

The PRINCETON TIGER



Perfectly delicious. Naturally sweet. Princeton proud.

-  Five Calories
-  Naturally Sweetened
-  Antioxidant Packed
-  Low Glycemic
-  Gluten Free
-  Kosher, Vegan, Soy & GMO Free
PET 1 (BPA-Free)



drinkbai.com    drinkbai

Bai Brands, Princeton, NJ Available throughout Greater Princeton in over 35 quality retailers



The PRINCETON TIGER

ALUMNI CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH

Saturday, May 31, 11 am to 2 pm, 48 University Place, Room 402



A Princeton tradition since 1937.

Wide selection of domestic & imported beers, spirits, and fine wines from around the world

Fine Wine Affordably Priced

varsityliquors.com

609 924 0836

234 Nassau Street



MAY 29, 2014
Vol. CXXXII, No. 2

CHAIRMAN

Andrew Sondern '15

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Connor Stonesifer '16

MANAGING EDITORS

Max Gollin '16

Adlan Jackson '15

EDITORS

Evan King '17

Kevin Shi '15

Alexandro Strauss '15

Stephen Wood '15

Eric Yang '17

ART DIRECTORS

Caden Ohlweiler '15

Angela Zhou '16

LAYOUT EDITOR

Pivi Vijayakumar '15

BUSINESS MANAGER

Joe Sheehan '17

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Ryan O'Shea '16

CONFERENCE DIRECTOR

Gil Walzer '16

WEB WARLOCK

Jeremy Cohen '16

ALUMNI LIAISON

Miranda Alperstein '17

SOCIAL CHAIR

Jean-Carlos Arenas '16

QUEEN

Katie Rose CA '17

Lizzie Buehler '17, Dan Caprera '16,

Bristee Das '16, Andrea D'Souza '16,

Rita Fang '17, Alexis Foster '17,

Keith Gladstone '17, Matt Gwin '14,

Thomas Hartke '17, Alex Judge '14,

Tim Matchen '14, David McFall '17,

Emma Michalak '17, Kyle O'Neil '14,

Namkyu Oh '16, Juila Peiperl '17,

Rachel Roberts '16, Adam Rosenstein '16,

Teresa Rufin '17, Whitney Sha '17,

Malcolm Steinberg '17, Joanna Wang '16,

Kingston Xu '16, Caresse Yan '15

COVER ILLUSTRATION

Indrikis Kaneps '58 & Angela Zhou '16

GRADUATE BOARD

Keith Blanchard '88, CO-PRESIDENT

Charles Coxe '97, CO-PRESIDENT

John Farr '81, VICE-PRESIDENT

Jose Pincay-Delgado '77, TREASURER

Clint Kakstys '00, SECRETARY

Michael C. Witte '68, ADVISORY CARTOONIST

Sean Cunningham '98, Mark Daniels '06,

Chip Deffaa '73, Mark Dowden '84,

Ed Finn '02, Tom Gibson '77,

Jim Kirchman '88, Rob Kutner '94,

Jim Lee '86, Steve Liss '10,

Stephen Moeller '99, Ed Strauss '72,

Bryan Walsh '01, Bret Watson '82

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

The Princeton Tiger (ISSN 0032-8421) is published 4 times per year by The Princeton Tiger. 48 University Place, Suite 402, Princeton, NJ 08544. Phone: (609) 785-1349. Email: tigmag@princeton.edu. URL: www.tigmag.com. U.S. subscription: \$20 for 4 issues, \$35 for 8, \$45 for 12.



A message from the chairman

It is 5 am on the Sunday morning after Reunions, you are under a tent at the 5th smoking a camel, and you have seen some things.

You saw a high-school girl with a fifth of Wolfschmidt tucked into her waistband vomit *on UHS*. You witnessed a grown man take a shit in a Foulke Hall shower. You made out with three of the four people who broke your heart sophomore year. The first was crying, the next was that old proctor Sam—still with those winsome, stern eyes after all those years retired; why she was back at Princeton, nobody knows—and the third told you to hurry up with the smooching because a line had formed behind you for the kissing bench by Wyman House. You looked into the green eyes of the fourth but nothing says “I’m not going home with you” like a Forbes crop top, even at Reunions.

Take a drag of your cigarette and watch the smoke twirl around your fingertips. You managed to take up smoking a few years ago, because like your loneliness, it didn’t really count if you were drunk—you’re just socially lonely, a social smoker. Take another sip of another Bud Light, and suddenly you’re back in your freshman bathroom in the New New Quad, which was carefully lit to appear as if you were wearing sunglasses indoors at all times. You’re drunk off of a cup of milk punch and staring at your acne-mountain forehead in the mirror. Decide to play a game because you are drunk and dumb and 18 and want something to happen. Turn the lights out and touch the mirror with one hand. Turn on the faucet and look into the mirror. Chant.

“Rah! ‘Rah! ‘Rah!

“Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!

“Sis! Sis! Sis!

“Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The mirror begins to flicker.

“Ahhhhhhhhh....

“PRINCETON! PRINCETON! PRINCETON!”

The world goes inhumanly dark. A figure encased in an unearthly, shimmering fog in the mirror—no longer reflective but sinisterly opaque—whispers slowly at you, “Bloody Mary! Bloody Mary! Bloody Mary!”

A pause.

President Chris Eisgruber emerges from the mist, clutching an Everclear martini and chuckling. A kindly twinkle gleams in his eyes, and it looks like he has crammed an entire 30-rack of Pabst Blue Ribbon into his beer jacket.

“Ah, I’m just joshin’ you!”

He hands you a copy of *The Princeton Tiger*, a 132-year-old sloshing pail of giggles just begging to be tipped. Answer its wanting call, flip through its premium glossy pages in earnest, read the finely aged content its editors plucked from the cellars, try to figure out where the jokes in this article are, maybe even donate to *Tiger* while you’re at it (ah, there’s a joke). Set the magazine down, drown your cigarette in light beer, stumble through Blair Arch with an orange Keystone Light tucked into each pocket of your beer jacket, pretend you still do this every weekend.

The world is standing still.



Andrew Sondern '15
Chairman

"Smother me with love!"



Pile on 35 FREE toppings.

100% All-Natural Angus Beef!

AWESOME APPETIZERS

FRIED PICKLES

FRIED FRESH MUSHROOMS

15 FREE Toppings for your Sundae or Banana Split!

We put the Fun in Fund Raising!
Have your Fund Raiser here!
It's easy, it's fun.
Ask our Manager how.

Win a FREE BURGER a day for a week!
Ask your server how

Cater Your Next Event or Study Break

Over 1,285,000 Shake Flavor Combinations!



Cheeburger Cheeburger®

PRINCETON • 609-921-0011
182 Nassau Street

TODAY

Ivy Cocktail Night's Secret Shopping List

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



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW SONDERN '15

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

PRINCETON ADMISSIONS ESSAYS WORDCLOUD

soaking wet Umm twerk rock hard
My name is humbling I am the Zodiac killer
James McCosh V sexy and I know it I knew my grandmother would have been proud
I did not have sexual relations with that woman colege Yale Guitar Hero™ world champion
You merely adopted my father's dream
the dark; I was born in it As I watched the light leave his eyes
once-in-a-lifetime opportunity Pinceton University dripping wet
#bulletproof

ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15



ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

Who Said It: Princeton University President Christopher L. Eisgruber or Chilean Dictator Augusto Pinochet?

A. "My library is filled with UN condemnations."

B. "I'm looking at them from above, because God put me there."

C. "I have a sour face. Maybe that's why they say I'm a dictator."

D. "I'm not someone who usually sends out threats. I warn only once. The day they touch one of my men, the rule of law is over."

E. "The only solution to the issue of human rights is oblivion."

F. "I was only an aspiring dictator. I was never a real dictator."

G. "American hazing rituals...[are] equally self-destructive and, if anything, more lethal."

H. "Tell my friends to get me out of here."

I. "¡Pero que economía más grandel!"

J. "At first, the job description for Supreme Court justices might seem self-evident: their job is to apply the Constitution and other laws to decide important legal controversies. If we try to become more specific, however, complications quickly arise."

ANSWER KEY: **A.** Eisgruber, Princeton Opening Exercises, September 8, 2013. **B.** According to reports, Eisgruber yelled this phrase from the Nassau Hall bell tower after seizing the presidency from Shirley Tilghman in the 2013 coup d'état. **C.** Eisgruber sings this as background vocals on the Baha Men classic, "(Just A) Sunny Day". **D.** Eisgruber, meeting with grade deflation committee, January 22, 2014. **E.** While originally attributed to Pinochet, this phrase has gained far more notoriety since Eisgruber used it in the introduction to his book *Global Justice and the Bulwarks of Localism: Human Rights in Context*. **F.** Eisgruber, reflecting on his time with Phi Beta Kappa, interview with the *Daily Princetonian*, March 2, 2010. **G.** Augusto Pinochet said this in an interview with the *Santiago Times* in 2001, when asked about his administration's human rights abuses. **H.** The closing words of Eisgruber's address at Opening Exercises, September 8, 2013. **I.** Tricked you! This one's from Pinochet's close friend, Margaret Thatcher. Three guesses as to what "economía" means in this context. **J.** This was one of Pinochet's favorite phrases, and one he would frequently use to rouse crowds in public addresses. Many scholars agree that no phrase better epitomizes the ideology of the Chilean military junta of the 1970s.

BACK ^{TO} SCHOOL STRESS?

Let the experienced therapists at

PRINCETON PSYCHOLOGICAL CENTER, LLC

✧ help you ease into the Fall ✧

Molly Palmer, Psy.D.
NJ License #4191

Craig Callan, Psy.D.
NJ License #4521

Call us at
609 454 3214



9 Charlton St
Princeton, NJ

princetonpsychologicalcenter.com

Department of Classics ALUMNI BREAKFAST

Friday, May 30, 2014
10 am - 11 am

East Pyne, Room 143
Prentice Memorial Library

DON'T SEE YOUR YEAR?

DONATE BACK ISSUES

ALUMNI@TIGERMAG.COM

HOW TO

EMBEZZLE MONEY FROM YOUR STUDENT GROUP

by Tim Matchen '14

CHAIRMAN EMERITUS, THE PRINCETON TIGER

LET ME START with a disclaimer: I have never, ever embezzled money from *The Princeton Tiger* (though I make no similar claims about my interactions with *The Daily Princetonian*)—but if I had wanted to, I totally could have. Here's how I would have done it.

PHASE I: PICKING THE RIGHT ORGANIZATION

Go Big or Go Home

A lot of student groups on campus operate on a subsistence level, taking in only enough money to cover the costs associated with their organization in the near future. These groups have a strong chance of folding before you're ever in position to embezzle from them, there's simply no money available for the taking, and it's too obvious when money is removed! So instead of joining up with some misguided social cause like *Princetonians for Enhanced Netflix Instant-queue Selections*, aim big: some student groups on campus (*cough* *Business Today* *cough*) have Scrooge McDuck-style pools of greenbacks just waiting for someone to come along and surreptitiously take some.

If you can't gain access to one of these wealthy organizations, find a group that is completely destitute yet somehow still limping along. If an organization is absolutely hemorrhaging money and already thousands in debt to ODUS, everyone stopped paying attention to how they spend their money years ago anyway.

I'll leave it as an exercise to the reader to figure out which of these categories *Tiger* falls under.



ILLUSTRATED BY KATIE ROSE CA '17

Diversity is Everything

The problem with student groups is that when you want to pay for something using the student group's account, you need to provide receipts and documentation of the purchase. As a result, when considering a group to embezzle from, you really have two options:

Pick any group you want and only

embezzle to purchase items from luxury item companies with exceptionally discreet names. If you know a hookup for designer suits operating under the trade name Student Group Supplies Depot, more power to you.

Pick a group whose purchasing needs are diverse enough so as to not raise too much suspicion when you start embezzling. Hiring a group of strippers on the

Anscombe Society's dime, for example, is probably not going to fly. But that jet ski you just bought? Maybe that's the grand prize in one of the Entrepreneurship Club's hackathons. Round-trip tickets to Brazil? You're determining the feasibility of holding next year's Business Today conference in Sao Paolo. Want a giant mirror for your dorm room? That could easily be folded into any purchases for one of *The Daily Princetonian's* infamous pancake-and-cocaine parties.

Know the Organizational Structure

At the *Tiger*, we have a Chairman, a President, an Editor-in-Chief, and a Business Manager, and after four years of working for the magazine, I still can't tell you who's really in charge. That level of organizational dysfunction is exactly what you want in a prospective target—if no one knows who is in charge, no one knows who to blame when something goes wrong either.

Beware of groups with a graduate treasurer! Besides probably paying more attention to what you're doing, they're also almost definitely already embezzling.

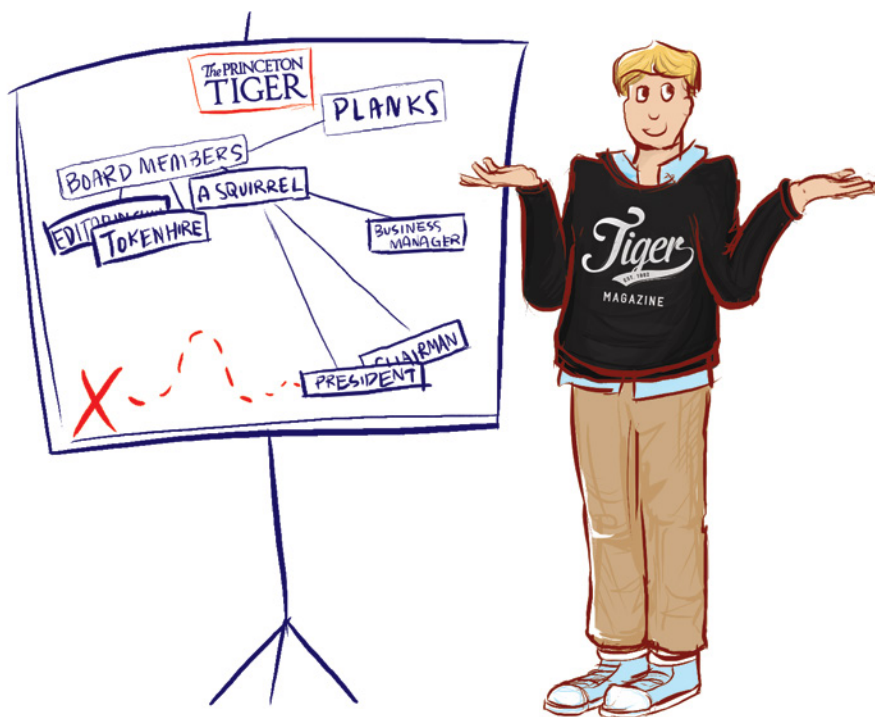
PHASE II: ESTABLISH YOURSELF

Start Small

You're going to need to start small and work your way up through the ranks until someone trusts you enough to give you access to the accounts. Think of this as your mailroom gig: it's a humble beginning, but it can lead to far greater things. And much like a mailroom gig, you'll probably be either ignored by others or generally disliked. In fairness though, you're a scheming sociopath hell-bent on stealing large sums of money from a college student organization, so those feelings of antipathy are probably justified.

Seize Power

Ultimately, of course, your goal must be to consolidate power under yourself. Every student group is slightly different as far as this process is concerned, but at least at the *Tiger*, this generally involves the hir-



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

ing of a small group of well-armed guerilla soldiers and eliminating any members of the opposing faction. It is my understanding that in groups such as the *Tory*, the far more polite method of changing the locks on all the doors is commonly accepted. As of this writing, I have been unable to confirm the rumors that the Student Design Agency selects its leadership by chugging printer toner until only one prospective officer remains.

PHASE III: TAKE 'EM FOR EVERYTHING THEY'RE WORTH

Test the Waters

You don't want to jump into embezzlement headfirst. See the response to a small acquisition first before moving on to bigger and brighter things. If you have opted for the "military junta" method in the seize power step, paying your militant backers is a great way to test the waters!

Don't overdo the "small purchases" strategy, though. Trying to pinch pennies from one organization at a time is both ineffective and obvious. Unless you're a

proud member of the probably-a-real-thing Princeton Numismatic Society, buying things in sets of 25 cents is a bad strategy.

The Big Score

Take it. Take it all. There are a couple different ways to do this:

Throw caution to the wind and just buy everything. Submit all the invoices to ODUS and hope for the best.

Create a fake, second student group and transfer money to it. Make this group as specific as you want to meet your purchasing needs. No one is going to look too carefully at a transaction between, say, the *Tiger* and the outreach organization Cartographers Without Borders, and if *that* group is buying up the world's supply of old-timey maps where Russia is still listed as the Soviet Union, that's far less likely to arouse suspicion. This is best done with a fake charitable group, so require no justification for the transfer of money at all—your real student group is simply being charitable, with the charity being your blackened soul. ■



WHO IS THIS

The elusive and enigmatic Princeton President, *Christopher Eisgruber*, and his unexpected past at his off-campus farm.

by Matt Gwin '14
Illustrated by Caden Ohlwiler '15

WHEN CHRISTOPHER EISGRUBER'S associate called my cell phone offering an interview, I thought I was being pranked. A man so notoriously reclusive *offering* an interview without even being requested? Nonetheless, he said he loved “the piece I wrote on turtles” and had told one of his men to get in touch with me. I wasn’t deterred by the fact that I’ve never written about turtles nor given my private number to anyone but family and close friends—this was the chance of a lifetime.

A few days later, I pull into the drive of his off-campus turnip farm, the long gravel lane lined with peach trees that he has somehow gotten to grow in New Jersey. At a curve in the drive we pass a dilapidated old wooden shed off to the right, with “Eyesgruber #TurnUps” crudely spray-painted on the side.

He meets me at the front gate with a smile and a quick glance in both directions. His too-large leather biker jacket covers a too-small Diesel tee shirt. He wears his grey-green safari pants casually tucked inside untied leather work boots. “Welcome, welcome,” he says warmly. “Can I get you

anything to drink?” I ask for a lemonade. He chuckles lightly to himself while motioning and snapping his fingers at one of the large sunglasses and cornrowed men behind him. We walk at a leisurely pace alongside the white wooden fence along the perimeter of the farm, and the man rejoins us a short time later. He’s carrying a silver tray with several drinks. Mine is a large plastic souvenir cup containing ice water and a halved lemon, appearing to come directly from the county fairs of my childhood. Chris’ is a full bottle of Mount Gay’s Rum. The man breaks the seal and pours at least half of its contents into a large beer

stein. “It’s funny ‘cause it says ‘Gay,’” Chris giggles as he’s handed the glass. He drinks it straight.

We walk a bit further, and as the turnip field continues to sprawl on our left, we come now to a slightly higher fence on the right. This is where Eisgruber keeps his alpacas. One ambles toward us, and Chris pulls an apple out of the pocket of his jacket and holds it out for the animal. “You know why I like alpacas? Because they love green apples. I only like red ones. We’re a perfect match.”

As we walk, we go through what I guess is best described as smalltalk, although



Princeton University
Eisgruber, reveals his
campus farm.

Princeton President Chris Eisgruber plays the steel drums with the Baha Men at this 1992 concert.

conversation is never too dull with a man like Chris. Eventually, however, we move to a far bigger topic: his days with the Baha Men, and specifically, the lead-up to his departure from the group-- a topic he's been eerily silent about in the past.

The dispute started in the mid-90s over the direction of the group. Some members of the group expressed a desire to transition to a more mainstream sound, while Eisgruber wanted to stay true to their traditional Bahamian reggae/Junkanoo roots and accused the other members of "selling out." The members especially clashed during postproduction of the 1997 album *I*

Like What I Like, although they remained together through the subsequent tour and recording of the 1998 album *Doong Spank*, the last album to feature Eisgruber. After *Doong Spank*, as the band was writing for what would become the *Who Let the Dogs Out* album, the creative differences came to a head, and Eisgruber left the group along with Elton Logu and B Rolla. *Who Let the Dogs Out* would be the group's most successful album to date, going triple platinum and yielding a Grammy and a

Nickelodeon Kids Choice Award for its title track.

"It was like they were trying to be Los Del Rio or Lou Bega."

"It was like they were trying to be Los Del Rio or Lou Bega, and that just didn't feel genuine to me," he tells me as we walk along the acres and acres of turnips. "It's all about the Junkanoo groove, and I thought we were straying too far away from that."

He has been reluctant to speak on his career as a Baha Man due to "fairness to the group" and surely in no small part due to the lengthy

lawsuit over composition credit of the songs “What’s Up, Come On” and “Burn the Noo Junk,” both released on *Who Let the Dogs Out* but written before Eisgruber’s departure. Eisgruber claimed partial writing credit, suing for royalties on the songs, which peaked at #10 and #14 on the *Who Let the Dogs Out* track listing.

“So this one time—summer of ’99—we’re partying by Delaport Bay, and some of the guys want to head back to pick up some Puerto Rican girls over at Adelaide Village, but B Rolla didn’t want to leave.... But then Rick says, ‘What’s up? Come on!’ The line just stuck in my head. I thought up the beat and chorus right then.

“And Burn the Noo Junk was something my Grandma always used to say to me. It was like my catchphrase in the group!” He shakes his head in disappointment. It’s obvious that to him, the lawsuit was never really about the money.

Eisgruber primarily played steel drum for the group, but occasionally sang background vocals and even can be heard singing lead vocals on “Be a Junkanoo Jomb” from the *Doong Spank* album.

He says he still refuses to play any songs from his Baha Men days, although sources say he did perform the fittingly named “Funky Nassau” from the 1992 *Junkanoo* album at the Princeton Board of Trustees Holiday Party last year.

“As much attention as has been given to the whole “Creative differences” thing, it wasn’t the whole reason. I just had a bit of an awakening. It happened as Jimbo [Slice] and I were chainsaw-fishing one night, and as I had my hand in the water trying to remove some seaweed from my blade, he swung his saw in the water at this big catfish, and just missed my hand by like a millimeter. Slit my shirt sleeve. And I just thought, ‘You can’t play a steel drum without hands.’ I just kinda re-prioritized my life after that I guess.

We come to a smaller field lined by a hedgerow and an electrified fence. The hedges are tall, but through the gaps I think for a brief second that I caught the sight and

scent of cannabis plants. His cornrowed assistant gives me somewhat of a look, but Chris seems indifferent to my wandering eyes.

He left the Baha Men to play steel drum for Enya for 4 years, before returning to his first true passion, academia and constitutional theory.

“The Enya years were great. She’s such an intense person, and her drive is just kinda contagious for everyone around her, ya know. I really grew a lot those years.

“A lot of people don’t know this, but before every show, Enya actually sacrifices a lamb. She says it gets her in the zone. She’s incredible.

He talks about Enya the way someone might talk about an old lover.

“We never had an emotional involvement, per se, but it was similar—just with the music. If I had learned one thing from the Baha Men it was that love may last a lifetime, but beautiful music can last an eternity. She and I didn’t want to jeopardize that.”

The Enya days ended much less eventfully than in the Baha Men saga.

“We were on top of the ethereal wave world, and I just felt I had nothing left to achieve in that realm. I felt it was time to move on; to get back to academic journals and professor dinners and Earl Warren and Oliver Wendell Holmes. You can’t just dabble. Like B Rolla always said, ‘Immersion is the version.’ You gotta go all in if you’re gonna do it.”

We hang a right and walk another quarter mile down a fencerow of alternating peach trees and Easter Island heads, reaching a zebra pasture. He originally was given one of the animals as a gift by a former gov-

ernor of Saskatchewan after an Enya show, and then had bought more from a zoo in Pennsylvania that was going out of business. He says he’s trying to breed them to have spiraling stripes. He points out a few of his favorites by name—Chester, Snatch, Shirley, Pencil—then takes a long sip of rum as he gazes proudly over his herd of elegant equines.

“Deep down we’re all zebras, just grazing in the pasture, hoping someday the guy with the keys to the gate will be able to recognize our stripes from everyone else’s.

Another right turn and we’re somehow back at the gate where we started, in what seems at the time like a major violation of space and physics, but perhaps that’s just my subconscious protesting the end of my magical tour of the Eisgruber Turnip Farm.

We get back to the car. His friend takes my empty plastic cup and puts it back on the silver platter. Eisgruber’s rum stein is impressively low. He gives a quick subtle nod, and I take that as my cue to leave. The man has seemingly rewritten all social codes. You play by his rules. Despite talking almost exclusively about him during our tour, I feel like he knows me. He’s the type of guy that if he stares at you for more than 10 seconds you feel like you’ve already told him all your secrets. The type of guy who if he wanted to talk to you, he’d probably learn more than you thought you knew about yourself. I didn’t notice until a couple days later that the front license plate had been replaced with a sign that says Be a Junkanoo Jomb. Maybe it was a friend playing a joke. Maybe I did it in my sleep. But I like to think of it as the perfect testament to his enigma, his perfect elusiveness. ■



Before his departure from the Baha Men, Christopher Eisgruber appeared on the covers of 1992’s **JUNKANOO** and 1997’s **I LIKE WHAT I LIKE**.

**Deep down
we’re all
zebras.**

Get that special person a truly unique gift of wearable art.

A one-of-a-kind piece of jewelry.

Choose from nearly 200 different gemstones from around the world.

Select from our vast inventory or let us create a piece especially for you. We are a husband and wife design team. Whatever your taste or budget we can provide something just right.



We specialize in custom orders for Princeton students and alumni

Tomorrow's Heirlooms

2 Chambers Street, Princeton, NJ 609.921.9440
www.tomorrowsheirloomsnj.com 11am-6pm Daily 10am-6pm Friday & Saturday

Princeton in the Aftermath

A Personal Reaction to the Widely Publicized Statistics

AS I WALK DOWN a deserted Elm Drive, littered with the overflowing gray trash and other debris that now dot the landscape of the once magnificent Princeton University, it's hard to imagine what forces of evil could be responsible for the proud University's fall from grace. The tumbleweeds and empty soda cans seem uncannily appropriate for what now could be thought of as a ghost town or a desolate wasteland, and it's hard to imagine what the Gothic buildings looked like before their roofs caved in. Nevertheless, the stray notebooks and the abandoned orange and black paraphernalia eerily remind a passerby of the glories of the past, the orange bubble's golden epoch, lasting for eight straight years, during which it continuously held the title as Number One University in US News & World Report. But, as all good things must come to an end, the University's first place status came crashing down just a

few weeks ago to lowly number two, wreaking havoc on all University inhabitants.

The poor, disheveled residents are still adjusting to their grievous loss. The administration, always poor at communicating with students, walks around with blank stares. However, it is rumored that President Tilghman is organizing a relief effort in conjunction with alumni. The townies long for the time when gang members did not roam the streets. The students use issues of the Prince and the Nass to start small fires for a little warmth and comfort, saving issues of the Tiger, the last literary bastion of the area, for enjoyment. And the Japanese tourists wonder why they traveled so far to see such a dilapidated area.

As for the professors, it's surprising that they even survived the fall from their ivory tower. Yet, they are still eager to lecture on the ramifications of the terrible disaster, despite it hitting so close to home.

A classicist quotes Cicero as saying, "If a man aspires to the highest place, it is no dishonor to him to halt at the second, but it would be a disgrace to stop at the third, because Yale ranks third." A music history teacher chimes in with "Two can be as bad as one. It's the loneliest number since the number one." The illustrious John Nash reminds us of what he said in *A Beautiful Mind*: "[N]o one likes to be his second choice." The disaster has even transformed the philosophy of Peter Singer, as he now argues that "[ranking second] is bad; there is [second ranking] we can prevent without sacrificing anything of comparable moral significance; therefore we ought to prevent [second rankings]" by donating a large part of our income to Princeton University.

Only time will tell whether the wounds will heal, and Princeton will rightfully regain its place on top. But for now, I have to go scavenge for food...

HELP SPONSOR A PREPPY!

There are hundreds of wealthy students all over America with no hope for their future. All they have to look forward to is another summer of painting houses on the Vineyard or giving sailing instructions in East Hampton. Their nights are filled with the same old drunken parties, and their weekends are wasted lounging at the club. You can bring happiness to these poor rich children and help them to escape this endless cycle. Your sponsorship will send a preppy overseas to a third-world country, where he or she can truly delve into the richness of life in a way only boatloads of old money can buy.

Biff is a 20 year old from Paoli, Pennsylvania. His life consisted of booze laden parties with his friends from Episcopal having conversations about squash and how shifaced he got at the last party. His story is sad enough to make even the hardest heart wee. With the help of United Preppy Summer Fund he spent last summer in Sudan, where he was able to drive his BMW without the burden of traffic

laws and hunt wild game under the tutelage of some of the greatest bushmen in the world.

While in Sudan, Biff was able to almost, on occasion, mingle with the natives. He saw them everyday standing on the far side of the high-voltage electric fence surrounding his 5-star resort, begging for food. The experience has truly changed his life. He was even able to bring back some lovely diamond trinkets for his friends back home.

After his experience, Biff's senses of entitlement and self-righteous purpose have grown infinitely. He can now lecture his friends on the true depths of human suffering, about the need for people to be more proactive in their lives, and about how important security is to keep the riff-raff out of the country clubs.

Don't delay. You too can help a preppy just like Biff go to a far off place where he can think he is doing something useful.

I wish to sponsor a
preppy from:

Roland Park
Chestnut Hill
Mountain Brook
Tuckahoe

Greenwich
Oyster Bay
Westchester
Belle Meade

Please send check or American
Express Black charge to:
United Preppy Summer Fund, PO
Box 321, Far Hills, NJ 08643

Homelessstenchalism: *Hobo Sapiens* Teach at Princeton

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY students were shocked last week to discover that their beloved Philosophy professor, who had been leading PHI 585 since September 2003, was actually a hobo.

Students said that the man, who appeared in class each day in the same tattered tweed jacket, old, brown Dockers, and grizzled grey beard, resembled their other professors enough that they didn't question his identity.

"We had no idea he wasn't the right guy," said an astonished Margaret Smith, '07, "I mean, sure, he smelled of Jack Daniels and feet, and he always spent the whole class mumbling incoherently, but we just took that as a sign that his comprehension level was way over our heads. We thought he was brilliant!"

Michael Morgan, '07, who had filled three notebooks with notes on the hobo's lectures, was disappointed that he will not be able to apply his knowledge during

midterms. "If he had just stayed for one more week, I think I really could have bumped my average up," said Morgan.

University officials speculate that the hobo must have wandered into an empty classroom for shelter early in the year, and that when entering students showed him kindness, he began returning to the same classroom at regular intervals. The man's identity was revealed when PHI 585's real professor, who had been away on sabbatical since intersession, returned to find his classroom occupied.

Regardless of the slight confusion over course syllabi at the beginning of the semester, most students found PHI 585 to be one of their most enriching classes at Princeton. "It was, you know, metaphysically speaking, a totally enlightening class," one overly stimulated student remarked. "He brought an aura of reality to the class which no one expected." Many echoed

their classmate's enthusiasm for the course, saddened only by the fact that they would have to take a final designed by the department in three weeks.

Dr. Mark Johnston, chair of the Philosophy Department, was surprised that the doppelganger went unnoticed. "When the first two papers he submitted for publication actually made sense, we should have caught on that something was wrong," explained Johnston. "His explanations of 'id' and 'superego' turned out to be nothing but arrogant ramblings regarding whom he did, and its 'super' effect on his 'ego'."

Officials could not verify the whereabouts of the hobo at the time of this article's publications, but they ask students to keep an eye out for suspicious characters sifting through PUDS trash bags. Rumors that the hobo had been nominated for a prominent faculty award and tenure could not be confirmed at press time.



Make 2013-2014 special with an exclusive tie or belt for your group, club, or reunion class.

Reproduce a historic tie from your archives or create a new tie exclusively for your group.

Starting from \$45 per tie with a minimum order of 20 ties.

Ties are custom made in silk, cotton, or wool by a historic Italian factory.

Add a commemorative label with your logo or a date.

Choose from twenty colors and hundreds of styles.

www.oldcollegeties.com

Old College
TIES

Your tie to tradition

Thesis Pieces

Yet again seniors have tried to justify their \$120,000 hangover by demonstrating their new-found brilliance. Yet again, many failed. Tiger managed to obtain the following snippets of golden prose...after the professors were done laughing at them, of course. Enjoy!

Everyone Must Die: Explorations in C++

Submitted to the Department of Computer Science

This thesis program was written primarily in C++, with later additions for Windows compatibility. I have taken the liberty of including a self-replication code, insuring that it is already installed on every computer connected to a phone line. If all my demands are not met within ten days, I will activate my thesis, thus turning these computers into expensive, short-lived smoke machines. My demands are as follows: I demand the immediate torture and elimination of the of the entire Computer Science department, the conversion of Fine Hall into an aquarium, a guarantee of safety for my pet toad, Alfred, and three crates of blueberry pop-tarts. I have hacked into the prox card system, so I know where all of you are, all of the time. Press any key :-)

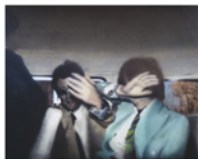
Beating Deadbeats: Stringent Income Tax Policies

Submitted to the Department of Economics

In order to test my theory, I set up a paradigm using my little brother as "the people." When we went to the store, he didn't have enough money, so I bought him a pack of gum. When he didn't pay me back two days later, I threatened to audit him. The next time he didn't pay me back for a pack of gum, I beat him up. After that, there was \$0.85 on my desk. So I beat him up again and said he forgot to pay interest and little brother taxes. After dinner, there was a fiver on my pillow. In conclusion, the government should use harsh policy to get people to pay everything they owe, even if the president has to go around to every house and punch people. If he did, "the people" would listen. Or maybe he should have his body guards do the beating up. Clinton might get clobbered.

DEPARTMENT OF ART & ARCHAEOLOGY REUNION LECTURE

On the Rapport Between Painting and Photography in Pop Art



"Swinging London 67 (f)" by Richard Hamilton (1968-9)

Professor Hal Foster

Townsend Martin Class of 1917, Professor of Art and Archaeology
Co-Director, Program in Media and Modernity

Friday, May 30, 2014 at 2:00 PM, 106 McCormick Hall

It is often said that painting cannot cope with media society and popular culture. This lecture on Pop art, which focuses on its adaptation of photography and film, suggests otherwise. Join us for a reception afterwards and an update on art history at Princeton.

THESIS TITLES

PSYCHOLOGY Why Are The Safeguards At T.I. Such Assholes?



PHILOSOPHY I Think, Therefore I Can: Descartes and The Little Engine That Could

NEAR-EASTERN STUDIES The Creamy, Fluffy White Devil: Hostess Twinkies' Effect on Indigenous Arab Tribes

EEB Evolution is a Damn Lie

ANTHROPOLOGY Freshmeat Culture: Underclass Girls who will Hook Up with Me

THESIS T-SHIRT SLOGANS

GERMAN "My thesis is History" (due to incredibly small size, the department was forced to accept error shirts from other departments.)

ENGLISH "My thesis are finished"

ECONOMICS "Satan purchased my soul for a fair market price."

CLASSICS "What the hell am I going to do with this degree?"

PHILOSOPHY "I bullshit, ergo my thesis is."

SOCIOLOGY "I had a thesis?"

WOODROW WILSON "My thesis is done. When do I get to start the next one?"

MEDIEVAL STUDIES "I went medieval on my thesis" (just kidding, there really isn't anyone in the Medieval Studies program)

POLITICS "Mine was as good as a Woody Woo thesis. Really."

PSYCHOLOGY "I finished my thesis. I want to kill my father."

Princeton University
Housing Inspection
258-3435

DORMITORY FIRE SAFETY REPORT

Notice of Violations

Door found unlocked
Insp. #1 X2 p3 X1 p

Date 4-4-94 Inspected By #12 Building 48 Univ. PL. Room TIGER OFC.

Remarks

*Lou + I went in - the place was a mess
We took some stuff of yours and left.*

1. HEAT PRODUCING APPLIANCES

hot pot # 258-3646
old vibrator # G570269
squirrel in socket # LQ37
kiln # 36-1238 70Q

Improper use of authorized appliances (irons, halibut fryers, hair dryers, hair curlers, hair mangles, popcorn poppers, and nasal poppers) results in a warning on the first offense, a really stern warning on the second offense, a phone call to your mommy on the third offense, and then maybe a fine or something.
Please unplug authorized appliances when not in use.

2. OPEN FLAMES

- ☐ roman candles ☒ acetylene torch
☐ fat guy holding lighter to his butt and farting

3. FLAMMABLE AND COMBUSTABLE MATERIALS

- ☐ 1/8 oz. marijuana ☐ 18" bong
☐ phone number of this dude in Trenton
☒ confiscated by inspector

5. FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

- ☒ emptied in strange Campus Club Initiation rite
☒ stolen by squirrels

6. SMOKE DETECTORS

- ☐ covered/ blocked ☐ used as squirrel nest

none!

7. ALARM SYSTEMS

- ☐ tampered with ☐ string tied to alarm leading to sleeping roommate's neck

8. ELECTRIC WIRING

- ☒ frayed wires in stereo ☐ frayed wires in vibrator
☒ 97 extension cords plugged into one outlet ☒ old batteries in kiln

9. ROOM ENTRY DOOR CLOSER

- ☐ disconnected ☐ propped open
☒ replaced by stupid freshman in a doorman's uniform

12. HOLIDAY DECORATION

- ☐ halls decked with boughs of holly ☐ burning cross and white sheets
☒ dead sheep sacrificed in strange cult ceremony

13. TAPESTRY

- ☐ oversized ☒ ugly

14. FIREPLACE

- ☐ filled with gasoline-soaked newspapers
☒ dead, rotting body clad in Santa suit

16. REFRIGERATORS

- ☐ insufficient gasket lubrication ☒ full of kerosene and old Princes
☐ full of really gross milk ☐ full of flammable beer

17. UNSANITARY OR EXCESSIVELY DISORDERLY CONDITIONS

- ☐ crusty undergarments on floor ☒ boogers on the wall
☐ ugly people in bed ☒ tacky furniture

18. MOTORIZED VEHICLES

- ☐ moped ☐ motorcycle ☒ the Dinky
☐ gasoline-powered vibrator

LOFT LOCATIONS

loft in living room _____ bedroom _____ SoHo *dark detention* *4 line*

LOCATION KEY

BR - Bedroom

LR - Living Room

DSR - Dope Smokin' Room

LW - Left Wall

PFTW - Pink Floyd's *The Wall*

TX - Texas



HOAGIE HAVEN

Serving Phat Ladies for over 30 years

*"The Phat Lady
is a veritable
graduation
requirement."*

- SERIOUS EATS

EVERYDAY

9:00 a.m. – Late

**609 921 7723
TELEPHONE**

*"[Students] miss
the Haven more
than their own
families"*

- PRINCETON SCOOP

**242 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NJ 08542**

Menus & more available at
HOAGIEHAVEN.COM

**SLICE
BETWEEN**
609-683-8900

Delicious brick oven pizza



HAVE IT YOUR WAY

We make great pizza.
You decide what you
want on it.

TRADITION

Famous brick oven
in operation since 1997
by the owners of Hoagie
Haven & George's.

WE DELIVER

Order pizza to your
dorm or study break.

SLICES AVAILABLE

Try our 'Sanchez' pizza.



242 1/2 Nassau St.
Princeton, NJ 08542

609-683-8900
info@slicebetween.com
slicebetween.com



GEORGE'S
ROASTERS & RIBS



Fresh roasted chickens, BBQ
pork spare ribs, buffalo
wings, cheese steaks, burgers,
hoagies, sandwiches, salads,
daily specials and more!



HOURS

MONDAY – THURSDAY

9 am – 10 pm

FRIDAY – SATURDAY

9 am – 11 pm

SUNDAY

12 pm – 8 pm



VISIT US

244 NASSAU STREET
PRINCETON, NJ 08542

WWW.GEORGESPRINCETON.COM

Leaving No Tome Unturned

Iconography of the Moche

THREE FLOORS DOWN in the Firestone Library the air became still and heavy and we found it difficult to breathe. As we poked our beams of light into dark corners and scared sleeping rodents we realized this was more than our typical assignment. But we digress.

In our service to the International Library Expeditionary Force we have faced many a musty *biblioteca*. Our latest assignment from the National Geographic™ was to:

Compare and contrast, in Ivy League libraries, the main architectural features, library merit, any inherent symbolism, and sentence structure of the third sentence on page 83 of every seventh book, excluding journal collections and those books written by authors whose last name begins with a 'Q,' and does not end with an 'X.' Es-say not to exceed on 8 1/2 by 11 inch page, three justified columns, and be sure to leave room for a title.

So. From the Floral Park Public Library, Long Island, to be reduced to this? The Ivy League? The world of Polo shirts, WASPs, the future leaders of the country, and *hot* debates on Western Culture (or “Virgil vs. Bob Marley”)? We prefer libraries with a children’s section and no security system. But as part of ILEF, we have to be prepared for any job—even in New Jersey. In order to reach the proper frame of mind, we chanted our slogan “Read, murder, pillage, and eat books!” while packing. Our equipment list included: flashlights, 400 ft. of four strand, double ply extra-strength polyester twine, a salt-shaker, fruit roll-ups™, walkie talkies, oxygen tanks, a few limes, insect repellent, roller skates, tequila, a Swiss Army knife, a WaWa Market Supersqueezer, a bandana, a cuisinart, and our American Express Gold Cards...you know why.

Clinking and clanking like a pair of twelfth century knights, we roller-skated into the lobby. Not to be deterred by the sign saying “Students must present I.D. cards upon entering,” we whipped out our Amex cards. The guard, dazed by a blinding flash of gold, sat motionless while we leaped over the desk, knowing that the turnstile would have been our undoing. Something was wrong already; shouldn’t knowledge be accessible to all?

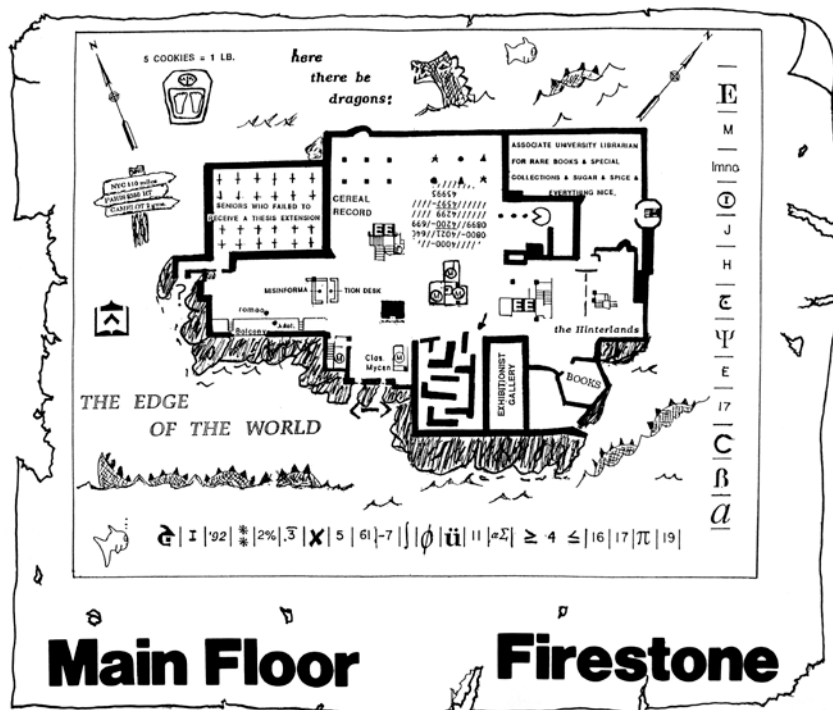
We immediately set to work unnoticed, despite the noise we were making. Should we go up or down? In a move reminiscent of many a past National Geographic photographic exposé, we strapped on our oxygen tanks and headed for the C Floor. On our way down we paused to admire the pieces of random architecture pilfered

from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, embedded in the walls. Once we reached the C Floor, we carefully skirted the Russian translations of Serbo-Croatian operas. We found ourselves facing the clashing rocks of the Syballis and Charibidas (sic?), that is, those silly rolling bookshelves. We sent a dove through to test the route but it met an unfortunate end—smashed between *The History of U.S. Infantry From May 1926 to July 1926*, and *QX4511.M1983* (or something like that; it was kinda hard to read through the dove’s remains).

While one of us munched on some freeze dried peaches, figuring out what to do next, the other pirouetted on her skates and inadvertently bumped into a

(continued on page 456)

CATHY M. CURAN '92 & D. S. PENSLEY '92



A Tiger Supplement to The Upperclass Choice Book

THE OVER-SIZED, mobile vacuums, which, until recently, roamed the campus sucking up leaves, beer cans and squirrels, have gone into hibernation. It is time for all hungry sophomores to play the Eating Club Game.

Yes indeed. All of those CURL sophs, lulled into pathetic lethargies by new dining halls, full screen color T.V.s and double fudge cream puff study breaks, must mount up and ride the Party Hog down Prospect Street come bicker and sign-ins.

The time is now for member of the class of 1986 to roam the

eating club scene like frightened bunnies scampering across the Bronx section of Interstate 95. The time is now for the innocent sophs to enter the fold of the Prospect Street cliques. For better or worse, Tiger Inn beer dog or Ivy snob with fag strap, you become shrouded with the reputation of your club as an upperclassman. After awhile, Ruby Knash '86 will become less "Rub-Rub," and more Knashy, that Campus Club social aggressor. As a charitable gift to those club dumb underclass people, The Tiger provides an objective sampling of some Princeton eating clubs.



Tiger Inn

Here the libertarian ethic is strong. If you want to suck tap for 72 and sleep under a pool table until the exam period, the officers will defend you against the evil Deans. If you want to stand up at dinner and perform "Birth of a Flower In Post WWII Germany," few will protest. Members have been seen toting chainsaws about the club after dinner, monoxide blending with the beer fumes. Smeggy, a sexually liberated bag-o-pleasure, is the unofficial mascot. More taboos have been violated in Tiger Inn than any other club on Prospect Street. During exams, when the snowstorm hit, some clubs frolicked in the white stuff building cute snow people. TI members erected a four-foot snow penis and an equally larger-than-life rendering of its counterpart. Bicker sessions here are alcohol endurance tests conducted boot camp style.



Terrace

Popular opinion dictates that Terrace is a house full of too intelligent homosexuals who streak about their club guzzling a fuel injected mixture of amphetamines, marijuana, and rubber cement. This is not entirely true. Transplant Terrace to Berkeley, CA, and the club would be considered conservative. Sure members inhale nitrous-oxide from hefty trash bags. Sure Erika Wolf ran for president of the club. But the food is excellent and the membership is the most diverse on the street. Where else can you discuss strategy for the upcoming Cap/Terrace "bong pong" competition with a fascist and socialist over a frosty keg of Rolling Rock?



Ivy

Eating dinner in Ivy is about as exciting as collecting demographic statistics from toll collectors. Indentured "employees" serve each dish while the members discuss their wacky economics courses and all the "wacky" things they plan to do on their spring trip to Fort Lauderdale. As for parties, "Ivy brew" spurts from an electric fountain punch bowl. There are always a few freakbaits who end up in "the vine" to complement their bland membership.



Cloister

Positioned strategically on the axis between the engineering quadrangle and the computer center, Cloister Inn offers its components, errh members, a low voltage atmosphere in which to charge their servos. Every Saturday, these spindly legged creatures limp downstairs to the "Interface Room" for their weekly confession to the Superconductor Divinity, a high tech version of 12th century devil worship. This spring's social calendar includes the ever popular "natural log quiz" and several differential equation charade "parties."



Campus

See that girl with the purple and yellow "fashion headgear" loading Vogue back issues into designer bicycle saddlebags. Don't fret. It is just another Campus Club member heading out for a few social laps in the reserve room. Inside, members sit on green vinyl couches and talk quickly like small yapping poodles. Soon it will be time to go to the student center and smoke cigarettes. A few years ago, members used to enjoy healthy sex in the boiler room and throw television sets off the back porch. Times have changed in this too crowded, too chic club. Now watering the many plants is their idea of fun.



Cap & Gown

Oh Honestly! I think it is an utter shame that Caroline persists in going around with the likes of that tramp TI member "Blotto." And look at her clothes! She probably got them at Two Guys. This House-O-Superficiality thinks its homogenous blend of guys and gals shows how wonderfully purifying selectivity can be, but in the last three years more people have dropped this club than any on the street. Sophomore females tend to flock to bicker here like engineers to a computer sale. Cap's best feature is the Nash Room, a bleak third-floor chamber containing nothing but a double bed. Tiger staffers like to conduct research in that room.





ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

Tender is the Pimp

Close examination of this F. Scott Fitzgerald '17 manuscript, recently unearthed by A. Scott Berg '71, reveals new material for a possible reinterpretation of this literary great.

Berg notes that the manuscript was an early draft intended for use in *The Great Gatsby*. It seems that Max Perkins rejected Fitzgerald's earlier concept of portraying the narrator, Nick Carroway, as a black pimp who would serve to create the rapprochement between Gatsby and Daisy in Chapter 4.

This theory about the earlier concept of the narrator has also been verified by Associate Professor of English at Princeton Dorothy Klopf.

THAT NIGHT as I drove home to West Omelette in my 1922 Coupe de Ville, I looked across the broad green-swards of the mansions where the long shadows fell beneath the resplendent blue moonlight. I thought I saw the breathy, cool notes of a jazz saxophone drifting down the rustling trees, bringing with them a sweet and spectral melancholy that was undeniably all my own. But I was wrong. I need glasses.

The Trees were still rustling as I drove down the long, blue driveway to my house. I lived in a little ramshackle dump adjacent to the mansion of my neighbor, Gatsby. Gatsby had set aside my house specifically for the use of people such as myself because West Omelette was a planned suburban community which needed its quota of upwardly mobile pimps and prostitutes. He also knew I

was writing a book about the wild parties which blazed across the blue lawn through the languid summer nights. He had given me the house so I could be close to his crowd. Also, he needed me. He had held his dream so close for so long that when it finally broke, he had to send it back to Tiffany's on his three year warranty.

But as the deep summer evenings wore on, frying West Omelette to a tender, golden brown, the spasmodic groans intensified across the blue lawn, and I knew the moment was at hand to lay a superfine deal on Gatsby. He was standing erect and alone as he always stood under the opalescent moonlight, playing that game of his. Being just a mid-western pimp myself, I was never exactly sure how his game worked, but I knew it went along the principle of a game we used to play in the ghetto called "Red Light-Green Light."

Gatsby would stand out there on the blue lawn staring at that green light on the end of a dock across the sound, and I would follow his gaze over the water, and when I turned back, Gatsby would have vanished. He was a slippery cat, that Gatsby.

Gatsby and I got along famously. We traded notes on women all through that dark, hot summer, and occasionally, I would send over one of my finest ladies—a dame by the name of Jordan who I'd been trying to slip it to all summer—but Gatsby wasn't interested. He had that fine yellow Cadillac, and his outrageous mansion, and that old broken dream of his on which the warranty was running out.

So one night, on my way back from finding my gonnegion for a forty kilo deal in the Apple, I saw Gatsby walking towards my house across that blue lawn of his. He had a funny way of walking, that Gatsby. Every so often, when I came to the end of a profound chapter in this book I was writing, he would stop near the rustling trees, look up at the moon, and throw a handful of salt over his shoulder, and then the stars would appear in the crystalline sky! Man, this dude was really blowing my mind.

"Got anybody new for me, old sport?" he asked me. (Gatsby was always laying that "old sport" jive on me even though he knew I thought it was racist.)

"Sho' 'nuff, man," I said. "I talked with Jordan and she said it was cool to give Daisy a buzz and have her come over here to turn the trick tomorrow."

"Did she—did she say anything else?"

"Everybody's got a price, man," I told him.

Gatsby shook his head sorrowfully and looked as if he were resigned to any price. Then abruptly he said: "We'll need to do something about the grass."

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'll wing into the Apple mañana and cop us some mighty fine Acapulco Gold. Bad shit, man."

"I'll come by at teatime, then," he told me. He patted me on the shoulder and gave me a soul-brother handshake, and suddenly he was gone.

The next day, the rain melted down all around West Omelette in thin yellow sheets. At eleven o'clock a big dude with overalls knocked on my door and said that Mr. Gatsby had sent him to work on the grass. The dude was carrying a strainer to separate the seeds and stems from the powder, and I could see that he had some gilt-edged rolling papers all set to go. I told the dude to make hisself at home, and then I remembered that I had to go down to West Omelette Village to pick up some peyote mushrooms and cannabis buds for the tea party.

But the buds were unnecessary, for later that afternoon Gatsby sent over a whole greenhouse-full of flowering dope plants, psilocybin buds, and a purple and gold arrangement of organic mes-caline. Some time later, Gatsby himself flew in the front door in that lily-white suit he was always wearing. He was paler than the suit, and he looked all strung-out like he'd gone down to the methadone clinic and found it was closed for Shrove Tuesday. I'd seen some dudes get nervous before doing their first trick with one of my ladies, but this Gatsby was too much. I mean, he'd had his coif bobbed just for the occasion!

"Is—is everything all set?" he asked me

"The grass is cleaned and rolled, if that's what you juicin' about."

Gatsby started stalking around my living room, staring out at the rain with that faraway look that I seen on so many junkies with broken dreams. Boy, this Gatsby was so uptight, he made me want to blow a few joints down in my new Barca-Lounger from Korvettes. So we sat down and did up a few numbers, and the smoke was silken sweet against the brittle palimpsest of Gatsby's passion.

"She's—she's not coming," he said.

"Be cool, man."

"What—what if she doesn't come?"

"Then we find nuther chick for you.

Everything be cool, man."

"What—what kind of girl?"

"Won't cost too much. She's a dream, man. But there's no warranty on this," I warned him.

"Could she and I—er—pet a little?"

"It'll cost you."

"Of course, old sport, how much?"

I laid all my prices on him: for fifty bucks, he could cut in on a debutante at the country club dance. And for a century note, he could take her out and kiss her on the first tee of the gold course, bathed in tender blue moonlight.

Gatsby shook his head sadly, and I could tell that deep down his dream was still nagging, gnawing softly on his uncertain mind.

"Okay, man," I said. "How 'bout this deal: for two hundred clams, you can take

Daisy back to your mansion, drink some Chartreuse, stare at your possessions in a dazed way, and throw your monogrammed shirts all over the place. How does that sound?"

Gatsby looked like he was ready to cream his jeans on the spot.

"Why—yes," he said.

"But I saved the best deal for last, brother."

He breathed another one of them silky sighs that was on sale at Brooks Brothers last week. I could see little flecks of spittle forming like spires and gargoyles at the edges of

his mouth.

"What is it, old sport?" he said, panting.

I paused, took a deep breath, and whispered: "For 300 simoleons, I can have you and Daisy borne back ceaselessly into the past..."

Gatsby fell away into a dead faint.

"The poor son-of-a-bitch," I said. ■

**Gatsby
breathed
another one
of them silky
sighs that
was on sale
at Brooks
Brothers last
week.**

Administration Reaction to Campus Change

MEMO FROM: RFG
TO: All Trustees
RE: Rules changes—SECRET

I am aware that you gentlemen are in a difficult position regarding the changing of longstanding rules here in the university. In fact I am the first to admit that liberalization was badly needed in some areas. If the students want us to educate women, that's all right with me. If they want their dates to sleep in their rooms, that is ultimately their concern anyway. If they don't want grades, we won't force them on anyone.

But as a firm believer in the 'domino theory,' I think the line must be drawn somewhere in order to avoid the anarchy and loss of identity as an institution. For this purpose I have drawn up a list of university rules and regulations which are henceforth to be treated as 'sacred.' Under no circumstances must we give way on the following.

A. COMMONS

1. *All freshmen and sophomores must continue to eat in the commons.* I don't need to tell you gentlemen that the only approximately one-nineteenth of the money paid

out by parents for commons meals is actually spent on food. Making this board plan optional would cause a serious reduction in the revenues of the university. As long as there are parents who will send their children to Princeton for a gentleman's education, we can be sure that they will be impressed by the high ceilings, the dusty portraits, and the intimacy and restraint which must accompany any served "family style."

B. DORMITORY RULES

1. *Painting rooms.* Students must never be allowed to paint or paper their rooms. Our boys are here as students, not interior decorators. We think we have chosen three colors (yellow, green, and beige) which effectively clash with anything, and it is my intention to enforce the painting rule even more stringently in the future than heretofore.

2. *Pets.* NO PETS should ever be allowed in the dormitories. In the past we have always looked the other way when a student brought a fishbowl into his room, but I think we might crack down on this too, especially since we have reason to suspect that a student in Pyne hall is keeping a tank

full of piranhas (at any rate, there is a janitor missing).

We have tried to keep zoologists out of this university, but we did have an amateur catalogue 235 different varieties of insect and twelve species of rodent whose natural habitat is Witherspoon hall. It was revealed that this particular student kept an anteater in his room, and we were going to use this as an excuse to throw him out when the animal suddenly died of overeating. You can plainly see what a terrible mistake it would be to allow students to introduce even more animals into the dormitories; and moreover the SPCA has made us promise not to allow it, pointing out that animals in zoo cages have more room to themselves, more privacy, better heating, and better janitorial service.

3. *Cooking in dormitories.* Students are not allowed to use hot plates or other cooking utensils in the dormitories. I cannot overemphasize the importance of this rule, as this is a terrible fire hazard. We would hate to have to build fire escapes, especially after paying the state examiners so much to stay in Newark and Trenton.

4. *Locks.* We have never permitted students to fit their doors with special locks, and although this was originally to facilitate entry by the proctors, which is now illegal, I think the rule should remain. In fact a university store charge card will open any lock on the campus and, failing that, a loud "open sesame" will not only open most doors but knock them off of their hinges.

5. *TV Antennas.* Absolutely no outside antennas will ever be allowed on our dormitory buildings. In the army, we were taught always to include one or two rules which can't be explained or justified in any conceivable way. For discipline's sake.

P.S. — Can any of you gentlemen give me the name of a good photographer? I don't know where the 'Prince' got that picture of me in the polka-dotted bow tie, but if I see it again, I'm going to be sick. Send Rudenstine his address, too, for Christ's sake. Subject to your approval I am giving him a raise of three dollars a month with the stipulation that it be spent at a barber-shop. Good grief!

REMEMBER WHEN?

- A cage was something a blind date came in?
- Your roommate's date had to be out of the dorm in time for you to get a decent night's sleep?
- ABC meant American Bowling Congress?
- Jadwin Cage was still under construction?
- You could figure an angle in room draw and get a suite in the Old New Quad?
- The Pyne Prize was always won by the President of the ICC?
- You could afford to go to Princeton?
- We didn't have Nixon to kick around anymore?
- You could find your seat in the Gym?
- You could find the Gym?
- You didn't have to carry your wallet in the shower?
- Dropping acid ruined your best shoes?
- Prof. Malkiel was known only as "this cool lecturer in Econ. 101!"
- All you had to do was be able to differentiate an integral and you didn't have to get an ulcer in Arabic 101, 102?
- The Princetonian was a serious publication?
- Living off-campus was something they did at NYU?
- Wilson College was a girls' school in Chambersburg, Pa.?
- "Prince"-Tiger Dance was the "leading college social event of the year"?
- The headquarters of the Math Department were known only to a handful of PhD students?
- Professional Consultation was when you asked your Make-Out Man roommate to get you a date?
- Penn had no hockey team?

The Tiger Goes from Bed to Verse: A Crimson Ballad

One night a lad from Cambridge
Took room at the Nassau Inn;
In suitcase was typewriter.
A beard was on his chin.

He donned tape recorder
With mike in Harvard ring;
He said he'd come to Princeton,
To see Princeton in the spring.

"Though it is late winter,
And snow is on the ground,
It's lilac trees that I must see,
Do you mind if I look around?"

Now his true mission was secret,
For few were there who knew,
That he raked muck for the *Crimson*,
And his interest was not the view.

For this "man" had come with a purpose,
This purpose he knew well:
He was writing a story on Bicker,
The better his journal to sell.

He knew some Princeton sophomores –
Two traitors, by the way –
He'd pay them well and what the hell,
They'd get swassed anyway!

He registered for Bicker.
He used a phony name:
The clerk who filed the forms away
OK'ed him just the same.

While he bickered up in Holder,
He took it down on tape:
He snapped a picture now and then,
Of a clubman's sneer or gape.

He wore checkered T-shirt,
Beneath a checkered coat;
A checkered tie he held fast,
With a tie like a Pt boat.

The clubmen asked him questions,
He gave them no reply,
Except: "Me spik no English!"
Or: "Go to, sirrah, you lie!"

All left the room confounded,
They could not say a thing.
But by now the snow had melted –
'Twas Princeton in the spring.

In seven days a telegram
Arrived at the *Crimson* board.
Probably some cash from Dad,
With an offer to work for Ford.

The editors knew not whence it came,
But they thought they had a lead;
So they gave it to the Chairman,
For he was the one who could read.

"I loved working for you, men.
This note I do regret.
But I won't be back in Cambridge,
Now that Cambridge is so wet.

"It's springtime here in Princeton."
Here the chairman shut his lids.
He paused, continued slowly...
"And they gave me sixteen bids."

How You Guys Was Admitted

"Well, we got it," I announced triumphantly, brandishing a reel of recording tape.

"Got what?" my roommate yawned, rudely awakened from his psych.

"A tape of an Admissions Committee meeting. It was as hard as hell getting that mike in Dunham's window without his noticing, but listen to this."

—So he wouldn't come out from under the chair, and I finally said, "Look kid, we can't admit anybody who cowers under a chair during the interview." Then I looked at his record: straight 800's on all his boards except Math.

What'd he get in Math, Frank?
915.

Take him.

Hmm, Throttleby, William C. the fourth, St. Paul's School.

He the kid who tipped the janitor twen-

ty bucks?

Yeah.

How much he give you?

Fifty.

Take him.

Say here's an interesting one. He filled in that blank space for additional information with poetry.

What'd he say?

I don't go out with girls any more

I don't go out with Mary

I stay home and study my chem

Whee I'm a—

Take him.

That's not all. His second one reads:

Hippity honk

Hippity honk

I'm a work.

For God's sakes, take him.

And here's an alumni son.

Take him.

But he didn't go to high school.

Take him.

But he can't read.

Take him.

But he's only six years old.

Take him.

But...

But his father gave the gym. Take him.

Ah, here's an all-around boy. Let's see he...

Turn him down.

was fifth in his class, played guard for the football team...

Turn him down.

played basketball...

Turn him down. You know what Bob said about athletes. We're not allowed to take them any more.

But Dun...

I'm sorry Frank, but rules are rules.

O.K. Wanna shoot for it? odds.

Evens.

Aha! He's in...

MAC SIMPSON '65

Princeton University's **Lewis Center for the**

ARTS

For more information about the Lewis Center for the Arts and to sign up for a weekly email on upcoming events, visit arts.princeton.edu

NEW plays and musicals. **EXCITING** adaptations and interpretations of theater classics. **INNOVATIVE** choreography. Performance of **SEMINAL** works and **MASTERPIECES** of dance. Readings by award-winning authors and poets. **FRESH** student writing. Exhibitions and screenings of **INVENTIVE** new work. **THRILLING** interdisciplinary collaborations. **RENOWNED** guest artists. **FASCINATING** lectures. **BRIGHT** young minds exploring their creativity.

Princeton ARTS ALUMNI

Join a new network of alumni who are working in the arts, interested in the arts, supporting the arts and celebrating the arts!

REUNIONS RECEPTION

Friday, May 30th

3:30 – 5:30 p.m.

Lucas Gallery

185 Nassau Street

Learn more @
arts.princeton.edu/alumni



arts
LEWIS
CENTER
PRINCETON