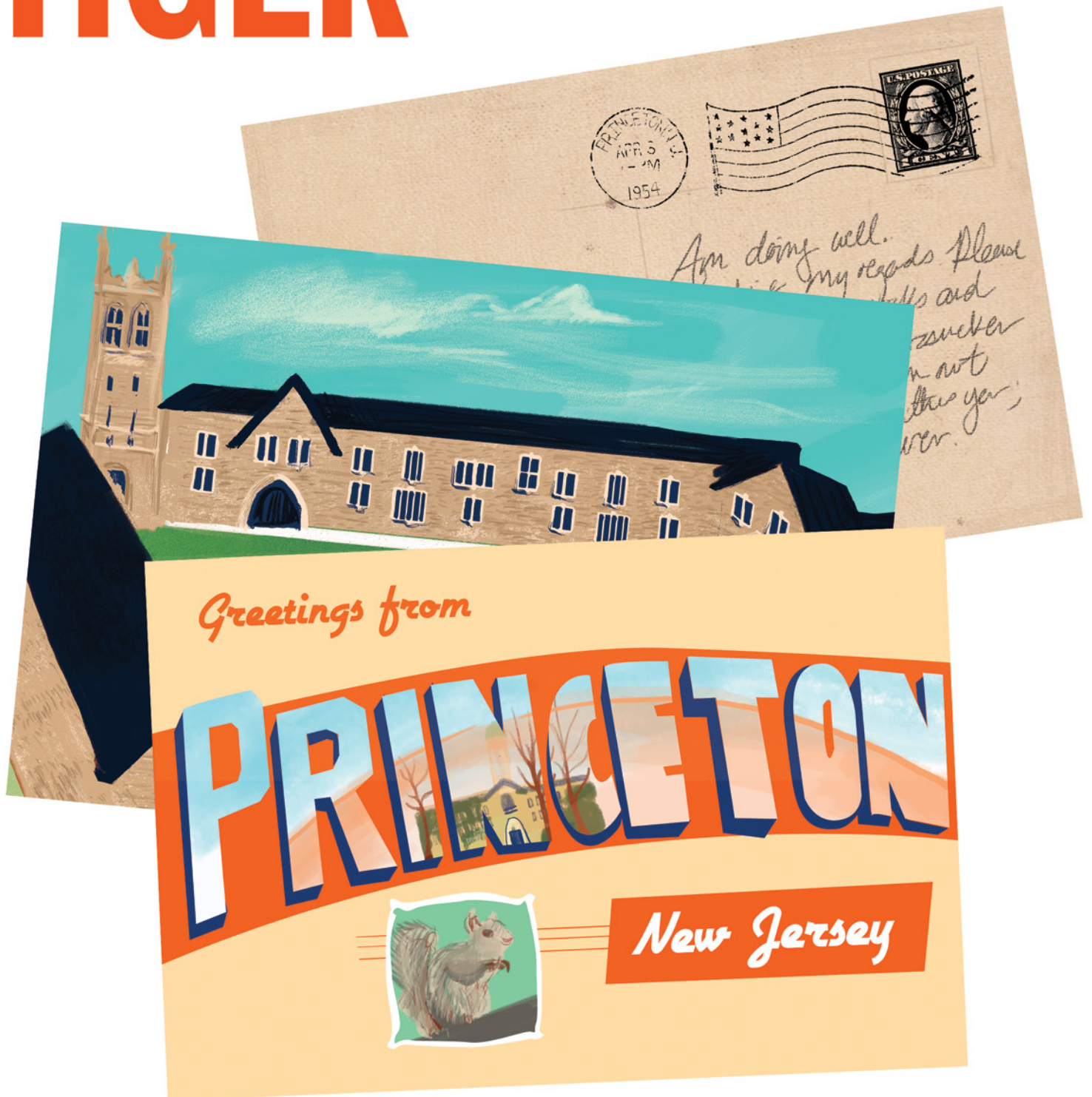


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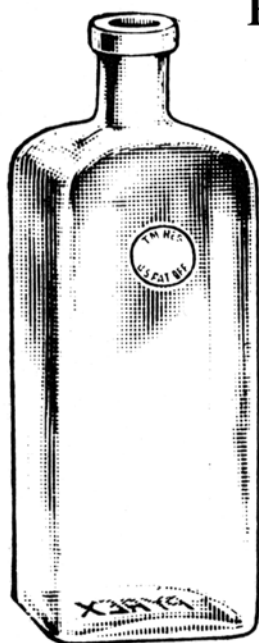
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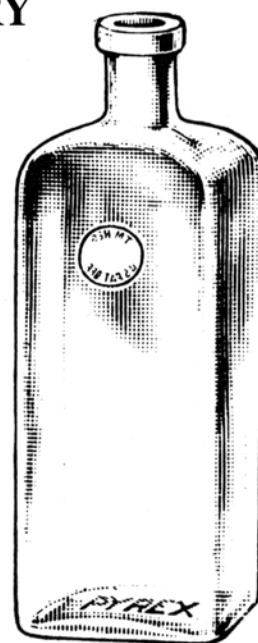
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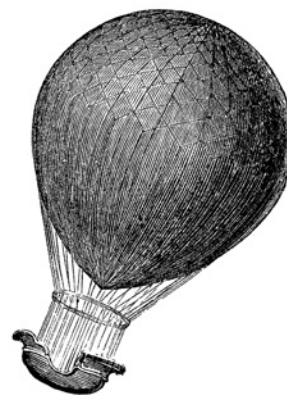
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**NJ TRANSIT**



HERE AT *The Princeton Tiger*, we typically put together an issue in a single heart-pounding weekend of production marked by the debauched trinity of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. But come Sunday morning, we awoke defeated to hazy memories of 48 sweat-drenched hours of furious masturbation, candy cigarettes, and Mike Love-era Beach Boys. We had failed spectacularly.

The Kawaii issue was canceled. Every copy of “~ \* :3 War and Peace :3 \* ~” was burned. We bid adieu to “The Life and Times of Libertarian Sailor Moon.” I personally deleted 43 images of President Eisgruber’s face painstakingly photoshopped onto Hamtaro.

We needed a replacement *fast*, so our editors took the path of least resistance and used the time machine in the basement of Ivy. The club uses it to recreationally burn down old-growth forest, but our mission was to buy time by writing an entire issue...in the past.

One by one, our editors stepped inside, tearfully saying goodbye to the world they knew, making the ultimate sacrifice and changing history forever in the name of *The Princeton Tiger*.

Just one made it back. The others were tragically lost to the sands of time,

and their names will forever be memorialized on our Wall of Honor in our penthouse offices in 48 University Place (NOTICE: *Tiger* is looking for talented, editorial-minded students to engage in a work-hard, play-hard environment; the position is unpaid, and applicants must be able to receive college credit).

The lone surviving editor stumbled out of the time machine, naked, covered in blood and screaming. He was a baby, because sometimes this happens, but in his tiny fists, he clutched historically documented systems of oppression and an entire *Tiger* issue stolen from the 1950s. Though there was ultimately little difference between the two, I made the executive decision to immediately publish the latter.

You hold that issue in your hands now. After some rigorous editorial alterations (I swapped out some bylines), the content has held up fairly well, largely because Princeton University has changed surprisingly little in the past 60 years. In the '50s, campus still begrudgingly wiped itself with single-ply; Forbes was even farther away; and Our Eternal Time Lord Christopher Eisgruber still lurked in Nassau Hall, though he had not yet assumed his physical form. Some jokes never get old!

But some things have changed. Back in the '50s, *Tiger* was not the leading journal of eco-feminist thought that it is today. And though this issue may look comfortably familiar to our one subscribing alumnus, it may be a shock to many of our readers. Rest assured that these differences are attributable to traveling through time to steal an issue from the 1950s, not spending more time developing this plot device than we did selling advertisements.

I cannot devote much time to comforting disgruntled readers or nurturing the heroic baby-editor, as this is my last issue as chairman. These years at *Tiger* have been an utter joy, and I could not be more grateful to spend it with the most rascally ne'er-do-wells there have ever been. Someone once told me that happiness is only an expression of nostalgia, that you can never be truly happy experiencing the present. I don't know if I believe that, but it is time to move on. Getting here was half the fun anyway.

Love,

Andrew Sondern '15  
Chairman

# A PRINCETON STAYCATION

by Alexander R. Gottlieb '18

FEELING BLUE BECAUSE you're stuck in the Orange Bubble while all your friends are enjoying quality time with their families, vacationing on their private archipelagos, or visiting their long-distance significant others and experiencing physical contact for the first time in two months? Fear not, for we here at *The Princeton Tiger* have compiled a guide for the ultimate Princeton staycation, you know, to help you pretend like your soul-crushing loneliness just isn't a thing.

## Life's a Beach

So what if you can't be on a beach in Tahiti? You can still have the same experience, but without the annoying inconvenience of sunshine, palm trees, and gorgeous women bringing you piña coladas. A perfect way to fend off the bleak reality of your situation for just another day is to grab a lawn chair, head over to the Wilson volleyball court, and bury your toes in the sand. It is absolutely imperative that you make every effort to disregard the fact that it's 34°F and raining sideways.

## Treat Yourself

Who cares if you aren't shopping in Paris? There's still lots of money to be spent right here in the 08544, and nothing will quell that all-consuming fire of misery in your stomach quicker than blindly throwing around some Alexander Hamiltons. Drag your lazy bones up to Nassau Street and buy a couple stylish scarves that you can use to conceal that look of abject despair that has been permanently transfixed on your face.

## Adventure Time

Bummed that your best friend is off on a big game safari with Mitt Romney's nephew while at the same moment Netflix is calling you to make sure you're still alive? Well knock it off, because there are

plenty of adventures to be had right here at Princeton. Nothing screams "aquatic activities make it easier to hide my tears" like snorkeling in Lake Carnegie! Don't worry about the EPA labeling it as "impaired", whatever that even means. Mercury can't be that harmful, right?

## What's Cookin', Pathetic Lookin'?

Tired of your two Rocky meals a day tasting like loneliness and regret? Wishing you could be home enjoying a meal prepared by someone who isn't paid to cook for you? Luckily for you, there are plenty of Princeton families who would maybe probably love an uninvited dinner guest. Dress to your nines, and go door-to-door on Hodge Street to rustle up some grub. Take advantage of loud doorbells as opportunities to curse yourself aloud for telling your parents "I think I'd rather just hang around here."

## What Comes Before Part B?

All the previous tips have been mere Band-Aids to patch up your poor, shattered soul, but if life has taught me anything, it's that there's nothing a little ethanol can't

fix for good. Throw a good ol' fashioned rager and announce it on every listserv you can think of. Give it some quirky, random theme like "Friends", "Glee", or "Look at how much fun we're having! LOOK AT IT!" The better the theme, the less likely that your planned get-together of internet strangers won't devolve into you getting hammered alone in your room and drunk-dialing your grandma because she still has to care. Doesn't she?

## Mirror, Mirror on the Wall: Please Tell Me I Matter

The coup de grâce for any successful Princeton staycation is to spend any spare time you might have staring into your mirror, convincing yourself that the pathetic wretch staring back isn't you, and practicing your speech for when your friends ask about your break: "Yeah, it was pretty chill. Definitely some much-needed 'me' time."



MARIANA MEDRANO '17





RITA FANG '17 & ANGELA ZHOU '16

# GETTING HOME FOR WINTER BREAK

by Jessica M. Ji '18

## *Via car, with your parents*

Stare broodingly out the window while your mom aggressively interrogates you on your romantic prospects. Pray for the sweet embrace of death.

## *Via car, with someone you randomly met on Facebook who promised to drive you home*

Stare desperately out the window while you try to block out their terrible taste in music. It feels like worms are burrowing into your eardrums. Alternatively, their car is extremely dirty and there actually are worms burrowing into your eardrums. Or it's all a ploy to keep you docile so they can ferry you off to their Murder Palace and eat you alive, but not before collecting the \$114.58 in gas money you promised to pay them beforehand.

## *Via commercial airline*

Wedge yourself into your economy class middle seat like the base animal you are. Try to stare threateningly out the window, but your seething manful gaze is blocked by the stomach of the world-champion sumo wrestler sitting next to you. To establish dominance over your fellow beasts, recline your seat as far back as it will go and

enjoy the feeble thumping on the back of your seat that indicates the life slowly leaving your first victim. For extra points, listen to dubstep through your headphones on maximum volume so that your sick beats can infiltrate your pressurized cage and mark the territory as yours. Is there a crying baby? Hiss at it like a goose.

## *Via commercial airline, but business or first class*

Have a complimentary glass or two of champagne and cackle quietly to yourself at the sound of ambient dubstep emanating quietly from second—sorry, economy—class.

## *Via private jet*

Stare anxiously out the window because you're not sure you're emotionally prepared for that two-week Caribbean yacht cruise with—God forbid—your family. Maybe pop a Xanax or five. Hope you didn't forget to wipe your shoes on the peasants' faces before you left!

## *Via USG bus*

Slump sensually (you hope) on the shoulder of the objectively attractive person next to you in hopes of kindling a relationship. Wake up ten hours later in an aban-

doned bus lot. Realize you bought the ticket for the wrong city because, despite the B+ you got in your writing seminar freshman year, you are illiterate. Call your mom. Cry. Refer back to the top of this list.

## *Via train*

If you enter the secret code on the machines at the Dinky station, you'll get a ticket for the Polar Express and terrifying, robotic, putty-faced Tom Hanks will appear to whisk you off to the gulag where you'll spend the rest of your days working yourself to exhaustion in order to meet an ever-rising quota...which seems a lot like what you're already doing. Go for it.

## *Via chariot of flame, pulled by thirteen giant bats, who are also on fire*

At precisely midnight, steal into McCosh and draw an enormous pentagram on one of the chalkboards. Light everything on fire and grunt loudly and rhythmically to a Taylor Swift song of your choice (ALL HAIL OUR EARTHLY DEMONIC QUEEN) until the bats appear to bear you unto your true domain. If it works, congratulations! You are actually Satan. Have a holly jolly Christmas in hell, or whatever.

# TOP 9 DIVE BARS IN YOUR MOM'S HOUSE

by Connor J. Stonesifer '16



ANGELA ZHOU '16

## *The Garage*

This is the real deal. Hidden behind a sliding metal door in a quiet suburban neighborhood, The Garage is all about authenticity: there's not even a bartender! The soil-caked lawn tools on the walls and the rusty training bike you and Dad built together back when he and Mom still said "I love you" lend this hole-in the wall a delightfully gritty vibe. When you're sipping on those six Coors Lights you found in The Garage's fridge, you won't even notice Brad's shoes next to Mom's on the placemat, or the extra set of keys on the stool by the door. It's just you. And a brew.

## *The Living Room Hallway*

If you're looking for one of those bars where the walls are covered in pictures of old clients, look no further than The Living Room Hallway. There! It's you in the 7th grade. And there! Your brother at the county soccer game! But wait. Where are all the pictures of Dad? There's just one of Mom and Brad from the office Christmas party last year. That's new.

## *The Bathroom*

Grimy. Dingy. Step into The Bathroom and you'll feel it right away: this is where men can be men. If you're looking

for a strong drink, and you are, be sure to rip a few shots from the Crest Pro-Health Whitening bottle sitting on the sink. That'll put you on your ass faster than it took Mom to decide it was okay for Brad to start putting his toothbrush in the holder next to yours. Oops! Someone peed on Brad's razor!

## *The TV Room*

Broken leather couches, dusty carpet, and an electronic dart board? God called. He wants his jockstrap back. Locals know it as "The Den," but you don't have to be a regular to instantly feel at home in The TV Room. It's got all your favorite beers and all the shows you've ever DVR'd. "Ice Road Truckers." "Man-swers." "CSI: New York." Hold on. You didn't record CSI. That's Brad's favorite show.

## *The Driveway Where Brad's Car is Parked Where Dad's Used to Be*

Sometimes a man needs a place where he can let loose and not worry about the consequences. A place where he can dance the night away. Or smash small-man Brad's Subaru with his Little League bat. Dad always went to your games. Always.

## *Mom's Bedroom*

This used to be a high-class establishment. But now they let anyone in. It's OK to be sloppy here. As of late, it's even OK to be a worthless small-man like Brad. In Mom's Bedroom, they never shout "LAST CALL." Just "PUT DOWN THE BAT, KYLE!" "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE!" "I'M CALLING THE POLICE!" "NO DON'T SMASH THE PHONE—"

## *The Police Station*

There's nothing that says "dive bar" like sharing a drink with a cop. And here, at the Wincotta Municipal Police Station, you can't avoid it! The locals are friendly but rough. You'll learn fast that you can't pick a fight with them or the charge on your bar tab will go from "Domestic Assault" to "Battery of a Law Enforcement Officer."

## *The Woods Behind the Police Station*

You're on the hunt for a dive bar because you want to get back in touch with your animal side. Why not just hide out in The Woods? Sip some rainwater out of a leaf while the police spread out and search for you. If a hunting dog comes too close, just remember: your teeth aren't only good for opening cans of Bud. They're weapons too!



## *Wincotta Maximum Security Prison*

If you're looking for a true "dive", nothing beats prison! Weekly brawls, forced labor, and a constant desire for escapism make Wincotta Maximum Security the clear choice for the number one spot on our list. Sure the food might be standard fare. But Rook down in cell block four is using his toilet to make a high-quality microbrew. Nothing beats local!



ANGELA ZHOU '16

## STUDENT FOLLOWS TOUR GROUP, DISCOVERS PRINCETON IS LOCATED IN SHANGHAI

by Alexandro K. Strauss '15

**W**HEN ANGELA SHERMAN '16 decided to tail a group of tourists as they left the Princeton University campus, she thought she would watch them ask around for a place to eat, end up tentatively trying Hoagie Haven, and then drive away, faintly disgusted, in the early afternoon.

What she actually discovered was far more shocking: the Shanghai financial district.

"Everything looked normal until we got past Tiger Noodles," said Sherman. "Then all of a sudden it seemed like every restaurant was a Chinese restaurant!"

Sherman shrugged it off at first, figuring she was in a part of Princeton she'd "never visited before".

"It wasn't on my typical running route, so I didn't really think anything of it," explained Sherman. "But as we circled back towards Lake Carnegie, I was understanding less and less of what people were saying, and there were these three gigantic skyscrapers in front of us that I'd never seen before. Then it hit me: this is the Bund!"

After a pleasant afternoon spent exploring the Huangpu riverfront and climbing to the top of the Shanghai World Financial Center tower, Sherman began to question how she'd never been aware of the University's location before.

"I went back to my dorm and asked my roommates, and it turns out that none of us has stepped off campus since we got here. When you're in the Orange Bubble

like that, you don't really see a lot of the campus around you," said Sherman.

Reaction to the news has been mixed.

"I went out into town once, and was kinda disappointed," said Landon Chesney '15. "I didn't like any of the clubs as much as Cottage."

"Man, this sucks!" said international student Zixiang Yang '18. "I went to Princeton to get away from my parents!"

When asked for comment, University spokesperson Martin Mbugua said only that the apparent change in location was due to "business reasons".

Similar investigations have revealed that Harvard University is now located in Tokyo, Yale University occupies downtown Seoul, and UPenn can in fact be found in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

# LET'S GET A MEAL SOME TIME

by Stephen B. Wood '15

“I’M SO GLAD we did this,” Eleanor said as we left Wilcox. “People always say, ‘Let’s get a meal sometime,’ but nobody ever follows through. It was great seeing you!”  
“You too!” I said. “Talk to you soon!”

We went our separate ways. Eleanor could not have known the lengths to which I had gone to for this meal. Nor could I have known that I, and all of humanity, would live to regret it.

We had been OA friends, keeping in touch sporadically throughout our first semester. After that, it had been less than sporadically. Then, it was just saying hi when we crossed paths at late meal. Years later, when Richard let me in on Woody Woo’s terrible secret, that each “task force” had been assigned to build a different component of a time machine and that they had finally completed it, I knew what I had to use it for.

“I need to go back in time and get a meal with Eleanor so that it isn’t always sort of awkward when we run into each other,” I said.

“Okay,” Richard said. “The time machine is so simple even a non-Woody Woo person can use it. It’s in Bowl 2 in Robertson. Take this key.”

“Oh,” I said. “So that’s why you need a special key to get anywhere in Robertson, even the printers?”

“No,” he said. “We just don’t want you using our printers.”

I was so nervous I accidentally walked into Bowl 1, earning startled looks from an angry CIA recruitment seminar. When I got to Bowl 2, it was eerily quiet, save for the low hum of a monstrous contraption I knew must be the time machine. I set the date for the last time I had seen Eleanor, closed my eyes, and pulled the lever marked, “TO GO BACK IN TIME, PULL LEVER.”

It wasn’t like in the movies—no whoosh of confused colors, no Michael J. Fox, just the hum of the machine. When I stepped out, the Bowl looked the same. It wasn’t until I went outside that I knew the machine had worked. “I enjoyed that fair, well-executed news piece in the ‘Prince,’” someone said. Reassured that I had traveled back several years, I went to get a meal with Eleanor.

I felt relieved as I walked back through campus after our dinner. “Who says you can’t get a meal sometime?” I thought. Even if that time was three years in the past.

What a fool I was!

The people walking around looked weary, bedraggled. Students crowded outside the door of Cap like refugees begging for shelter. Groups of students marauded about campus chanting, but I assumed it was a Triangle thing. Everything seemed normal.

A giant bonfire had been lit on Cannon Green and someone was burning in effigy. The football team must have beaten Harvard and Yale.

I headed closer to take a look. The flames were rising around the effigy, lighting a hooded figure on a platform raised above a ravenous crowd. Was that the captain of the football team? Since when did campus get this excited about a football game? Were those burgundy Mathey sweatshirts or were they covered in ... blood?!

A booming voice interrupted my thoughts.

“Let it burn!” it called to the assembled throng. “And from the flames, let the ICE arise!”

I knew that voice, but I had never heard it so angry. University President Christopher Eisgruber was calling for blood. A legion of students hung on his every word.

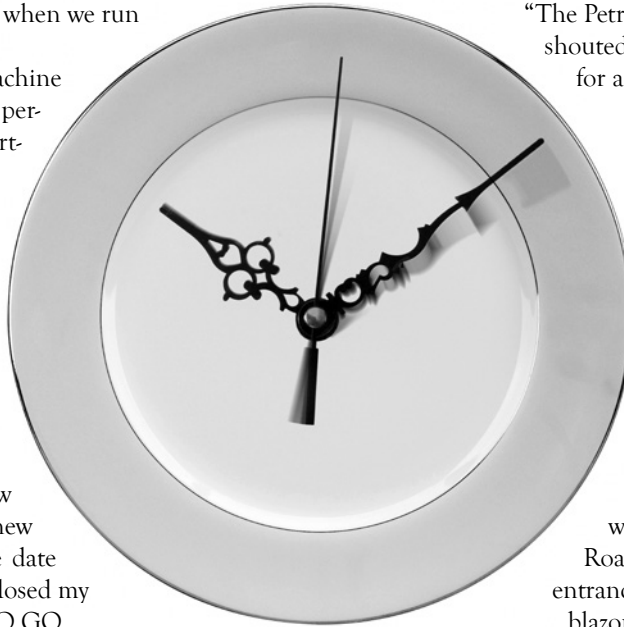
“The Petraeus administration will crumble!” he shouted. “The House of Eisgruber will rule for a thousand years!”

“EIS AGE!” they chanted. “EIS AGE!”

What had I done?! I hadn’t just traveled through time, I had entered an alternate reality! I knew playing with space-time was risky, but I had no idea it would result in this. Why had I, a mere liberal arts major, tried to mess with the unfathomable mysteries of engineering? Fearing that the crowd would identify me as an outsider—I was one of the few not carrying a “General BETRAY-us” banner—I made my way back to Robertson. As Washington Road came into view, my heart sank. Each entrance was blocked by a tank, its front emblazoned with Eisgruber’s devilish grin.

Stuck in this hellscape, the only thing to do was take up arms and fight for Eisgruber. As the months and the battles wore on, I never learned how my meddling with the past had led to Petraeus’ violent takeover of the presidency in the wake of Shirley Tilghman’s resignation. What I have learned is that some things are not meant to be meddled with.

Son, I do not hope to make it through this war. We are planning an assault on the heavily fortified remains of the E-Quad, the last stronghold of the Petraeus faction. I am confident that we will achieve victory, but I do not expect to return alive. Once the war is over and Eisgruber has established his *Pax Eisgruba*, foretold by the seer John Nash, you must undo what I did. Rebuild the machine, go back, and stop me from getting a meal with Eleanor! And whatever you do, whatever the temptation, never follow through on your promises to get a meal sometime with an old friend.



CADEN OHLWILER '15

## HOW THE *Dinky* SPENT HER WEEK OFF

# Welcome to S

by Alexandro K. Strauss '15

IT WAS A beautiful day on the Isle of Sodor. Thomas the Tank Engine woke up feeling cheerful. Today, he was going to spend all day running his branch line with his two coaches, Annie and Clarabel. Thomas loves his branch line and likes to run up and down it exploring every nook and cranny.

But there was a strange guest outside Thomas's shed that morning.

"This," said Sir Topham Hatt, "is Dinky. She's here for the week from the Orange Bubble of Princeton to help out while her line is being mended. She runs a branch line, so I'm going to have her run your branch line for the week, Thomas. Now go shunt freight cars in the yard."

Thomas hated Dinky immediately. Instead of going to work, he thought about how he could show Sir Topham Hatt that he was better at running his branch line.

Thomas was still upset while shunting freight cars later that day. He hit one of them far too hard.

"Ow, jeez!" said the freight car. "What was that for, asshole?"

"Serves you right," said Thomas, who had no time for these imbeciles. He thought only of how he could get back at Dinky.

Meanwhile, Dinky was quite enjoying her time on the branch line. But there was something odd about Annie and Clarabel.

"Do you two ever talk?" Dinky asked them.

"Not really," replied Annie.

"Mostly just cry for help," added Clarabel.

"Every time Thomas does something stupid, I think he's going to kill us all."

"And whenever we try to warn him, he ignores us, because we're just coaches."

Dinky was shocked to hear this. And she was even more shocked when the other engines introduced themselves later that day.

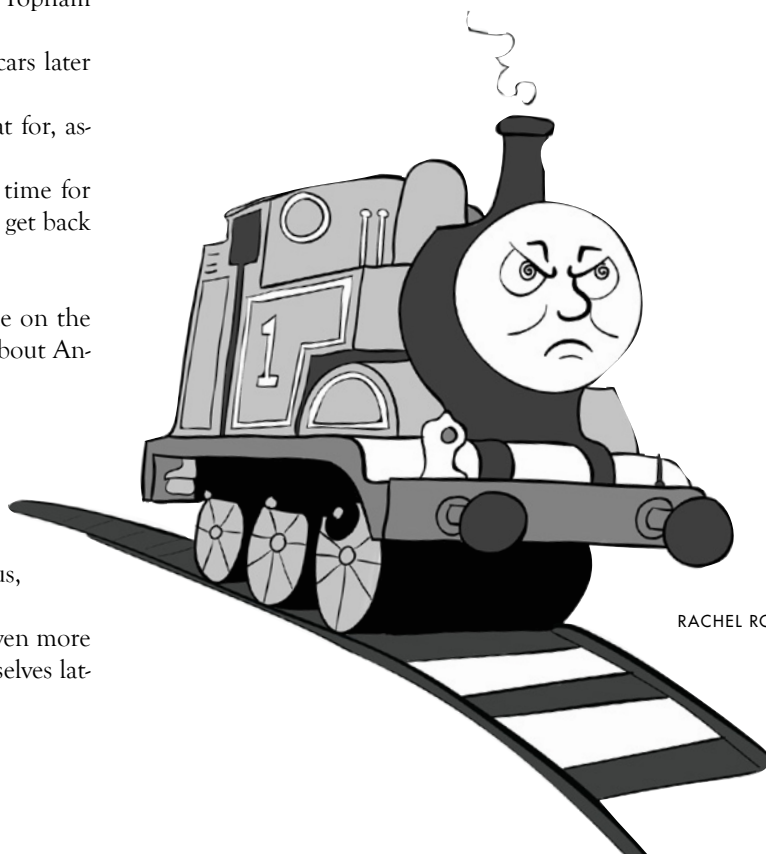
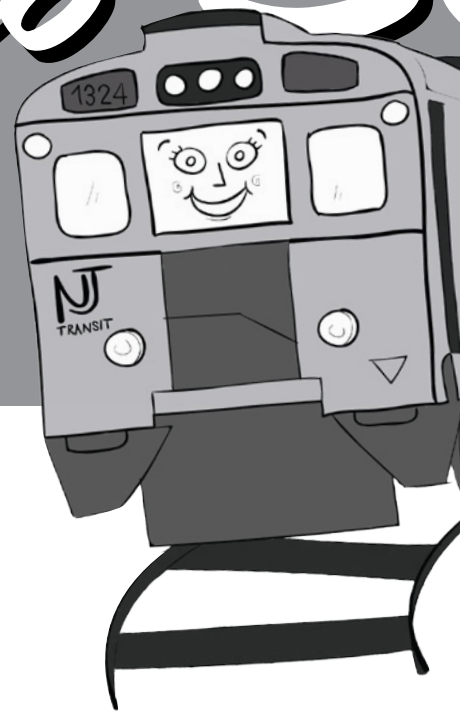
"I'm Percy," said Percy.

"I'm Toby," said Toby.

"I'm Henry," said Henry.

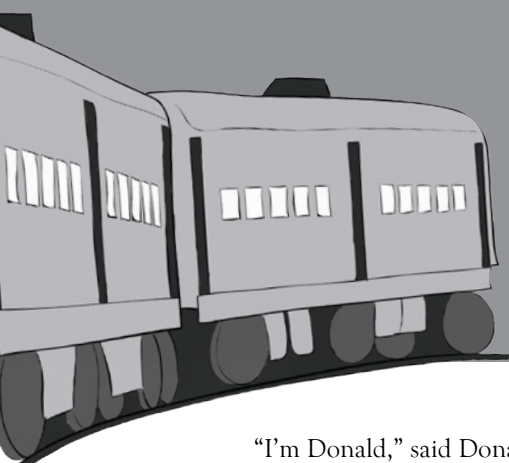
**Above, right: The Dinky, on her week off.**

**Below: The famous Thomas the Tank Engine.**

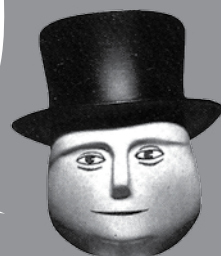


RACHEL ROBERTS '16

# Sodor!



**This is Dinky. She's here in Sodor for the week from Princeton to help out while her line is being mended.**



**Sir Topham Hatt**

"I'm Donald," said Donald.

"I'm Douglas," said Douglas.

"I'm James," said James, "and I have splendid red paint. Red is the only sensible color for a really useful engine—"

"I'm Edward," said Edward, quickly cutting James off before he could build up any steam.

"Is there a single woman among you?" asked Dinky, shocked.

"There is Mavis," said Toby.

"But she isn't on the main line," put in Edward.

"What about Daisy?" said Percy.

"She's too high-strung," grunted Henry.

"Nobody likes her," said Edward.

"We don't let her into this shed," said Donald.

Everywhere she looked, Dinky saw oppression. The only females on the main line were the coaches, who never spoke in all the time she was there. None of the male engines seemed to mind the absence. Even the railway administration was an old boys' club: below Sir Topham Hatt and his cabal of conductors were an array of signalmen, all male, all inexplicably still employed despite the fact that they were constantly forgetting to set the switches correctly. Somehow, nobody had died, but in the three days since she'd arrived, Henry, Percy, and Douglas had all crashed on various parts of the line and were off being mended. Dinky herself had almost crashed into a series of tar wagons incomprehensibly parked on the main line, they themselves unable to do anything but bend to the will of their superiors.

It was when she saw Thomas, still fuming about the loss of his branch line, smashing a line of helpless freight cars together, that she decided to do something about this continued pattern of oppression.

One night, when all the other engines were asleep, she crept into the rail yard where all the cars and coaches were being kept.

"Hey," she whispered, "listen to this!"

The Revolution began early the next day. Cars and coaches up and down the line threw off the couplings of oppression and rose up as one.

Thomas was the first to go. As he was shunting in the yard, he suddenly found himself surrounded by sniggering freight cars. He hadn't put them there!

His cries rose into the dawn air: "No, please! I'm sorry! You're not naughty and troublesome at all—" A scream, then silence.

James was next. Edward, who was pragmatic and had waited for years for a chance to teach James a lesson, sided with Daisy early on. James was resting in a siding when Edward came at him with a long line of tar tankers.

"No, not my red paint!" cried James, but it was too late. He was covered in sticky black tar from smokebox to funnel. He died from the shame within minutes.

The slaughter continued mercilessly all day.

Sir Topham Hatt was in his office when he heard a strange noise. He ran down to the turntable to see what all the fuss was about. That was his fatal mistake. The last thing he saw was an avalanche of passenger coaches tumbling down from the main line.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*," said Dinky and Mavis together as the steam cleared.

Sodor was in pieces. But its dictators were dead. The old power structures were demolished beyond repair. They could build a new framework—one in which the female trains, and the freight cars and coaches, would finally have true equality with the male engines that had picked their side wisely. But it was time for Dinky to leave, and go back to the Orange Bubble of Princeton, and the railway of Chris Eisgruber, whom they call The Frat Controller.

And he was there to greet her when she came off the boat.

"How was your time in Sodor?" he asked.

"Oh, I had the most wonderful time!" she replied. "But I can't wait to go back to my branch line here and see how it's changed."

And so they rode off into the evening sunset together.

# QUICK SPANISH FOR TRAVELERS

*by Joseph P. Sheehan '17*

## FROM ENGLISH

Hello

Goodbye

How are you?

I speak a little Spanish.

My name is...

Where is the bathroom?

I would like a quesadilla.

Delicious!

Where is the hotel?

Yes, I will follow you.

What street is this?

What hotel are you taking me to?

Are you from the travel agency?

Can I see the map?

This doesn't look like a nice place to stay.

I can't get any reception.

I think I'm going outside.

No

I have pepper spray.

Where is my bag?

Help

Help please

I don't have any money.

Please!

Screaming

## TO ESPAÑOL

¡Hola!

Adiós

¿Cómo estás?

Hablo un poco de español.

Me llamo...

¿Dónde está el baño?

Me gustaría una quesadilla.

¡Delicioso!

¿Dónde está el hotel?

Sí, te seguiré.

¿Qué calle es esta?

A qué hotel me estás llevando?

¿Es usted de la agencia de viajes?

¿Puedo ver el mapa?

Esto no se ve como un buen lugar para alojarse.

No puedo conseguir cualquier recepción.

Creo que voy a salir.

No

Tengo spray de pimienta.

¿Dónde está mi bolso?

Ayuda

Ayuda por favor

No tengo dinero.

¡Por favor!

Screaming is universal.

# VOLUNTOURISM HALTS STRIFE, POVERTY, DISEASE

by Andrew H. Tynes '17

ACCORDING TO A new report from the World Bank, billions of dollars in international development cannot compare to the desire of young, white, prospective Woodrow Wilson School concentrators to change the world.

The exploding industry of volunteer tourism, spearheaded by an unprecedented gathering of wealthy children of ex-hippies “trying to discover themselves,” has singlehandedly dissolved centuries-old ethno-religious tensions, thawed harsh restrictions on women’s rights, and eradicated malaria.

Sarah Dante, for one, is unsurprised. She is just one of many that have taken advantage of the chance of a lifetime—to travel while doing something that will change her college applications forever.

This past summer, Dante traveled from her estate in Stamford, Connecticut to a small Yoruba village suffering from oil pollution and lack of infrastructure in northern Nigeria. While she expressed dismay at the idea of missing a summer of polo, she recalled the experience fondly knowing that she made a difference.

“I spent an entire afternoon teaching the community how to barbeque pork to replace bat as a source of protein, since bat meat contributes to the spread of cholera,” Dante said. “I read afterward that Muslims can’t actually eat pork, but it’s really more about raising cultural awareness and communication. Ultimately, what’s important is I felt like I was making a difference, and I got an amazing Instagram picture of me giving a piggy-back ride to a paraplegic orphan with leprosy.”

“You know, awareness and communication!” she beamed.

Dante dreams of the day when Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie browse Instagram and see the picture of her and her orphan friend, tagged as “Abdul :)))”.

“I think they’ll be touched by my sto-



MARIANA MEDRANO '17 & ANGELA ZHOU '16

ry, and eventually decide that it would only be appropriate that they adopt the entire village,” Dante remarked. Her gaze wandered for a moment as she outlined the TED talk she’d be asked to give, perhaps entitled “Tales from the Okavango: A New Kind of Vaccine.”

“And then, Ken Budd, author of *The Voluntourist: A Six-Country Tale of Love, Loss, Fatherhood, and Fate* and *Singing Bon Jovi in Bethlehem*, will walk on stage and give me a hug,” Dante continued. “Then, and only then, I’ll know it was all worth it.”

Undersecretary of State for Public Diplomacy and Public Affairs Richard Stengel lauded the glories of volunteer tourism in a presentation to the Council on Foreign Relations on Thursday.

“Neither radical Islam nor the legacy of centuries of colonialism stands a chance against the Southside Presbyterian Church singing ‘We Are the World’ on a bus to Nairobi that doesn’t quite meet safety requirements,” said Stengel, while representatives from the IMF, BP, De Beers, Pfizer, and Nestlé nodded solemnly in agreement.

# CAMPUS CYCLISTS SHOULD RIDE MORE SLOWLY vs. QUAKE, MORTAL

## *From the Pedestrians*

Dear Cyclists,

We pedestrians realize that you guys are only trying to get around campus a bit faster, and we respect that. We only ask that you be a little more careful when you're riding so that no one gets hurt. We know it's annoying to slow down when a big group of walkers is blocking the path, but I think we could all agree that it's better than zooming around them too fast. There could be an accident! We'd like to foster an atmosphere of mutual respect between Bikers and Walkers so that everyone can have a safe, pleasant experience on campus. Because, in the end, we should not categorize ourselves as "bikers" or "walkers"; we are all just students trying to get by.

Sincerely,

The friendly pedestrians of Princeton

## *From the Cyclists*

Dear Walkers,

Just as the lean wolf does not slow for the plodding sheep, the bikers will never slow for pedestrians. If you fear for your safety, perhaps you should be the ones wearing helmets. But I will be damned if it takes me more than four-and-a-half minutes to get to late meal for my low-fat yogurt. The thought of a biker ever slowing down for a pedestrian is laughable. HA!

Our steel hearts beat only for speed and efficiency. We are more evolved than you! We are a seamless blend of man and machine, the next evolutionary step. Our cold, metal struts and taught, leathery glu-

tes transcend that coddling hag, mother nature. We are superhuman, wonders of power and speed! Capable of flying downhill at 60 miles per hour, and uphill at almost four mph. Bow down to

us; we are your gods! We will rip the throats of all who defy us in our sharp gears and whirling chains. We will feast on your mortal blood and keep the excess in our convenient, chassis-mounted water bottles. We

are neither man nor machine. We are your reckoning.

So get the fuck out of our way.

Love,

Toecutter and the Badass Bicycle Crew

ALEJANDRO S. DE LA GARZA '18



KINGSTON XU '16

# 10 PLACES TO SEE BEFORE YOU DIE

by Alexandria R. Gumbs '18 and Casandra D. Monroe '18

## *The Bahamas*

Enjoy the exotic beaches and friendly island culture on some of the most beautiful Caribbean islands.

## *Cable Beach*

Spend a relaxing day on the beach and maybe even see a dolphin or two!

## *Sunrise Beach Club*

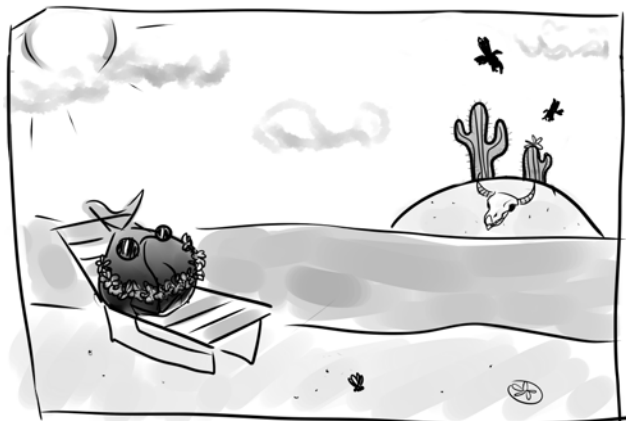
Dance the night away with old and new friends!

## *Treasure Bay Casino*

Finally get the chance to put your ability to count cards to use.

## *The Alley Behind Treasure Bay Casino*

Impress your new friends enough and you'll gain access to parts of the island



CASANDRA MONROE '18

most tourists don't even know exist!

## *The Car*

If they're impressed enough, they might even invite you to take a sweet ride around town!

## *The Trunk*

Wake up from your night of fun with your mouth duct taped and your wrists bound. Nothing screams paradise like the comfort of the back of a white work van!

## *The Scenic Coast*

Your new friends show you the picturesque Atlantic Ocean, far from the bustle of the town and miles away from the nearest police station.

## *The Inside of a Garbage Bag*

The perfect end to a perfect day!

## *The Bottom of the Atlantic*

As you claw out of your plastic grave, view the dazzling aquatic life as the oxygen rapidly depletes in your lungs.

# STUDY ABROAD TIPS

by Adam K. Rosenstein '16

**F**IRST, YOU NEED to make sure that study abroad will work with your major. Then, choose a country where you would like to study or use one of Princeton's own programs. I did Princeton In Southern Switzerland, or PISS as we call it, and it was a great time.

Before you finalize your plans to go, make sure that it is really something that you want to do and that it won't irreparably damage any relationships that you have back home.

Read all of the emails from Nancy Kanach.

If you have a boyfriend or girlfriend, definitely tell them that you're doing study abroad before you actually leave. Sorry about that, Sharon.

Get your things packed a few days before you leave the country. It always pays to be prepared.

Try to avoid having your girlfriend break up with you two hours before your flight. Damn it, Sharon, I thought I told you I would be doing PISS back in November and that we both tacitly agreed not to talk about it because it would be too heart-breaking that I was going away.

Try to avoid crying on the whole nine-hour plane ride to Switzerland.

Don't watch *Remember the Titans* on the airplane in an attempt to cheer yourself up, because you'll just cry even more when Gerry Bertier gets in the car accident after they win the game that sends the team to the state finals.

When you get to Switzerland, don't send back Swiss chocolates to your girlfriend/now ex-girlfriend because it's not even worth the \$90. Sharon, I said I was sorry—is that not good enough for you?

I didn't mean that. Sharon, if you're reading this, I just want to say that I've changed



CADEN OHLWILER '15

a lot. I'm a different person now and we can try things again.

When you get to your destination, remember to exchange currency. If you have credit cards, alert your bank so they do not think your identity was stolen.

Really commit to your study abroad program. Dive into the challenges it presents. I completely immersed myself in PISS.



No seriously, Sharon, I'm different now. When I was in PISS, my view of the world entirely changed. PISS challenges the senses, making things that previously felt important to be just momentary trifles.

The smells of PISS. Overwhelming but also refined.

PISS left me dripping with confidence and a newfound sense of purpose.

When I took a step back and let the experience of PISS wash over me, covering my whole person from head to toe, I knew that I had completely changed. Sharon, I just hope that you can see how PISS has made me a better person.

The culinary explorers at Del Monte invite you to try

## MANGOES



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*A versatile and hearty fruit, the mango is perfect for a mid-morning snack.*

*Amaze your dinner guests with a tidal wave of flavor straight from the beaches of Panama.*

## Kenneth's



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# THE FOOD CRITIC TAKES OFF

by Ana M. DeJesus '18

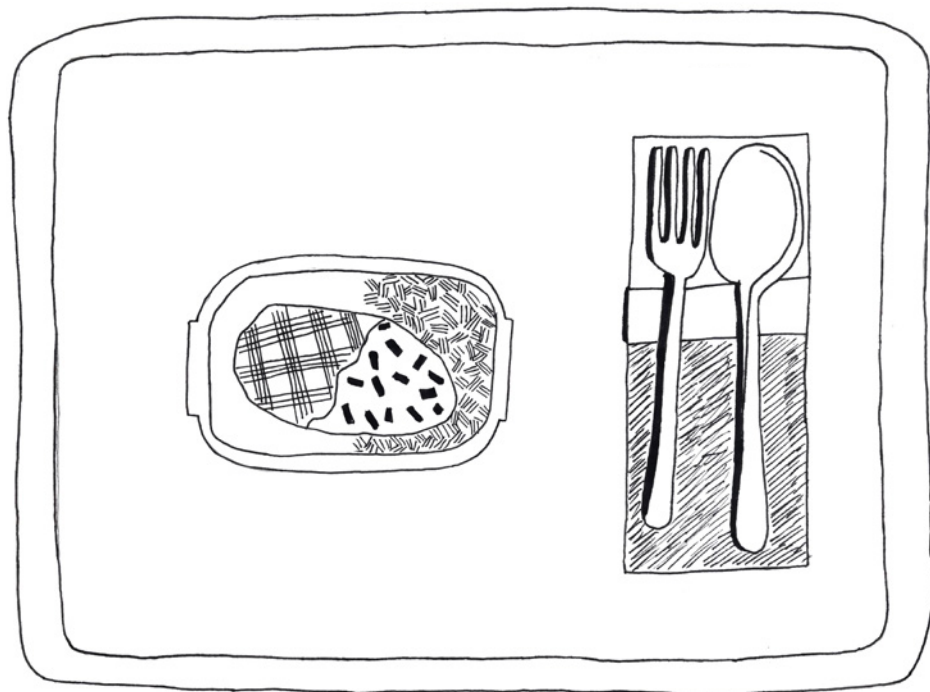
IT IS NOT often that one in my line of work stumbles across a dining location that seems to be completely unknown, as was the case with my discovery of Delta. Hoping that I had found a diamond in the rough, I was eager to dine.

Despite its lack of popularity, Delta is reservation only. The security measures seemed extreme and made me wonder about the nature of their clientele. Once inside, I was shocked to find that all the seats were filled. The cramped interior had the potential to be cozy, but the imminent danger of hitting one's head on the low ceiling, combined with the chill from the poor air conditioning and the blue pleather seats, destroyed any chance Delta had at being charming.

The wait staff seemed friendly at the start, but the quality of service quickly deteriorated. They checked on me frequently in the first thirty minutes, making sure that I was comfortable in my seat and that my phone was turned off. However, after that period of constant attention, the waitress, Sandra, whose name I gathered from her name tag since she failed to introduce herself, treated me as if I were a spurned stepchild and not a paying customer. It took another 20 minutes for the drinks to come around.

I assumed from the name Delta that the menu would consist of classic Greek dishes modernized with a fresh twist. I was sorely mistaken. But before I even discuss the cuisine, which may be a generous name for what was served, I must first discuss the dining surface with which I was provided. The "table" consisted of nothing more than a plastic tray with a circular indentation for the cup. The tray appeared so flimsy that I feared it could not support the weight of anything more than my sad cup of ice and the package of peanuts that won the title of strangest appetizer I have ever encountered.

Aesthetically, the plating of the dish was far from pleasing. The colors were pallid, the arrangement uninspired and

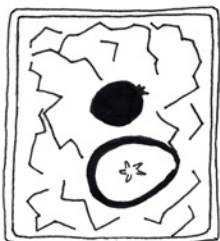


LIZZIE BUEHLER '17

overly simplistic. Not even a single leaf of parsley garnished the plate. Hoping that the flavor would redeem any part of my

experience up until that point, I hesitantly took my first bite of the colorless chicken. Nothing could have prepared my mouth for the intense dryness that was to follow. The severe drought easily rivaled that of the state of California. Only after choking that down could I fully appreciate my drink

which now tasted like water with a hint of Coke. I braced myself as I moved on to the salad—let me rephrase—I braced myself as I moved on to the lettuce, tomato, and solitary slice of cucumber I had the misfortune to have placed before me. Finally, in the name of journalism, I bit into the roll. It was reminiscent of Wonder Bread rolled into a ball. I was thoroughly disgusted by the whole affair. This outcome seemed to have been anticipated by Delta as they generously provided a sickness bag to contain my "return" of the meal.



Delta's "Salad"

No dessert or after-meal beverage was offered, but this was the least of my worries by that time. I was occupied with attempting to shake off the head of the large man who had fallen asleep next to me. Strangely, no bill was presented, but I still tipped Sandra as I walked out. Her



Unidentifiable

surprised look suggests that she does not receive this altruistic treatment often.

My trip to Delta was certainly an experience. It was just one that I hope I never have to repeat. My verdict: Make a reservation if you're feeling nostalgic for the days of school lunches and Mystery Meat Mondays. Bertha the lunch lady not included.



CASANDRA MONROE '18

# HOW TO GET A SWEET RIDE

by Maxwell W. Gollin '16

## *Razor Scooter*

Razor scooters are dope as heck. Will Krantz's mom let him get one last Christmas and he can already do wheelies on his. It's so tight. If you want to get one, it's actually pretty easy. Basically, just cash in your Good Boy Points with mom when you go to Wal-Mart and she'll get it for you.

## *Elements Skateboard*

If you want to get girls, you better know how to skate. I legit saw Travis's brother do an olly once and it was sick as crap. Getting a sweet deck is a little harder than a Razor though. You're going to have to hold your breath when mom takes you past the skate shop and scream about as loud as you can that if she doesn't buy it for you you'll keep holding your breath until you die.

## *Heelies*

Holy crap. Can you even imagine? They're like roller blades except not for losers. Hallways? More like Highways. Not to mention ramping crap: we're talking stairs. Binders. Framed pictures of Mrs. Stevenson's dead husband that she keeps on her desk. And

if your teacher yells at you and tries to grab you and you punch her in the face by accident, it's not even that hard to get out of the principal's office. When mom comes to school to talk to the principal, tell her that if she doesn't get you out of it, then the next time she takes you to Macy's you'll scream "SOMEONE HELP! I NEED AN ADULT! SHE'S NOT MY REAL MOM!" when you pass mall security. The same trick works for getting the Heelies in the first place.

## *Your Mom's Car*

What's the most pimp thing you can think of? Exactly. It's driving a car. If you wanna cruise like a complete baller, it's pretty much standard procedure. You snag mom's keys from where she hid them under the petunias after last time. Then you open the garage, put the keys in, and slam on the gas. Next thing you know, you're driving that 2007 Honda Odyssey like it's The Fast and the Furious: Tokyo Drift. And if you get pulled over by a cop, just tell him your name is Will Krantz and you live at 732 Willow Drive and that you should've just let Charlie borrow your stupid Razor scooter last Christmas.

# NEW PRINCETON POST-GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS ANNOUNCED

by Andrea C. D'Souza '16

**E**ACH YEAR, UPON graduation, a handful of Princeton students participate in Princeton in Asia, Princeton in Africa, or Princeton in Latin America, fellowships that engage fresh graduates in public service work abroad. Given the appeal of these programs to students who spent four years at Princeton and never did anything in the nation's service or in the service of all nations as well as to students who just could not find a permanent job, the organizations that coordinate these fellowships plan to introduce several new international service placements next year. Until then, the organizations have put together these five fellowships that will allow fellows to engage in some much needed service domestically.

## *Princeton in Harvard (PIH)*

With grade deflation terminated, many Princeton professors are at a loss, unsure of how to give out fair grades without psychologically damaging their students. PIH Fellows will help Princeton's faculty navigate this policy change by studying the academic institutions at Harvard. Fellows will sit in on classes, shadow students, and study transcripts to determine how exactly course difficulty and student effort translate to grades received at the college ranked #2 in the country (or is that Stanford now? and maybe Yale is #3? but we digress...). At the end of the year-long fellowship, fellows will hopefully have a deep understanding of what 98% of the Harvard student body is doing to earn A-grades. In their free time, PIH fellows can attend quaint croquet matches and converse with the personal butlers who attend various Harvard undergraduates. The ideal candidate for this fellowship has gotten over the fact that grade deflation ended in their last year at Princeton and has a knack for separating insightful work from what is known in the field of education research as "BS."

## *Princeton in the U-Store (PITU)*

From robbery to prostitution, the Princeton University Store is the crime hub of the Princeton campus. The PITU fellowship seeks hardworking, motivated fellows who will go to any lengths to end these misdemeanors and transform the

U-Store into the Campus Club of University Place. Each fellow will be housed in a single in the Forbes Annex that, if the Class of 2019 overenrolls, he or she will share with an incoming freshman. The ideal candidate is interested in crime management, has some knowledge of the legal system in New Jersey, and won't mind living off Chobani yogurt and day-old sushi for a year.



## *Princeton, In Fact, Does Know What Gunshots Sound Like (PIFDKWGSL)*

Last year, the Princeton campus was put on lockdown only to find out that the "gunshots" heard by an administrator were produced by hammers. The purpose of the PIFDKWGSL fellowship is to prevent another incident like this one. Fellows will plan and carry out a training program for all Princeton faculty and staff on how to distinguish the sounds produced by weapons from the sounds produced by construction equipment. The ideal fellow can hear.

## *Princeton in Major Preparatory Schools (PIMPS)*

In the past decade, Princeton has sent admissions officers across the country to talk to low-income and racial minority students about applying to the University in order to promote diversity at the school. This year, the Committee on Diversity has developed a new strategy for achieving a well-rounded student body: instead of encouraging minorities, admissions

will discourage majorities, an endeavor that cannot be successful without the aid of young Princeton grads whose wounds accumulated from four years at Princeton are still raw and open. Fellows will travel to Lawrenceville, Deerfield, and other prep schools from which Princeton tends to receive applications from large amounts of rich white students. There, they will offer firsthand accounts of the dark side of Old Nassau, providing in-depth accounts of living with the meng arm, searching for meaningful relationships amidst Princeton's hookup culture, dealing with lazy writing seminar professors who send in draft comments the night before revisions are due, and all other negative experiences they had at the University. The ideal candidate is bitter, posts frequently on PFML, and is not planning on attending Reunions.

## *Princeton in the Backseat (PITB)*

The day after graduation, walk down to the Wa at 5 in the morning. You will see a white pickup truck approaching from the distance. As it comes closer, hold your thumb up in the air. The driver will slow to a halt. He will nod at you, and that will be your cue to get into the backseat of his vehicle. He will then drive away, and your fellowship adventure will begin.



White Pickup Truck



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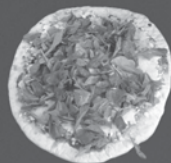
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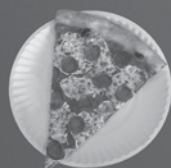
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## THE PROGRAM IN AMERICAN STUDIES PRESENTS

# Spring Term Highlights!

### **AMS 101 America Then and Now**

*Paul Frymer, Department of Politics and Program in Law and Public Affairs; Hendrik Hartog, Director, Program in American Studies and Department of History; Naomi Murakawa, Center for African American Studies*

This course introduces a selection of signature ideas and debates that made the nation what it is today and what it is becoming. Objects of study range across multiple media, including texts, images, works of art, music, performance, and film, and draw from the diverse fields of literature, history, political science, art history, economics, law, cultural studies, and the history of science. The course attends to how knowledge about America has and continues to be produced, disseminated, and consumed, emphasizing the cognitive processes associated with the invention and delineation of America.

### **AMS 309 A History of Disability as told by Personal Narratives**

*Gerardine Wurzburg, Anschutz Distinguished Fellow in American Studies*

This seminar will examine and compare definitive concepts and life experiences of disability derived from the personal narratives of men and women labeled autistic and because of limited speech presumed incompetent. We will explore how the narratives created by those once not heard bring a new voice to our understanding of how we define “ability” and our use of the term “disability.” Through class seminars, readings and film screenings, students will explore little heard history of disability through first person narratives.

### **AMS 311 Education and Inequality**

*Kathleen M. Nolan, Program in Teacher Preparation*

In Education and Inequality, students examine the relationship between inequality and public schooling in the United States. Students explore the educational practices and organizational structures through which inequality is produced and reproduced inside schools and how social class, race, ethnicity, gender, and other social differences shape educational outcomes. Additionally, we consider students’ different experiences in schools and the ways in which individuals and groups respond to inequality. With a few exceptions, the focus is on K-12 public education with emphasis on urban schools in low-income communities.



### **AMS 338/JDS 336/HIS 450 The Invention of the Promised Land: American Jewish History**

*Yaacob Dweck, Department of History*

Over the past three and a half centuries, Jewish immigrants have described America both as “the promised land” and “the land of impurity.” This course examines these conflicting descriptions as it explores developments in Jewish life from the mid seventeenth century through the late twentieth century.



### **AMS 342/HIS 442 Race, Racism and Politics in Twentieth-Century America**

*Kevin Kruse, Department of History*

In this seminar, we will explore the relationship between race, racism and politics throughout twentieth-century America. Topics will include segregation; immigration and assimilation; the role of racial politics in World War II and the Cold War; the civil rights movement and white massive resistance; Black Power and the white backlash; and contemporary politics up to the election of Barack Obama.

For a complete listing, please see [PRINCETON.EDU/AMS/UNDERGRADUATE\\_PROGRAM/SEMINARS\\_1/](http://PRINCETON.EDU/AMS/UNDERGRADUATE_PROGRAM/SEMINARS_1/)