

THE TIGER
PRINCETONIAN

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Spokesman bends reality

MBUGUA
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.....

mend that there be a serious rethinking of the Daily Princetonian’s reporting standards, and would like to remind the staff of the ‘Prince’ that the quoting of false persons, especially University staff, is not only a breach of journalistic standards, but also of the University’s Rights, Rules and Responsibilities,” Mbugua added.

After several days of intensive investigation, however, the ‘Tiger’ procured a statement from the enigmatic, non-existent spokesman himself.

“Go fuck yourself,” said Mbugua in an emailed statement. “Punk-ass bitch,” he added.

When reached for a response, University Spokesperson Martin Mbugua declined to comment.

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Cheese comes in over oral

Streaking not surprising, says TI House Idiot

HEADCHEESE

Continued from page 1

and you smell like Terrace! So you go for oral, but you can't get that excited about it. You know what you can get excited about? Cheese," Fondelack added, assuring the audience that he wasn't speaking from experience.

While oral sex, particularly at 4 am after spending time in Terrace, can be less than satisfying, he said, cheese is processed, guaranteeing a more a consistent experience.

Fondelack also noted that cheese is incapable of carrying sexually transmitted infections.

"Even if you're not sure where your Havarti has been, you can be confident it's not going to give you herpes or chlamydia," he said.

David Wasserstein '14 opened debate for the opposition. He wanted to correct the terms of the debate.

"We should be talking about oral sex," he said. "Blowjob is a hetero-normative term."

Wasserstein said he believed that women who might actually prefer oral sex to cheese would be more inclined to vote for cheese if oral sex was referred to simply as a blowjob.

Wasserstein, who is lactose intolerant, stressed the inequality for the lactose-intolerant in a world without oral sex.

"Eradicating oral sex to preserve cheese creates a two-class system of the 'haves' and

the 'have-nots,' giving preference to a privileged group over the needs of the common person," he said.

Wasserstein is a member of the Human Values Forum and a member of the Princeton Swingers. He is a former editor for the Daily Princetonian.

He asked audience members to participate in a thought experiment with him.

"Imagine that someone comes up to you and says, 'would you rather I give you cheese or go down on you?' I don't care how much you like cheese, you know what you would say," Wasserstein asked.

The propositions rebuttal was given by Jan Kraft '14. Kraft rebutted allegations that he and Fondelack had been intentionally misogynistic. He said that blowjob is a term that can be interpreted liberally to also mean cunnilingus.

"It's a lot easier to say blowjob than cunnilingus," he said, to a murmur of agreement from the audience.

Audience members were given the chance to ask questions, talk about their favorites cheese, and recount tales of their oral encounters.

One audience member asked whether the debate was necessary. "I mean people are dying in Syria and stuff." Both sides dismissed that audience member.

In response to the vote tally, Wasserstein said, "It's a moral question. When it comes down to it, we'll just have to agree to disagree."

STREAKER

Continued from page 1

or not the streaking incident was related to this game.

Unlike the Cottage incident, no authorities were alerted to the streaker's presence.

"Bros get naked sometimes. It's not a big deal," said TI president John Gutierrez, whose genitals were fully ex-

posed at the time. "I'm not going to call the cops. I'm gonna hang out with my wang out, you know? Chill out with my pill out."

"Wait, that's not right," he added. "Dill out, maybe? Yeah, I'm gonna chill out with my dill out."

Gutierrez is not the only one who shares TI's laissez-faire attitude toward streaking. Though Cottage Club has called the police on streak-

ers, several other clubs have proven to be very tolerant of nudity.

As many as 30 nude or near-nude people were spotted at a recent rave at Terrace Club, and the second floor of The Ivy Club is equipped with an entire room of mirrors in which members may contemplate their members.

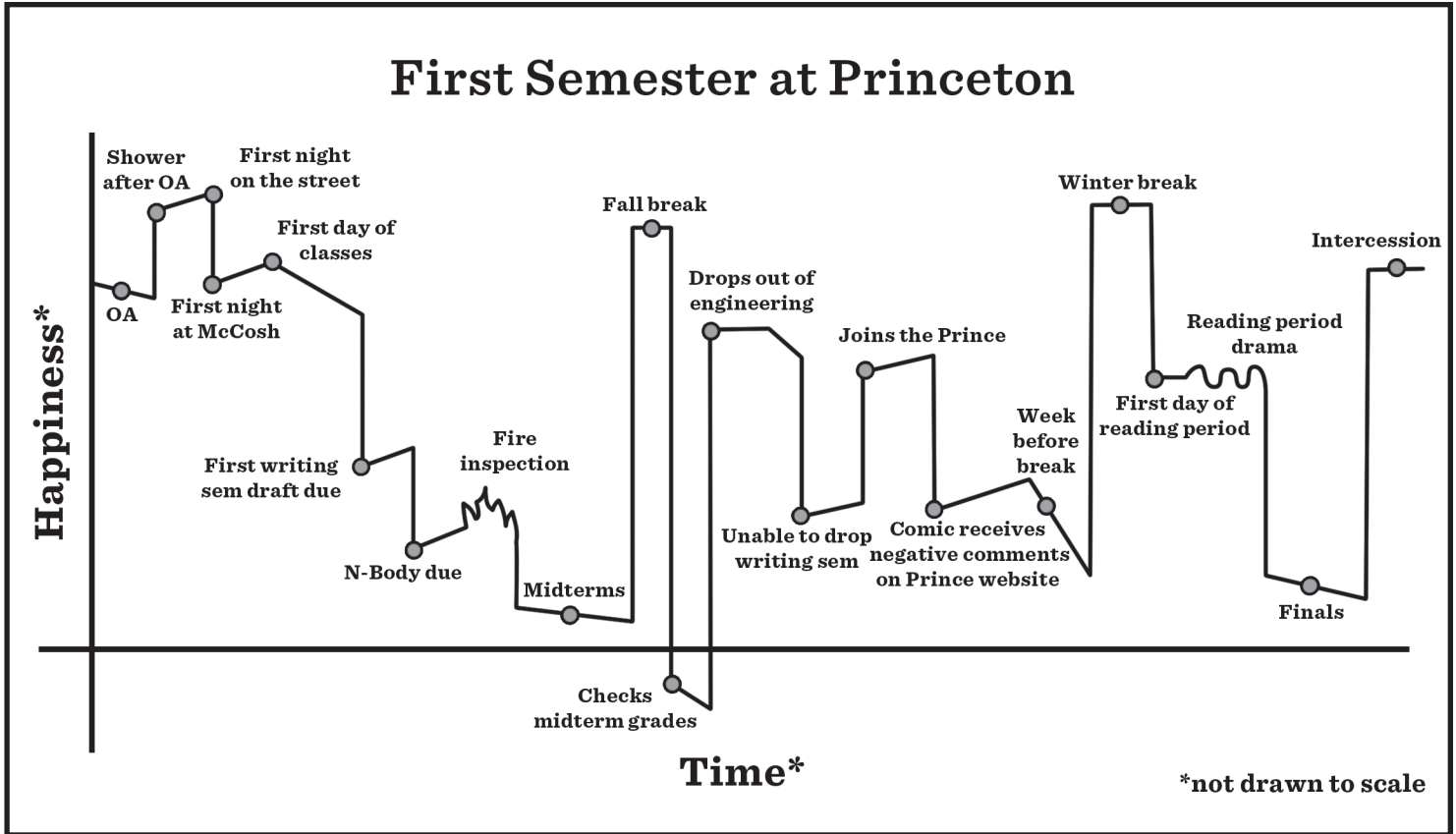
Members of Cottage could not be reached in person for comment, as no member of

the 'Tiger' has ever been on the list, but Cottage president Jonathan Henry Boatwell II did send the following text message:

"sundayFUNday lol, sry im not sry"

The rash of streaking may not be over anytime soon. As of press time, there are at least three naked men in TI. Multiple sources have confirmed that the scene at the club is "fuckin' tight."

IT GETS BETTER



This graph catalogs the emotional highs and lows of the first half of freshman year at Princeton. To be honest, most of these milestones are gleaned from PrincetonFML.

CADEN OHLWILER & ANDREA D'SOUZA :: DESIGN STAFF

Personality Survey:

1) What was the first thing you did this morning?

- 3 shots of patron, 4 Billabong shirts, and no goddamn fucks.
- Woke up to the kiss of your steady girlfriend, Cheryl.
- Crawled out of a fresh pile of skins cursing God through sobs and screams for allowing the light to find you alive yet again.
- Used an ice pack while doing stomach crunches. You're up to 1,000 now.
- Shorted gold.

2) How will you be spending your break?

- Chugging so madly you get sent to an insane asylum.
- Savoring a stress-free vacation to Key West. I know it was on a whim, but that internship can wait.
- Experiencing symptoms of shock.
- Enjoying an 8:30 res at Dorsia. Great sea urchin ceviche.
- Floating in slow, rotating semicircles in the Malthusian Pleasure Orb your father bought you for your half-birthday. You smile as the second movement in Herbie Hancock's "Rockit" inspires the next light show.

3) Your favorite hidden pastime is...

- covering yourself in a mound of Chubbies and deep v-necks and hoping that you transform.
- ignoring the pulse of corporate America.
- teletubby-themed self-pleasure.
- murdering your business associates with an axe to the non-conformist melodies of Huey Lewis and the News.
- placing financial strain on the Maldivian banking system.

If you answered mostly "a," you were hosed from Chi Phi!

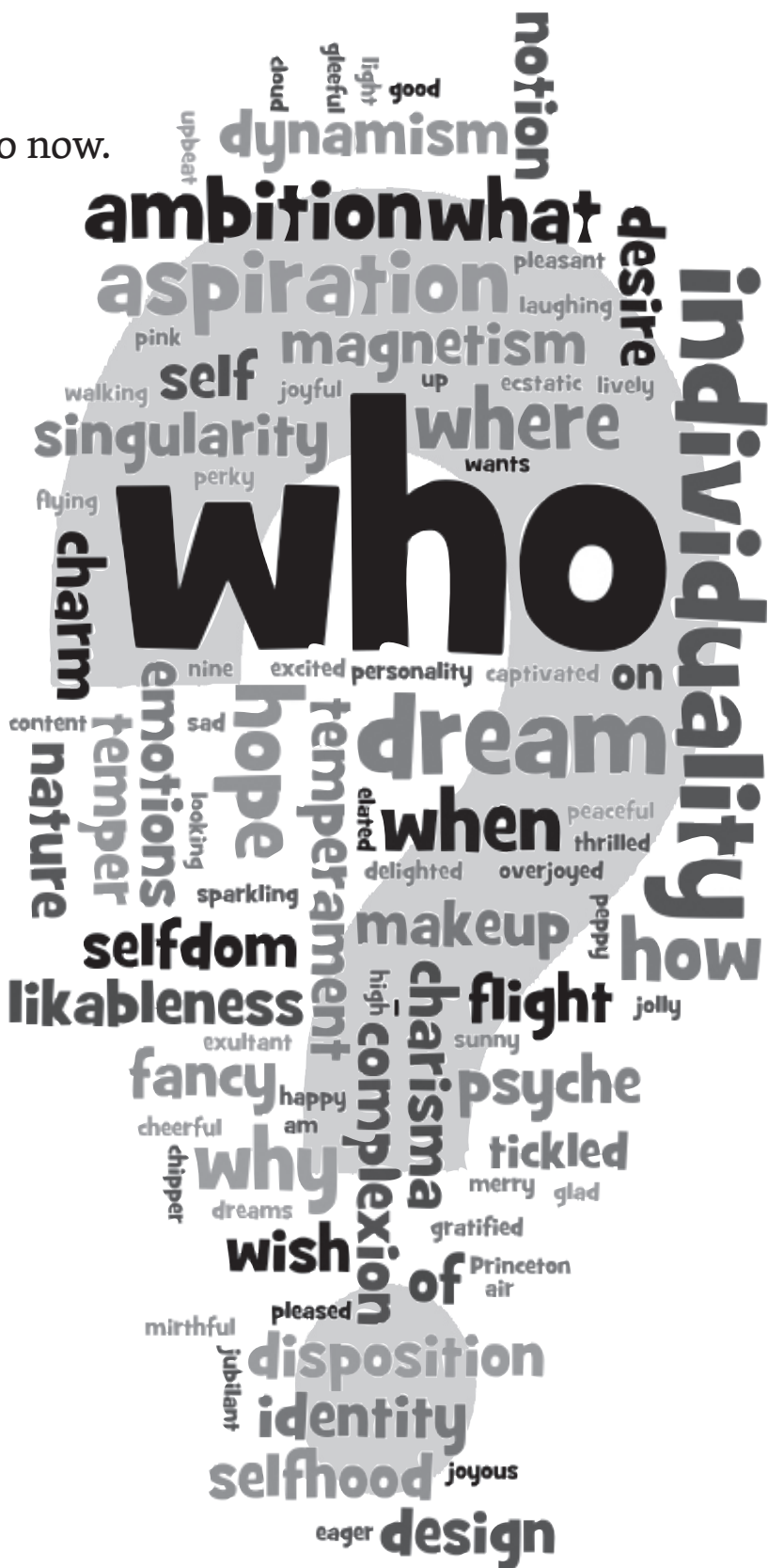
If you answered mostly "b," you don't go here!

If you answered mostly "c," you are an engineer!

If you answered mostly "d," you are Patrick Bateman from the cinematic cult-classic American Psycho!

If you answered mostly "e," you're a legacy.

Anyway, you are obsessed with the 'Tiger,' and should join our staff! **Contact join@tigermag.com!**



UNBEKNOWNST



A parody brews in the 4th floor 'Tiger' office. Meanwhile, 3 floors below, the 'Prince,' blissfully unaware, works on its daily paper.

Nothing ever happens here

CAMPUS

Continued from page 1

identical annual performances. The Performing Arts Council remains equal parts inept and corrupt, making this unlikely to change.

On a similar note, the military occupation of campus archways by a capella groups continues, community disinterest in athletics is still matched by a general lack of achievement, and Alcohol Initiative events continue to fail to provide a compelling alternative to drinking until something interesting happens.

The editorials sent to us remain worthless. We have a binary choice between the rants of deluded freshmen and senile alumni. Typically, we would print one of these under the guise of "starting a conversation," especially if the piece beat the undead horse of hookups on campus.

Today, we've elected to take the high road. Since we've received nothing worth printing, nothing will be printed. This week's editorials will be lit on fire, and the ashes will be scattered across New Jersey's countless landfills.

CORRECTION

Due to a layout error, in the Apr. 12 issue, The Daily Princetonian wordmark was placed 3 picas too far to the left of standard positioning. Additionally, the article "University plans to remodel old Frick" had its kerning set to "metric" instead of "optical." The 'Prince' regrets the errors.

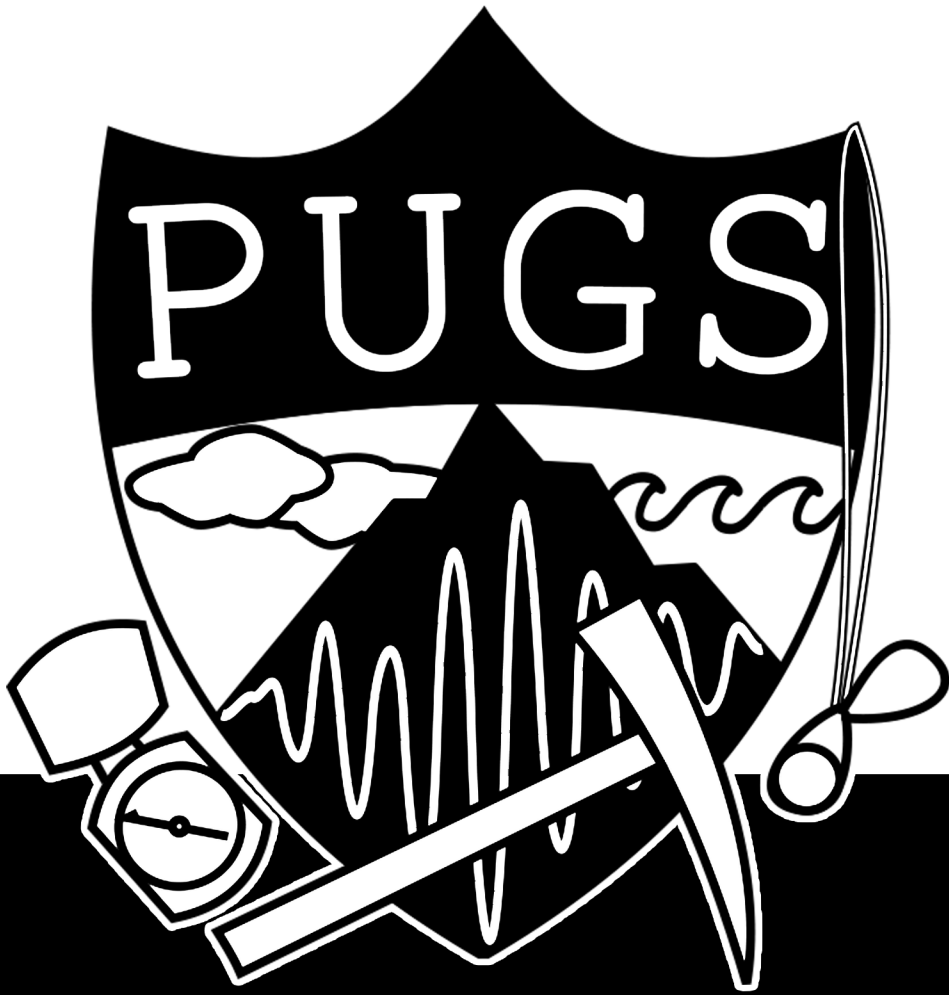
Our team of undergraduate reporters made every effort to find something to report on. They failed. The articles submitted by our staff were obvious, dull, biased, mendacious, or some combination of the four.

This led to two of our editors quitting outright. The editor-in-chief took an "extended vacation," reappearing an hour later at the Nassau Weekly office. One editor simply stared silently out the window, with a lone tear running down his cheek. He still refuses to leave his seat, and responds to all questions with "How did it come to this?" Suicide watch has been notified, preventing an incident that might have led to a notable headline.

Princeton University is essentially purgatory. In our desperation to find something worth covering, we considered several fictitious news stories. These included headlines like "Satanist Cult Seizes Control of Chapel," "University Secedes From Union and Declares Independent City-State," "Creative Writing Department Removes Heads From Rectums," and "Minotaur Stalks Halls of Firestone Library." Our editorial staff wishes we lived in a world where any of these events would break the monotony.

The status quo holds in every facet of campus culture. Princeton University remains the fourth least interesting location in the western hemisphere, eclipsed only by two ghost towns and the Mild Acres nursing home. As of next week, we will be assuming the title "The Monthly Princetonian" and adopting a schedule to match.

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STUDENT LIFE

Prince’ newsroom altercation under investigation

By Trevor Klee
STAFF WRITER

A friendly game of “touch-butt” turned violent last night as a altercation broke out in the Daily Princetonian newsroom.

The altercation began when Cuc Lohen ‘14, who had just succeeded in touching the butt of Schwara Sartz ‘15. Wephen Stood, ‘15, was purportedly compelled by this development to lunge across the room and full-on grope Cuc’s ass.

“Cuc is a real hardass, and not even the type of hardass you want while playing touch-butt,” said Sartz, shaking her head.

According to several eyewitnesses, Lohen ripped a drawer out of a ‘Prince’ filing cabinet and swung wildly at Stood, who was knocked unconscious by the blow.

Lohen is the Editor-in-Chief of the Daily Princetonian. Sartz is the Opinion Editor of the Daily Princetonian. Stood is the Sports Editor of the Daily Princetonian.

Wabby Illiams, another student in the newsroom, reportedly rushed to her unconscious colleague’s side. In an apparent act of revenge, Illiams took a pen, stripped the cap, and stabbed Lohen in the scapula.

Wabby Illiams ‘14 is the Street Editor of the Daily Princetonian.

“So there I was, pen jammed in my scapula, and I didn’t know whether to scream or cry,” Lohen said. “So I did both. That set San-iel [Dantoro] off, then one thing led to another, and we all just stripped buck naked. Then things got real, real bad.”

Saniel Dantoro ‘14 is Prox Editor of the Daily Princetonian.

All of the editors were allegedly naked at this time, except for Stood, who was unconscious, and Chonica Mon ‘15 and Ferrill Mabry ‘14.

“They began to take pictures of everyone—with flash, too!” Tsemily Eng ‘14 said. “Most of us were trying to cover up. None of us wanted naked pictures of ourselves on their cameras. Except Jelsea.”

Eng is the Managing Edi-

tor of the Daily Princetonian.

Eyewitnesses claim that Jelsea Chones ‘15 underwent a curious transformation at the start of the photoshoot. Reports that Chones’s eyes turned red, that smoke came out of her ears, and that Chonica and Ferill’s cameras vanished, are under investigation.

“Chonica and Ferill look down, and you know what they’re holding? Goats! Swear to God! Just live goats!” Eng alleges. “We’re surprised, the goats are surprised, everyone’s surprised, and then it got real, real, real bad.”

Mon is a Photography Editor for the Daily Princetonian. Mabry is a Photography Editor for the Daily Princetonian. Chones is the Associate Opinion Editor for the Daily Princetonian.

Jelsea, who may have been the Antichrist, said Eng, ascended to the ceiling, and fire scorched the newsroom.

“She spoke in an unearthly voice, talking about how she will reign for 1,000 years,” she added.

Other editors said they not only felt frightened but also found the incident off-putting.

“I was pretty scared, but I was also pretty bored, especially when she somehow segued from her 1,000 year reign into hookup culture at Princeton,” Illiams added. “It seemed like she was mostly just talking to kill time at that point.”

Chones, still floating, allegedly said that the Daily Princetonian was a newspaper for the greater community and not just the University, and also that she required a blood sacrifice.

After several awkward minutes of silence, eyewitnesses say, Renry Home ‘13, entered the newsroom, vaulted off of a desk, and sank a stake made from a crucifix into Chones’s heart. Chones collapsed, and Home sank, crying, into a corner.

Home is a former Editor-in-Chief of the Daily Princetonian.

Victims of these traumatizing phenomena seem to be recovering smoothly.

“I went home and caught up on Archer,” Eng said. “It’s a really underrated show.”

WE DIDN’T COVER THIS EVENT



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

Nobody wrote an article about this speaker, but somebody took a picture.

Natural-born leader in line to be U. President

PRESIDENT

Continued from page 1
.....

ther of none reportedly likes to snacks on cheese puffs, which are orange, and once passed through the municipality of Princeton, Illinois en route to a “Magic: The Gathering” tournament.

“Craig Loomis bleeds orange and black. He wasn’t an undergraduate here, but he might as well have been,” said a panhandler interviewed by the Daily Princetonian who gave his name as only “the Bird Man.”

“The Bird Man” is a former associate news editor for the Daily Princetonian.

Even more tellingly, according to friends and associates, Loomis has never explicitly denied harboring a desire to become the presi-

dent of an Ivy League research university.

“One day last summer we were chilling in his mom’s basement playing Gears of War,” said longtime friend and occasional abortive wingman Ted Connelly, “and he didn’t say, ‘I have absolutely no professional interest in presiding over a storied institution with a \$17 billion endowment.’ He could have said it right there, but he didn’t.”

Interviews conducted with friends and acquaintances of Loomis during his formative years at Pleasant Valley Junior High School paint a picture of a natural-born leader

“Craig ran for Vice-President of the Puppeteer’s Club in seventh grade,” said classmate Amy Applebaum, “and he only lost to Stuart Milburn by seven votes.”

Teachers and mentors say

that even at a young age, Loomis exemplified the character traits of fortitude, character, and resilience.

“Craig Loomis bleeds orange and black. He wasn’t an undergraduate here, but he might as well have been.”

“THE BIRD MAN”

“Once, when some of the older boys shoved Craig into a locker, he refused to come out for six whole hours,” said Randall Hines, a 10th grade health/wellness teacher and a

pivotal influence in Loomis’ life. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

University administrators close to the selection process say that Loomis’ lack of experience in academia could actually work in his favor.

“It’s not a deal-breaker that he’s never taught a college course or conducted any semblance of academic research,” said Professor Stanley Katz of the Woodrow Wilson School. “Anyone who placed third in Joe’s Wings & Things’ semi-annual Keystone Lite chug-off would no doubt effortlessly command the respect of the faculty,” he added.

But if the University wants Craig Loomis as President, it had better announce a decision soon, said Loomis’ mother Deanna. “He isn’t going to sit around my basement forever, you know.”



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Tim Matchen
CHAIRMAN

From the Chairman: How we published our fake newspaper

THIS YEAR’S unexpected shift from two issues a year to four sent the ‘Tiger’ into an almost unnoticeable uptick in productivity and action. Over the span of 12 months, a handful of staff writers, editors, artists, and layout people put together a couple extra issues, updated our website, and consumed enough alcohol to sustain a small Russian village for several years.

This year’s expansion really underlined the fact that we’re awesome and that you should all be extremely impressed with us. The transition to a slightly less occasional organization is kind of a big deal and you are probably curious how we managed to be this great.

Here’s how that shit went down:

May 27, 2012, 2:11 p.m.: I announce my decision to publish two more issues in the coming school year via text message. I send the message to President Andrew Sondern and Art Director Katie Rose.

2:15 p.m.: Art Director Katie Rose responds telling me this is a terrible idea, because we have no money or staff.

2:17 p.m.: I send a text message back to the two of them saying if we start planning now, we can surely pull it all together in time.

April 6, 2013, 9:45 p.m.: President Andrew Sondern reminds me we are supposed to be doing a “Prince” parody issue.

I send out an e-mail to the listserv. Subject line: “WE HAVE AN ISSUE DUE IN A WEEK TRY TO WRITE IF YOU GET A CHANCE.”

10:07 p.m.: I mention to a couple of my friends that we’re probably putting out an issue in a week or two.

I am the first member of a Princeton-based humor organization to break the news of our new issue.

11:23 p.m.: I send another e-mail to the listserv: deadline for submissions is April 8, 11:59pm.

April 8, 1:30 p.m.: Editor-in-chief Alex Judge spots a black squirrel on the corner of Washington and Prospect. Publicity Chair Ryan O’Shea takes a picture of it. It is an ill omen.

3:45 p.m.: Managing Editor Matt Gwin attempts to interview Shirley Tilghman by chasing her through a parking lot. Public Safety is called.

3:49 p.m.: Public Safety arrives; Managing Editor Matt Gwin hides in a bush until they leave.

11:30 p.m.: President Andrew Sondern and I check the submissions for the issue so far. There are none. We start to write our own pieces for the paper.

11:33 p.m.: Smoke break.

11:59 p.m.: Submissions due.

April 9, 12:00 a.m.: We check the submissions: we have three half-written articles and a rambling stream-of-consciousness from an irate former writer.

We are ahead of where we expected to be.

12:03 a.m.: Editing commences. There is much editing to be done.

3:45 a.m.: 15-minute break from editing to bask in our own glory for a bit.

4:00 a.m.: Continue editing.

April 13, 5:00 p.m.: Print deadline.

7:30 p.m.: Editing finished, articles sent to layout.

April 15, 8:00 p.m.: Revised print deadline.

April 16, 2:30 a.m.: Layout finishes everything except the letter from the Chairman, which I have yet to write.

2:31 a.m.: I stop setting arbitrary print deadlines.

2:40 a.m.: I write down the first thing that pops in to my head and send it to layout.

10:30 a.m.: The issue sent to the printer.

April 22, 12:00 p.m.: Distribution begins across campus.

Tim Matchen, the chairman of *The Princeton Tiger*, is a Mechanical & Aerospace Engineering major from Millburn, NJ. He can be reached at tim@tiger-mag.com.

Monday
APRIL 22, 2013

DAILYPRINCETONAIN.WORDPRESS.COM

PAGE 4

EDITORIAL

On Squirrels

SCIURUS CAROLINENSIS, the Eastern gray squirrel. Perhaps the only permanent residents of the Princeton University campus, these bushy-tailed critters pop up on windowsills, in bushes, on courtyards. For such a prominent facet of the Princeton University community, squirrels are the subject of surprisingly little debate. The Editorial Board believes that more consideration should be paid to the status of these rodents, since their contribution to campus life is significant, for better and for worse.

Squirrels are an undeniable source of delight for many on campus. One needs only see the photos posted to Facebook, the constant mentions in the dining-hall newsletters, and the Photoshopped, tiger-striped “squigers” in places like Bowen Hall to see this. At times, it’s almost as if the campus worships these furry creatures. In the midst of a difficult day, the sight of a cute squirrel often serves as the perfect pick-me-up. Nearly everyone on campus, this Board included, acknowledges that squirrels provide a fun twist to campus life.

However, there are some drawbacks to the squirrel population that are not often addressed. For one, as often as they might serve as a welcome distraction, squirrels are often an unwelcome source of distraction and delay. Many students have had a squirrel show up at the windowsill at least once and break their concentration, often disrupting a bout of intense studying or a much-needed nap. This is a problem that we feel does not receive the attention it deserves.

This is not the only problem with the squirrel population.

Squirrels are carriers of various diseases, such as rabies. The Board believes that not enough has been done to inform the campus of this potentially life-threatening danger. While there have been no documented cases of squirrel-transmitted diseases on campus, the risk is evident, and students should express some caution when around the animals.

Nevertheless, the Board believes that the drawbacks presented by the Princeton University squirrel population do not outweigh the benefits. It is entirely possible that those on campus overstate the value of squirrels to Princeton life, as there are significant drawbacks to the squirrel population that go unreported. Regardless, squirrels add fun and charm to the daily routine at Princeton, and the Board believes they should continue to be appreciated and enjoyed, rather than expunged from campus.

Dissent

To paraphrase Ayn Rand, “What is the difference between a man and a parasite? A man builds. A parasite asks ‘Where is my share?’” On this campus of aspiring builders, one parasite remains, not merely tolerated but loved: the foul rodents who infest every tree, every bush, every nook and cranny of every building. Yes, we speak of none other than the prolific Eastern gray squirrel, whose presence is inexplicably allowed despite the fact that its baleful influence is a drain on every aspect of campus life.

These squirrels are firstly agents of filth. They spend their time carousing through the dirt, picking up all manner of horrible contagions, which are then spread to

the naïve masses who somehow find these ghastly beasts “cute” and “friendly”, and are motivated by a strange and sinful desire to touch or even hold these fiendish rodents. And let us not forget that they are rodents—the malicious cousins of mice and rats, spreaders of the plague and worse.

But this even this is not the worst of the squirrel’s awful crimes. The squirrel is nothing more than a moocher and a looter, incapable of producing anything on its own, so that rather it takes what it wants by subversion or by force. This campus was built by *builders*—men and women with grand visions of educating the masses, and with the force of will to make their visions reality. The squirrels arrived shortly thereafter, looking to pick up the scraps, taking by force what it could never build. Just see how it feeds itself: either it scrounges for scraps won by manipulating those humans weak enough to fall for its simple charms of “cuteness”, or it snatches and gorges upon acorns, and even those are produced by the oak tree, the great builder of the natural world. The squirrel does not deserve to exist in such company. It is our opinion that there is no place for squirrels on this campus, and that they should be expelled as quickly as possible, with extreme prejudice if necessary.

Princeton University supports the ambitions and endeavors of its students and faculty, people who desire to build and achieve, to break new ground in science and business. It should not support a parasite like the common *Sciurus carolinensis*.

Signed,
Alexandro Strauss



VOL. CXXXI, NO. 2

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Andrew Sondern ’15
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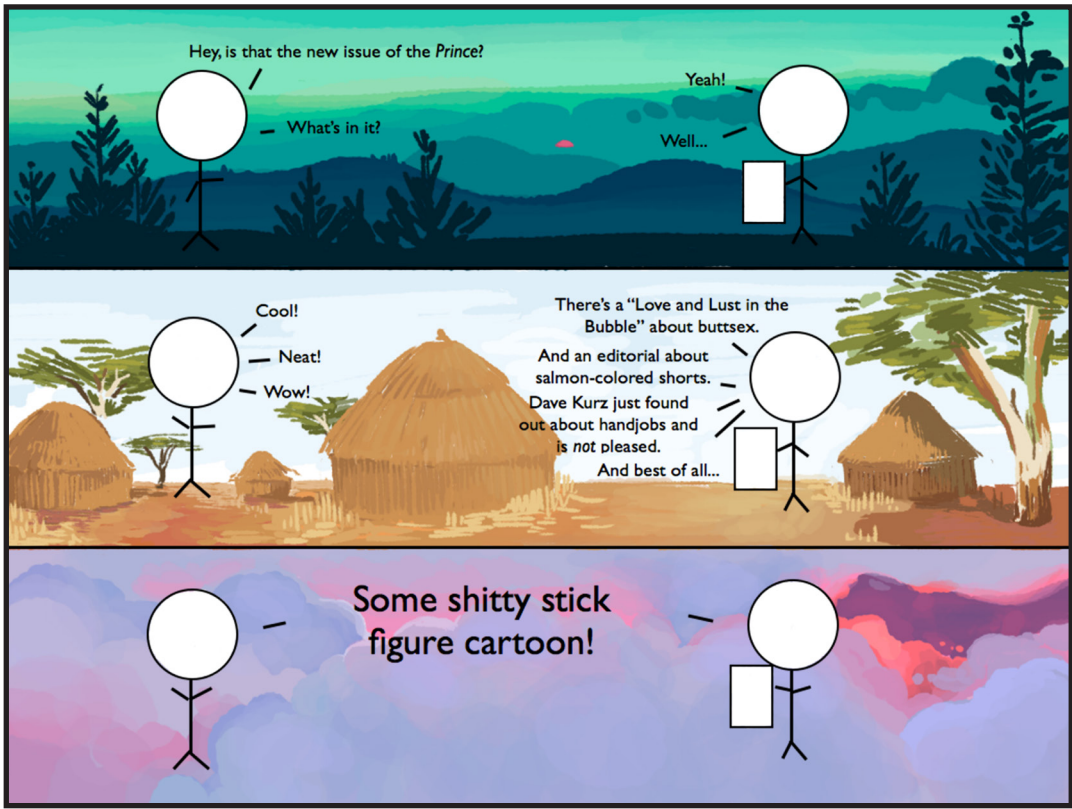


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ALL THE NEWS THAT’S FIT TO PRINCE

ADAM MASTROIANNI ’14
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KATIE ROSE ’15



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Susan Patton: A Critical Draft Response

First of all, I’d like to say that overall I thought your essay was strong and raised a lot of interesting points. You clearly thought a lot about what you were writing about, and it really showed in what you wrote, so good job!

One of the strengths of your essay was a really strong hook. Your first sentence, “Forget about having it all... here’s what you really need to know that nobody is telling you,” really hooks the audience and makes them want to read more. From the beginning, I’m interested in what you’re going to say because you’ve told me that it’s both important and that it’s a unique perspective that you’re going to provide that hasn’t been written elsewhere. I also thought your

next paragraph was strong- it set up where you were going with the essay and really framed what you were going to talk about.

One issue I did have with the introduction was that it took you a little while to get to your thesis and it wasn’t entirely clear. You never say exactly what it is, but from the end of your third paragraph, “[f]inding the right man to marry is another,” I think it sounds like it is something to the effect of “Princeton women should try to find a husband while still in college.” Based on the rest of your essay, I think it might be a little more complicated than that, but it’s a little unclear- you should try to clear it up, as I think it may confuse some people and they might misread it because it’s unclear.

Your motive was clearer than your thesis. From the first couple of paragraphs, it was clear

your essay was motivated by a desire to share your opinion with girls at Princeton. Finding a smart husband was something that was important to you and that you saw come up frequently when talking to them. I thought you drifted a little away from this central motive when you started talking about your sons, but overall I thought you did a good job throughout of maintaining this driving force.

The main problem your essay has right now is that it doesn’t do enough to develop its thesis over the course of the essay. Mostly, you reiterate the points you’ve already made, but don’t do much to add support to them. Adding additional sources could help you better bolster your argument and flesh out your thesis. In fact, using any sources at all would be a good idea considering the assignment required you use three.

The least effective section

was when you talked about your sons and compared men to women at Princeton. The portion about your children didn’t really relate strongly to what seems to be your thesis, so it ended up distracting a little bit from it. Additionally, you didn’t provide much support for your argument that it is easier for men to marry less intellectually capable women than vice versa- consider adding another source (maybe a study comparing the prevalence of each situation?) to solidify this point and make it work better in the essay as a whole.

Hope this helps you in the revision process—I think it looks really good so far and it should be a great essay when you’re done!

Tim Matchen ’14
Chairman of the Princeton Tiger
Millburn, NJ

MEN’S SQUASH, WINNERS



ANDREW SONDERN:: DESIGN STAFF
The Princeton Men’s Squash team winning against whatever team they played, I guess.

Nobody likes our squash coverage anyway

SQUASH

Continued from page 8

ments, helping the team pull out victories against Forknell and Dartmouth earlier this year. Having downed Harvard, the team will now, I would imagine, be heading to some sort of tournament, where they will more likely than not be facing elite

competition. “Yeah, we’re going to the CSA tournament,” Harrity said. “Did you not know that when you asked to interview me? Did you even watch the match?”

Editor’s note:
None of us went to the game. I’m sorry, but who are you to judge me? You probably didn’t even read past the first few sentences, if you

read this at all. I mean, we made up a college a few lines back and you didn’t notice. It’s not our fault. If anything, we should be getting credit just for trying to cover racquetball. Squash, I mean. Whatever. What, you think you could do a better job? You’re gonna sit through what, like four hours of squash? Go ahead. Write about it and send it to us. We’ll run it.

Maligned program sees light at end of tunnel

SPRINT

Continued from page 8

of the Sprint team have turned to alternative competitions in an attempt to improve morale. From beer pong to Red Rover, however, the team has been unable to display any skill at all. Though narrowly escaping victory in a heated match of Sharks and Minnows in early March, the team remained winless until Thursday’s historic Capture the Flag upset. The timing of the win could mark a critical turning point in

a program plagued by years of disappointment. The team recently lost its recruiting ability, rendering the task of attracting talent significantly more difficult. The official losing streak, combined with regular thrashings at the hands of teams ranging from campus improv groups to local retirement homes, painted a grim picture for Sprint Football’s future. In a 2011 story in the Daily Princetonian, Director of Athletics Gary Walters was quoted as saying the program was “on life support.” Everett, however, stressed that the team was capitalizing on

the victory, calling it “a sign of things to come.” Sprint Football’s prospects have improved dramatically since the news broke on campus. When the ‘Tiger’ approached a few underclassmen the day after the upset, some students actually acknowledged the program’s existence, a phenomenon not witnessed since the late 1990s. What will become of Sprint Football, no one can say for sure. There is no doubt, however, that this triumph puts the team on track towards an official victory sometime in the next few decades.

SPORTS



ANDREW SONDERN:: PHOTOGRAPHER
This is a football.



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 PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

SPRINT FOOTBALL

Sprint records first victory in 14 years

By Ryan O'Shea
STAFF WRITER

Last Thursday, on a small field just south of Lake Carnegie, the sprint football team did something that it hasn't done since 1999: win.

The surprise victory came hours into a game of Capture the Flag against the favored John Witherspoon Middle School. The game unfolded without incident for close to two hours; the schools traded tags and jailbreaks, with some close calls mixed in.

Near the first hour mark, a JW student located the Princeton flag, but was tagged almost immediately by a vigilant defender. Their flag's location

revealed, Princeton was forced to regroup on defense.

Not even JW's captain, the staggering, 5'1" Johnny Mitchell, managed to break Princeton's defensive ring. With the JW team distracted, one Princeton player slipped into the opposite side, found the flag, and evaded JW's weakened defense to bring it home.

The Sprint team has decided to let this heroic player remain nameless.

"He asked that the whole team share credit; he knows how important this is for the program," head coach Stephen Everette said.

The JW public relations office declined to comment.

Following their most recent winless season, the members

See **SPRINT** page 7



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

A ball that the Sprint Football team may have used during a football game.

MEN'S SQUASH

Squash probably wins again

By F. Lemoyne Page
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The squash team most likely won this weekend, because they're pretty good. After defeating Trinity last weekend, they were on at least a one-match winning streak and they only have one loss this year so statistically there's a good chance the streak was more like four or five.

With a bunch of good squash players on their team, and since they won the national tournament thing last year, it seems like they must have handled Harvard pretty easily.

Expert squashman Todd Harrity '14 hit several squash



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

Sprint Sprint Football linebacker Pat Jackson '13 is sooo hot.

On Tap with... Pat Jackson '13

By Eleanor Roberts
EDITOR

Heyyy guys... tonight I'm on TAP with Pat FRIGGIN' Jackson. Oh my gaaaaaawd. He's on the... the ya know. The team. THE TEAM. YEAHHHH. I'm calling him. Right. Now. He is soooo amazing! Okay okay I'm dialing. Shelley stop - don't stop — don't STOP me! No! It's not Pat! I swea-rrrr! Yes, I know! Shhhhhh. Shhhhhh! He's picking up oh my GOD!

Q: (Hissed) No Shelley! Shut. Up. I know! Go away. Okay fineeee! See if I care.

A: Hello? I think you may have a wrong number.

Q: No! Noooo! Wait! It's me!

A: Sorry, do I know you?

Q: (Very loudly) Hahahahaha! Jeeeee, you're so funnyyyy!

A: Uh... yeah. I'm kind of busy, I think I need to go now.

Q: No! I said it's me! Rememberrrr...that one time at the...the... TI? Ya know?

A: Yeah... you're gonna have to be way more specific than that.

Q: I don't think sooo. You would remember me. (Winks)

A: What?

Q: I'm WINKING! Oh my gosh we fight sooo much.

A: Wait... yeah... I can't... I can't hear you wink. This is a phone call.

Q: Jesussss you're so funny! Did I tell you you're funny! Oh my goooosh. So. Which sport are youuu? Something soooo hawt right? Like...balls and stuff? Balls? Hahahaha (laughing continues for several minutes) Wow now I'm funny toooo-ah! We have stuff in like common..

A: Well, actually I play—

Q: You DEFINITELY know meee. DEFINITELY. At TI, I was like looking... but it was like looking at—you! And you were looking backkk. I know even though you were - like you got with that girl that was standing behind me, but I KNOW FOR SURE we had a thing. And then, I made that Tiger Admirers and I tagged youuu...ok it wasn't - I wrote "That hot guy" but like, ya know, like I know you know I know. Hahahahaha. Didja like itttt?

A: I don't think I saw it, you're not really being specific.

Q: OH MY GOD!!! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARREEE?!

A: Who the hell are you?

Q: I AM ASKING—I ASK THE QUESTIONS!

(Dial tone)

Q: Hello? Heyyyyy we're cool right? ...SHELLEY! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

"My goal was to hit the ball into the right place."

TODD HARRITY '14
SOME DUDE

balls very well, and really didn't hit any very badly, so he won all of his games. Or matches. Both, actually.

Better still, the other eight or nine guys on the squash team also won points. Harrity and his companions strung their rackets well and used them perfectly, hitting every ball that came their way into the wall below the red line.

"My goal was to hit the ball into the right place," Harrity said. "I tried to do that, and I think I did."

Harrity won his two games by a wide margin, for squash. He has put up solid numbers all year and has been backed up by the team's freshmen, who have also come up big in key moments.

See **SQUASH** page 7

AROUND THE IVIES

Gee, plants are fucking sick, aren't they? Anyway, here are our favorite species of Ivy.



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

Ivy leaves soak up the sun

Hedera iberica – Historically, the plant has been unable establish itself quickly in cooler weather, relegating it to sickly flower arrangements for assholes that think plants are for looking at. When the weather warms up, so will this plant. Real gardeners know what I'm talking about right, bro? This shit just makes me want to grab a backhoe and plant some seedlings.

Hedera canariensis – This sweet variety is endemic to the Canary Islands, so you know its dope. These bad boys start growing at the bottom of canyons. How much more badass can you get? Grow this species for its broad leaves, and keep it for its adventitious root length.

Hedera maderensis – This sucker competes frequently with *Hedera iberica*, but usually unsuccessfully. Kind of a grenade

Hedera cypria – This species of ivy is endemic to the island of Cyprus, which fucking wrecks, bro. On the other hand, its country's financial crisis may keep this evergreen climbing plant from growing as ground cover where there are no vertical surfaces.

Hedera algeriensis – Oh man, this species is the best. Haters may know this plant as a "noxious weed" or "invasive species." Maybe they have mild toxicosis from its slightly poisonous leaves and berries. Maybe they're envious of its excellent defense and resistance to low temperatures. Regardless, I'm heading to the shed with a lawn aerator and a pruning saw to make sweet love to this vigorous, large evergreen climber.

Hedera colchica – I've been on the *Hedera colchica* like Jay-Z on Beyoncé. I spent last month summering in the Hindus Valley, reclaiming a small garden of these leafy wonderkind, and won the Royal Horticultural Society's Award of Garden Merit. Watch out, though! This bad boy is a winner when its in the game, but its history is injury prone: watch out for birds, which feed on this plant's black berries when it flowers in late September.

Hedera maroccana - Bro, I have such mixed feelings about this *Hedera maroccana*. It's just such a one-sided plant. It climbs vertical surfaces by means of aerial rootlets, but it is largely present in areas dominated by *Apollonias*. That's a sign of weakness, and real gardeners would never sit out of interleague planting to protect ivy.

Hedera nepalensis – Fuck this plant. It brings shame to the kingdom Plantae.

TWEET OF THE DAY

'What do I do if this erection lasts longer than four hours.'

SENIOR DAN ABROMOWITZ, ON SOME SPORTS TEAM, ON TWITTER (@DANABROMOWITZ)



ON THE PROX

The sports editors take on an ethnography of the populations observed at Dillon Gym.

TRIVIA

In what decade did Business Today last win a sporting event?

A. Never. Please let the answer be never. They don't deserve to be that rich and also athletically gifted.

We understand that Princeton's campus can be confusing and difficult to navigate, so here's a simplified and practical campus map.



A black and white photograph of a man with extensive tattoos on his arms and chest. He is wearing sunglasses and a watch on his left wrist. He is covering his mouth with both hands, with his fingers spread. The background is dark and out of focus.

4

Symphon, reviewed

Trevor Klee reviews
Symphon's spring show.

Is It Just Me, Or Is Every Rapper Fucking My Girlfriend?

ADLAN JACKSON
Editor

It started off simply enough, innocently enough. It was just a few offhand com-ments. I could brush them off, ignore them. What did I care for the words of a few anon-ymous strangers? I've been brought up never to take to heart the hurtful words of others. As a matter of fact, for a while I thought I was merely paranoid.

It started off innocently enough: playful jabs like Gambino's "leaving with your girl the last time you saw her," or Lil' Wayne's proclaiming that "[my] girl is a groupie." Pretty soon, though, it began to escalate. It's only just recently that I've come to accept the horrifying reality that every rapper

is fucking my girlfriend. Every last one.

I didn't want to believe it, I really wished with all my might for it not to be true The evi-dence, however, is stagger-
.....

How can so many famous rappers have had sex with my girlfriend?
.....

ing. Kendrick Lamar: "Got your girl on the line, world on the line. The irony -- I fuck 'em at the same damn time." ...What?

I thought to myself, initially, "how can this be?" Surely, there must have been some kind of mistake. How can so many famous rappers have had sex with my girlfriend? R. Kelly is "Kicking It With My Girlfriend"? Why didn't anyone bring this to my attention? After all this time?

Okay, I mean. Whatever. That's cool. I'm a trusting guy, and Donald Glover doesn't look like he means any harm, right? However, I began going through my rap collection with new ears, I began to notice a star-ting trend, and the more I listened, the more horrified I became. Somewhere between Raekwon and A\$AP Rocky, this has just gotten more than a little ridiculous. Seriously guys, she's taken. Cut it out, already. Baby, I still love you.

In Defense of: Fucking This Dude's Girlfriend

LIL WAYNE
Guest Contributor

Young mulah, baby.

I'd like to address the gentleman's letter earlier in the issue. But first, of all, let me just say that I find it reprehensible that the Daily Princetonian found it acceptable to print such unfounded, unsubstantiated, and—let's face it—downright slanderous claims.

Your girlfriend and I have been great friends for many a year, and let me say, she is a lovely woman. Perhaps you just don't appreciate her enough? What I'm sure she would appreciate – and believe me, she has confided this in me, as well as the myriad upstanding gentlemen that you likewise slandered in your letter, for that matter,

is a bit more trust in your relationship. Maybe if you stopped hanging out with your "bros" every once in awhile you'd find that you have more than enough time to spend getting to know your girlfriend, and how truly
.....

Weezy F. Baby and the "F" is for "Fucked your girlfriend."
.....

caring and trustworthy she can be. YMCMB.

For the record, and I'd like to make this perfectly clear, when I said "your girl is a groupie," I meant only that she was an avid fan of my music. Which, as you

probably don't know, she is. It's pretty shocking that you don't even keep up with your girlfriend's musical tastes. I can't speak for the other fellows you listed, but I'm sure there is a more than reasonable explanation. Young Money.

Okay, yeah, I did it. I fucked your girlfriend. It wasn't just me, though! The rest of Young Money—Young Mulah, baby. YMCMB—also got in on it. Also, Kanye West, Rick Ross, Childish Gambino, RZA, GZA, Ol' Dirty Bastard (really), Common, Nas, Lil Kim, and Lil B from The Pack.

Find below a list of rappers who did not fuck your girlfriend:

RAPPERS WHO DID NOT FUCK YOUR GIRLFRIEND
DRAKE

THE TIGER
PRINCETONIAN



Nothing about copy editing is sexy.

Email join@tigermag.com

IN DA-FENCE OF: FORBES COLLEGE



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

Managing Editor Matt Gwin is in da-fence of Forbes College.



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Ask the Sexpert

This week, the sexpert has had enough.

DEAR SEXPERT,
There's something that's been bothering me lately. Well, "bothering" isn't the right word. "Infuriating" is closer. Or maybe "demoralizing". Yeah, that sounds about right. I try not to think about it too much, but sometimes I can't avoid it. I've asked everyone I know—all eight of them!—but no one's been able to give me a good answer. So I ask you, Sexpert: Why is every chair in Woolworth so goddamn sticky? It's driving me insane. Sincerely,

—Sick of Being Sticky

DEAR STICKY,
In a word, jizz.
In 192 words, some students on this campus take time off from readings and p-sets to boink each other. While most undergrads stick to having plain old vanilla sex in their tiny twin beds, some are more adventurous and get it on in such exotic locales as the Marquand stacks, the statue by East Pyne, and, yes, even Woolworth classrooms.
Sexual encounters can often end in ejaculation on the part of one or both partners. Ejaculation can often end in a substance being ejaculated from the sexual organs of one or both partners. This substance is called ejaculate. Once this substance dries to a surface, its texture can often be described as sticky.
I hope this answers your question.
For more information on sex and ejaculation, check out the Internet. Seriously, like any website. In the meantime, try Wet Ones to wipe the jizz off your seat before you sit down.

—The Sexpert

DEAR SEXPERT,
What is an orgasm, and how do you get one? My partner's tried everything—cowgirl,

reverse cowgirl, upside-down pineapple cake, pineapple cake, pineapples, erotic massage, Thai massage, Thai Village—but nothing works.
Please help,

—Frisky and Frustrated

DEAR FRISKY,
Physiologically speaking, an orgasm is a series of rhythmic muscle contractions experienced at the climax of sexual activity.
Practically speaking, an orgasm is a dream. Or a myth—like an out-body-experience, an "A+" at Princeton, or a good time at Ivy—you never have one, but occasionally, you hear about someone who did.
To have an orgasm during sex, first you need a partner who could fuck his or her way out of a paper bag. You need a partner that has the stamina and goddamn common courtesy to last longer than twelve seconds. You need a partner who doesn't clip his toenails in the bed like someone kind of troglodyte. I mean, come on, Kevin. It's disgusting. Stop it. What is wrong with you?
And what is wrong with me for staying with you? Two year and no "O"? Even a Comp. Lit major can do that math.
I'm totally over this. I'm leaving you Kevin, and I'm taking my toenail clipper with me.
You and me 'Frisky,' we just need to seek out greener pastures.

—The Sexpert

"Sexpert" is written by one seriously sexually-frustrated peer sex health educator and fact-checked by University health professionals who have actually gotten some at one point in their lives. You can submit questions to be published anonymously, but just know that I will know all of your business. Have fun fucking, freaks.

ADLAN JACKSON
Editor

TONIGHT WAS the night, I told myself. This was it. There was to be no more stalling, there were to be no more distractions. I thought it would be simple: all I had to do was tell you how I felt.
And so I steeled myself, like David before Goliath, like Napoleon at Waterloo. I could barely sit through Economics lecture, and I was on the edge of my seat as class let out. I rushed out, cleaving the doors of McCosh 50 like steel through butter. I went back to my room, and I waited, poised as silently as the Mona Lisa.

My roommates came and went.
"Late meal?" they'd ask. But I had more important things to worry about. I knew I had to do it tonight.
"Be brave," I thought. "If not now, when?"
I curled up into my bed. I opened my Macbook. I dove in. Before I even knew what I had done, I was on Facebook. I clicked and clicked, and then there it was. The empty field was like a vacant room, waiting to be furnished with my text, my emotions, my life... my love. My love for you!
But I couldn't. All this time, all this preparation, and there I was, frozen again! I wondered, defeated, whether I would ever

let you know how I felt. Breathlessly, my hands hovered inches above the keyboard, and suddenly, it was like all there was was typing. The words came not

My heart pressed
send before my
mind could tell
me not to

from me, but from the ether. I was merely the medium. Tears were splashing down around my Macbook keyboard, refracting the light from beneath the keys,

but I couldn't stop typing. I typed, and I typed, and each word was sweet release.
My heart pressed send before my mind could tell me not to, and in that moment I thought of you. I thought only of you.
Three hours later, there it was. No longer in the privacy of my thoughts, swirling about in my subconscious. The words were public domain, naked but for their anonymity, and I thought of you, naked against your bedsheets, scrolling endlessly through the pages, your newsfeed pregnant with several Tiger Admirers posts. You passed mine, I'm sure, without pause.
I went to the Street and got fucked up.

IN DA-FENCE OF: PROSPECT GARDEN



ANDREW SONDERN :: PHOTOGRAPHER

Managing Editor Matt Gwin is in da-fence of Prospect Garden.

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YOUR GUIDE TO WEEKEND ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

CAMPUS PICKS

Party: SHIT THAT GLOWS 3 @ QUAD

The most legendary party of the year. Again. Blacklights. Glowsticks. Lasers. Fog. Paint. Wear white! Don't miss it!

Quadrangle Club
Saturday, 11:30 p.m.

Crash Course: Spring Bartending 101 Class

Ever wanted to be Sam Malone in "Cheers"? Want to be that asshole at pregames who won't let you get a damn drink on your own? Want to have an excuse to invite yourself to parties and demand payment? Look no further than this Bartending 101 class, which will get you certified in all 50 states and some Indonesian island villages! Learn the fine art of mixology and be a asshole to the envy of all of your friends. Classes are only seven hours long, are completely alcohol free, and will feel like they last a lifetime.

Campus Club Taproom
Saturday, 1 p.m.

Kegger: SHIT THAT GLOWS 4 @ QUAD

The craziest blacklight party on campus, except for all the other ones! Don't miss it! Actually though. Come.

Quadrangle Club
Saturday, May 4, 11:30 p.m.

Theater: Shakespeare Play in Completely Irrelevant Time Period: A Senior Thesis

Playing this weekend and next at Theater Intime, some senior's thesis production presents one of Shakespeare's treasured masterpieces adapted for a setting never considered logical until now.

Students offered sneak peeks have called the performance "butchered," "nonsensical," and even "fucking ridiculous!" You be the judge! Tickets are available through the Frist

Ticketing Office or at Theater Intime, or from Dave, who hangs out behind Old Frick on Tuesdays.

Theater Intime
Thursday, 8:30 p.m.

Party: SHIT THAT GLOWS @ QUAD

You know the drill. Come to Quad! Members + anyone else! Even townies are invited at this point.

Quadrangle Club
Saturday, May 11, 11:30 p.m.

Panel: Funyons as University Currency?

Economics Professors Paul Krugman, Elizabeth Bogan, and Alan Blinder sit down to discuss the emergence of Funyons as an underground currency at Princeton. Following a highly publicized incident of a U-Store employee attempting to solicit a prostitute using the snack food, Funyons have become the preferred currency of many black-market activities on campus.

Topics of discussion will include effects on normal student commerce, destabilizing effects on the relative value of US dollars and Paw Points, and possible administrative steps to prevent economic disruption.

Tickets are \$8 (2 Funyon bags, subject to changes in exchange rate) and are available at the Frist Ticketing Office.

Dodd Auditorium, Robertson Hall
Sunday, 3 p.m.

Rager: SHIT THAT GLOWS 9 @ QUAD

You like this, remember? Please come.

Quadrangle Club
Saturday, May 18, 11:30 p.m.

Campus picks compiled by Ryan O'Shea.

'Separation Anxiety' takes a new look at a classic

TIM MATCHEN
Chairman

"What will I do without you here?" sings protagonist Linda McElroy early on in 'Separation Anxiety,' a thesis project written and directed by Joanna Smart '13. The question resonates, hanging in the air for a moment, asking the audience as much as her lover John Murphy.

It is moments like these that make 'Separation Anxiety,' an adaptation of the Oxford English Dictionary, truly masterful. With the help of stunning, energetic performances from Mitchell Hargreaves '15 and Susannah Dramm '13, Smart succeeds in taking the language of the OED and transforming it into a coherent narrative. The source material is not lost in the adaptation—many of the words and ideas present in the Oxford English Dictionary can still be identified in the show—but Smart bravely moves away from

not occasionally things" may follow more closely the original intent of the OED, the simple rearrangement to "I feel like things are occasionally not great" delivers an emotional wallop that is expertly delivered by the skilled usage of facial expression and body language demonstrated by Dramm.

.....

The story weaved by Smart itself is a marvel. It is incredible that, using just words, she is able to convey so much information.

.....

The story weaved by Smart is itself a marvel. It is incredible that, using just words, she is able to convey so much information. Typically, to get through a such a story, one might require photographs, animations, or even video, but without any of these aids, the play can be followed by simply understanding the words used by the characters. Indeed, even closing my eyes I could still imagine the situation unfolding, as Linda grows increasingly concerned about the fact that she is sometimes unable to see John.

Not all the credit can go to Smart, though; the spirit of her thrilling adaptation of the dictionary seems to have caught hold of the cast, too, who all delivered memorable performances. Dramm's reinterpretation and adaptation of a real, living, breathing person is sure to captivate

.....

'Separation Anxiety'

Pros: Good use of words, presence of music, strong performances.

Cons: Lacking depth, 7 hours long



.....

just listing the words in order and instead varied their placement, usage, and occasionally even conjugation to weave a story that was greater than the sum of its parts. While "are feel great I like

'The Breakdown'

TREVOR KLEE
Staff Writer

"Sympoh Presents: Breakdown" was, this reviewer can say, the most touching thing I've seen since my dog died when I was 5 in my arms after being hit by a bus and then another one which was following too close behind. Each and every graceful backspin on the black floor, like stars orbiting around in the night sky, touched me like a giant's finger to a ladybug's wing. But the most incredible pieces were "F**K B*****S SUCK D**K" and "Golden Retriever Puppies Eating Carrots".

"F**K B*****S SUCK D**K" is the first piece of the show. It begins with the stage in pitch

.....

'The Breakdown'

Pros: Urban music, cool flips, saw the face of God.

Cons: Costumes, my crushing loneliness.



.....

black, as the eerie, empty yet full sounds of Flo-Rida's "Right Round" echo across the stage, mirroring the echoing of each audience member's bated breath. Suddenly, light! And the dancers come crashing in, each dressed in period-appropriate "gangsta" clothing, their chains hanging low in prideful conquest. From then on, the piece soars to triumph after triumph, each slow motion

pelvic gyration tantalizing and pulling the audience closer into this world of homoerotic thug competition. It truly is the best part of the show.

Thus begins this overall accomplishment of artistic will and joie de vivre. As the first half of the show goes on, the audience slowly realizes that what they are watching, in fact, is a brilliant, elaborate parody of the Wayans brothers' vehicle "Don't Be a Menace to South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood", itself a parody of several Afro-American movies popular in the early 90's. This point is underscored by Cherick En '15,

who plays the narrator, helpfully explaining to the audience what exactly is going on.

Unfortunately, the show seems to slow in the second half, mainly because the dancers start dancing instead of other stuff. While the flips, tricks, and spins were impressive, I found myself bored by the idea of synchronized movement to music, and found myself wishing that they had chosen another venue for their not inconsiderable talents. Perhaps, in future shows, the dancing can be foregone altogether, and replaced by exposition explaining what dancing could go there, along with backflips to

emphasize the dynamism. Food for thought.

The only major con I found throughout the show was that I was somewhat stressed while watching it. I found myself worrying that I would die alone and never find love, a feeling that I imagine the dancers could see on my face. I wondered why none of the dancers came to comfort me, to hug me and tell me that I was safe in their arms.

I was also disappointed with the costumes. I prefer costumes that have the same dynamism as the dancers themselves, and to not have a single costume with glitter on it was unacceptable.



ANDREW SONDERN:: PHOTOGRAPHER

Eric O'Reily '15 comforts himself after an emotionally draining performance of "Golden Retriever Puppies Eating Carrots."

STREET'S TOP TEN

Top Ten Things We Don't Want to Read in a Newspaper

1
Obvious faux pas for a specific social setting

2
A bucket-list for an upcoming event

3
Tips for doing well on midterms or finals that don't make any sense

4
Ridiculous excuses for doing poorly on midterms or finals

5
Any academic advice that uses the term "hot preceptors"

6
A list on a non-Princeton-related topic obviously trying to be Princeton-related

7
A list on Princeton-related topic that reminds us of our favorite Princeton clichés

8
The most pressing needs of Princeton's least needy students

9
Another op-ed on hook-up culture

10
Any attempt at humor written by a staff of journalists