

The PRINCETON TIGER

The wise man knows her

TIGER?!

I barely
KNOW
her!



Valentine's Day 2013

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The PRINCETON TIGER

TIGER?! I BARELY KNOW HER!
Vol. CXXX, No. 2

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SPIRES & GARGOYLES

THE ISSUE AT HAND

There are approximately 22 pages in this magazine dedicated to love, lust, and the tumults of the human heart. In the coming pages, you will be regaled with sage wisdom, cautionary tales, the macroeconomic implications of the declining moral fiber of our country, and all sorts of other lewdness befitting of Valentine's Day. If there is something you wanted to read about February 14th, it is a statistical near certainty you'll find it in the magazine you now hold.

This is not one of those pages, because good God, if I have to read another god-damn article about Valentine's Day, I'm going to burn down a Hallmark. Instead, this page is dedicated to something else. Anything else. Everything else. How's the weather today? Let's talk about that instead. Well, I can't, because I wrote this two weeks ago. Instead, just entertain yourself with that for awhile instead of thinking about the fact that in a month where a great many useful, important things happened, the day we care most about by a wide margin is the utterly arbitrary date of the 14th. Admittedly, not too many great things happened, because it's a bit of a runt of a month, but hey, two presidents' birthdays is something, right?

I'm not the kind of person who is anti-Valentine's Day, because it's a made-up holiday engineered by a corporation to make money (though it is), or because I'm a hopeless cynic who

will be spending my Valentine's Day drinking heavily instead of interacting with another human being (though I am). I'm not even, strictly speaking, against Valentine's Day. But there is no way that a day that's all about intimate, private, and meaningful

moments with a loved one needs this much publicity. Red and pink boxes of chocolate were on store shelves before the ball finished falling in Times Square (there's no appropriate way to make MLK day commercially viable, so January's kind of a down month for overhyped holidays). You could literally kiss your girlfriend or boyfriend at midnight and go out to get a giant teddy bear and industrial-sized crate of candy on special and still be back home before NBC gets to stop pretending people care when it's midnight in Los Angeles.

Instead of not talking about Valentine's Day, I've talked exclusively about it. This is what happens when I'm allowed to go off on tangents. I need a person whose entire job is to follow me around and keep me from getting distracted from what I'm talking about, but I digress.

What I guess I'm trying to say is this: if you've got someone to spend the day (and possibly the night, too!) with, have a great time. And if you don't, don't worry about it—just remember that dance floors are dark, and you're not the only one with nothing better to do. The promise of Princeton is that no matter how sad or lonely you may be, there's an equally sad and lonely person out there (math department, we're looking at you!) that's just waiting to meet you. And if not, there's always whiskey.

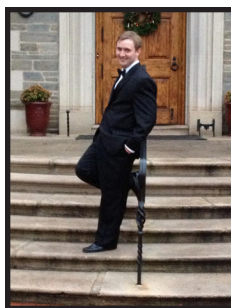
Drunkenly yours,



Tim Matchen '14
Chairman



TIM MATCHEN, CHAIRMAN/BENGAL TIGER ADMIRER



CLASSIFIEDS

Classy girl? You deserve a classy guy (me). If you enjoy the finer things in life, you might just enjoy spending your Valentine's day with me. Give me a call at

609 785 1349.

HOW 2 GET LAID

BY KEVIN SHI '15

ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

Listen. Do you hear that? That's the sound of a thousand lonely women. That's the sound of failure. I'm here to fix that failure and turn you into teen of the year. After pussy-hounding for all thirteen years of my life, I have 3 tips sure to get your game on.



Raise the Romance

As the culture of sexting and half-night stands blossoms, it's important to realize that the romantic requirements for smanking are higher than ever. Intricate Petrarchan sonnets and Hoobastank music videos will no longer get anyone in the mood. Instead, it's important to utilize body language. Mindlessly tugging at clothes and playing human Tetris are great ways to prime the pump. If your target is a little old-fashioned, and you are capable of speech, utilizing sentences that start with "let's" and end in "in the rain" are how to get 'em going. In the rare case that your target is a homeschooled aristocrat, shouting "YOU LOOK LIKE EMMA STONE!" is how to get the pants off.

Put it on a Pedestal

It's important to realize that smang is how humanity sustains itself. It's literally the most important thing in the world. The more you think about it, the more pressure you'll put on yourself to get it on and get it in without protection. Putting this ferocious, unrealistic pressure on yourself is the first step to success. As your conquests inevitably diverge from the ideal, you will feel invigorated and empowered by your crushing failures to live up to your own expectations. This energy will radiate from you as an attractive, pitiable aura. Ultimately, it's like the placebo effect (in that you'll eat a lot of Tic-Tacs for nothing). Besides, putting pressure on yourself is a great way to alleviate performance anxiety.

Cling

You have to be in deep to go in deep. The old days of "a lot of fish in the sea" are over. For our generation, rising sea levels and overfishing have resulted in a lot less fish per unit sea. So when you go sea trawling, you can't afford to have a change of heart, lest you end up with a flounder. So stick with it, no matter how many pieces your soul ends up in. I mean, it worked out for Ahab right? You have to be insatiable if you want any fulfilling blowhole action. Having a "harpoon" doesn't hurt either. Well, only the first time.

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Sterling silver Princeton University key ring, \$90.

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Enamel Princeton University cufflinks, \$75.



Sterling silver and enamel tiger charm bracelet, \$125.



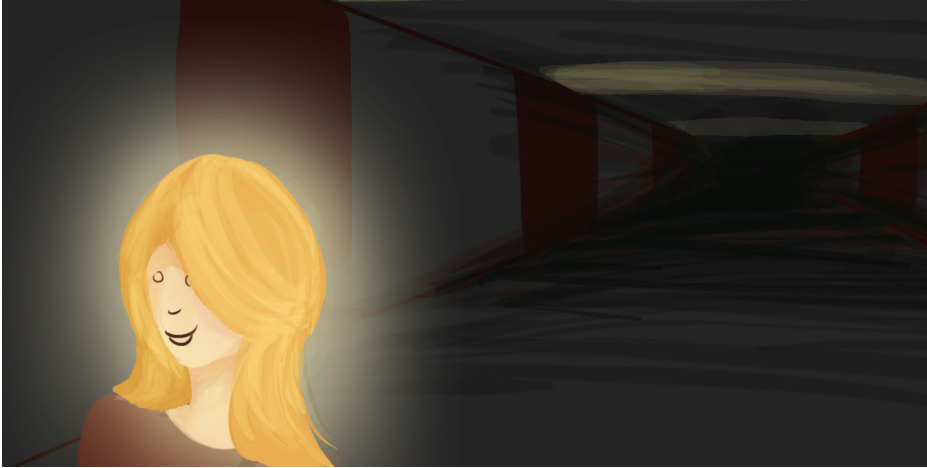
Enamel Princeton University money clip, \$50.

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LOVE AND LUST IN THE BUBBLE: MY DESDEMONA

BY ADLAN JACKSON '15. ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16



As Frost once wrote, “at last came a knock.” You appeared at my door, hair golden in the phosphorescent glow of the lights that lined our hall. You looked at me, they seemed to go on forever. Your hand clasped in mine, we went out into the frigid night air. Jocundly, we found ourselves at the stone steps of the Tiger Inn. Oh, how the old house stood! How it stood tall and broad and great as Vesuvius. A bouncer, down at us two, glowered grizzled and grey, but you didn’t miss a beat. Producing four passes, like Adam from the clay. Two for me, two for you, you smiled winsomely at his aged face, staring into years of hardship with the resolve of Dionysus at the door of Hades.

We shuffled our coats away from us, and walked down the wooden stairs that had seen so many stories, that were so much older than we two. From the cold and now into the heat! The fire of bodies entangled, of passions flaring, and the siren’s song from all around us, all the while: I’m feeling sexy and free, like glitter’s raining on me. Quickly, then, I did, fall to the Beast, as the sweet poison flooded through my veins. I wanted more, I asked for more, but like the Sphinx a stranger stood before me, sang a riddle unto mine ears, “chug one to get one, bro.” And the devil was cruel, but he was honest.

I’m fucked up at this point, and you take me by the hand, my Desdemona, and lead me to the center of the fray that was ensuing in the chamber’s darker half. I looked into her eyes and fell, as Hamlet fell to Laertes’ poisoned-tipped blade.

And then, her eyes.
And then, her breath.
And then, her lips and mine.

And before I could my brain truly knew, fully understood, you pulled away, and at last you spoke, “Yo, I’m drunk!” Here, you laughed into my shoulder, and it was the happiest I’d ever been. “Are you drunk? Do you wanna get out of here?” And so we went. I’d almost given up on love, but here it was. Real and stark as the nose before my face. I held my tears behind my eyes.

“Oh my god! What day is it?” It was Thursday. “Frist is open! Do you wanna get pizza? Actually, I shouldn’t. No, whatever. I want pizza.” The way you spoke was so easy, so free, as though you’d done this a million times. When we found ourselves at the checkout line, you smiled at me, “are you gonna pay?” It was my hour, and though I fumbled a few seconds, I managed to complete the magic, handing my Prox over to be swiped. Victory.

But then, it happened.
“Becky?” Someone asked.
“Donna?” You answered.

“I haven’t seen you in, like, so long!” I waited for you to finish your chat, my eyes closed because I’m wasted, waiting for you to return, softly to my side, the arc of your head fitting neatly into my neck.

But you didn’t come.

Instead, I watched you walk away, my Ophelia drifting down the river. It became clear to me, like so many limpid pools of deepest blue: coffee dates trump DFMOs.

LOVE POEMS BY MAX GOLLIN '16

11/14: A HAIKU

November fourteenth
If today is your birthday
Your mom got flowers

DEAR BRIDGET

Your eyes
bright blue as the sky
and equally vacant
Your lips
like roses in bloom
and just as painful to touch
Your hair
like the finest silk
appears to have been excreted by larvae
Your skin
smooth as a tranquil lake
and just as weirdly salty
Your soul
as pure as our love
and equally nonexistent

TRAFFIC LIGHTS SUCK

Violets are red
Roses are blue
Oh shit I’m colorblind
Now what do I do?



LOOKING FOR A FRIEND WITH BENEFITS

Not looking forward to this Valentine’s Day? Feeling blue? Long for the smell of chocolate melted by body heat? Then look no further. This mechanical engineer is here to bring some “bounce” and “shearing friction” into your life. Call me at

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TROJANS AND THEIR CONDOMS

BY ELIOT LINTON '15. ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA WANG '16



So after six years of digging, I'm actually starting to suspect the ancient Trojans never actually used condoms. Maybe it's funny to these corporation fat cats to throw around connections like condoms and Troy that and trick people into wasting years of their life only become the laughing stock of the archaeological community. I guess I'm not up on "ironic humor."

My twelve children and I and I have been digging at Troy since I got the prophylactic research bug in 2006 (a purely academic interest). But after year of research, my only conclusion is that those ancient Trojans were going raw 24/7. Soil deposits contained not a lick of lubricant, spermicidal or otherwise. With each set of foundations we uncovered we were sure we had found one of Troy's storied condom factories or sexual health clinics, but dig after dig revealed amphitheaters, houses, hordes of treasure—just nothing that could be useful for keeping semen out of a lady.

And I cannot tell you the number of times we were sure we had found evidence of some kind of primitive ribbing-for-her-pleasure, but it always turned out to be something else—usually just ribs.

Now I had read The Iliad extremely carefully, and every description Homer gives of the Trojans makes them seem like exactly the kind of people who would wrap their penises in little rubber sheaths before having sex. But, now that I'm really

looking for it, he never mentions it directly. He pretty much just calls them "breakers of horses." Hell, I even rewatched the sex scenes in Troy and honestly they seem bareback.

I worried briefly that the mistake had been on my end. So I returned to the states, delved into some records, and found that the condoms are in fact Trojan brand and not, as a short-lived theory suggested, Trajan brand. So I had been digging in the right ancient society. But still, why in the world would the condoms be called Trojans?

I investigated a number of high school and college football programs also called Trojans to see if that could be the origin for the condom giant's name, but they displayed even less evidence of condom use.

So why did you do it Trojan? Was it so important to you to put a little helmet on your wiener-sleeves that you invented a false origin and covered up the paper trail? Why not Jersey Condoms or Hoosier Condoms or Newspaperman Condoms? I guess I'll never understand you, because I'm just a simple archaeologist.

Well, I have given up the hope of being the Heinrich Schlimmer of the contraceptive world. I guess I'll turn my sights elsewhere and leave my failures behind. The closest thing I found there was a three thousand year old Lifestyles wrapper, but it was printed in hieroglyphics.

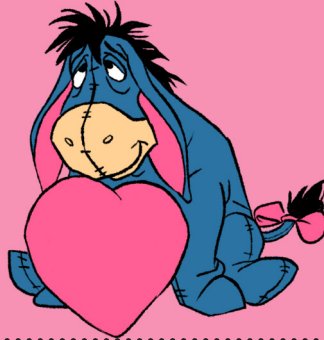
CUT-OUT VALENTINE CARDS

BY MAX GOLLIN '16. ILLUSTRATED BY KATIE ROSE '15

BOKUWAGANANA



Happy
Valentines Day!
It's a great day...



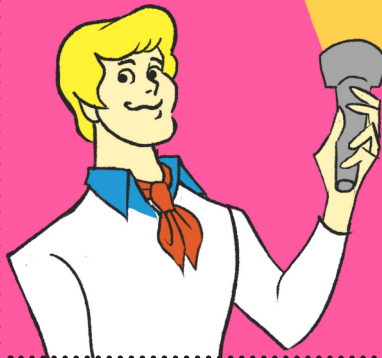
**BE MINE
VALENTINE**



I've got some
sweet moves for
you, Valentine!



HEY VALENTINE, IF YOU LOOK
INTO MY CLOSET....



Oi, Valentine!

What do you have in
common with buckbeak?



**HAPPY
VALENTINE'S DAY**



**HEY VALENTINE!
WANNA KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE MADE OF?**

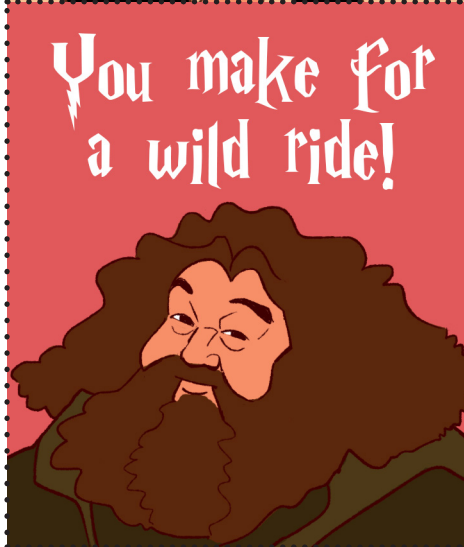
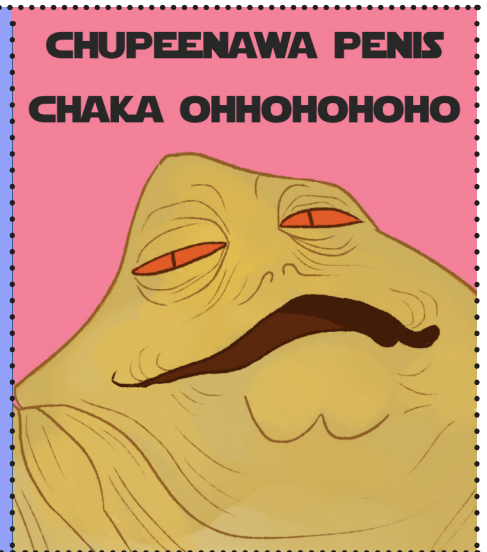
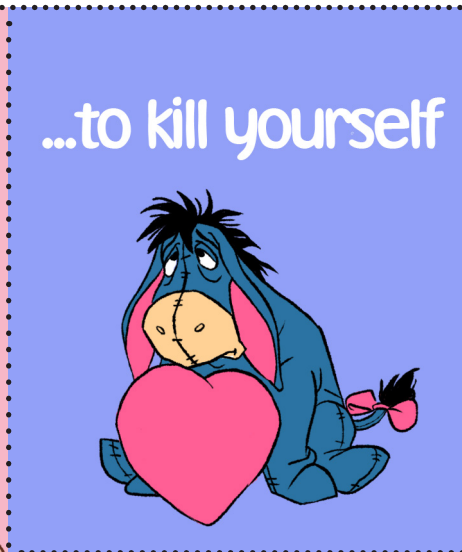
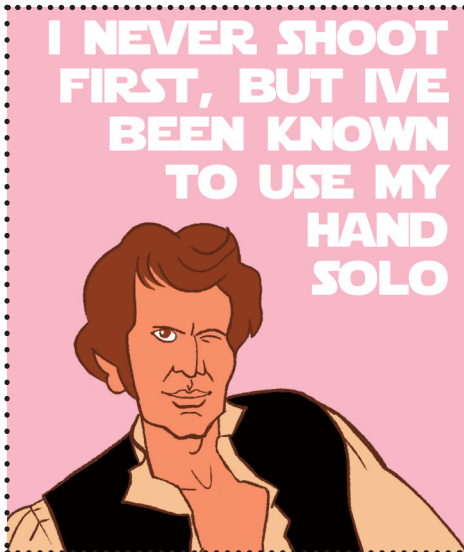


HEY VALENTINE...



CUT-OUT VALENTINE CARDS

CUT THESE CHARMING VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS OUT, AND GIVE THEM TO THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE. FROM TIGER WITH LOVE.



SURREALIST'S GUIDE to GIVING THE PERFECT BLOWJOB

by
Trevor Klee '15

1 Become an alligator

2 If he is also an alligator, hover
several feet above ground.

Place hamburger
into oven, bake
medium well
until juice is gone.

Ascend into higher plane
of existence until umami
is achieved.

He is now
scratchpaper,
ask yourself why.

OH GOD WHY



TO OUTDO HARVARD
PRINCETON APPROVES

ORGY ON CANNON GREEN

BY CONNOR STONESIFER '16
ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

PRINCETON, NJ — Less than a week after Harvard officially recognized Harvard College Munch, a student group devoted to kinky sex, the Ivy League's kinky sex arms race escalated. Yesterday, Princeton University issued a press release encouraging the freshman class to participate in a class-wide orgy on Cannon Green. The event is tentatively dubbed 'Princeton Bunch.'

University officials tout the orgy as an innovative and ultimately beneficial power play. 'Princeton Bunch' shows that Princeton is a tolerant institution, and it may also be a solution to the overcrowding caused by the historically large freshman class, the administration attests. "If we can encourage students to share multiple partners, then all those singles will become quads due to four-ways, freeing space for next year's freshmen," said one official, trying to fit a new memory card into his camcorder.

Moreover, University President Shirley Tilghman hopes the event will spell the end of Greek life. "Sex is the only reason fraternities and sororities exist in the first place. If we give freshmen sex, there'll be no ground for Greek life to stand on," she said excitedly.

Students across campus seem to be responding quite positively to the announcement. When told of the news, Josh Martin '16, a prospective Physics major, was silent for a long moment. He then muttered, "This is my chance," and ran to his closet, returning with two inflatable tentacles and a latex

mask faintly reminiscent of Steven Seagal.

Many upperclassmen expressed disappointment that they will not be able to participate in the event, but cited the Steam tunnels, St. A's parties, and Mehek Indian Restaurant as spots where they've had their taste of mass sexual ecstasy. They also said they look forward to watching the freshman class in action. Graduate students are upset with their exclusion from the event and have planned a marathon of public masturbation in protest.

While the date of 'Princeton Bunch' is not yet confirmed, RCAs have been told to distribute condoms and environmentally degradable chokers to students over the next few weeks. The freshman class council will also be selling commemorative hoodies reading "Harvard sucks, but we suck better," at a price exorbitantly higher than their true value. All proceeds will go towards clean-up costs and the helicopter-borne deluge of lube that will be poured over the lawn.

The relationship between Princeton and Harvard has long been characterized by friendly competition. Animal abuse, statistical forgery relating to Asian student attendance, and mathematics are all some of the new innovative college practices that have come out of this storied rivalry. Is there room in the annals of Princeton history for another of these great traditions? 'Princeton Bunch' hopes to slide its way in.

LOVE IS...

BY ANDREW SONDERN '15

- Love is a Battlefield episode, specifically "Scandinavia: The Forgotten Front," that you watched in precept with her.
- Love is not having to say "you're sorry," because she kept the pencil you lent her.
- Love is imagining her as the subject of every song, "Yakety Sax" notwithstanding.
- Love is hoping that when you see her texting someone, she's texting you.
- Love is thinking that she texted you when 2 spambots followed you on Twitter in rapid succession.
- Love is compulsively checking your email, in case she sent you an email instead.
- Love is passionately kissing her on the neck, only to wake up making out with your pillow. It will never call back.
- Love is when your search history includes "What is Love" and "What is Love Actually, not the Haddaway song" and then "What is Love, Actually, but not the film Love, Actually or the Haddaway song" then giving up and watching the film while listening to the song.

THINGS NOT TO USE **CONDOMS** AS

1. Dialysis bags
2. Parachutes
3. Parachute pants
4. Improvised flotation devices
5. Shoe shine cloths
6. Booties for infant children
7. Emotional support
8. Investment advice
9. Snake skin replicas

THINGS NOT TO USE **AS** **CONDOMS**

10. Vaginas

HOW TO BE SEX POSITIVE

BY DAN ABROMOWITZ '13. ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA WANG '16 & ANGELA ZHOU '16

CELEBRATE

Throwing an event? Put out a condom bowl, or put condoms and lube in gift bags! Put condoms in the food & drinks. Place a hex on your guests so condoms spill out of their mouths.



COMPROMISE

Take your own needs as seriously as the needs of your partner. Weigh fairly how much you need to pee against how much your partner would prefer for you to not pee in the bedroom.



COMMUNICATE

Open a dialogue with teens about healthy sex practices, regardless of whether they're sexually active. Flag them down in the high school parking lot, yell sex tips you thought of on the drive over. Teens will listen.

CONSULT

Ask if your doctor is "sex positive." Demand to see the test results. "How can a doctor treat me for sex when that *doctor is sex positive*?" you scream, as the receptionist tries to explain no, that's not how that works.

YELL

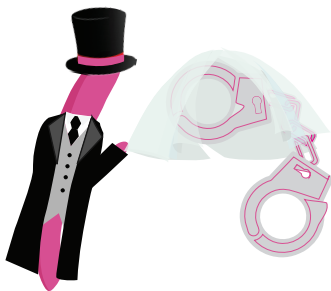
Sex shouldn't be silent, sex should be joyous! Hoot and holler during sex, the whole time.

FOCUS

Take sex seriously. Do not tell jokes. Do not perform sleight-of-hand and three-card monte (or, "Find the Lady"). It is just rude.

SHARE

Sex is a partner activity (there's no "me" in "mutual masturbation") so respect your partner. Bow before beginning, close their eyes by drawing your hands over their face at the end. Always use proper honorifics.



ACCESSORIZE

Be willing to introduce marital aids, or "toys," into the bedroom. Give them names like "Ol' Wobbly" and "The Gooch." Construct elaborate narratives and relationships between them. Kill them off, one by one. Who's the killer? It was "The Gooch" all along.

INFORM

Try being honest and open about your masturbation habits. Raise a red flag from your roof when you're masturbating. Distribute flyers to inform your neighbors. A potluck is a great way to get the word out.



EXPLORE

Yes, feminist porn is out there, if you know how to find it! Light a candle, and say "Gender Trouble" three times into a mirror. It is regular porn but with no bras.

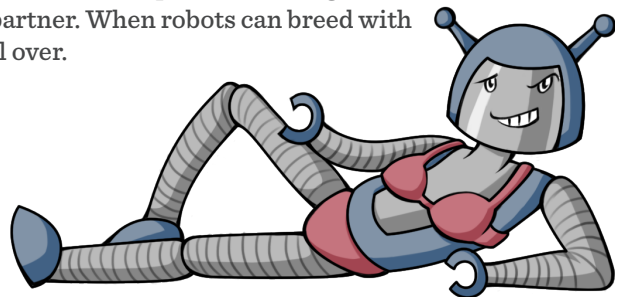


VISUALIZE

See sex as much as you feel it! Do it with the lights on. Observe from a safe emotional distance.

LEARN

Cyber sex, or "cybering," is a great way to get comfortable with sexual vocabulary. Be sure, though, to administer periodic Turing tests to your partner. When robots can breed with us, it's all over.



SPACE DATING

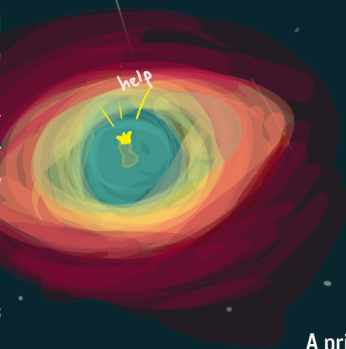
BY DENNARD DAYLE '13. ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

Are you single? More importantly, are you desperate? Finally, do you want to cross the border between planets and species into a realm of pleasures unknown? Our guide to intergalactic dating should fulfill all of your xenophilic needs.

HENRY 8

This planet's immortal god-king married and executed half of the female population until revolutionaries shot him into the center of their sun. He now resides in the molten center of the dying star.

BRING: lube, ice cubes



ACHERON

Couples are selected via random lottery and wed for life. Disproportionately high number of unsolved murders.

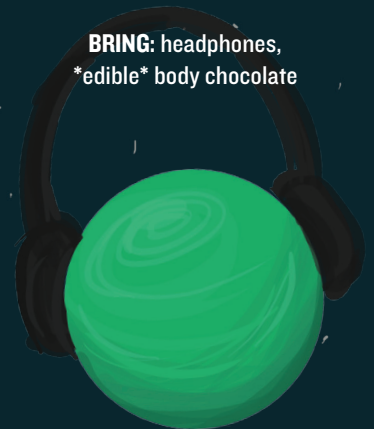
BRING: wedding ring, lube



ODYSSEY 4

Here, a race of carnivorous sirens attempt to lure starships astray with their voices. Fortunately, sound cannot travel through space.

BRING: headphones, *edible* body chocolate



STYGIA

A prison for the galaxy's worst criminals, run entirely by their jilted lovers. A common target of Amnesty Intergalactic.

BRING: flowers



SYLVUS

The inhabitants of this world are ubiquitously intelligent, witty, patient, driven, and willing to compromise. They are also sentient balls of acidic slime.

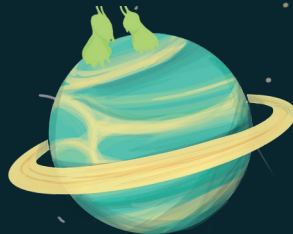
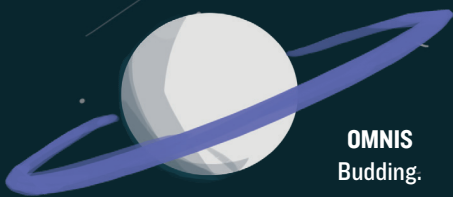
BRING: sense of adventure, NaOH



OMNIS

Budding.

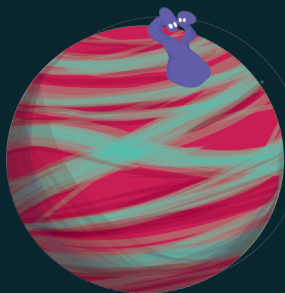
BRING: It On, the Musical



VANIA

A planet of two-headed hermaphrodites in codependent relationships with themselves.

BRING: condoms, open mind



DEPRAVIA XXX

The less that is said, the better.

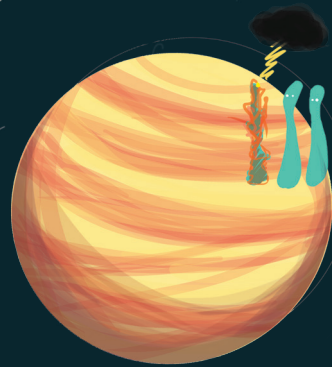
BRING: a camera



GINTINI

The inventors and lead practitioners of hyperspeed dating. Each hyperspeed date lasts for 15 seconds. Going overtime is penalized with a near-lethal electric shock. As a result, the Gintini language has broken down to a series of rapid clicks and hand gestures.

BRING: translator, bible



IONEIA PRIME

Due to a wildly imbalanced gender ratio, male suitors must compete in a planetwide tournament called "The Games." Every year, arena fights to the death are broadcast across the galaxy for romantics, sports fans, and gamblers alike. The survivors release shitty books and overrated movies about their experience.

BRING: passes, two of any color

REAL PICKUP LINES

BY ELIOT LINTON '15. ILLUSTRATED BY KATIE ROSE '15



Want to cleave her loins, but worry she's on the lookout for canned phrases that might give away your singleminded pursuit of her virtue? Read ahead! Right now, for a limited time only: Real Pick Up Lines! The result of years of painstaking trial and error! Ready for use by today's man on today's aware modern lady!

If I could rearrange the alphabet, I wouldn't want to, because that would be massively inconvenient for most of the world... but but if you asked, I'd do it for you.

Are you from Tennessee? Because I detect just a smidgeon of an accent, don't worry, though, it's cute! No I mean it, that wasn't condescending at all!

You look like a lot like my cousin!

Is your name Jamie? It's alright, I'm bad with names.

Are you a libra? ...because you're wearing a birthday tiara and I'm pretty good at Zodiacs! Oh, hey man, no! Just asking. Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize—Please don't shove me like that.

I hope you're alright at sex, 'cause I'm not.

How big is a fat penguin? I don't know either, because they're starving. You look like someone who cares. Have a tote-bag.

Hey didn't I see your face in the dictionary under "Face"?

Hey Babe, what winks and fucks like a tiger? My douchebag brother-in-law, Marty. I just know he's screwing around on my sister and... Yeah, this is him. What? Yeah, I guess I'll hold your drink while you dance with him. Aw, Marty!

Baby you must be tired, because you look really, really tired.

You must be a parking ticket, because a government official insists I attend to you.

Let me go down on you for like an hour. If you don't want to have sex after that, we won't.



DISCONTINUED CANDY HEARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL GLASSMAN '15

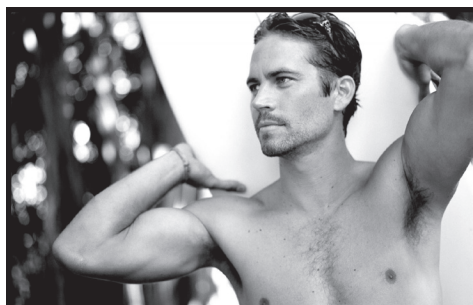
VALENTINE'S DAY GIFT GUIDE BY JEAN-CARLOS ARENAS '16

WHAT YOUR BOYFRIEND WANTS

1. For you to stop watching romantic comedies that raise the bar too damn high.
2. The right to name his firstborn "Luke," so he can proclaim at birth "Luke, I am your father."
3. Speaking of which, a lightsaber.
4. Catapult. Or trebuchet. He's not picky.
5. A Jaguar. The car, not the animal.
6. A jaguar. The animal, not the car.
7. Batmobile.
8. A superpower. Preferably flight or super strength.
9. A blowjob.
10. A blowjob. Then sex.

WHAT HE THINKS YOU WANT

1. 50 Shades of Black: the hardcore sequel to 50 Shades of Gray.
2. "Have you been running more recently? You look thin."
3. For him to admit that you're right in an argument when you both know you're wrong.
4. For him to stop asking if it's that "time of the month." If you wanted him to know, you'd tell him.
5. Personal (Zumba/Pilates/other trendy exercise) instructor.
6. Him to go to your (Zumba/Pilates/other trendy exercise) class.
7. For Teen Mom to win an Emmy.
8. A stable relationship.
9. A stable of unicorns.
10. A stable of unicorns all in stable relationships.



LOOKING FOR HUMAN

Looking for a strong man to treat you well and show you a good time this Valentine's Day? It's probably too late for that—why not settle for less? Will pay for dinner as long as it's not super pricey. Generally punctual. **609 785 1349.**

LED-ZEPPELIN IV

A SEX DIARY

BY ADLAN JACKSON '15
ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15 & KATIE ROSE '15

Led Zeppelin's iconic fourth record is quite possibly the biggest, meanest, sexiest rock album of all time. So I fucked to it. Get ready. It's Led Zeppelin IV: a sex diary.

8
TRACKS

4
SPEEDBALLS

40
FBI AGENTS

MULTIPLE
ORGASMS



BLACK DOG

You know what this means: doggy style. And by that, I mean there's a lot of yelping and barking on my part. I'm confused, on all fours, being told repeatedly to behave myself, and being beaten with a rolled up newspaper for urinating everywhere. Yeah, I know what sex is all about.

ROCK & ROLL

What a raucous experience. The sensations I'm feeling are just too real. I'm an eagle right now, and my love partner and I are contorting into shapes previously unimaginable. Somewhere in the far reaches of the soundscape, someone cries out! *Pure pleasure.*

BATTIE & EVERMORE

It's an all out war. A *sex war*, that is. A war of passion, a war of intimacy. She's beating me senseless. I'm not sure this person has the best of intentions for me, and I contemplate escaping many times.

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

The opening chords wash over us as the climax approaches. Every Celtic-tinged note on every woodwind is a gentle whisper in my ear: "*Cuuuuuum...*" I feel the soft breaths of the flautists tickle my earlobes as the frenzy picks up, and everything goes blank. Until, of course, the guitar solo rams its way into view, and suddenly I am struck, as if by lightning, by a blinding clarity. Everything that ever was, and will be dances before me in A-minor pentatonic.

REFRACTORY PERIOD

In the golden afterglow, I lay feebly in bed, struggling to overcome the cosmic forces at work. I stagger up to turn over the record, but I'd forgotten to put the needle down in the first place. Also, I'm on a lot of drugs. I've soiled myself multiple times. Side Two.

MISTY MOUNTAIN HOP

Oh, those climbing vocal harmonies. They reach ever skyward, and wrap me in an ecstasy so all-consuming, so ubiquitous, that I momentarily forget how to breathe. An ambulance is called, and inevitably, upon seeing the state of our room, the police get involved. The results of the investigation are pending. Every note is a new feeling, every feeling a new experience.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA

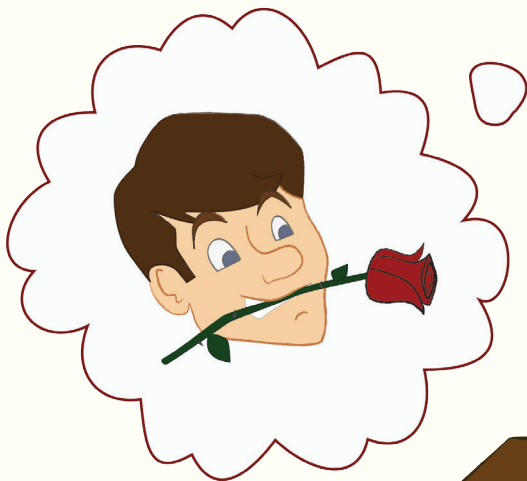
Things begin to wind down as chiming guitar strings waltz their way into view. The energy in the room is mesmerizing. I fall into a half-slumber, contemplating the legal trouble awaiting me in a few hours, and the fact that an entire team of investigators is still in the room with us. Someone told me there's a girl out there with love in her eyes and a flower in her hair. And by flower I mean vagina. *Which I'm fucking. Yeaaaaaaaah.*

WHEN THE LEVEE BREAKS

Possibly the most famous drum beat of all time, it resounds through the air, we continue to attempt slow and steady lovemaking as we are forcibly hauled off by multiple police officers. *When the levee breaks, got no place to stay.*

FOUR STICKS

I mean, do I even have to?



A Letter To My 18-Year-Old Self

Namkyu Oh '16

DEAR 18-YEAR-OLD SELF,

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL GLASSMAN '15

You bubble with independence and are surrounded by a campus of like-minded individuals in a sea of Milwaukee's Best. College has made you a solemn promise since day one of freshman year, that every Thirsty Thursday, Fucked-up Friday, and Sloppy Saturday, you will have opportunities to ~~meet life-long friends~~ get laid. You'll feel like a kid in a candy store on some of your nights out, and there will be times when you score, but let me first warn you of a few things you should never do in the bedroom.

You'll have a friends-with-benefits thing going on with this girl from Physics class. Shocking, I know. One night, she'll text you, come over, and you'll go at it on your roommate's bed because of some weird location fetish. As you climax, you'll throw your head back and unleash a guttural yell: "YES... OH GOD MILA KUNIS!" This is when she leaves, but as timing would have it, as she's walking out your door, your roommate walks in and finds you under his covers, naked, crying, and unsatisfied. This will be the first of many roommate contract violations.

At another party, a different girl comes up to you. You start talking and bring her back to your room. To avoid another awkward roommate situation, the action moves to your bed. She asks you to put some music on, so you choose R.Kelly's "Bump and Grind." Though you failed a Spanish vocab quiz earlier that week, you drunkenly remember every word to the song, and in that moment, you were infinite. You were R. Kelly—mere seconds from pissing on her (kidding)—soulfully screaming at this girl's

face, spraying her with saliva. She asks you to stop singing, but no, that's not how this works. R. Kelly's sweet, sultry voice melts into your off-key monotone cries in what could be the dopest collaboration this side of Rebecca Black and the random black guy from the Friday video. As the night goes on, you sing along to "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star," the Korean parts of "Gangnam Style," and Beethoven's 9th Symphony. She won't call back.

In general, you probably feel like the dirty things you say, as you very poorly lay it down, help your partner get hot and bothered. It doesn't. I'm not even going to point out a specific instance, because you do this every single time. You're already awkward in normal conversations. What makes you think you're going to turn into a suave sex-talking god as soon as you're going balls deep? When you're in bed, you're like watching the really scrawny guy incorrectly using a machine at the gym. It's cute that you're putting in so much effort and grunting at the insignificant weight you're pushing, but in the end, nobody is impressed. The next time you have the urge to say something like, "Gurl, I know you love this dope dick," don't.

I know that your every breath must be accompanied by searching your phone for a text, wall post, tweet, or email, but you should not take those bad habits into the bedroom. Let's just say, hypothetically, you're with your girlfriend and in the heat of the moment you hear a ding. Did your phone go off, or did you just get a bad idea? Both. Then, hypothetically, you find yourself slowly inching towards the bedside

table, saying, "Can you move that way? I want to show you something." Your girlfriend hopes you learned a new position, and maybe you did, and maybe it's from Cosmo, which you may or may not have started reading, because you may or may not find it intellectually stimulating. At this point, hypothetically, you're within arms-reach of the phone and decide to go for it. Instead, you fall off the bed, bringing your partner down with you. Luckily, her head hits the bedside table and slows her down, but your impact shake the floor so viciously, your phone falls off the table. Hypothetically, your partner has a bleeding head, needs 10 stitches, and has a very serious concussion. You, hypothetically, have a ruptured disc, blue balls, and no text message. I'm not saying this happens to you, but I'm not saying it doesn't either.

You're probably feeling down on yourself and are considering just being abstinent during college because it's not looking so good. Remember, though, that it's a learning curve. You're going to make mistakes in the beginning and have awkward moments in the bedroom, but that's how you learn and get better at it. Be smart about your actions, care about her wants in bed, and please always use a condom. If you have a kid now, future-you (me) will pay the price. And trust me, kid, you'll be able to please a woman soon enough. It may or may not hit you until you're 65, but until then try to have some fun!

Love,
Your 65-Year-Old Self



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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RANDO WHO JUST FRIEND REQUESTED ME

BY MATT GWIN '14

DEAR STEPHANIE KING,

Thank you for your friend request! You seem like a very nice girl. Well, maybe that's just my eternal optimism. Some might say you seem rather sketchy, friending me despite our having no mutual friends and no prior interactions or knowledge of each other's existence in real or online universes.

Your profile picture, though very low resolution, seems to be a combination of two different mirror-shot selfies. You obviously took the time to Photoshop these two pictures together, so I'm puzzled as to why you were unable to rotate either one to the correct upright orientation. I guess that's just artsy though. In classic Myspace-fashion, you're contorted into the least natural pose possible, presumably to accentuate your curves. In this case, it caused your slightly-too-small tank top to ride up and show a dark spot on your stomach that is either an oddly placed tattoo or an unfortunate patch of fur.

I see you're from Downey Road, California. Is it nice there? Do they have town names in California or is it small enough that you can just navigate just with road names? I've never been to California. I've never even been west of Kansas City, so it seems unlikely that I have ever met you. But maybe my memory is just failing me.

Nonetheless, I'm honored to be the third person in the whole world with whom you wished to consummate your friendship through an official Facebook friend request. And only four hours after joining Facebook! I'm slightly offended that you felt Mohammed Kashif and Salvatore Cammino Bobo were worthy

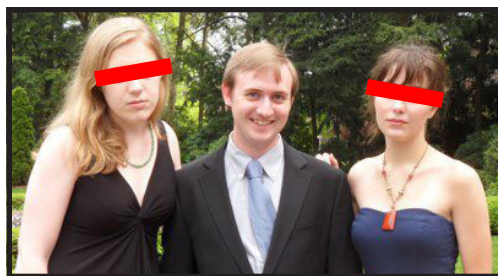
of friend requests more urgently than I. Still, I would like to welcome you to the Facebook community, although I must warn you that I may not be the best person from whom to “learn the ropes” of this whole social media thing, as I probably use it less than a lot of people and I rarely post very interesting or controversial things.

A skeptic might doubt your actual identity, considering you joined Facebook a mere four hours ago, you offer little personal information, and you are already friending people you don't know on the opposite side of the country. It's probably less likely that you're an innocent female looking for new internet acquaintances, and more likely that you're a fake identity for a cop or Dateline reporter running a pedophile sting operation. I'm not a pedophile. Maybe you're even a pedophile yourself, trying to lure me in with that blurry sideways mirrorshot. But like I said, I'm an optimist. I bet we'll turn out to be the best of friends.

Come to think of it, I am perplexed as to how you even found my page. I think I have somewhat conservative privacy settings; I don't “like” or comment on big posts or fan pages; I'm not even the first Matt Gwin in a Google search of “matt gwin facebook.” I have no mutual friends with you or even Mistfers Kashif or Bobo.

I guess it just speaks to your tenacity and perseverance, for which I must commend you. I look forward to lots of good times we will have and memories we will make as Facebook friends. Write back!

Sincerely yours,
Matt Gwin

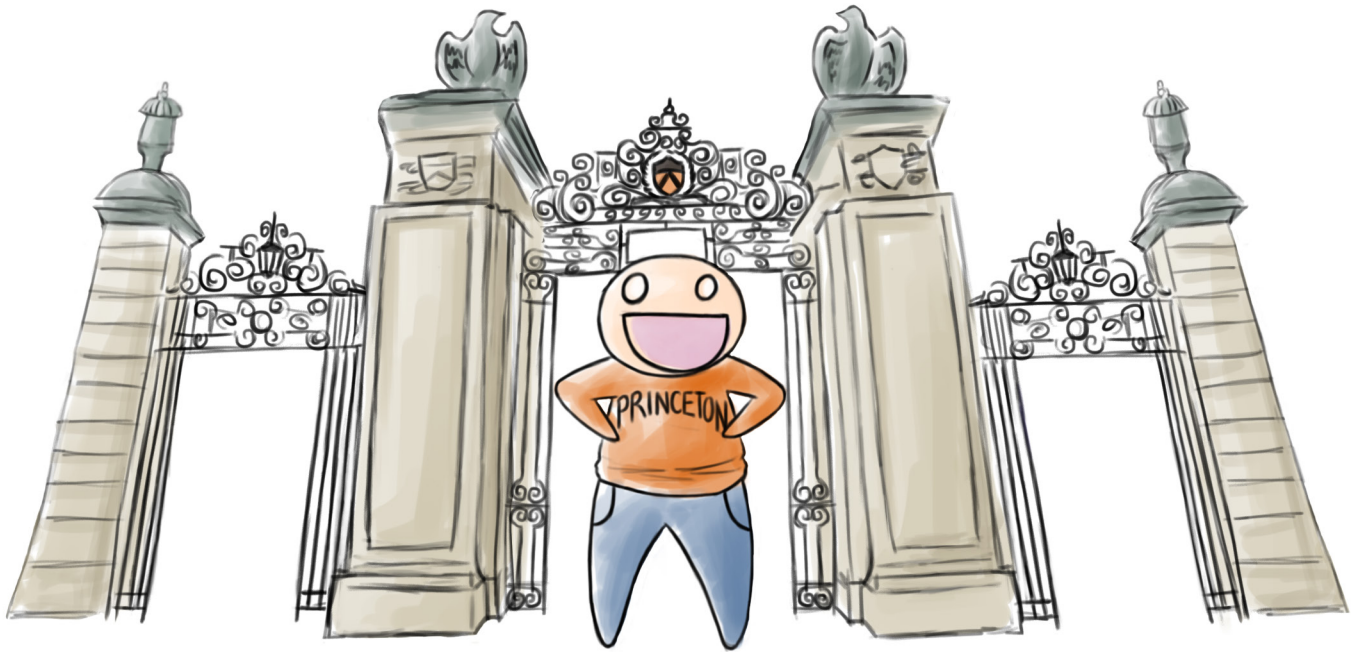


LOOKING FOR A FRIEND

Do you enjoy long walks on the beach, deep conversation, and good companionship? I feel the same way about those things! Let's discuss it this Valentine's Day. Call me. **609 785 1349**.

ADMISSIONS LETTER FIRST DRAFT

By Dennard Dayle '13. Illustrated by Joanna Wang '16



DEAR ADMITTED STUDENT,

Congratulations! You are coming to Princeton. It has been pre-ordained. Not by the stars—we control those—but by our media stranglehold. You'll spend a few weeks pretending to juggle your "options," but everything has already been set in motion. Your parents are already in love with the name, and we know they make all of your important decisions. How else could you have done well enough to get into Princeton? Failing that, they're in love with the aid package. We suggest you get used to the idea: you're going to be here for four years.

You might feel tempted to spend the next few months gloating. Surrender to that temptation. Gloat. Gloat like you've won six gold medals. This is how we sustain our image. Gloat like you've beaten Lance Armstrong's course record without sticking a dirty needle in your ass. High school isn't a game, but you still won. Once you get here, we'll make sure that the metastasizing cancer that is your ego keeps on growing.

You're joining a long line of history-shaping overachievers: God, James Madison, Jesus (legacy admit), F. Scott

Fitzgerald, etc., but the only names you're expected to remember are Woodrow Wilson and Michelle Obama. They are, respectively, a dead man who wore a brown three-piece suit and a woman with longstanding and legitimate disdain for the University. It's best not to spend too long dwelling on the implications.

Your introduction to campus will be a course-free period colloquially known as "frosh week." We suggest bringing the following supplies: one flask, two handles of Jack Daniels, three crisply pressed polo shirts, and four compelling alibis. We also suggest proper preparation to inoculate you against your first semi-legal "beast"-fueled drinking binge. Beast is a concoction consisting of 5% alcohol and 94% deer urine. The original formula used 98% boar urine, but that changed when the FDA set the standards at 95% animal urine and banned boar urine outright.

While recovering from your hangover, you will see a student play called *Sex on a Saturday Night*. Suggesting that this is pornography will not make you clever. *Sex on a Saturday Night* is a cautionary tale about, among other things, date rape. This has the unfortunate side effect of turning

a viewing into an unacknowledged game of "guess the rapist." Really, no one wins.

Meeting people may seem imposing at first, but you have a wealth of options to do so. Join student groups and connect through superficially similar interests like an appreciation of Chinese horticulture. Or, cling to your hallmates like driftwood in Lake Carnegie. Whatever you choose, you'll definitely wear through your RCA's patience or vice-versa within the first month.

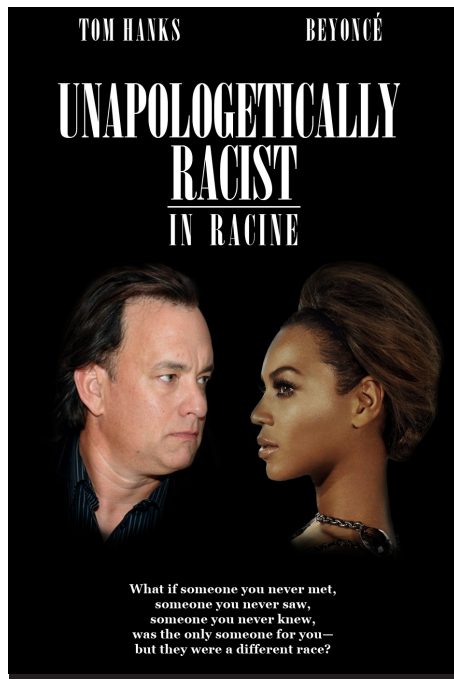
You will more than likely become an alumnus, assuming you don't get sent to prison. We have our own police force to circumvent this. At that point, we will expect money. This machine doesn't fuel itself. Tuition is only the beginning of what is actually a lifetime commitment. And then your kids will come here, and we will own your legacy! In time, you will thank us for the privilege.

Welcome to the family! But for now, know that if you choose Williams we will send men with crowbars to your home.

See you soon,
The Admissions Office

SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL GLASSMAN '15 & CADEN OHLWILER '15



- Sexless in Seattle
- Cleavage in Cleveland
- Hunky-Dory in Houston
- Leprous in Le Mans
- Destitute in Detroit
- Restraining Order in Redmond
- Uncircumcised in Union City

- Menopause in Mandy
- Balls-Deep in Baltimore
- Semen in Seminole Indian Nation
- Whiskey-Dick in Wisconsin
- Can You Get In The Damn Van in Camden
- Chronic Masturbator in Compton

- Fucked Up in a Fairfield Inn and God Damn It Dad Put Just Twenty-Five Dollars Into My Account
- Homeless in Hoboken
- Mugged At Gunpoint in Oakland
- Yeast Infection in Yemen
- Hung in Hong Kong



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RAFANO'S SEX SHOP CLOSES

41 YEAR OLD 'MOM & POP' SEX SHOP TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS

By Eliot Linton '15

Illustrated by Joanna Wang '16

PRINCETON, NJ — Citing the rough economic climate, Rafano Family Sex Provisions, the township's iconic Mom and Pop sex supply store, will be closing its doors Friday.

Agnes and James Rafano opened the store in 1971, and it has stayed a family operation the entire time. Between big names stores like Hustler Hollywood, competition with internet sales, and a decline in the kind of adventurous sex Agnes and James had grown up with, the sex-supply store has seen declining sales for years.

Princeton students were sad to see the place go. "It's a shame," said regular customer Maggie Blume '14, "Agnes really cared about what I was into. Corporations won't come close to that kind of customer attention. She understood when I was going through a choking phase and took time out of her day to help me brainstorm fun safety words. She remembers my favorite dildo size and she has a new one ready for me to try every time I walk in the door."

James and Agnes admit that they just don't know what will happen to the quality of sex-supplies in the area. "Wherever kids are forced to turn will be a serious dip in quality," says Agnes. "Those big name places are just moving products. They don't care if the latex rubs or the chains pinch. But they'll just have to deal with it. When this town doesn't care for handcrafted French Ticklers anymore, I don't know what to do for it."

"He gave me a sex pillow and insisted



it was free of charge," recalls Princeton High School senior Kenny Garland. "All I had to do was carry it out of the store. (His knees failed years ago.) And I'll never forget the time it took both of them twenty minutes to squeeze me into that latex Sub outfit with nipple chains. But thanks to them, I'll always know my size. Sometimes I would just go in to talk to James, when I wasn't even looking to buy."

"When this town doesn't care for handcrafted French Ticklers anymore, I don't know what to do for it."

AGNES RAFANO

"He really understood a lot about the world," Garland added, "And about the clitoral orgasm."

James and Agnes plan to retire to their home in Edison and work through their leftover supplies in the remainder of their golden years.

At press time, sources reported that there was an enormous falloff in sales once it dawned on customers that Mom and Pop have sex.



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LOOKING FOR A COMPANION

Non-queer engineer with beer and no fear over here. Will ride your rear like a steer. Please, please call me. 609 785 1349.



DIRECT INTERCOURSE WITH DR. DICK INMAN

By Max Gollin '16
Illustrated by Katie Rose '15

COX'S QUESTION



DEAR DICK,

My boyfriend is great. We've been seeing each other for 2 years now. He's sweet, thoughtful, and funny, not to mention being fairly "well equipped" downstairs. He takes me out on dates, buys me shoes, and is pretty much everything a girl could dream of. The only problem is, things have gotten a little boring in bed. We just don't

have the same spark we used to. It always just ends up being the same routine over and over again, to the point that it just feels like a chore. Do you have any advice on how we could spice up our sex life?

Desperately yours,
Anita Cox

DICK'S ANSWER

DEAR COX,

Though it may not be pleasing to you, this I must ejaculate: you are guilty of great mental perversion! Your conduct is deeply perturbing and requires immediate and thorough rectification. It is hard to believe a member of the fairer sex such as yourself capable of such vigorous violation of the stiff laws of morality. Indeed, your practice of premarital sexual activity would have been considered naughty enough in my day as to beg several strokes of the lash. It would, however, be a major boner on my part to finger you out as the sole violator. Indubitably, the formerly firm and erect pillars of moral conduct in ages past seem to be impotent in the face of modern society. You people beat around the bush with your "innuendos" while openly flaunting your calves in public. The pure hypocrisy!

Perhaps you think me viciously anal for my moral rectitude. However, I intend to sway you from your promiscuous ways with my great oral skill. Though it may not please you to listen to my counsel, I can assure you that my dexterity as a master debater remains unbeaten. Other orators will jerk you back and forth hurly-burly, but I shall "give it to you straight" as they say, by means of penetrative discourse. Indeed, we shall now have the titular "direct intercourse."

You may think your immoral "sex-capades" to be the "bee's knees," but you have not considered their deeper ramifications. By reaching around traditional family values, you are hoodwinking the good, hardworking people of this country. It is indeed a moist, well-lubricated slope you are sliding down. Already, you feel the need to insert references to sexual misconduct into your daily ins-and-outs as if it were somehow humorous. These little quips come to a very large and sensitive head when they consistently result in promiscuous immoral relations. If marriage continues being dishonored in such a manner, the rest of society will collapse in a hot, sticky, heavily-breathing heap. Would you not instead prefer to keep stiff and steady the ways of the past?

True, the old way of life was rough and we had our fair share of hard times. For instance, one cold winter in my hometown of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, we were forced to eat my father's prized cock. It was a sad day for all of us and my mother could barely choke back her salty tears as she masticated. But for every time of hunger, there were times of throat-cramming delight. I recall the banquets of yesterday with great relish: moist, gushing condiments, thick, sumptuous bangers, and sweet, sweet spotted dick for dessert.

Not to mention the recreation: men playing with their own balls, men playing with others' balls, men and women enjoying grand balls, cradling the shaft of a hefty stick on an afternoon jaunt, and mounting horses. Ah, yes. The horses. Indeed, though your generation may have gone soft and cannot take these things to their full extent with pleasure, we were hardier then. A good day's work and play always left us satisfied and smiling, drained yet content.

Thus, I recommend you take my advice and take it fully if you want to live a blissful life like that of yesteryear. Though you may feel that I thrust this upon you, I hope you accept it internally. I apologize for my frankness, but I do not believe in pussyfooting around or any other sort of poppycock. Verily, perhaps worse than all of your generation's gallivanting about is your constant obtuse references to it, what with your double-entendres and your Sex in the Cities. Regardless, with any luck this will be a seminal teaching moment on your path back to moral rectitude. Otherwise, you may end up in any number of sticky situations, for all of which you will most likely be relentlessly penalized!

Forthcomingly,
Dr. Dick Inman

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