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THE TIGER

REUNIONS 2013
Vol. CXXX, No. 4

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Bonfire Accidentally Built on Cannon, not Cannon Green

University maintenance, having missed the word "Green" in a university memo, accidentally built Saturday's bonfire on Cannon Dial Elm Club instead of Cannon Green. The pile was built so quickly that the error was not realized until it had been built and set aflame. Cannon's demise came roughly one year after its grand reopening following several decades of inactivity.

Scalia Writes "Rights" on Piece of Paper, Pisses on it

According to several news outlets, Associate Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia hurled a pair of scissors at a student who asked a question at a lecture he gave at Princeton University on Monday. Scalia then stepped to the side of the podium, removed his trousers, and mooned the crowd of roughly 800 before extending his middle finger and walking off the stage. He then walked back on stage holding a sheet of paper on which he had written the word "Rights" in Sharpie. He crumpled the paper in a ball, threw it on the ground, then urinated on it before leaving the stage again.

According to others, he gave a candid, witty, and mostly uncontroversial lecture outlining his reasonable but somewhat unique view on the limited powers of the Supreme Court to declare legislative acts unconstitutional.

AH, REUNIONS.

They mean, I suppose, different things to different people; for the newly-graduated, it's the beginning of a long life of desperately longing to go back to being a drunken, irresponsible college student; for many others, it's a continuation of that same tradition; for others still it's a second chance to find a suitable significant other for marriage. For me, it means *Tiger* has somehow survived another year of publishing. That brings us up to 130, incidentally, a spectacularly round number of spectacularly little importance.

Of course, that's not 130 years of printing; just 130 years since we first started printing. Over the course of our history we have ceased publication on several occasions. In the 1940s, it was because we were too busy fighting a war (unlike those unpatriotic bastards up at Harvard); slightly later in the 1940s, it was because we were too busy being shut down by the university (unlike those uninteresting prudes up at Harvard), and, slightly later still, it was because no one on staff really felt like continuing to put out an issue (unlike those committed losers up at Harvard). But still, despite decades of bankruptcy, poor taste, and legal action, *The Princeton Tiger* has managed to stick around.

Indeed, in *Tiger's* time, it has seen 11 different University Presidents from James McCosh (whom I'm sure many of our dear readers are eminently familiar with) to Goheen, to Shapiro (more on that inside!), to our dear beloved Shirls (more on that inside too!).

Perhaps the most entertaining part of reunions is seeing which reunion class will objectively outdo the others in their celebration. Last year, the clear winner was the 25th, who snagged Bon Jovi for a special performance. But even that pales in comparison to this year's 30th, who really managed to show up everyone by making the excessively grandiose gesture of donating one of their own, former Provost and notorious Die Hard villain, Christopher "Hans" Eisgruber to serve as University President.

On behalf of *Tiger*, I'd like to say welcome to the incoming president and wish him the best of luck in his new job. I look forward to working closely with him in the year to come—it's been quite a while since any member of the magazine has been in any serious trouble in the eyes of the university, and that's quite frankly unacceptable. I'm hoping that, together, we will be able to find a way to make the university flourish at the expense of our magazine once more. I can only assume I'm off to a good start by comparing him to a fictitious international terrorist.

Tim Matchen
Chairman

TILGHMAN: I HATE BEING CALLED SHIRLEY

BY STEPHEN WOOD '15
ILLUSTRATED BY KATIE ROSE '15

PRINCETON, NJ — Princeton was surprised on Saturday to learn that President Shirley Tilghman, who led the school for twelve years, would be stepping down in June. When asked why she felt that now was the time to retire, Tilghman told ***The Tiger***, "I just got really sick of everyone calling me Shirley."

Students, alums, parents, and faculty members took to calling President Tilghman by her first name almost immediately after she took office. The practice became a tradition as generations of Princeton students came through the Orange Bubble without ever referring to Tilghman, who holds a Ph.D in biochemistry from Temple University, by any other title.

"I think she really liked it," said one student. "It was like we were equals, friends even, and calling her by her first name really made everyone comfortable."

"Nope," said Tilghman. "It just pissed me off."

Tilghman was generally well-liked by students who didn't participate in Greek life, and she kept up her image as someone who put students first by continuing to teach classes throughout her tenure as president.

"You would think at the very least they'd call me 'Professor,'" she said. "I mean, seriously. Even just 'Professor Shirley would be nice.'"

Around the time of the Aspire campaign, a wildly successful fundraising initiative that allowed Princeton to increase the number of students on financial aid and ensure that every undergraduate could receive no fewer than ten free t shirts per year, students began to call Tilghman by a new nickname, Shirls.

"Look," Tilghman said of the new moniker. "We have the E-Quad, the Orange Bubble, the Dinky; people here like to nickname things, I get it. But really? Shirls? That could be the name of a Bratz doll or something."

Tilghman cited her various accomplishments as something that she thought might have gained her enough respect to at least be called by her last name.

"I was a member of the team that cloned the first mammalian gene," she said. "I demonstrated that the globin gene was spliced. We have, like, six new buildings on campus, and a new major, thanks to me. Oh yeah, and, maybe you haven't heard of it, but-Whitman College. I'm not even going to mention the zillions of dollars I raised so you could keep getting free cookies from Murray-Dodge and free condoms from your RCAs," she added.

Tilghman says that she plans to take a year off before returning to her teaching duties.

"I'm giving you all a year," she said. "Get the whole calling me Shirley out of your systems now, because when I come back-I mean it-you have to stop calling me Shirley."

University Vice President and Secretary Robert Durkee '69 said he completely understood Tilghman's decision.

"She did a lot for this university over her twelve years, all while having to put up with that nickname," said Durkee. "I think after a while she got sick of it. Some people need to learn to give Shirlz the respect she deserves."

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An Insider's Guide to College A Cappella

by Dan Abromowitz '13
Illustrated by Katie Rose '15

Though a fun, rewarding, and quintessential part of the collegiate experience, college a cappella can be a nightmare of nuance for the uninformed student. Even choosing which groups to audition for can be its own ordeal if you're not sure what to look for. Here are some free hot tips that'll put you on the fast track to instrument-free success.

- Often, groups will run open houses or meet-and-greets before auditions, and if you can successfully pretend to be a member of the group, there is no state or federal law requiring you to ever stop.
- Every group has its own traditions. Examples include signature songs, year-end beach trips, drowning a freshman, or drowning a couple of freshmen. If you are a freshman, plan to be drowned.
- Any group that performs in goofy hats or sings a semi-ironic rendition of Mulan's "I'll Make A Man Out Of You" is an absolute wellspring of fun and creativity and should be pursued relentlessly.Some groups are steeped in decades of history, like the Yale Whiffenpoofs or the Harvard Krokodiloes. If this is intimidating, just remember: nobody cares a bit. Not even the tiniest fucking bit.
- Your audition is your one chance to introduce yourself, so make sure you pick a song that reflects YOU! If you're fun-loving and relaxed, try the Pokemon theme. If you're boring, how about the Pokemon theme?
- Some schools have a few more whimsical groups, like "pirate" a cappella groups that hijack other groups' performances, or "sexual predator" a cappella groups that lie in wait in the dead of night.
- Can't sing? No problem! Any given group will have at least one "special" member who just beatboxes. Blow that guy and you're in.
- Three words: cry a little.
- Most auditions will test how well you "blend" with the rest of the group by having you sing alongside them. The idiots don't even consider that you can just lipsynch.
- Remember, you will only be one of dozens of auditions these groups will see. Make yourself stand out from the rest by simply refusing to leave, windmilling your fists like a problem child when anyone gets too close.
- Groups will often coordinate outfits, performing in suits and ties or a base black with a splash of color. Pretty gay, right? Anyways, practice singing a bunch until you're good at it.

THE
NEW YORKER

Dear Mr./~~Mrs.~~ Menezes

We're writing to inform you that your application to the New Yorker was (~~excellent~~/appalling) and that you should be delighted to hear that we are going to (~~publish~~/burn) your submission. We assure you, it is our honor and our honor alone to (~~print such a marvelous story~~/make this literary mercy kill). While your work was incredibly (~~creative~~/offensive) within the confines of the literary world, we were surprised how the story line was so (~~fantastically integrated~~/comparable to pornographic film scripts). In fact, it was so (~~inspiring~~/trashy) that we've decided to make it (~~a featured piece~~/toilet paper in our bathrooms). Now, every time you'll see one of our issues, you'll remember that you're (~~an accomplished writer~~/a hopeless buffoon).

To be specific about your work, we would like to point out your (~~well developed characters~~/ atrociously mundane plot line). Your characters were so (~~vibrantly created~~/horrendously static) that the reader was able to develop an (~~intimate connection~~/ever-increasing intense loathing) for your creation. It was comparable to the best submissions we've (~~seen all year~~/received from Dane Cook's even less funny twin). To readers, your work (~~came to life~~/recalled the depravity of the Inquisition) as they delved through (~~an immensely satisfying read~~/what they surely thought was a psychological test on withstanding mental torture).

In the future, we beg of you to please (~~continue to submit such incredible work~~/purge your mind of any thought of ever writing again). Here at the New Yorker, we see a bright future for you as (~~an accomplished member of our literary team~~/a narcissistic asshole who will supply us with a steady stream of shit for the years to come despite our repeated changes of address).

(~~Sincerely yours~~/We have already issued a restraining order),

David Remnick
Editor-in-Chief
The New Yorker

4 Times Square | New York, NY 10036 | 212 286 5400

How to Choose Which Child to Sacrifice

by Dennard Dayle '13
Illustrated by Angela Zhou '16

SOMETIMES, LIFE can throw you a curveball. Worse yet, life can throw a bone-crushing 98 mph fastball directly at your head. Writers generally refer to this as tragedy.

Tragedy can take the form of every parent's worst nightmare: having a child that watches Glee. Alternatively, you might face the lesser problem of choosing which of your children to feed to the meat grinder. A variety of forces can lead to this situation; war, crime, natural disasters, supervillains, and boredom can back you into an uncomfortable corner. Someone has to distract the grizzly bear while the others run for safety, and it sure isn't going to be you. But how does one make such a choice?

Fret not: my team of homeless scientists has discovered the six universal categories for measuring a child's worth. With these objective methods of comparison, you can make Sophie's choice with twice the efficiency and half the filler.

INTELLIGENCE

Nothing's worse than finding out your surviving child is as dumb as a rock. Throwing the next Einstein to the wolves to save the new generation's Soulja Boy is a bitter pill to swallow. Luckily, an ounce of prevention can prevent a pound of failure. Simply save the smarter youth.

You may be tempted to resort to comparing IQ tests or academics, but these methods fail to take into account the essential role of pop culture trivia. That's where trivial pursuit comes in. Only a daughter capable of summoning obscure facts about Danny Trejo's career is worthy of living on in your name. It also makes for a fun evening: you'll never see your kids play the game with more vigor than when their lives are at stake.

Phrenology is also acceptable, but results may vary.

BEAUTY

It's a shallow world, and if our traffic data are any reliable, you were brought here in search of "blazing hot co-eds xxx". Pseudo-scientific research has proven beyond a shadow of a thinly-researched doubt that the physically attractive receive better pay, better treatment, and secret invitations to a yearly global "8 and up" orgy. The benefits are clear.

With all this in mind, is there truly any point to raising offspring without a chance of appearing on the cover of People magazine? I think not, particularly when one considers the expense of plastic surgery, or the massive time-sink of constantly undermining the lesser child's self-esteem to prepare them for the outside world. If your son has a face only you could love, save yourself the hassle by using him as bait for the lunatic with a chainsaw.

OBEDIENCE

Parenting is hard. Dealing with a son that doesn't say "how high" when you say "jump" only makes it more difficult. Thus, a madman dangling your twins over matching pits of acid is the perfect opportunity to dispose of your problem child.

Arrange a four-stage series of tests. The first challenge should consist of sitting through the entirety of the 2002 thriller Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever. In the next trial, have your children smuggle a cargo plane full of "snow" into Chinese territory. Add some levity to the third by forcing them to compete in the timeless pastime of "machete juggling". The final challenge should consist of pitting them against each other in a cage match in

Tijuana. This robs your tormentor of the pleasure of finishing the loser off.

HEIGHT

My memories of Invader Zim tell me this is of utmost importance. You don't need more than your eyes and a tape measure to gauge this one, making it a fine choice for the parent on-the-go.

FORTUNE

The situation itself confirms that your children have shit luck, but that shouldn't stop you from saving the one that passed one fewer black cat. After all, you'll need someone to carry your casino chips in your twilight years.

Russian Roulette is a simple, hassle free method of comparing luck. The game is a tried and true method of testing fortune and one's suicidal urges, and has separated invincible action movie protagonists from the protagonists of deconstructionist satires and art films for decades. Can we doubt the wisdom of an industry that brought us Commando? I think not.

The glory of this method is that it can't be wrong. By the mere act of survival, your choice becomes the luckier of the pair. This will be of little comfort to him/her as survivor's guilt drives years of therapy and alcoholism, but your conscience should be clear.

Hezbollah Lego League Under Fire

by Stephen Stolzenberg '13
Illustrated by Caden Ohlwiler '15

News Anchor: Let's go now to Lebanon where our reporter, Darby Billington, is on the scene of some breaking news. Darby?

Darby Billington: Thanks, John. This is Darby Billington reporting from Hezbollah's 3rd Annual Lego League Championship here in Beirut. And let me tell you John, outrage is afoot.

The annual competition started by Hezbollah in 2008 brings teams of middle school aged children to the capital. Once here, the little tikes are asked to solve a real world problem in three hours or less using Lego Mindstorms. Unlike the American version of the competition, where only one team can win, if more than one group completes the challenge they are deemed worthy of the grand prize: a chance to build their Lego creations in real life. Don't you just love cultural differences, John?

News Anchor: Absolutely, Darby. So where is the controversy?

Darby: Well John, the controversy is over the task that the children were asked to perform. They were asked to build a Lego flotilla capable of battling its way through Battle Bay, Blackbeard's ship, and four Lego UH-1D Helicopters, while drawing as few Lego people casualties as possible.

Representatives of Hezbollah don't see what the ruckus is about. I quote them: "The task is fictitious. It is made up to teach children to think through tough problems in a group setting." But statements of purpose like this one have not been enough to assuage the doubts of moderate Lebanese political groups and the Israeli Government. Earlier, I spoke with Ehud Ehudsen, an Israel government official in the Department of Late Childhood Development, about the competition. He had this to say.

Ehud: Legos? I've always loved Legos. I always thought they were harmless toys – if we forget about the infant choking hazard. But what Hezbollah asks the kids to do with Legos is unrealistic. No one can make it through Battle Bay unscathed, and the helicopters will certainly sink their ships!

Darby: But this is not the first time that the Hezbollah Lego League has been criticized for its challenges. The year before last's competition had contestants create Lego missiles capable of dropping six 2×2 blocks at a 32° arc, and last year competitors successfully designed a voting machine that votes Hezbollah 54% of the time. There's no question that these kids are bright, John. We'll just have to wait and see what they come up with next year. Darby Billingtion, Beirut.

BOOTLEG EATING CLUBS

1. Unversity Cottage Cheese Club
2. Cloistered In
3. Gloria's Tiger Bed & Breakfast
4. Postcolonial Club
5. An Ivy Club
6. Cannon "Dial: Eucalyptus" Club
7. Leaning Tower of Club
8. Drugs Club
9. Cap and Trade Club
10. Princeton Charter School
11. Quad

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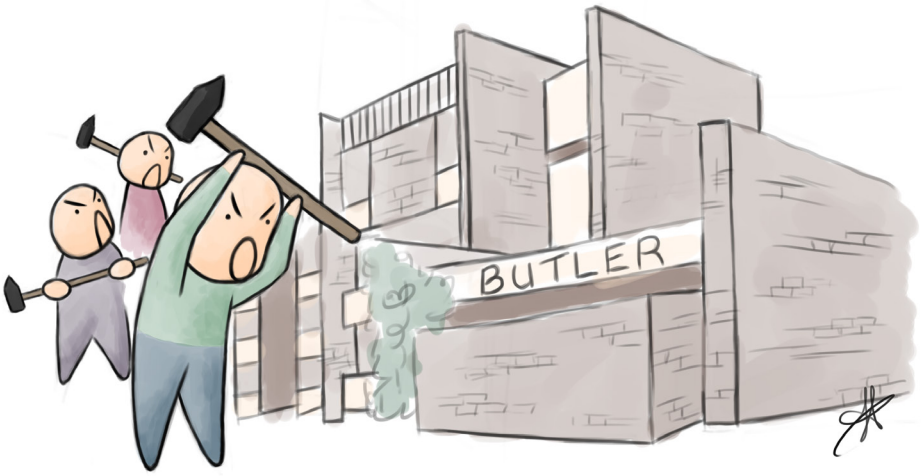
Butt Demolished, Princeton Reunited

by Steve Liss '10
Illustrated by Joanna Wang '16



PRINCETON, NJ — Due to the recent demolition of its Quad, members of Butler College are officially prohibited from complaining about their dorms for the '07-'08 academic year.

"If Princeton is the place for archways and ivy," freshman used to whine, "why would the University put us in a Trenton housing project?"

Like an ugly stepsister kept locked in the basement, the Quad was an unpleasant surprise to students who had never strayed from their tour group.

Princeton erected the Butler Quad during the height of the Cold War with secret help from East German architectural consultants. Official propaganda romanticized the dorm's brick-over-reinforced-concrete construction as a "modern interpretation of the gothic look," but dissenters described the dorms as "ugly" and "kind of scary." Butler came to be known as "the Butt."

"It didn't have arches," recalled on resident. "I came to Princeton, because it looked awesome in the brochure. When I saw Butler I felt betrayed. Even McDonald's has arches."

While dorms like Blair Hall enjoyed the angelic music of a capella groups, birds refused to sing from the jagged walls of Butler. Only the screeching of crows and the scratching of black squirrels were heard from this blighted dorm.

Inhabitants often bemonaed the absence of common rooms, public spaces, and basic amenities. The architect had deemed such frivolities wasteful. After all, what good is a common room if no one wants to visit you? Freshmen friendships were split up, and OA companions went months without seeing each other. After a hellish stay in 1942 Hall for Reunions, one alumnus was appalled by the lack of soap dishes in the showers.

"President Tilghman," he wrote in an angry email, "if you seek peace, if you seek prosperity for Princeton, if you seek alumni support, come here to the dorm. President Tilghman, tear down this hall!"

Though some predicted the Quad would endure for hundreds of years (it appeared to be the only structure on campus intended to withstand nuclear attack), summer of 2007 saw it fall. Throngs of black and orange garbed celebrants danced on the roof tops and attacked "the Butt" with hammers, cracking off pieces to sell to nostalgic alumni on eBay. Students separated since orientation were reunited at last.

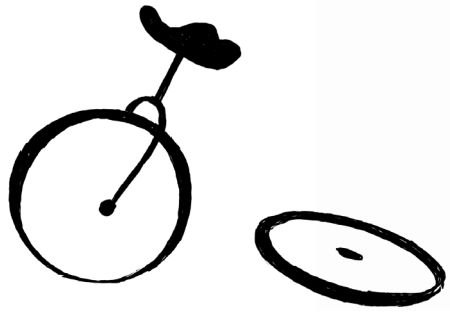
But unification has been difficult at times. Though students up-campus are glad to see their friends again, the waves of refugees are competing for housing.

"Butler frosh? In Cuyler?!" gasped a shocked upperclassman. "It's way too good for those brats!"

Some Butlerites are having trouble adjusting to their new freedom, having adapted so completely to their tiny, dark dorms that they now shun sunlight and open spaces.

"I like it in 'the Butt,'" explained one such student. He is petitioning Housing to let him live in a Firestone carrel.

Still, the fall of the Butler Quad will be remembered as a turning point in Princeton's history. "The Butt" was ugly, antisocial, illogical, unremarkable—the antithesis of all that is Princeton. Its destruction represents the triumph of reason over folly, compassion over cruelty, and light [brick] over dark [brick].



Unicyclist Reports Theft of Front of Bike

The unicyclist spotted riding around campus has reported the theft of the front of his bicycle to Public Safety, senior officials at Public Safety reported. "People think I'm just being cool riding around on one wheel, but really, I want my other wheel back," the unicyclist confided to Tiger Magazine shortly before breaking down like a litter girl and crying.

Public Safety encouraged Princeton students to be on the lookout for the thief. So far, they have only been able to identify the culprit as "somebody else riding a unicycle."

Goodnight moon
Goodnight comet
Goodnight pool of freshman vomit

Goodnight Ivy
Goodnight Street
Goodnight memorable car back seat

Goodnight keg
Goodnight bong
Goodnight homeless stranger's thong

Goodnight sun
Goodnight dawn
Goodnight guy passed out on lawn

Goodnight jacket
Goodnight tie
Goodnight drunk girl from T.I.

Goodnight mixer
Goodnight hash
Goodnight Princeton, man I'm smashed

Illustrated by Angela Zhou '16

Top Headlines from 2002-2003

The Year in Headlines

- Heckman, Kahneman Thrown Out of Ivy Inn When Two-for-One Drink Special for Nobel Prize Winners Gets out of Hand
- Irate Congress Changes France's Name to "Freedom"
- Dismayed Theta Loses USG Social Chair Election
- Campus Club Members Rally For Human Rights; "We will be treated equally," says member Dave Dorj
- President Tilghman Loves Squirrels—Fried in Butter
- Class of '07 to Include More Jocks, Assholes

PRINCETON TRADITIONS & LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS

Here are some things that the Orange Key Tour didn't teach you when you visited last year.

Did you know…

…that when Princeton football beats Harvard and Yale, we celebrate with a bonfire, and that when we lose to Lehigh, we light the backup kicker on fire?

…that the first time you go to the Wa, it's a tradition to offer to pay with old syringes instead of money?

…that while the pews in the chapel are made from Civil War muskets, the wooden floors of Blair Hall come from bloody Confederate coffins?

…that while the Princetonian has been published daily since 1892, it holds on to its roots by trying to put out a good issue only once every two weeks?

…that if you walk out the gates before graduation, you won't graduate, and that if you walk out the gates with a psychology degree, you might as well have not graduated?

…that before Nassau Hall was used as the capitol building during the Revolutionary War, it was a topless bar frequented by James Madison and Benedict Arnold?

DON'T SEE YOUR YEAR?

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Summer Movies! Of 1998!!!

By Sean Cunningham '98 & Clint Kakstys '00

I don't know about you, but it seems to me that those summer movies just keep getting better. Like I remember a couple years back I saw this thing with this dinosaur (a T. Rex, I think), and I was like, "Man, they ain't gonna top this." But sure enough, this summer they came out with a movie that featured, like, TWO T. Rexes. And if this preview's any indication, 1998's gonna be the best year yet. Check these films out:

HURRICANE!

A hurricane threatens to do a lot of damage.

THANKS, GAY BEST FRIEND

In numerous movies, from Frankie and Johnny to My Best Friend's Wedding, a woman is assisted by her gay best friend; this film is dedicated entirely to these very special gay people. It follows a typical day in the life of a gay best friend, who has a truly wacky day with Julia Roberts and Jennifer Aniston before spending a leisurely evening helping his brother Robin Williams get in drag to impersonate a maid so that he can spy on his ex-wife. The film ends with the gay best friend returning home after a satisfying day of helping heterosexuals and engaging his lover in anal sex. (It is rumored that this scene may be edited before theatrical release.)

MONSOON!

A monsoon threatens to do a lot of damage. Sort of like Hurricane!, but with a Southeast Asian flavor.

SASSY BLACK GUY FIGHTS ALIENS

Starring Will Smith.

HURRICANE! II!

A hurricane threatens to do a lot of damage. In a slightly different place.

HURRICANE! III! ONLY THIS TIME IT'S GAY!

The title's pretty self-explanatory.

KUNDERA

Director Martin Scorsese (Goodfellas, Taxi Driver, Raging Bull, Casino, Mean Streets) has taken a break from making films about violent, foul-mouthed Italians in order to tell the lifestory of the Dalai Lama. Here's an excerpt from this radical departure:

> Dalai Lama: May peace finally reach Tibet.
> Oppressive Chinese police officer (played by Joe Pesci): Do I fuckin' amuse you?
> Dalai Lama: What?
> Joe Pesci: Am I like a fuckin' clown or something? [kicks the shit out of the Dalai Lama]

And that should be enough to hold us over until Christmas, when Quentin Tarantino releases his long-awaited follow up to Pulp Fiction (Four Rooms and From Dusk Til Dawn don't count), which is rumored to be a biography of Mother Theresa.

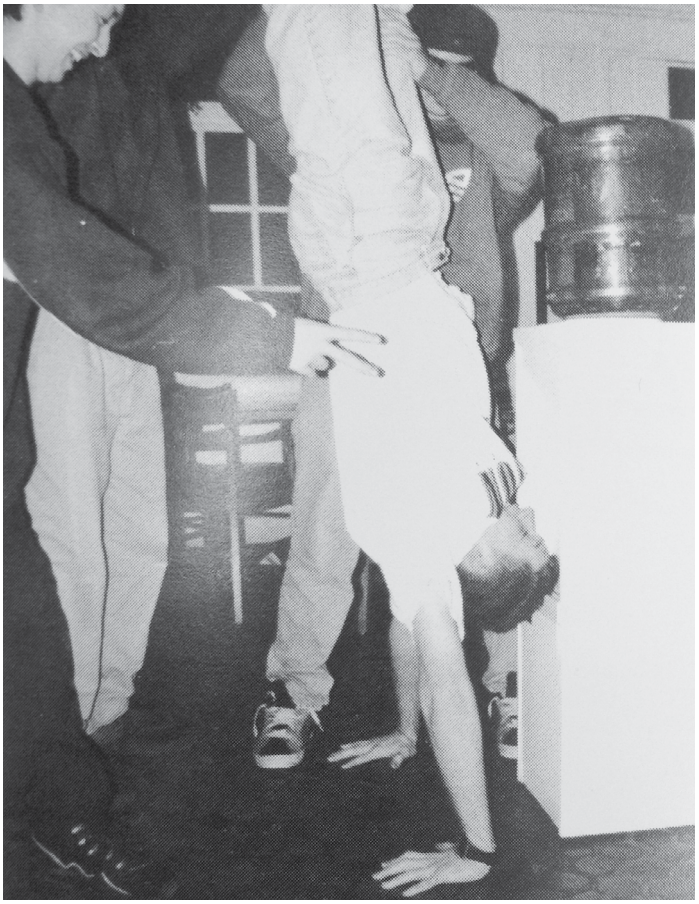
Tarantino embraced the topic because nuns often wear black and white, which I learned in Pulp Fiction and Reservoir Dogs are the colors that make up The Official Criminal Dress Code, so he doesn't think it will be much of a stretch.

Reportedly the film opens with a scene in which Mother Theresa (played by Pam Grier) and another person discuss their favorite episodes of Good Times, which then segues into a discussion of their favorite episodes of What's Happening? Before returning to Good Times. There has also been talk that this film may feature a certain slur of black people, though that seems like nonsense. I suppose you're next going to tell me that Quentin portrays homosexuals as insane hillbilly rapists. Get real.

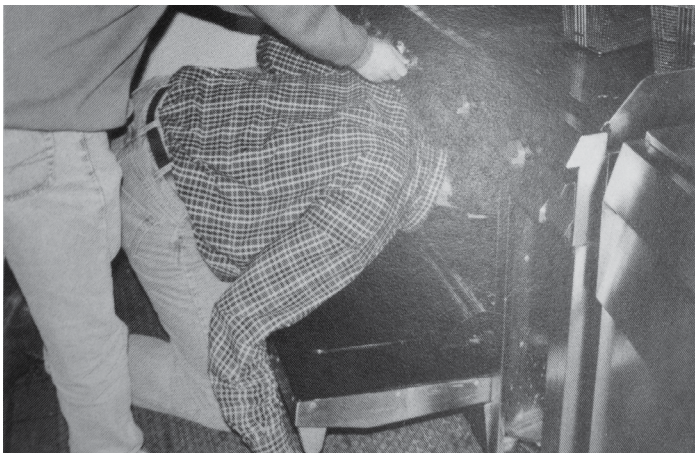
And things just get better in the spring, when there's a film in which, get this, circumstances force a white guy and a black guy to work together to elude the law! Details are sketchy, but reportedly the black guy will be a feisty, slightly dishonest wise-cracker, and the white guy will be anal-retentive. This sounds a little crazy, but you know I'm going to see it. The movies have never failed me before.

Why Ask Why? Dry TI

TI member: So…
Bickeree: Yeah.
TI: Uh…
Bickeree: *(grunt)(manly)*
TI: *(Scratches crotch)*
Bickeree: *(Nods emphatically)*
TI: So, do you believe that free will can exist in a post-Newtonian world where the concept of an individual's future or destiny can be expressed by nothing more than a series of equations detailing physical movement and phenomena, which are in turn the products of an individual's earlier actions?
[long pause]
Bickeree: That's a tough question. Is this based upon the greater presumption that a divine being exists, or not? Oh man, I could really use a Sprite. You got anything available?
TI: That's not the type of assertive validation we were looking for. Sorry, but I don't think you're our type. Philosophical differences, that kind of thing.
Bickeree: Dude, believe me. I'm waaaay cooler when I'm fucked-up. *(boots spontaneously)* See?
TI: You're in.



Chug! Chug! Chug!



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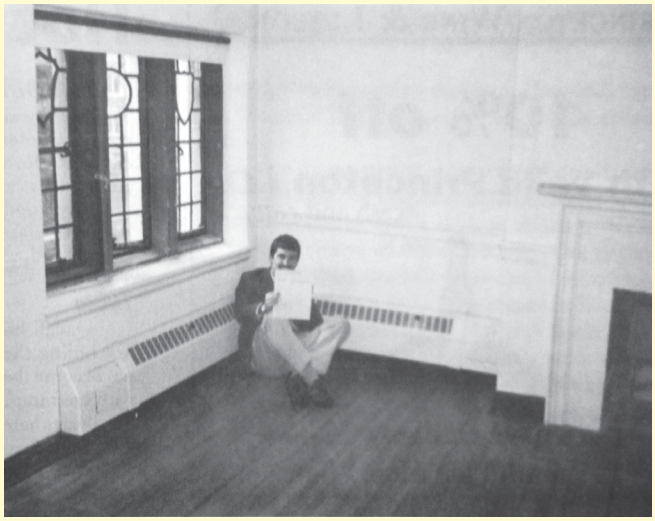

This happy student has followed the letter—and spirit—of the Princeton fire safety regulations. His reward? An inspection report with only a single violation.

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In Search Of

PRESIDENT SHAPIRO

On Sunday, September 13th, unsuspecting undergraduates and faculty members filed into the University Chapel for Opening Exercises. Anxiously expecting to be roused from its pre-academic year doldrums by President Shapiro's electrifying annual address, the audience was stunned when the address was delivered by Dean Raboteau of the Graduate School. Where was Hal? An audible, uneasy murmur swept through the crowd, followed by an eerie silence. What had become of our leader?

Trenton, NJ. 12 September 1992. 11:35 pm

A person matching the description of Harold Shapiro is seen stepping into a round, hovercraft-looking vehicle outside an all-night liquor store in Chambersburg. According to eyewitnesses, the vehicle then crossed the street to a gas station before flying away into the night sky, apparently headed for Jupiter's third moon. The proprietor of the liquor store said Hal seemed "distraught." Police are skeptical of this sighting, although it would explain Hal's absence at Opening Exercises the following day.

Trailer Park, UT. 30 September 1992. 8:56 am

Housewife Nadine Reynolds faints and collapses onto her kitchen floor after seeing the image of Hal Shapiro's face in the mold on the refrigerator. A psychic is called in for consultation, but can only detect the strong presence of an economics professor, not necessarily Hal himself. The investigation ends when a priest examines the scene and determines the image to be merely the Virgin Mary.

Atlanta, GA. 5 October 1992.

In the third inning of game one of the National League Championship Series, a man believed by some to be Hal is sent into the game to pinch-run by Braves manager Bobby Cox. FBI agents rush onto the field and seize the man, but when the dust clears, it turns out to be merely back-up shortstop Rafael Belliard.

Rocky Hill, NJ. 10 October 1992. 2:12 am

A group of Princeton freshmen are out in a pasture, enjoying an average Saturday night of tipping over sleeping cows. Suddenly, there appears before the three students a giant, black, wined creature of vigilante justice. The caped crusader restores the hapless cows to their former, upright posture then detains the freshmen with a 45-minute lecture about the advantages of Princeton's preceptorial system, before disappearing into the night.

Palo Alto, CA. 14 October 1992.

During the deposition for the trial of former-Princeton-student-imposter James Hogue, the cellmate of Hogue claims that in his sleep, Hogue confessed to being Hal Shapiro. Lawyers immediately race to Hogue's cell, only to find that the mysterious inmate had tunneled through one of the walls and escaped.

Memphis, TN. 18 October 1992.

A tour group in Graceland Cemetery reports seeing vehicle hovering over the tomb of Elvis Presley. According to some members of the group, Mr. Presley then emerged from his grave, climbed into the passenger seat, and received a beer from the driver, Hal. The two then flew off in a southeasterly direction, arguing over the merits of a four-year residential college system.

Trailer Park, UT. 20 October 1992.

In a bizarre turn of events that defies explanation, the mold on Mrs. Reynold's refrigerator forms in the image of Atlanta Braves shortstop Rafael Belliard.

Houston, TX. 22 October 1992. 12:48 am

NASA radio telescopes receive a distant, garbled transmission from deep space. At first, scientists believe the pulsating frequency to be the theme song from the TV series Batman. A breakaway group of researchers asserts that the song is, in fact, Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog. After hours of analyzing the tape reel, however, all agree that the transmission is actually a discussion of the merits of the keg-ban.

Princeton, NJ. 23 October 1992. 8:10 pm

America's Most Wanted runs a special episode on the missing President. Sitting on his couch at home, enjoying a plate of nachos, Hal recognizes his picture on TV. Thinking quickly, he dials the number on the screen, turns himself in, and collects thousands of dollars in reward money.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BROWN GETS THEIR GOAT

by Keith Blanchard '88

"Now we've got you, you little rat-fink!"

Encyclopedia gasped and swallowed a clod of dirt as Bugs Meany smashed his face into the ground and bent his arm back at an impossible angle behind his (Encyclopedia's) head. "You told that flatfoot father of yours about my kiddy porn scam, and got me in dutch. But you'll have a lot less things to say when I rip your throat out, you pencil-necked geek!"

"Fewer things," Encyclopedia corrected, then winced as the larger boy jumped up and down on his spine, frothing at the mouth. The smaller boy was beginning to wish he had chosen a different way to walk home from the library, one that didn't run through the old abandoned junkyard where Bugs Meany and his gang had their hideout. In fact, he realized, it was downright stupid, considering that it was almost five miles out of the way.

Bugs and three of his boys had been sitting on an old refrigerator pulling the wings off butterflies, when the younger boy, disguised as a broken-down Plymouth, tried to slip by them. Now Bugs sat on Encyclopedia's head and jabbed a pencil into his ear as his friends jeered and spat at the hapless straight-A student.

"Hey, Bugs," catcalled Rocco VanDalism, "let's rip out this Encyclopedia's appendix!"

"Yeah," said Bugs, "then he'll be abridged!" They all laughed merrily as Encyclopedia's eyes welled with muddy tears, not so much because of the beating as for the bad puns he was forced to endure every time the big boys kicked the crap out of him. "If only Sally Kimball were here!" he thought wistfully. Sally Kimball, a pretty 17-year old product of anabolic steroids, was the only girl who could deck Bugs Meany. She was the muscle behind Encyclopedia's brains, and on many a dangerous case it had been Sally who saved the boy's cadaverous, pock-marked skin.

"Now," said Bugs devilishly, "we're going to use you as a punching bag. Tony, come here and hold this nerdball." Tony Arson, a big stupid guy, pinioned the boy's arms behind him and the others took turns slugging him in the stomach.

Suddenly, Sally Kimball burst in the group, throwing nogoodniks left and right. "That's enough!" she bellowed, and Bugs and his gang backed off.

"Thank God," said Encyclopedia as he staggered to his feet. "Are you a sight for sore—OOOF!" he gasped as Sally punched him in the face.

"You blew me off last night, you jerk," Sally accused, bursting into tears. "We were supposed to have a date."

"I couldn't make it, Sally," explained Encyclopedia, spitting out three teeth, "because Bugs was beating me up behind B. Dalton's!"

"Liar, liar; pants on fire," rejoined Bugs. "'Cyclo was out with some redhead last night. I think he got to second base, too. At least, that's what he told us." The other boys nodded in agreement, as Sally turned wide-eyed to Encyclopedia.

"You want to hear the whole story?" Bugs continued. "Milk-breath here said he left the library at 4:00, then went to the post office to drop some letters off before going to the bank to get cash for his 'hot date.' The he took her to the Sunday matinée at the Palace, where they necked in the balcony and she let him touch her yabos."

Encyclopedia, is this true?" Sally sobbed, a big tear rolling off the end of her nose. "Because if it is, I'm going to let these guys beat you up."

"He's lying, said Encyclopedia," and I can prove it."

"Do your worst, geek," challenged Bugs. "And when you're done trying to slide out of this one, your ass is mine."

"Bugs, you're stupider than a bowl full of gravel."

HOW DID ENCYCLOPEDIA KNOW?

Stand on your head for the solution.

"You said that I went to the bank and the post office yesterday," Encyclopedia pointed out, "and then took a girl to the Sunday matinée. But since it was Sunday, the banks and post offices were closed. There was no way I could have gotten money from a closed bank, or picked up letters at a closed post office. Your story is a lie from one end to the other."

"So what?" said Bugs. "I'm still going to kick the shit out of you." Just then Wally McSoggynist, who had crept around behind Sally, beaned her on the head with an oversized cartoon mallet, and she landed in a heap with birds and stars circling above her in a lazy carousel. Encyclopedia tried to run, but Bugs Meany caught him, like he always caught him, like he would always catch him. An evil grin spread across the bully's face as he placed the younger boy's head in an industrial vise. "Okay, nerd," he said as another evil grin spread across his face, sending interference waves rippling across his cheeks. "Let's have that milk money."

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HEY GIRLS–

TEEN BEAT

WIN A DREAM DATE! with HUNKY HAL SHAPIRO!

SIGN: Virgo
LIKES: Puppies with wet noses, tan virgins, jacuzzi sutra
DISLIKES: Sad movies, cancer, goyim scoping his daughters
FAVE BAND: Old Bon Jovi (before they got commercial), anyone who's dead
SCOTCH: Dewars
SAFE SEX ADVICE: Abstain, or douche with Schaefer
MEASUREMENTS: 42-29-36-7
IDEAL EVENING: Going out for Mexican food, torching ants with a magnifying glass, watching Faces of Death on the Betamax
FAVORITE MISSING CHILD: Little Rita (Age 6, disappeared 5/8/86; Distinguishing Characteristics: welts on face, neck, arms; Miss Beatrice Lowfat 1986)

Doesn't he just sound delicious? And he could be yours for one fabulous evening! Enjoy a savory meal at the reknowned Colonial Diner, located conveniently onscenic Route One; witness a romantic though murky sunset over the Newark skyline; and round off the the evening with comfy accomodations at the secluded Solar Motel, overlooking the Ramada Inn.

In 25 words or less, explain why Hal would rather spend the evening with you than some cheap hooker from Trenton.

_____

_____

_____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
YOUNGER SISTER? _____

GIRLS: ARE YOU HAROLD'S TYPE?

1. Are you the independent type? That's fine with Harold, an open minded guy. But you'd better save some time for cooking, ironing, and a little whoopee.
2. Like kids? Lots of 'em? Good, 'cuz Hal's got 4 already, and he's just warming up! "I love the little rug monkeys," he often says.
3. Hope you like the Dead! 'Cuz Harold loves to follow 'em around for a few weeks, existing on nuts and berries.
4. Ya got big hooters?
5. If you want to be Sweetcakes Shapiro's girl just 'cuz he's a star—forget it! Hal's only interested in girls who appreciate him for his mind and his body.
6. How do you feel about sushi? Blech is right! Harold would rather hang out with pizza and a 6-pack.
7. Are you into warm pudding rub-downs and Cool Whip love games? I don't know about Hal, but I'd love to meet you. Why not come up to the Tiger office some time?

Child Behavior Test

By Jim Kirchman '88

1. You want a cookie, but Mommy says, "No." You should:
A. Take one when she isn't looking.
B. Wail "Bitch!" at the top of your lungs.
C. Threaten to tell Daddy about the Postman.

2. Daddy smokes and Mommy smokes. You should:
A. Ask them not to because it's bad for them.
B. Fire extinguish their faces every time they light up.
C. Set them on fire in their sleep.

3. Santa Claus wants you to sit on his knee and tell him what you want for Christmas. You should:
A. Ask for peace on earth.
B. Tell him that you don't buy any of this crap and just want cold hard cash.
C. Tell Uncle Nemo that you know it's him, that you don't want to reach into his pocket for "candy," and that Mommy calls him the "leech from the other side of the family."

4. Your name is Sylvester and all the other children tease you about it. You should:
A. Ignore them.
B. Wait until you've made million on 7 or 8 movies in which your biceps star, say "Kiss a duck, slimeballs," and blow their brains out.
C. Whimper and be a ridiculed slug your whole life.

5. A tall, grizzle-faced man who is lying in the gutter stops you on your way home from school and tries to sell you drugs. You should:
A. Crack him in the teeth with your Judy Blume book and run.
B. Crack him in the teeth with your Judy Blume book, take the drugs, then run.
C. Say, "You should have never left Princeton, Mr. Bowen."

6. A member of the opposite sex is chasing you around the school yard threatening to kiss your whole face. You should:
A. Stop, turn around and say, "Give me your lips!"
B. Stop, start singing Tiffany's "I Think We're Alone Now," and then jump out of the way of the impending streams of vomit.
C. Wonder how much longer your math teacher can keep this pace up.

7. Ten big, fat stupid guys keep kicking the crap out of you when you don't give them your milk money. You should:
A. Tell the proper authorities and have your extortionists punished.
B. Tell the proper authorities, have your extortionists punished, and then order the flowers for your funeral.
C. Buy a shotgun, make ground beef out of their mid-sections, and be the youngest mass murderer/wealthy novelist ever.

8. Daddy went to Princeton, and Mommy went to Princeton. You should:
A. Screw up in school.
B. Forget to take your college entrance exams.
C. Screw up in school, forget to take your college entrance exams, and get into Princeton anyway.

9. You feel your body changing between the ages of eleven and thirteen. You should:
A. Call an exorcist.
B. Call an exorcist.
C. Call an exorcist.

10. You are over the age of 18, but still act like you are 7. You should:
A. Be Pee-Wee Herman.
B. Be President of the United States.
C. Write for *The Sentinel*.

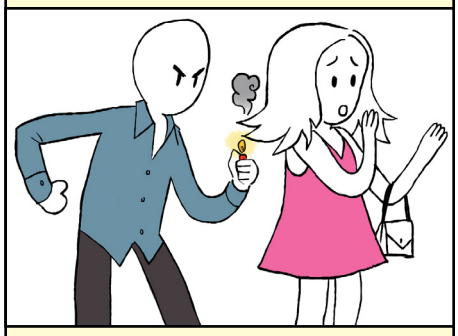
HOW TO SCORE: If you don't know how to get it yet, kids, well... Okay, here's the poop. For every time you answered "A," give yourself a hand. For everytime you answered "B," give to the United Way. For every time you answered "C," chug a beer.

0-10 points: Most of you probably fall into this range. Your behavior is characterized by breathing and occasional uncontrollable urges to go to the bathroom when Bambi's mother gets shot.

11-20 points: You are destined for greatness in your chosen field: masochism and/or bag-lady bashing.

21-30 points: Freud could have made a mint off you. Perhaps you ought to look into mother's medicine cabinet, take the yellow ones, kill your father, marry your mother, and put out your eyes. Twice.

Date arson is a crime, too



Myth #1: Date arson isn't really arson.

Myth #2: A woman wearing flammable clothing is just asking to be set aflame.

Myth #3: Most arson occurs in dark alleys or really dry forests.

Myth #4: With his gleaming sword Perseus slew the gorgon Medusa and, borne by Mercury's magical winged boots, carried off her horrible head with the snaky locks.

REMEMBER: Arson is arson. Even if you know the person who set you on fire.

GO

Pay $47,395 (kegs not included).

You think the next four years will even remotely resemble Freshman Week. **Back to GO.**

You briefly entertain thoughts of getting laid on campus freshman year. **Back to GO.**

In an act of rebellion, you become a Jim Morrisonesque drunk/addict and bag your midterms. **Ahead 2 spaces.**

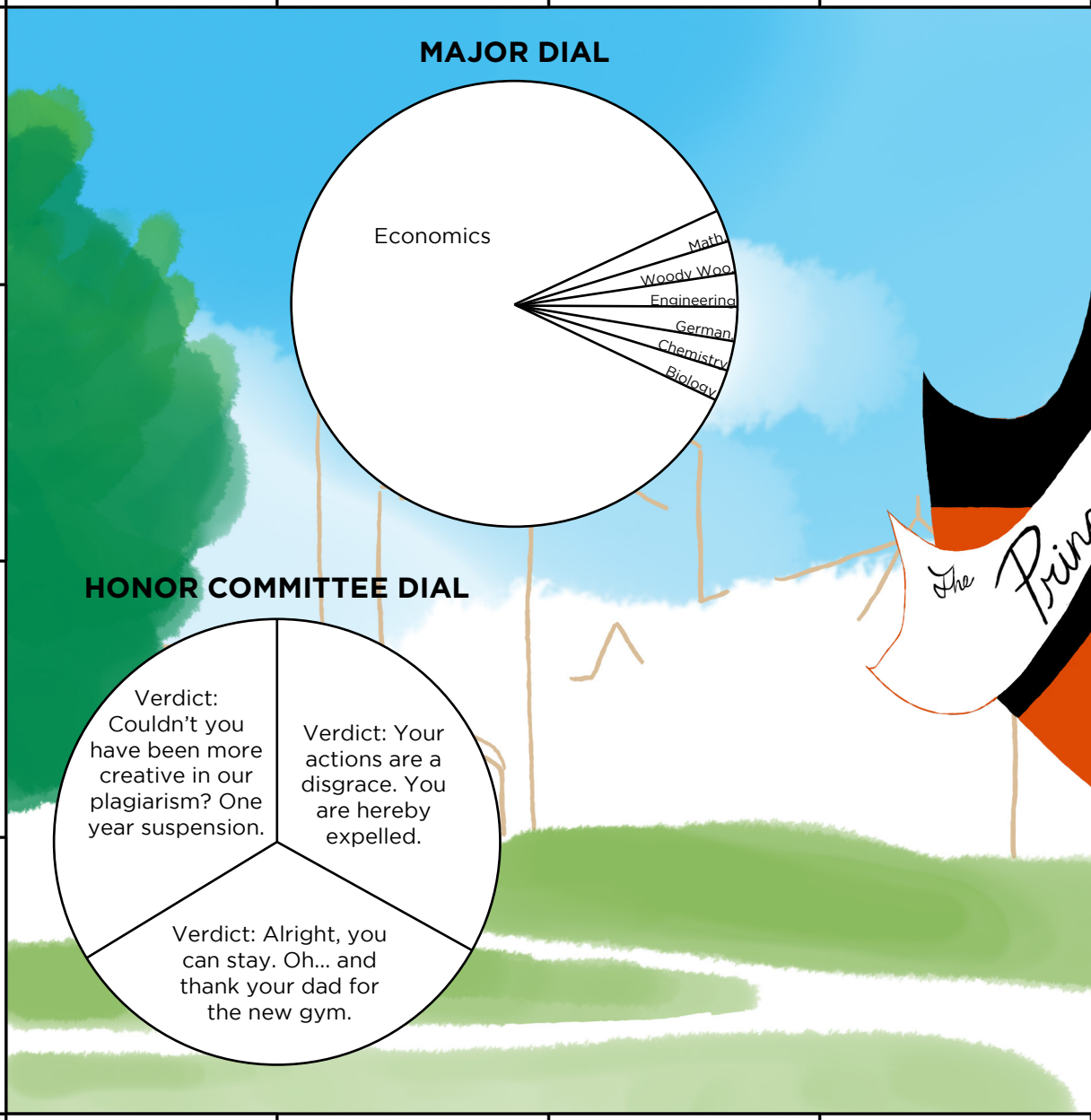
Ah... you buy your first pair of Brooks Brothers khakis, and you learn how to say "Hi" with a smile and not mean it. **Ahead 3 spaces.**

You marry, attend an endless number of hopelessly dull cocktail parties, and kick the bucket at 75. **Back 26 spaces.**

You finally learn the lyrics to "Old Nassau." **Ahead 2 spaces.**

You spend a decade or so in Europe in order to "find yourself." **Back 1 space.**

Not so fast, though. The U-Store's computers don't make mistakes, and you're going to court for $3,739 in unpaid bills. **Back 4 spaces.**



Because of an outrageous computer error you are allowed to graduate. **Ahead 1 space.**

You begin to wonder why you didn't go to U.C.L.A. after all. **Back 2 spaces.**

You go for that girl in the corner, yes, the really disgusting one, because you're so desperate, but you get blasted first so you don't remember anything. **Ahead 1 space.**

On March 21st of your senior year you choose a thesis topic. **Ahead 3 spaces.**

You get incredibly trashed at the Annex and pour a pitcher of beer over your J.P. advisor. **Back 2 letter grades.**

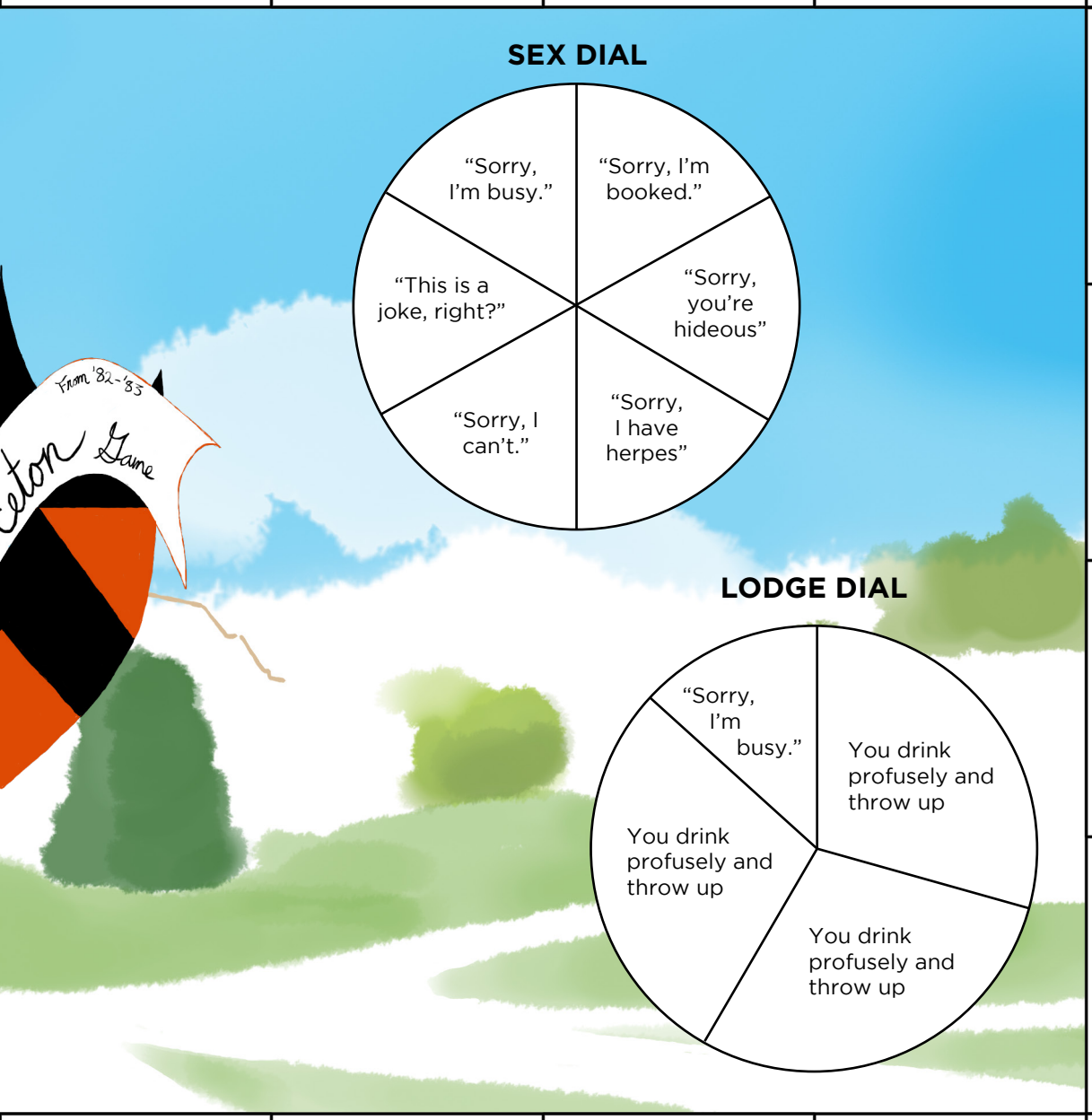
You panic when you pull 3 "D's" and an "F" on your midterms. **Welcome to Princeton.**

You just can't take it anymore. **See "The Middlesex Community College Game."**

You manage to stop yourself from laughing at the pseudo-intellectuals in your literature precept. **Ahead 1 space.**

During the first week of your sophomore year you get up the nerve to ask someone out. **Spin Sex Dial.**

You fall into a psychological rut. **Ahead 3 spaces.**



You snort coke for the first time. **Up 2 miles; down $125.**

You wear a leather jacket and a bike chain to your Bicker session at Cap. **Back 4 spaces.**

You fall into a psychological rut. **Back 3 spaces.**

You get caught with a hot plate in your room. **Go directly to Dean Brown's office. Do not pass Go.**

You draw a 90 sq. ft. junior single in New New Quad.

After close scrutiny the Biology Department discovers that your exam was actually Darwin's *Origin of the Spieces*. **Spin Honor Committee Dial.**

You chose a major. **Spin Major Dial.**

You get a crew cut and turn Republican and "explore new tweed." **Ahead 2 spaces.**

You grow long hair and a beard and "explore new intellectual horizons." **Back 15 years.**

EDITORIAL

Bobby Kennedy decides not to run.

Eugene McCarthy decides to campaign, not with the idea of becoming President, but as a vehicle for voter discontent. He does well in New Hampshire and decides that he does, after all, deserve and desire the nation's highest office.

Bobby Kennedy decides to run. Hmmm.

President Johnson decides not to run, but simultaneously takes steps that may lead to nomination by acclamation.

SURPRISE! Richard Nixon announces his candidacy once again, exhibiting a love of sport for sport's sake rivaling that of the Mets-with a record to match.

George Romney cops the Short-Hitter Award of the campaign, leaving his supporters (including Governor Rockefeller) stranded deep in center field, while he's safe at home.

As for Vice-President Humphrey, well, just ask Hubert.

Obviously these men have little or no idea of what they are doing or hope to accomplish. There is one man, however, whose determination and single-mindedness of purpose place him head and shoulders above the rabble.

That man is General Lewis B. Hershey.

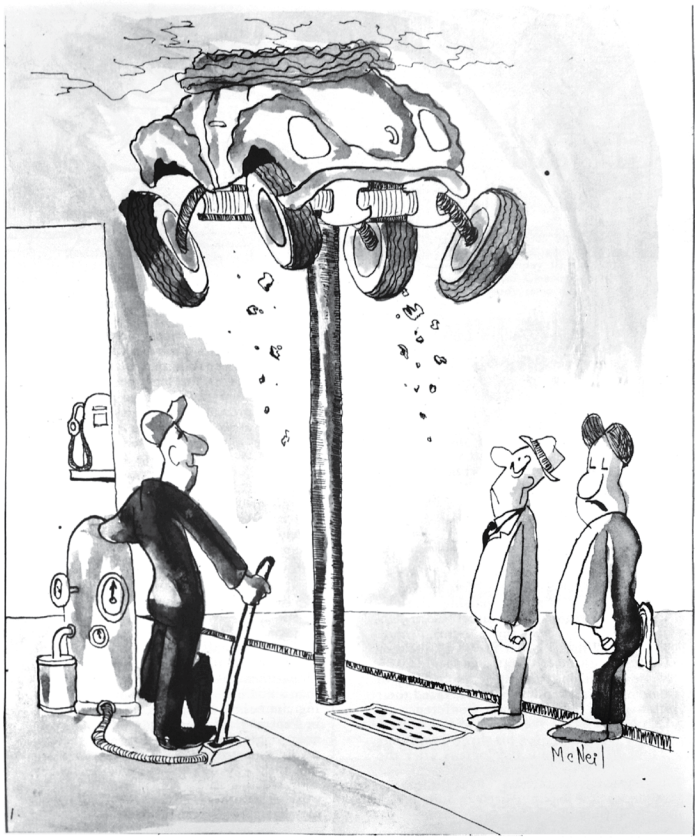
It is glaringly apparent to anyone of college age that General Hershey is a man who commands tremendous power, a man to be feared and reckoned with; indeed, a man who represents a threat to life as we know it. It should be equally apparent that Lyndon Johnson is a frustrated man, a man defeated, a leader shackled by public opinion, Congress, and the Constitutional limitations of his power.

The Presidency is the ideal position for General Hershey.

What more fitting reward for a man who has held the youth of America in a stranglehold for all these years ad senilium? We advocate this change in Hershey's situation from one where his wish is a command to one where his command might as well be a wish.

DRAFT HERSHEY FOR PRESIDENT.

Son, you've got to quit running home every time you get in a jam.



Okay, Harris. Let's smell the ol' lunch thermos.

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