left alone." I was at a loss. "Chuck, what you have seen in Firestone, what you discovered there—you must never speak of this. We are buying you out of your contract and you are hereby dismissed. Good evening."

Figures. This one went right to the top. But I didn't question it. Chuck Barriano doesn't question things like that, because Chuck Barriano knows who butters the bread. My stint for Anscombe was over, and that was that. I walked back to my room and hung my hat and coat up by the door. Time for some How It's Made.

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# Secrets to a Shredded Bod

BY EVAN KING '17. ILLUSTRATED BY KINGSTON XU '16

Worried about packing on that winter weight? Looking to ward off the Freshman Fifteen? Tired of your preceptor calling you Fatty McLovehandles? Whatever your reason, you want to get shredded. But who has the time? Now YOU do, thanks to these 5 secrets that Buddhist Monks have been using to get ripped quickly for thousands of years.

## No warming up

You don't want to wean your long-idle muscles back into physical activity; this is counter-productive. The initial shock to your body of doing strenuous activity for the first time in months while yelling, "I'M BACK, BITCHES," will get you the results you want, FAST.

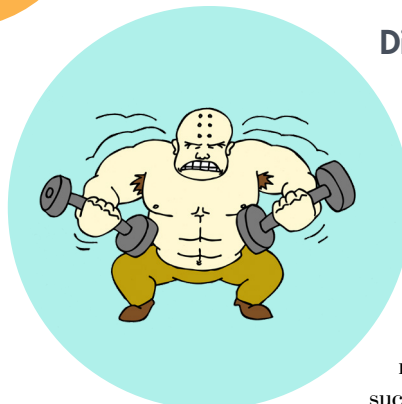


## Take days off

Your body needs rest. Without it your muscles will wear down and you won't get the results you want. Remember to take days off! Only hit the gym once or twice a month and take it easy in between. You don't want to strain yourself.

## Alternate with crunches

After bicep curls, hit the deck and do a set of crunches. Place both hands behind your head and use them to push your chin towards your chest. At the point where you can strain your neck no further, release your hands allow your head to crash back to the floor. That's 1 rep. Do this 25 times and you'll really start to feel the burn in your abs. Now, stand back up and do another set of curls. Repeat this process 3 times and you're done! Yes, really! That's all you need to get HUGE.

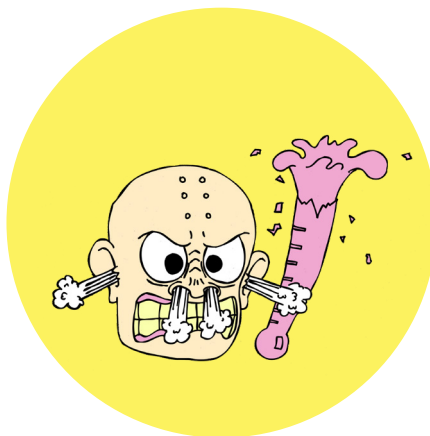


## Diet

Of course, a vital part of any healthy lifestyle is your diet. For this program, you'll be following a simple, all natural diet called S.W.O.L.E. — Steak, Whey protein, Onion rings, Liquor, and Even more protein. The key to success is to eat at least twice your body weight in protein every day, so don't be afraid to order those cheesesteaks from the dining hall grill. Your taste buds want it and your body needs it. Win-win! You'll also want to invest heavily in protein powder. Make sure to take a double scoop at every meal with water, milk, or soda. You can also snort the powder off of a credit card, female body or book from Ivy's library. Finally, it's important not to change your lifestyle too radically, or you won't stick to the program. That's why you need to keep eating fried foods during the week and blacking out on weekends. It'll keep you happy and motivated!

## Do bicep curls, lots of them

When you arrive at the gym, don't even think about hitting the pull-up bar or squat rack. These exercises just don't work. It's simple science. Instead, head straight downstairs to the dumbbells, grab the heaviest weights you can hold, and start doing bicep curls. While doing curls, it is vitally important to focus on your form. Make sure you flail out your elbows, arch your back, and pull up with your shoulder. Using this proper technique, you will hit all of these muscles AND your biceps simultaneously, doing only ONE exercise. There's a reason they call bicep curls "the perfect exercise."



Follow these secrets and you'll start to see results right away. Within weeks, that cute girl you've been eyeing in precept will want to eat a five-course meal off of your delectable abs. Fatty McLovehandles? No more. Now you'll be Muscles McGee. Trainers will hate you, ladies will love you, and female trainers will adopt a stance of utter ambivalence towards you! Go get 'em, tiger!



# Student Becomes First to Ever Read Traffic Alert Email, Discovers Warren of Madness

BY ALEXANDRO STRAUSS '15. ILLUSTRATED BY RITA FANG '17

Gabriella Garcia Vargas '17 recently became the first person to read the entirety of a University “Traffic Alert” email, inadvertently discovering a dark hive of unimaginable, soul-shearing insanity in the process.

The emails, which do not appear to be sent according to any sort of schedule, have long been known to differ wildly in their formatting, font size and style, and use of capitalization, suggesting that they are written by as many as a dozen different people who have all stumbled upon the same fount of horror. The subject lines of the emails are also highly inconsistent in their formatting and information provided, but all share the words “Traffic Alert” and, at least initially, deal with traffic conditions in

the vicinity of the University. As Vargas discovered, however, this is only the tip of the iceberg, and scrolling down on any of these emails reveals dozens of pages of disturbing, increasingly unhinged writing.

“I opened [the email] because I was worried about being held up in a traffic jam and I wanted to be sure about when I had to leave for my Fall Break trip,” said Vargas of her ordeal. “I skimmed the first line and knew there was nothing interesting. I was about to return back to my inbox when my finger slipped and hit the spacebar. That’s when I began hearing the whispers.”

On the next page are some excerpts from the email Vargas opened, which is 44,232 words in full.



" **TRAFFIC ALERT** " no longer describes it.

The road winds on and on, black like the darkness which howls and howls and howls and howls and howls without end, the howling only stopping if I reach the yellow midline, but even this is nothing more than a plank I can grab in the middle of a storm, the ocean of shadows swirling around me, the **traffic** circulating endlessly on either side, car after car, one after the other in a procession of shapeless shadows, an endless parade of boats traveling the River Styx, trapping me between them. I tried to tell them not to repave Alexander. I burst into their offices screaming the name. They didn't listen. Said it was to "help ease the **traffic**". Bullshit, I say. All it did was cause delays.

[...]

There's something else Tilghman wrote before she abandoned the office. It reads SANCTIONING FEE £40M. ROUTE: WEST ON NASSAU. LEFT ON MERCER. RIGHT ON HIBBEN, RIGHT ON STOCKTON. SWEEP LEFT AT BAYARD. RIGHT AT PAUL ROBESON. RIGHT ON CHESTNUT. CONTINUE ONTO OLDEN. RIGHT ON PROSPECT. RIGHT ON WASHINGTON. LEFT ON NASSAU. 3.2 MILES. 15 CORNERS. LEAVES ALEXANDER OPEN TO **TRAFFIC**.

I have no idea what it means. But it has the campus surrounded to the north. And that will force the **traffic** to the south. Route One is a lighter shade, for now. We held the pavers at bay.

But if this goes through, the resulting delays will cast shadows on it as cars back up **THE TRAFFIC WILL DARKEN THE EARTH**

[...]

I had the dream again last night.

In my dream, it's 11:37 P.M. A Thursday night. Sometimes it's Saturday, but Thursdays are always distinct. and I'm walking towards 1879 Arch. As a student. I suppose I should note that. I'm a student, it's 11:37 P.M. on a Thursday night, and I know I'm about to hit Prospect Avenue.

This brief moment is the only time in my day, asleep or awake, where I can't feel the fear.

I see Washington in front of me, blazing orange from the streetlamps, especially along the crosswalk where the asphalt is fresh and new. Washingto- Washing- Washilexander. The map has shifted. And here comes the **traffic**, surging, on both sides, even at this hour, all manner of cars, trucks, crossovers, sedans, SUVs, semis, vans, minivans, coupés, cabriolets, convertibles, phaetons, targas, hatchbacks, fastbacks, pickups, every one of them set to block my path, and even as they do, the road darkens, asphalt bubbling, becoming black as pitch, some of the **traffic** sinking in it, the others using the carcasses as a macabre bridge before they, too, sink as well, and now the pitch boils, and floods over onto the sidewalk, surging lavalike towards me, and I run up the steps of 1879, but the road hurls itself toward me, cars trapped in the waves, sheet metal missing from them like it was eaten off, like it will eat me. But it never does. I wake up in a sweat every time.

Try as I might, I can never cross Alexander.

[...]

Asphalt is from bitumen. Bitumen is from petroleum. And petroleum burns. It burns so sweetly. I can finally escape from my prison, though it may cost me everything. My dear Klawedis, you may never see me again, so heed this message. LCGSN NHQVH NTWNM ZZSEV MSSWR FGHQX XTCXX GSWFN NORR. You know how to decode it. And now, at last, at long last, I can be free! I have the torch of my liberation in hand, and I shall set it upon the road, and burn my way to peace! DEATH TO THE PAVEMENT! DEATH TO ALEXANDER! DEATH TO NO! **THE LIGHT MAKES THE TRAFFIC CAST**

## **SHADOWS**

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Department of Public Safety

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After reading the entirety of the email, Vargas did not stop screaming for four days straight — a state which did nothing to stop her a cappella group's fall-break tour from being a rousing success.



# 19 Club

BY ANDREW SONDERN '15

Dear Sean,

It's with sincere regret that I must inform you that we cannot offer you membership into 19 Club, Princeton's premier all-male, secret tobacco smoking society. I guess you could say it wasn't your "lucky strike," "bud." Jokes aside, you were an outstanding candidate and this year's rush class was extraordinarily competitive. Though we cannot offer membership to everyone, rest assured that this does not spell the end of interactions between you and members of the group.

Far from it. We will circle you like Tower members waving \$20 bills at the one Terrace member they know at 3 am on a Saturday night. Overnight, 19 Club members will be seemingly everywhere reminding you that you were rejected. Kevin will be in your classes making insightful comments about the out-of-focus lens of intellectualized wanderlust that seems to ground all of Milton's best work; Christopher will arrive precisely five minutes before you at office hours for your introductory physics class to ask about corrections to projectile motion in special relativity, then silently observe

you as you ask for clarification on when the WebAssign is due; I will not hesitate to follow you without a word all the way to New South as you are locked out, probably gloating about my unequivocal superiority the whole 0.648 miles from Holder Hall.

Tomorrow night, 19 Club will hold its traditional initiation ceremony in the hellscapes behind Wawa. As John, Steve, and even Jake are forced to smoke pack after pack of menthol Newports that are part of the important transition from subhuman shit to vaunted club member, I will be plotting new excuses to transfer into each of your precepts to remind you of your social inadequacy. Even as I take the ritual steps to conceal my identity for our initiation ceremony, covering my wretched nubile frame in so many nicotine patches that my identity will only be discernible by my signature pack of Pall Malls and dental records, I will be consumed by efforts to make things as awkward as possible in future interactions between us.

When John, Steve, and—yes, we accepted Jake—lie prone on a McCosh

bed dying of nicotine poisoning, soft congealments of nicotine gum lodged in their objectively superior mouths, I will be on my way to a party that you are attending. I will be wearing the sick fedora that indicates my membership in this exclusive social organization, and I will be cackling with each pull of award-winning Turkish tobacco when our eyes will inevitably meet for a brief moment, and you will ask me, "You're Jeremy, right?"

You ask out of courtesy and because I am still covered in nicotine patches, but you will know from my dental records, my Pall Malls, and my fucking sick fedora. You have known all along. Because we have looked into the face of God and seen a striking resemblance to Joe Camel. You and me. And all the members of 19 Club. And Jake. Also Walt from Wawa when he takes smoke breaks with us.

Sincerely,

Jeremy Gallagher  
President, 19 Club



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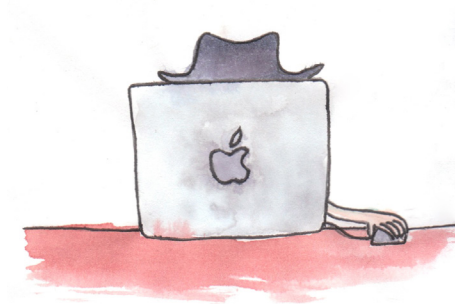
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# A Lonely Place

BY ERIC YANG '17. ILLUSTRATED BY LIZZIE BUEHLER '17



**3:32 AM**  
Sunday

I sat in the dark, face lit only by the gentle hues of an unrefreshed *Friends* page. Raindrops tap-tapped their syncopated lullaby on the windowpane, but sleep still defied me. How could I sleep, knowing full well my woman could be out with some other man? Call me paranoid. But when you live in a town like this, paranoid might just save your neck.

I've been her man for three months now, and from the moment I first saw her I knew that dame was one of a kind. Wispy auburn hair, legs for miles. She was the type to play hard to get just to raise hell, with the kind of eyes that tore men to pieces. I can handle that. But it wasn't 'til recently that I'd begun to see the signs.

A touch, a playful whisper, a lingering glance at a male acquaintance. I may have been a fool for her love, but like hell was I getting played for one. The gal chose a dangerous game, trying to string me along. But she should've known I was different from other guys. I'm hardboiled. And if I knew one thing, it was that the two-timing broad was getting caught red-handed.

**2:04 PM**  
Monday

Just as I'd guessed, her door was propped. Elementary. On another day, I would've alerted fire safety of the tampering with a means of egress, but today I'd have to stay off the grid. I knew from her ICE schedule that I'd have no more than a few minutes to find what I needed and get out.

As soon as I entered the room, the smell hit me. Axe. Anarchy. Either she was fraternizing with the wrong group of middle schoolers, or she'd been with someone that smelled like Axe Anarchy. A quick glance into her trash confirmed the worst. The roses I'd sent her the week before, passionately purchased at a 10% student discount from the U-Store, lay rotting beneath a pile of my unopened love letters.

That was all I needed. I turned and made my exit.



**2:06 PM**  
Monday

No sooner than I'd left her hall, I spotted the temptress herself, hand in hand with her new boy toy. I caught her eye, searched them for a glimmer of something. Was it disgust? Pity? Or perhaps thinly-veiled, sensuous longing. She whispers something to the guy. He approaches me, mouthing off some drivel about being creepy and staying away from his girlfriend.

But I wasn't listening to his mind games. Already my lips began to move as I formulated the Tiger Admirers post that would surely win her back. But then, as I walk away, I hear her mutter something:

"...and I can't believe he's seriously wearing that fedora."

I wasn't really into that tramp anyway.



## Dear Dr. Sex

BY ADAM ROSENSTEIN '16. ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXIS FOSTER '17

A lot of people have asked me where my favorite place to do the sex is. I always tell these people that there is no place better than Prospect Garden. But it is no easy task because I assume that you want to keep it a secret from onlookers and P-Safe. Let me take a couple of moments to explain the best strategy.

First, the day before the proposed session of public lovemaking you will go to Prospect Garden to scout out the area. You will memorize every part of the garden – the name of every flower, every bristlecone pine. Report back to me, and I will see if you are ready. Also show me a picture of your proposed lovemaking partner. Damn, he/she is hot. Now, go eat at Prospect House because you deserve it. Go, look out the windows and gaze out over the land that you are about to conquer, just like the colonists surveying the fertile land of the New World before they took it from the its rightful owners.

Now the night that you have been waiting

for has come. It's probably a Wednesday or something, I don't really know. You have all of the skills necessary to pull this off so don't worry. Tell your sexual target to meet you in Prospect Garden and walk around looking for you. Meanwhile, you are standing in that part with a lot of trees – you know what I'm talking about. When your slam piece walks past you, grab him/her (because it's romantic) and start your furious lovemaking in the back of the garden. It's been going well for a couple of minutes, but SHIT! Why is P-Safe here? You didn't tell me about this, Dr. Sex! I know I didn't, that's because I called P-Safe and told them where you were sexing. You're about to get a nasty indecent exposure charge slapped on you. Wait, what? Yes! Your boyfriend/girlfriend/"we're just friends but like to have sex sometimes" got away! What's happening now? He/she runs right to me for comfort because I was also hiding in Prospect Garden. Now, I will take her/him back to my room. I told you he/she was hot.

# PRINCETON'S SECRETS REVEALED

BY ALEXANDRO STRAUSS '15 ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

**Y**

ou may have been on campus for two, three, even four years by this point, but that doesn't mean you don't still have questions about this place and the secrets it holds. *The Princeton Tiger* recently acquired a set of sensitive documents that should put some of these questions to bed for good.

**1**

## Why does Princeton use steam for everything?

Oh, you still believe that story? What if I told you that Princeton's heating system uses no steam? That, in fact, it is powered by a radical new energy source? Believe it or not, it's totally true. Princeton gets all of its heat solely from the friction generated in Chris Eisgruber's Cuddle Castle! You're probably calling bullshit right now — there's no way a single underground facility can generate that much heat, right? Well, with some impressive advancements in ventilation and filtering technology, it's totally possible!

**2**

## So why does my heater clank at night?

Unfortunately, there's one drawback to this system. The advanced circulation systems used to carry the heat to every corner of campus don't work properly if they are lined with sound dampeners, so the sounds of the, er, heat generation carry through every heater on campus. (Don't ask us why they're louder in the evenings — even we don't know that!)

**3**

## What's up with that hallway leading off from the Terrace tap room?

If you've ever been to Terrace during a waxing gibbous moon, you may have noticed that the short hallway leading off from the taproom is darker than usual, and its walls seem to be composed of a smooth, ash-like substance. On these nights, Terrace changes and becomes bigger on the inside than on the outside. Those who go into the hallway and successfully return speak of a horrifying space whose corridors constantly shift on them and of a deep growl that echoes through the whole building. Of course, it may be that our sources were super high at the time and just got lost on their way to the dance floor.



4

### What is that old building on Nassau Street between Green and Robertson Halls?

Why, that used to be called Frick Lab, but now it is known only as “20”. Turns out it is merely the most prominent sufferer of the slow rot that Kappa Alpha Theta’s presence imposes on all things. Its condition is severely advanced: even the name has gone now. (Don’t listen to those who say the name was changed to accommodate the new Frick Chemistry Lab — Theta’s resources are vast, and they can control the campus discourse however they wish.)



5

### Why the heck does Campus Club still have a taproom?

You’d think the University would have refitted it by now, seeing as it sure ain’t being used for drinking. Well, turns out it’s still being used as a taproom — but a very different kind of tapping goes on there now, if you know what I mean. Turns out the Tapcats use the room frequently. Why, you ask? Well, as the most silent and lifeless space on this campus, the room is the ideal location for the Tapcats to draw the pentagram for their highly percussive Satanic rituals.

6

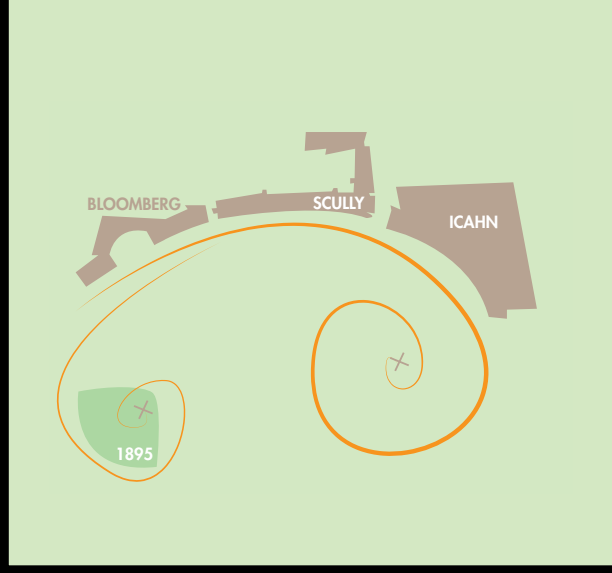
### What’s up with the south of campus? Why is it all curvy and shit?

The border between Bloomberg, Scully, and Icahn and the adjacent fields is curved for what you probably think is no good reason. As it turns out, however, the borders of Pardee Field, Poe Field, and 1895 Field describe a pair of nearly perfect golden spirals when viewed from the air. Legend has it that if you start at the end of either one of these spirals and start tracing inward until you reach its point of origin, you will eventually reach a small patch of shiny yellow earth. Have a shovel ready. At the center of the east spiral, you will find the hatch leading to Princeton’s lost city of subterranean frat houses, which long ago succumbed to Theta decay and sank below ground. Here, generations of abandoned Zeta-Pi Phi hookup babies wander sticky, Keystone Light-soaked tunnels and die without ever having seen the light of day. In the west spiral, you’ll find a crate holding — if no one else has reached it before you — five point two tons of grade-A, FDA-approved, Chechen black-tar krokodil.

7

### Why is Wilson College so ugly?

You may have heard rumors about the college’s hideous dorms being due to riot-proofing measures back when they were constructed. As it turns out, this is patently false. The awful design came about because resources intended for the dorms’ construction were diverted to the construction of the Arts and Transit Neighborhood. Even the University’s gigantic endowment has its limits, it turns out, and so the administration had to dip into the past. This left a minimal amount of material and architectural know-how to be leveraged to build Wilson, and it’s cheaper to build random 90-degree bends in every hallway than to put any effort into actually designing living space.



8

### Wait a second. How the hell could the University go back in time to fund the Arts and Transit Neighborhood?

Well, it seems that Eisgruber, foreseeing the need for such a structure, sent the mandate for its construction back in time, so that it would be complete by the time he assumed the mantle of the presidency. However, as you can clearly see, he got the calculations quite wrong.

9

### How is that even possible?

As you may have inferred, Chris Eisgruber has a time machine. Shirley had a weather machine, Chris has a time machine. Fair’s fair.

10

### Eisgruber has a time machine?!

Yes, he does! It’s something the University has been working on for a while, and they’re really quite proud of it. Shirley wanted one — she thought it necessary to counter the baleful influence of the Greek organizations on campus — but the technology just wasn’t there. Now, however, Eisgruber can flit from epoch to epoch with impunity, at every turn fixing the damage caused by Theta decay. Soon, he will bend the campus to his image, the Hellenic empire will fall, and the Macedonians shall reign for ten thousand years.







## 1 Be Bold!

Guys like bold. Send an email with a menial request to a listserv you know he's on. Use a bold font.

## 2 Show him a sign!

Slip a printout of the top Bing results for "how to know if a girl likes me" under his door, then perform the "warning signs" in sequential order the next times you see him. If you don't feel comfortable acting that way, make a website listing how you do want to act, visit your site thousands of times until it comes up first in the search results, then put it under their door.

## 3 Go out on a limb!

Click his name on Friendsy, but when it doesn't say mutual right away, panic and unclick it. Do this every day, in case they've since clicked you but your notifications system is broken.

## 4 Leave him a note!

Write a vague Tiger Admirers entry along the lines of "I wish you would notice me." Don't use his name though, because that would be too forward.

## 5 Write him a letter!

Write an anonymous Tiger Admirers post addressed to the crush. But still keep it vague—don't want to sound desperate!

## 6 Be affectionate!

Run up behind him in the lunchroom and kiss the back of his head.

## 7 Get up close and personal!

Sit three desks away from him in lecture. Cry to yourself softly.

## 8 Tell him how you feel!

Sit near them, but facing perpendicularly. Shout, "I really like you!!!" If he smiles, smile back. If he doesn't, have your phone against your other ear and pretend you were talking to someone on the phone the whole time.

# How to Make Your Secret Crush Notice You in 15 Easy Steps

BY MATT GWIN '14 & EMMA MICHALAK '17

## 9 Show him your playful side!

Whenever you see this sexy someone, immediately begin playing a game. Doesn't matter if you have anyone to play with—whip out your Hungry Hungry Hippos or Battleship game set and have at it! You'll totally have his attention.

## 10 Laugh!

Guys love making girls laugh, so be sure to giggle at all his jokes. If you're not sure it's a joke, laugh harder, because he's probably trying. Is his professor hard to understand? Is his family adopting a puppy from a local shelter? Was his grandmother just diagnosed with terminal cancer?

## 11 It's all in the eyes!

Instead of looking him in the eyes, stare intensely at another facial feature, like his eyebrow or ear. When he looks back at you, quickly look away. Not only will you have that cutie hooked, but he'll also be incredibly self-conscious!

## 12 Tease him, girl!

Point out his flaws and insecurities.

## 13 Use his name!

Replace every second-person pronoun with his first, middle, and last name. Guys love to hear their own full names repeated back to them every few seconds.

## 14 Get touchy-feely!

If, by a stroke of luck, you happen to bump into him on your way to class, mumble something incomprehensible, vaguely about an apology and the weather, and then stare longingly after him as he walks away.

## 15 Give him flowers!

Get flowers, put them in a box, look up his Frist mailbox number, write the number on the box, and place it on the blue campus mail bin in Frist. If it's meant to be, they'll survive the lack of water and air, and he'll know they were from you.





# Secret Listservs

BY GIL WALZER '16. ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

ListServs tell us everything we need to know about food we won't eat, events we won't attend, and clubs we won't participate in. They're deeply rooted in Princeton's history: James McCosh's invention of the carrier pigeon gave students the chance to redistribute delicious ethnic cuisine, and find the waistcoats they thought they'd never see again.

A recent archaeological expedition uncovered evidence of dozens of hidden mailing lists that sprang up during the browsing bubble. While the bulk of them were too obscene to publish, here are a few ListServs you probably know nothing about.

**Casual Meth Enthusiasts**     35 subscribers

For Princeton students who occasionally use methamphetamines.

**Bicker Appreciation Club**     58 subscribers

Students discuss the joys of bicker.

**Turtle Exchange**     5 subscribers

For students unsatisfied with their turtles. WTE-regulated tortoises permitted.

**Free Meat**     91 subscribers

A list of free meats around campus.

**Iowa**     206 subscribers

For those fascinated with the rich history and culture of the state of Iowa.

**Sexual Fetishist Board Gamers**     23 subscribers

If you enjoy classic board games and have a non-mainstream set of sexual preferences that society just hasn't accepted yet, you're probably already on this list. If you only fit one of those, it's still a fun way to spend a Tuesday night. Nudity allowed upon request. This week's bulletin: *Last week's Feet Monopoly was such a success, we regret letting only 3 players pick the shoe.*

*Reminder: Bondage Boggle, 2:45 tonight. Dates mandatory. See you soon!*

**Existentialism Club**     2 subscribers

The only true beacon of sanity in an otherwise hopeless inbox.

**Critics of Pablo Neruda**     19 subscribers

For disparaging the works of Nobel Prize-winning poet Pablo Neruda. Fuck him.

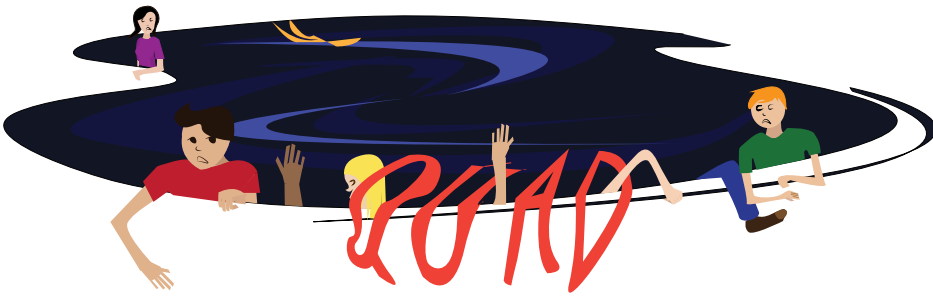
**EPSILON\_STAGE\_3**     321 subscribers

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# Quad Invents Eighth Day, Hundreds Disappear

BY CONNOR STONESIFER '16. ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

CHARTER HAD FRIDAYS. Cottage had Sundays. And even Tower had something. But one club stood among the rest without a day to its name. Quad. The humiliation was staggering. That's when Quadrangle Club engineers came up with a novel solution. They would invent a new day. An eighth day. "Quad Day."

In the fall of 2006, Quad's engineers unveiled the product of their efforts. The Quadrangle Subtemporal Singularity Engine, or "Passbook," allowed members to open a temporary rift in time, entry into which afforded them an extra twenty four hours to party.

"Quad Day, which occurred sometime between Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, was a spectacle at first," says Quadrangle Club Historian Richard Butterflies. "Everyone wanted to get a piece of the action."

But a storm would soon descend, unforeseen, on the happy revelers.

"It all went South when the club's treasurer attended Quad Day, and returned as an eighty year old man. This raised doubts as to the stability of the temporal matrix on which the Day was founded."

Quad's engineers worked feverishly morning and night to fix the problem, and, by reading period of second semester, they believed they had found a solution. Officers decided to hold a special member's night to celebrate the reopening

of Quad Day. But once again, tragedy would unsheathe its steely blade.

As members piled into the Quad Day portal, the Engine driving the machine suddenly short-circuited, collapsing the matrix, and trapping the entire membership of Quad, save one man, Barney Blanks, who was asleep at home, inside a dimensionless plane in time.

But what of Quad's assertion a mere year after the incident that its membership rates were higher than ever?

"Most of Quad's members just aren't observable. When the Quad Day void unexpectedly closed, anyone inside was trapped," explained Richard Butterflies, "Though they are still technically members, they're imprisoned in a torturous waterfall of ever-collapsing space time, grasping for escape but only grabbing onto their own freshly crystalline screams."

Current members say they can still sometimes see these 'super seniors' warping in and out of existence throughout the club.

"One time," explained Kyle Slyman '15, "I was watching Donnie Darko in the upstairs TV room, when a man appeared right in front of the TV. His eyes were fused to his feet and he was screaming at me in Ancient Latin to 'Getttttt Outttttt'. But I just kept watching my show, cuz, you know, that's like pretty common."

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## DEAR VALUED CUSTOMERS,

My name is Jay Bush. Most of you probably know me as the guy on the baked beans commercial with my talking dog, Duke, telling you about Bush's Baked Beans and our secret family recipe. I've recently been made aware of a rumor circulating on the twitters that Bush's Baked Beans relied on unpleasant additives like carmine as well as copious amounts of monosodium glutamate to deliver its signature savory taste. I want to start by saying that this is patently false. I must also acknowledge, however, that Bush's traditional policy of recipe secrecy will always encourage speculation like this, so I have decided to finally reveal part of our secret recipe.

The secret deals with more than just ratios of molasses to brown sugar, of maple flavor quantities, or of cooking times. My whole spiel about how "Bush's Baked Beans are slow roasted in thick, maply barbecue sauce for a rich smoky flavor" is all true, but that could be said about Kraft baked beans, or Hunt's baked beans, or any company. The real difference maker is the Bush family secret ingredient: dog. Other companies have tried for years to match us, but none of them ever thought to try dog.

In 1892, my great-great-grandfather was working for a local restaurant and saloon in Carson City and found he was low on pork when he started to make baked beans for the day. There was a stray dog that liked to hang outside the shop and beg scraps off the customers, frequently angering the restaurant employees. My great-great-grandfather, not wanting to keep the hungry customers waiting or to serve meatless baked beans, invited the old mutt out back, then experimented with this alternative ingredient to ham. The Bush family has never looked back. We've tried numerous breeds over the years, eventually discovering the unmistakably rich taste of Golden Retriever. Our subsequent years of experimental crossbreeding not only led to a talking dog, but to consistently and irresistibly tender, flavorful taste.

The recipe Duke always claims to be protecting in the commercials is a fake I gave him when he was 3 years old. I didn't completely trust him to keep a secret, and I thought it might bother him that we've been serving him baked beans laced with chunks

# A Message From Jay Bush

BY MATT GWIN '14

ILLUSTRATED BY RITA FANG '17



of his family members for years. Eventually, he may become suspicious of the story that his siblings all ran away one-by-one in 3-month intervals, but so far he has accepted it just fine. As long as he's happy, we can continue to put a smile on your face on daytime TV and a yum in your tummy on the dinner table.

So please continue to enjoy Bush's Baked Beans — available in your local grocer — with peace of mind, knowing that our recipe has gone completely unchanged for 97 years, using all-natural, free-range dog with no artificial additives. Roll that beautiful bean footage!



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