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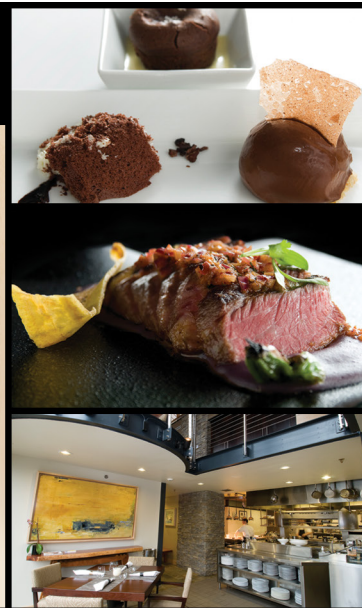
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A message from the chairman

Welcome back from Spring Break! With any luck, you spent your entire break on a remote, tropical island and were not stuck in time, trapped in a ululating hellscape woven between moments, because, well, Spring Break Forever®.

While you were away, *Tiger* managed to incur the wrath of the Office of Sustainability when one of our members was caught stealing all of the pens from the Frist Greenspace display, but we are making every effort to get back on the good side of this valuable source of funding. Editor Kevin Shi sought to appease the office by offering them a 5' by 7" pile of peat moss he named "Pete Moss," but the offer was evidently rejected when the Department of Public Safety was called and Kevin was forced to take a leave of absence to reevaluate his priorities after making such a terrible pun.

After this olive branch was rebuffed, we tried instituting a number of "green" initiatives, starting with printing this issue on recycled paper. As it turns out, recycled paper costs real greenbacks, so we settled on calling this issue "It's Not Easy Being Evergreen" and retiring our coal-burning digital camera, which emitted so much soot that the pictures didn't come out great anyway. Our editors also cut several pages of "red content," the term we in the industry use to refer to "pages we can't pay for because we are broke."

While applying these environmental austerity measures to *Tiger*, I became inspired to make my own lifestyle more sustainable. For instance, over Spring Break, I kept the lights in my room off to save power, and I did very little aside from sleeping and weeping in an effort to save my own energy. I also did not leave my room all week to save the heat that would escape if I opened the door, and I have

taken to the concept of "emotional recycling" by texting my ex-girlfriend several times each day. But enough about me.

This issue is all about the color green, which means you'll find environmentalism and so much more inside these hallowed pages. We've packed this full-color issue to the brim with articles about money, marijuana, and other green things that were laying around *Tiger* writers' rooms when the article deadline passed without so much as a single submission. There is also a ton of great green content on our website tigermag.com, including contributions from members of ENV346: The Environment Can Be Funny, a real class whose name alone is an argument against Princeton's \$41,820 tuition.

In truth, though, both *Tiger* and the class have the same aim, and that's to teach through humor. If you can't learn something from this issue—whether it's how to reduce your carbon footprint, how to tell if your teen is using weed, or even the difference between jungle and forest green—you can go fuck yourself.

Lovingly,



Andrew Sondern
Chairman

MY JUICE CLEANSE, DAY 40

A FEW MONTHS AGO, a friend of mine filled me in on the wonders of juicing. A natural way to pump up your diet with all the essential vitamins and minerals your body craves? Sign me up! 40 days ago, I started a quest to purify my body and soul via liquefied kale, and I'd love to share my thoughts on how it's going with you guys! Let's start with what I think are the main pros and cons so far.

PRO My high intake of vitamins and minerals has left me with a good nutritional balance and a healthy glow!

CON I have constant cravings to eat dirt or sand and I have been emitting short wavelength UV radiation in the dark.

PRO I can definitely tell that I'm purifying my body of toxins.

CON I don't know how else to put this...I am incapable of not pooping now.

PRO My mind has been super clear lately. My meditation has been coming along great too, and I've been really relaxed around the house.

CON I have become narcoleptic and can't remember where I've been for hours at a time. I also frequently forget the faces of people I once loved. The malformed head of Steve Buscemi appears as a specter before me every time I close my eyes.

PRO I've really felt a lot more energetic since starting the cleanse! Every day I've been able to wake up bright and early and go for a run.

CON Every day I wake up at exactly 4:30 am to what sounds like the dying screams of 1,000 tortured souls. They beg me to flee, flee the house if I can, to avoid the same dismal fate as they. I can't stop running, I won't stop. I can never look back.

So that's it for now guys! Check back in next week when I update you on my progress. Stay juicy y'all!

MAX GOLLIN '16



ILLUSTRATED BY KINGSTON XU '16

Heated Marijuana Debate Continues

HEATED DEBATE REGARDING the legalization of marijuana has reached a boiling point across the Internet, with thousands of users all vigorously spouting the exact same opinion.

An exhaustive investigative report has confirmed that across five message boards, 25 YouTube videos, and 16 Facebook pages, no less than 2481 people have come out in support of marijuana legalization, while nobody has argued against it.

Commenting on *420 Magazine's* online forum, New York resident Derrick Langley zealously defended his liberal views on marijuana against absolutely no one who disagreed with him.

"Pot isn't addictive, and medical marijuana has all these benefits too," wrote Langley, who declared that he wouldn't stop until everyone on the website, whose membership consists almost exclusively of males aged 15-26, knows the truth about cannabis.

"Moar ppl die from drukn driving den from smokin pot," contended user W3ed-wizard97 in a YouTube comment that re-

ceived 11 thumbs up, to which detractors did not respond because they were not watching Snoop Lion music videos at 2:31 am on a Sunday.

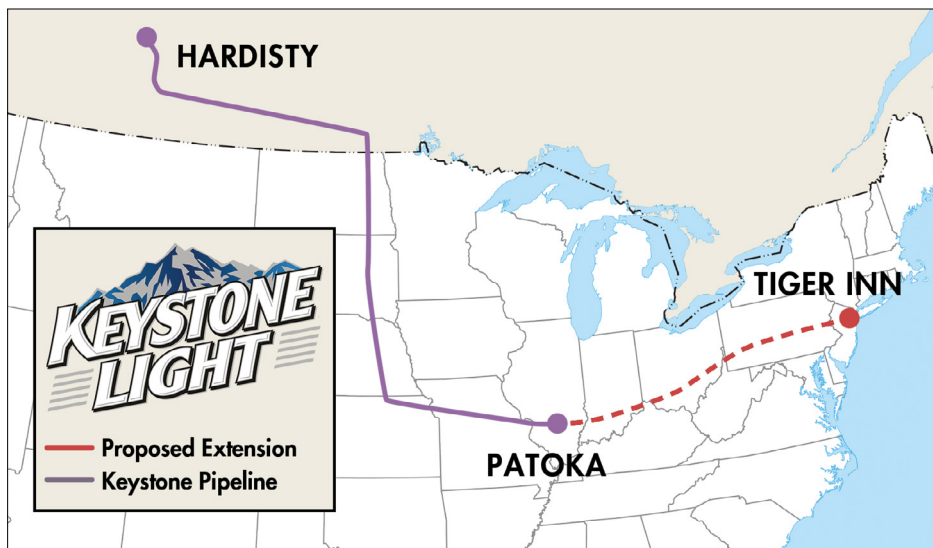
Tensions reached a fever pitch when Texas resident Claudia Davey almost rebutted Washington resident Trevor Pinto's Facebook post pointing out the lack of conclusive evidence on whether marijuana is a gateway drug. In the end, Davey did not respond to the comment because she is not a member of "Legal Marijuana for US," the group where it was posted.

At press time, Pinto, who lists April 20th as his birthday on Facebook, had received 21 likes and 13 aggressively supportive replies for his post.

The wildfire of contention has also reportedly spread beyond the Internet.

"What people don't get is that no one gets hurt by weed," Eliot Hughes said to his friend, Austin Graham, while both sat in an abandoned dugout in Wallingford, CT at 3:46 am. Sources confirm that Graham did not respond due to being blazed out of his mind.

ERIC YANG '17



ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

TI Petitions US Government for Direct Connection to Keystone Pipeline

IN A MEETING LAST WEEK with members of the House Subcommittee on Pipe and Line Related Matters, Tiger Inn officers petitioned for government funding of an extension to the Keystone Pipeline to the Princeton area.

The proposed 1000-mile extension would connect the TI taps directly to Canadian and American reserves of crude Keystone Light. According to experts at the Bureau of Experimental Efficiency Research (BEER),

the pipeline could increase the tap efficiency of TI by nearly 600%, allowing for an unprecedented 57.3 beer throws per minute. If approved, construction will begin immediately, and club officers expect that the project will be completed by next year's "State Night" party.

The proposal has, however, met resistance. Last month, nine Princeton students were arrested at a protest of the pipeline in front of the White House. **EVAN KING '17**

SUBURBAN TEENAGER LIVES SUSTAINABLY BY PURCHASING REUSABLE COFFEE MUG

AFTER READING AN ARTICLE on the detrimental effects of pollution on South American rainforests, Stacy Clark, 19, was inspired to reduce her carbon footprint and purchased a reusable coffee mug from Starbucks.

"When I drink my grande skinny mocha caramel swirl Frappuccino in my new mug, I can feel good about helping those poor koalas in Bolivia," Clark explained.

She noted that each purchase reduces the country's annual plastic use by 0.00002%. Clark's mug allows her to enjoy her coffee, which is cultivated on former forestlands and transported on diesel-burning airplanes or cargo ships, in a sustainable fashion.

Clark, however, admitted that she occasionally struggles to live in an environmentally friendly manner.

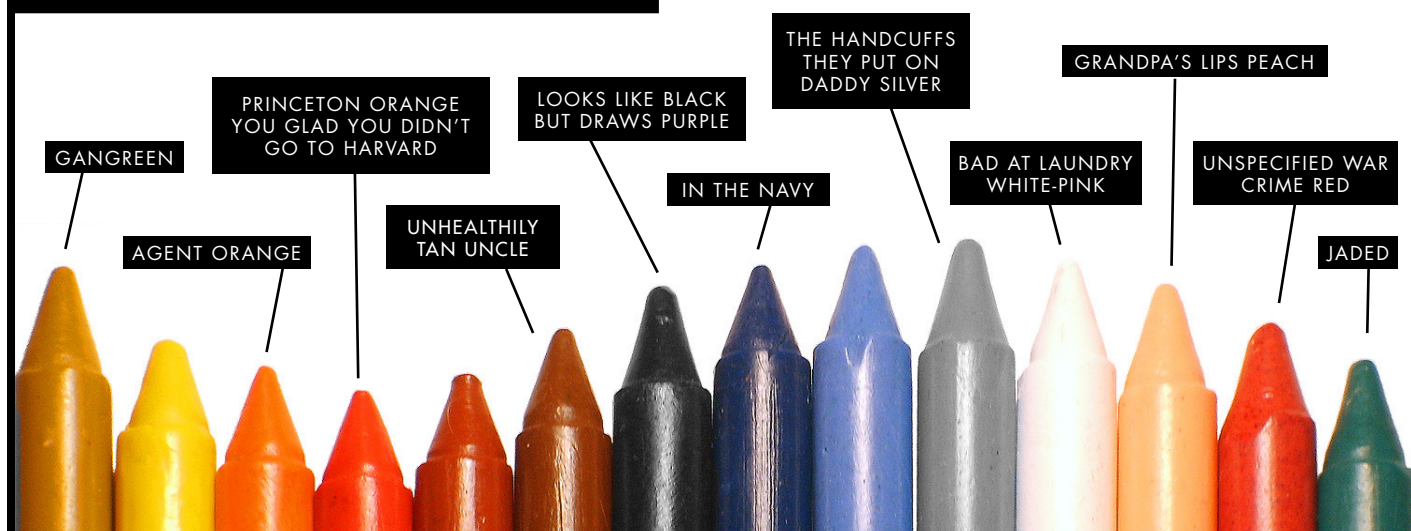
"At night I usually just leave my electronics plugged in. I don't want them to die on me the next day!" Clark said, throwing her plastic water bottle in the trash.

Clark also mentioned that she reduced her 45-minute showers to 40 minutes and hopes to eventually bring that number closer to half an hour.

Upon leaving the interview, Clark stated that she was going to buy a reusable grocery bag at Whole Foods. She was seen leaving in a Chevrolet Suburban sporting a bumper sticker that reads "I recycle." **TERESA RUFIN '17**

REJECTED CRAYON COLORS

Not pictured: Synesthetic Triangle



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ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXIS FOSTER '17

Excerpts from *50 Shades of Green*

RIGHT NOW, the only thing hotter than global warming is this steamy new romp from G.W. Jameson. The novel, printed on mostly recycled material, follows the passionate commitment to helping our planet shared by young, naïve community center volunteer Anabelle Glass and the dangerous, aloof, and unemployed activist Crispin Green. Al Gore himself described it as “inconvenient,” while one of the top administrative assistants at Greenpeace called it so good it borders on “unreadable.” But don’t take their word for it—see for yourself. Here are its most *environmentally conscious* sections. **MAX GOLLIN '16**

We get into the shower together and our eyes lock. His twinkle with the knowledge of shared experience, a shared purpose. He turns on the shower head and we can’t help ourselves. Almost immediately I begin rubbing myself. The phosphate-free soap doesn’t make for the best lather, but at least it’s keeping the local creek at a stable pH level. He watches me, slowly caressing shampoo from a 30% recycled bottle into his hair. Then, without breaking eye contact for a second, he reaches out his arm and turns off the 50 degree water. In a smooth, deep growl, he mutters, “Only leave the shower head on when you’re rinsing.” (58)

“YES! YES!” I moan. He’s sticking it in, now twisting it ever so slightly, coaxing it slowly. As it enters, it perfectly aligns with the inside. I’m filled with ecstasy and I feel like a white light is blinding me from above. “All the way!” I scream. And with that, he finishes putting in the fluorescent bulb. (111)

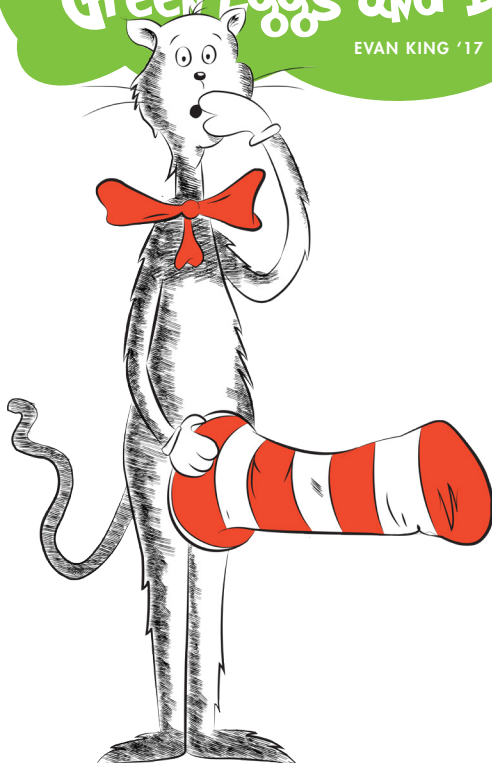
He reaches two fingers in, deeper, deeper, until he can’t go any further. I’m beginning to sweat, my heart is pounding. I can hardly hold in my excitement anymore. Without any warning, he draws his fingers out of the plastic bin, tightly clutching something. He rotates it around and now I understand. It’s the glass coke bottle I recycled yesterday. But something was wrong. His face contorted in agony, he grunts, “This goes in the glass bin, not the aluminum!” (176)

My mouth envelops it slowly. It feels so smooth, yet so hard, so rigid. I like the way it sits in my mouth, filling it up until it can’t hold any more. But there’s this tinge of guilt in the back of my mind, and it stops me cold. I withdraw it from my mouth, shame starting to build as my cheeks flush shades of crimson. “Is it—” He puts a single finger up to my lips, already understanding what I was going to ask before I could finish thinking it. “Yes,” he whispers, “The rutabaga is organic.” (217)

ILLUSTRATED BY RACHEL ROBERTS '16

Green Eggs and DAAAAAMN

EVAN KING '17



I do not like Green Eggs, but damn,
I like what I see!
They call me the Lorax,
Will you speak to my tree?

You have what I want
And I have what you Thneed,
So let's hit the dance floor,
Come! Follow my lead!

Your moves are on fire,
You really know how to work it,
I like a girl who's freaky,
Like the Circus McGurkus.

You really got me going,
By the way that you dance,
There's a Wocket in My Pocket!
What do you have in your pants?

I think this party's dying,
We should get on our way,
Like the Grinch stealing Christmas,
Something grew three sizes today.

My roommate is sleeping,
But I bang with 3 knocks,
Get out! I shout with vigor,
I've got a Fox in the Box!

Oh! The Places you'll Go!
I'll rock your world, wait and see!
You'll be knocked back into Whoville,
By the time you're done with me.

Mr. Brown can moo,
Show me what you can do,
Take out your Thing 1,
And insert my Thing 2.

One base, two base, third base, home base!
Slow pace, fast pace, this place, that place!

—

WHOA! What happened last night?
What on earth did I do?
Is someone else in this bed?
Wait 'til Horton hears about you!

Campus Safety Alert

Princeton Alert – Rager spotted south of center campus

This is NOT a test. Because of an anticipated surplus of alcohol in the Princeton University Public Safety staff lounge, students and faculty are advised to come down-campus and help us kill these 30-racks starting at 10 pm today, March 27th and continuing into the early hours of March 28th. The University's Department of Public Safety will continue monitoring the situation until it heads to Charter or just passes out.

Only employees in critical or essential roles should report to this party for shifts before 10 pm. After that, individual faculty members and students who, based on the guidance offered on the Dean of the Faculty website (<http://www.princeton.edu/dof/faculty/message.xml>), think they can help us crush a keg should report to the Public Safety office immediately with a mixer.

TigerTransit buses are running on a regular schedule, so no need for designated drivers.

Princeton Alert – Rager spotted south of center campus – Update!

Princeton University officials continue to monitor this ongoing bacchanal and have noticed that hardly any of you bitches have showed up yet. If we decide it is too full, an update will be sent via the Princeton Telephone and E-Mail Notification System (PTENS), but until then come and TELL YOUR FRIENDS! And bring girls.

Princeton Alert – Update – All Clear

Princeton University officials have crushed everything. A white male approximately 19-22 years of age at the party reported that he practically downed a 30-rack by himself and that the event was “totally bitchin’.”

This e-mail has been sent to you by PRINCETON UNIVERSITY as part of our alert notification system. To learn more about the system or if you do not wish to receive further notifications, please visit <http://web.princeton.edu/sites/emergency/PTENS-FAQ.html>. Thank you.

STEPHEN WOOD '15



ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

ECO-FRIENDLY ALTERNATIVES TO

Children

When deciding whether or not to have a baby, it's important to consider that human beings are the environment's greatest threat. Every exhalation is a bullet in the wheel of Mother Nature's motorcade. Each fart, a glacier's last breath. Before you try conceiving, remember that there are other, environmentally conscious options. **CONNOR STONESIFER '16**

Reed Totem

Woven by the Wykota tribes of the Southern Amazon, this reed-bound homunculus is a near perfect mimicry of a human child. Each stalk of your new baby's body will be harvested from the freshest dying river weeds and overseen in its assemblage by a notable local shaman. All reed babies are even imbued, so the legends say, with the angry spirit of one of the Wykota's slain tribal enemies. In other words, you've got yourself one spunky tot!

A Water Bottle

Lord knows we have enough of these lying around polluting our landfills! Why not care for one as if it were your child? Most water bottles have a texture approximate to that of a human infant's skin, and will deform, just like a real baby, upon undue pressure. Watch as it fills with the milk of its mother! This little guy is always thirsty!

**A Brood of Hornets**

Every parent knows the first stings of adolescence are the most challenging and rewarding moments in parenthood. Simulate this fulfilling chapter in your maternal journey by adopting a frenzied brood of hornets. Like any teenager, they won't let you close, but you can enjoy the proud pleasure of standing back and watching them grow from afar. Soon, your little hive is going to want to move outside the house. Into the rafters. The mailbox. And even the neigh-

bor's kitchenette. Don't try to hold them back. Though the nest may be empty, your heart will be full.

7 lbs of Industrial Smog in the Approximate Shape of a Toddler

Contrary to popular belief, cleaning the skies and filling a crib are not mutually exclusive. A child-sized sack of industrial smog is a fun and effortless object to rear. Watch as your baby diffuses, and flick away its tears of condensed, carcinogenic by-products before its plastic skin melts just like your heart.

Not impressed by this list of Eco-Friendly options? Still thinking of having a living, human baby? We urge you to reconsider. But, if this is really what your black heart desires, here are a few of the best methods available today to help cut down on your little tyke's contribution to the smothering of our green earth.

The Johnson & Johnson Waste Reformer

This state of the art, closed circuit body-suit will reduce your child's carbon footprint (as well as reducing its ambition, eyesight, and chance for proper motor development—though these costs far outweigh the costs of potential environmental damage). Made of unyielding, poorly jointed plastic, the suit ensures the pollutants of your child's natural processes are kept carefully contained, far from contact with earth's delicate skies. Throughout the day, your infant's wastes will be reclaimed, recycled, and dispensed in a series of dry, nutrient-rich capsules. These serve as exciting family snacks and

a healthy alternative to mass-produced and environmentally guilty produce.

Acne Oil Lamps

Come puberty, your child's face will go into business as a factory of oils. Oils that can damage our water supply, and most importantly pollute our seas! But there's no reason to be complacent about this shocking and environmentally damaging transformation. Collecting your child's facial excretions every few hours in large, sub-basement vats could greatly reduce the chance of unwanted ecological effects, and pressing these oils into 'puberty wax' provides a safe and effective fuel for non-electric lamps.

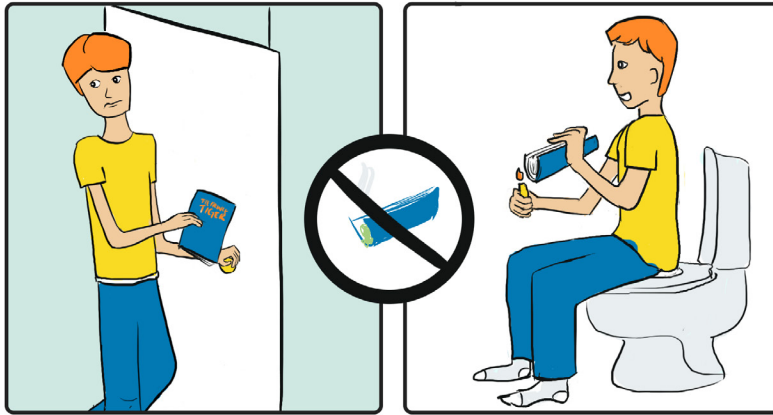
A Build-Your-Own 72 Acre Forest

Wondering what to get the kid who has everything? Enter conservation's coolest crafts project for kids. The 'Build Your Own' 72 Acre Forest! Timmy will spend minutes with other toys, but an average of fifteen consecutive years performing the required planting, seeding, and irrigation needed to transform this arid portion of the Atacama Desert into a lush and verdant deciduous habitat.

Recycle your child

ILLUSTRATED BY LIZZIE BUEHLER '17

Is Your Teen Doing “Weed?”



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

They use unfamiliar slang words

Many teen drug users have established an elaborate code to disguise their criminal activities. These slang terms are anything but harmless, allowing “dealers” to sell their illegal wares to each other. Popular code words to look out for include SWAG, an acronym for “smoking weed and grass,” and ‘SUP, which is “shooting up pot.”

They are constantly eating

Another symptom of the marijuana plant is that it gives teens voracious appetites. If you see your child devouring entire boxes of pizza bagels or whole bags of chips at a time, they most likely have a bad case of “the munchies,” a disease caused by cannabis.

They seem sullen or unresponsive

Does your teen seem to be avoiding you? Do they ignore you when you talk to them or only respond with monosyllabic grunts? These are classic symptoms of being high on drugs—their paranoia attacks the part of their brain responsible for speech and causes them to fear positive moral guidance from their role models/heroes.

They are frequently aroused

If you have noticed that your teen has an erection at inappropriate family moments such as saying grace or visiting grandma at the hospital, this could mean they are “us-

ing.” Marijuana has been known to increase sex drives, which, if left unchecked, could force your child into joining a “drug orgy.”

They spend long periods of time alone in the bathroom

If you observe your teen going into the family bathroom and don’t see him come out for a good 30 minutes, he may be doing drugs *inside your very own home*. One key sign to look out for is if he enters the bathroom with filthy magazines, which are often used as the paper for rolling “marijuana cigarettes” due to their lack of journalistic integrity. Large numbers of tissues may also be substituted, so be concerned if your teen seems to use a lot while they’re in there. Other signs to look out for are any indications that he is happier and more relaxed than normal after coming out of the bathroom, a side effect of the “weed” drug.

They want to work & buy a car

Many teen drug addicts will try to act like they are responsible and want to and earn their own way, but don’t be fooled by this phony display of elbow grease. In all probability, they are seeking money to sell or buy marijuana plants. The same goes for saving up to buy a car, which can be used for drug trading and/or drop-offs. Even worse, many teens on drugs will do a “heat box” in their cars, using the whole vehicle as a “bong pipe” to become high in. **MAX GOLLIN '16**

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WHO IS THIS

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

by Matt Gwin '14
Illustrated by Caden Ohlwiler '15

WHEN CHRISTOPHER EISGRUBER'S assistant 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 apparently said that he loved "the piece I wrote on turtles" and 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 or card to anyone in the business—this was the chance of a lifetime.

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

We stop and he meets us at the front gate with a smile and a quick glance in both directions. "Come in, come in," 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's is a full bottle of Mount Gay's Rum. The man breaks the seal and pours it 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 leather biker jacket and hands it to the animal. "You know why I like alpacas? Because they love green apples. I only like red ones. We're like a perfect match."

We go through some normal dribble-drabble, although conversation is never too dull with a man like Chris. Eventually, however, it gets really spicy as he starts



Princeton University
Eisgruber, reveals his
campus farm.

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

to talk about 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 become 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, and that just didn't feel genuine to me," he tells me as we walk along more and more 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

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

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.”

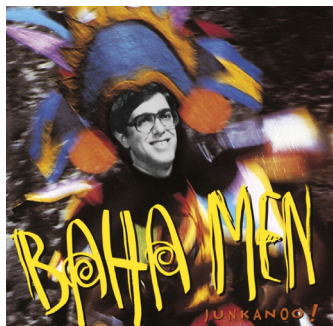
“And Burn the Noo Junk was something my Grandma always used to say to me. It was like my catchphrase in the group!” He shakes his head in disappointment. It’s obvious that to him, the lawsuit was never really about the money.

Eisgruber primarily played steel drums 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



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**.

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 drums 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.”

We hang a right and walk another quarter mile down a peach tree-lined fencerow, reaching a zebra pasture. He was given one of the animals as a gift by the a former governor of Saskatchewan after an Enya show, and then bought more from a zoo in Pennsylvania that was going out of business. He says he’s been trying to breed them to have spiraling stripes.

“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.

The Enya days ended much less eventually than 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 for 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.”

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 himself 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 my front license plate had been replaced with a sign that says Be a Junkanoo Jomb. Maybe it was a friend. Maybe I did it in my sleep. But I like to think of it as the perfect testament to his enigma, his perfect elusiveness. ■

**Deep down
we’re all
zebras.**



ILLUSTRATED BY CARESSE YAN '15, ANDREW SONDERN '15 & CADEN OHLWILER '15

Clumsy, Bumbling Green Beret Squad Stabilizes Middle East

BEIRUT – After a wholly improbable sequence of events, the uncoordinated, ham-fisted Green Berets of ODA 5327 somehow managed to bring stability and order to the entire Middle East, learning a valuable lesson about the importance of friendship in the process.

The force, which only exists because a clerical error created a seventh detachment in the Bravo Company battalion, had to overcome many obstacles even before they were deployed.

“The State Department didn’t want to send us out because they saw us as a bunch of underequipped, out-of-shape misfits,” Captain Eric Fernández said at the ceremony where he and his squadmates received Medals of Honor for their heroism. “Well,

we worked extra hard to show them, and we got a little help when every other battalion in the 5th Special Forces Group failed in their missions in the Middle East.”

Even then, the eager but untrained unit had plenty of obstacles to overcome.

“We thought we’d lost our chance after Sparky [SFC James Edison] forgot to shut off the A-10 after our last training exercise and it rolled off the runway and into the Persian Gulf,” Sgt. José “Matador” Morales said. “The superiors were all ready to give him a general discharge and get rid of him, but I got the unit together and we told ‘em that even though we’ve only got eleven soldiers instead of twelve like all the other ODA squads, 5327 is a family, and we stand up for our own. That showed them!”

5327’s situation got still more complex when half the members overslept a critical mission briefing, because they were up late the night before planting tear gas mines around ODA 5322’s barrack, a prank that Staff Sgt. William “Fireball” Chang and SFC Scott “Demoman” Parkin agreed was “totally worth it.” However, it meant that the sleep-deprived and confused force mistakenly flew to Cambodia instead of Kabul. They soon realized their mistake, but not before adopting Jimbo, a lovable macaque who became the unit’s honorary twelfth member, on the outskirts of Ho Chi Minh City.

Once in Kabul, the Green Berets continued their hijinks. Disobeying orders, they attempted to infiltrate a meeting where local warlords were planning a bomb attack on the Afghan Parliament, only to nearly have their cover blown when 5-foot-8, 300-pound Sgt. Charles “Fatback” Jenkins got stuck in a window.

“That was the toughest moment of the whole campaign,” Fernández said. “I thought we were going to have to shoot our way out of Afghanistan. Luckily, Jimbo disrupted the meeting when he peed on the ringleader’s head. In the chaos, we took out the four biggest opium tycoons in Central Asia in five minutes.”

“That was the point when we really learned just how important it was for the Green Berets to stick together, and it’s a lesson we never forgot,” added Morales. “Jimbo saved us in Kabul, and we kept him out of the line of fire while we shut down those jihadist cells in Damascus.”

The unit then proceeded to Jerusalem, where Chang singlehandedly repaired Israeli-Palestinian relations with an impassioned two-minute speech atop the Dome of the Rock. Chang modestly deflected praise for the gesture, saying that “it was the right thing to do” and that all he remembered of the evening in question was that it began “when Fatback came into camp carrying ten bottles of 110-proof arak.”

At press time, ODA 5327 had been deployed on a peacekeeping mission in Egypt where, in an accident involving an M1038 Humvee and twelve pounds of C4, Parkin managed to break off the rest of the head of the Great Sphinx of Giza.

ALEXANDRO STRAUSS '15

Green is Good

by Malcolm Steinberg '17
Illustrated by Angela Zhou '16

SEATTLE, WA. 11:25 am. The trendy green products markets open at 11:30. It's game time.

"Look sharp people, we've got a big day today. Fair-trade handbags closed up 65 points and we're expecting heavy buying at open. Fixed gear bikes just got an article in *Vice*, looking promising. There's an eco-friendly alternative to the desert boot, it's handmade in France, up 30% in a week and it practically sells itself, but you need to be the ones selling it, so let's get to work!"

Rotary phones and fair isle sweaters exploded into a frenzied buzz whirling around Buddy Wolf's desk.

RING RING RING!

"I know it dropped a bit but—no you've got to hear me out, man, it's about the long term... Well, I don't know how grocers will bag in five years, but right now they're ditching recycled for bring-it-yourself! It's the goose that lays the fucking golden egg!"

RING RING RING!

"Alright sir I'll put that down—Jake! Get me a buy order on organic cups! Eleven and a half shares!"

RING RING RING!

"Go bigger! Why stop at all-natural neckties when the whole damn wardrobe's on the table?! Buy! Buy! Buy!"

All of Buddy's colleagues seemed to be going places, fighting their ways to big commissions, but Buddy was stuck. He moved out to Seattle hoping to strike it rich, cash in. He'd done his background—four years at NYU, two years freelance writing in Brooklyn and Portland. Now he tried to put his knowledge to use for himself, and suddenly he was stuck. Only it had been three years and it didn't feel so sudden anymore. He hadn't quite given up hope, but most days he was starting to doubt he had what it took. He whittled down his ambitions and dreams of glory to one achievable goal: bag Gordon Greene, founder and CEO of GoGreene. The man was a green genius, a whale in the industry. And every conservationist knows the best way to get ahead is to go whaling. Every day Buddy would call his office, a beautifully remodeled industrial space, right downtown in the pulsing heart of the market.

"Jessie, guess who?" By now, he knew Greene's assistant by name. "C'mon, just a minute of his time! That's all I'm asking you for!"

"I've already told you, Mr. Wolf: I'm sure you're very green-minded, but Mr. Greene only works with divestment bankers."

"Please—"

The line cut out. Buddy sighed and went back to work. No luck today. A few minutes later he felt his leg vibrate and checked his phone:

"Hey Buddy, at the market and need to know what scent of recyclable tp u prefer...lavender? Also good news from harriet. the EPA is letting her start production on her boxed water idea, she thinks they'll announce it tmrw. c u at supper <3 dad"

He really needed his own place.



Buddy Wolf dreams of being a big player at GoGreene.

"THIS IS THE KID. Calls me fifty-nine days in a row, wants to be a player. There ought to be a picture of you in the dictionary under 'persistence,' kid."

Buddy couldn't believe that Gordon Greene was standing right in front of him. After months of effort, Buddy had been able to wrangle a meeting. He had finally harpooned the whale—not like a literal harpooning, you know, like a good one—you can't harpoon a good whale—like it's bad to harpoon, not like they're bad—a good metaphorical harpooning...forget it. Anyway, he had five minutes to win his business—five minutes to change his own life. Gordon addressed Buddy briefly until his flip phone rang. *Of course*, thought Buddy, *he's too legit to use a smartphone*.

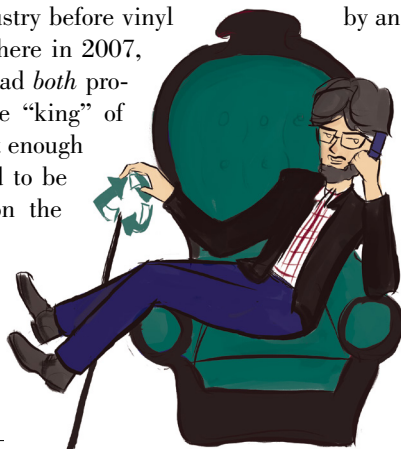
"Did he respond to the offer...What?! This is goddamned ridiculous. Is he brain-dead or something...Well, tell him one of us is getting screwed on organic toothpaste and it sure as fuck ain't me! Dilute the son of a bitch!"

He snapped the phone shut and tensed his face.

Gordon Greene was a killer. Nothing got past him. He saw biodegradable plastic packaging coming a mile away. He bought up half of the recyclable record sleeve industry before vinyl even came back. He had come out of nowhere in 2007, and already *The Atlantic* and Current TV had *both* profiled him four times, once calling him the "king" of renewable markets. "King," however, wasn't enough for Gordon Greene. Gordon Greene wanted to be emperor. Gordon Greene wanted to be on the fucking moon.

"Alright kid, five minutes. You got a deal for me, or what?"

Buddy thought through the best recommendations that had come up in the office recently.



"The fixed-gear bike. It's an alternative to driving and a very up-and-coming lifestyle item—"

"Yeah, yeah, kid, tell me something I don't already know. If I wanted to cash in on fixies, I'd get a time machine, go back five months and buy then."

"Alright, umm...There's a new all-natural shoe company, Le Brodequin—"

"What, the French one? It's alright, but it's a dog."

"What about this new hemp hand-bag company, Woven?"

"A dog with different fleas, kid. Listen, don't waste my time."

Gordon's phone buzzed again. "Like I said, I'm a busy man. But I'll give you one last shot," he said, letting the phone buzz on his desk. "Give me something special. What's tomorrow's trend gonna be?" There was a glint in his green eyes.

Buddy hesitated for a moment. He knew it was wrong—illegal even—to do this, but how wrong? Before he could contemplate it, he blurted it out.

"Boxed water! It's aesthetic, green, recyclable, and the biggest manufacturer in the region just got cleared for production by an EPA decision that hasn't gone public yet."

"If the decision's not public yet, how do you know about it?"

"I just know."

Gordon flashed a satisfied grin.

"Alright, kid, you're hired. I'll send you about a half a mil for my account; go ahead and buy boxed water as quick as you can."

"Fantastic! You won't regret this, Mr. Greene."

Buddy extended his hand, and Gordon pulled him in close and spoke to him forebodingly softly with hot, garlic breath.

"I'd *better* not regret it, kid. Let me explain

something. I don't lose, understand? I *own* green markets, and no one can touch me—not even that old trickster Paul Newman when he was around, or those crazy fuckers over at Dr. Bronner's. So don't mess it up, and don't lose. And if you win, well Buddy, I can give you more greenbacks than you can possibly imagine.”

“You mean—”

“I mean money, kid, not the product.” Gordon was referring to a moss-based tarp product his company had bought up that had been a bit of a flop.

“Well, actually I mean both. I'd appreciate it if you took a few Greenbacks home—we've got, like, five thousand of them... See you around, Buddy.”

THE NEXT DAY, Buddy checked *The Huffington Post*. “EPA APPROVES BOXED WATER COMPANY FOR PRODUCTION, AND IT'S THE GREATEST THING EVER (VIDEO)”

Yes! He had put in the buy order at the end of the day on Monday, and by Tuesday morning he made \$30,000—a better rate of return than months of, say, collecting cans, considered easy money in the green market. Buddy shot up from nothing, fast. And as the weeks went by, he earned a reputation for giving good tips and a talent for picking up newer, better ones. Reusable bandages. Organic razor blades. Heirloom-tomato-flavored biodegradable condoms. It was a cash avalanche. The trends kept coming, and Buddy did whatever he could—spying, cheating—to stay one step

Within two months, he had a new apartment with a rooftop garden, a new Prius, a new sense of self-worth. He was a somebody.

ahead of everyone else. Within two months, he had a new apartment with a rooftop garden, a new Prius, a new sense of self-worth. He was a somebody, rolling around downtown Seattle with the big players.

But then, after a year or so, the winnings started to go as quickly as they'd arrived. Trends began to lose steam as the mainstream caught on to them. Complaint calls starting pouring in about “srat girls” and “gross Republican uncles” buying canvas backpacks and eco-friendly products, much to the chagrin of the people who knew about them before they were, like, a thing. Finally, one unfortunate April day, Buddy lost a full third of his clients. He was hemorrhaging money faster than oil from a hypothetical Keystone XL pipeline.

At about five, Gordon pulled up in front of Buddy's office on his road bike.

“Let's go for a ride, Buddy. C'mon.”

They rode to Gordon's gym. After an hour in the spin room

and a steam, they headed for the locker room. Gordon sat down Buddy in a corner and demanded he explain his losses. Things got heated.

“It's just not possible, Gordon! They're backing out! They don't trust me.”

Gordon glared.

“You see these glasses, kid?” He took off his tortoise shell lenses and snapped them in half. “You think I fucking need these glasses? I've had perfect eyesight since birth.” He pulled off the Vibram Five Fingers he'd been wearing during his workout. “You see these goddamn toe-shoes? I don't need these! I don't even have toes!”

“What? Why don't you have toes?”

“The point is: image, Buddy. That's what counts out here. I don't give a shit about the environment and I practically run this town now. If you can't win these people's business, it's because you can't. And let me tell you something else. Most of these Berkeley-types don't amount to jack shit. Do you know why most organic farmers can't outdo Whole Foods? Because most organic farmers are sheep, and sheep get slaughtered—not on vegetarian farms, but, you know, in general. So don't give me some trendy environmentalist, give me a kid who's poor and hungry—and no conscience neither.” He put on his jacket and started to walk away. “I've got plenty of divestment bankers already, Buddy. I don't need another.”

A hateful fear seized Buddy. The money, the glamour of conservationism could all be gone if he walked out of that door.

“Gordon, wait!”

Gordon smirked. The walkout had worked.

“I'll do whatever it takes! I'll spy, I'll even compost my feces and tell my neighbors it's a thing so they'll buy those containers we make—anything you need.”

“Alright Buddy, I'll give you one more chance.

you are cordially invited to a soiree
friday 4.20.2012
greene residence

The invitation was minimalist, tasteful, sent via Paperless Post. Gordon was a man of refined taste, and when Buddy arrived at his house on Mercer Island—the weekend playground of divestment bankers—he got a sense of just how much money Gordon had to throw around. The glass mansion was elegantly empty, stylishly unfurnished, although packed momentarily with a chic crowd of Seattle socialites—a fancy 4/20 affair catered with locally sourced produce, craft beer, and choice weed. Buddy went to the bar and bumped into Gordon.

“Hey-y, Buddy, glad you made it. I want you to meet someone. This is Smiles Patrick.”

Smiles's long blonde hair glowed angelically around her slim,

pale face and figure and her horn-rimmed glasses. She wore high-waisted, patterned pants and a white oxford. Her voice had the same quiet elegance.

"Hello, Buddy. I've heard so much about you."

She passed him her joint.

"Not too much, I hope. I love your name, by the way."

"Thanks, I chose it myself when I was six."

They exchanged flirtatious clichés like this for some time, until Gordon suddenly inserted himself into the conversation.



Buddy Wolf meets Smiles Patrick at Gordon Greene's April 20th soiree on Mercer Island.

"Buddy, come upstairs to my office now. We have a situation."

Buddy tried to focus and followed Gordon up the stainless steel steps, into his private smoking lounge. An older-looking hippie sat in the corner.

"Buddy, this is Dr. Jarvis, from Portland. Dr. Jarvis was interested in that handbag company Woven, the one you recommended I get an angle on. Well, I did, and—"

"Are you gonna tell him what's happening, man?" Dr. Jarvis sat up in his beanbag chair, mojito in hand.

"Your boss tried to fuck me over—and he failed, because I don't play, bro. What do I look like, man? Some, like, small-timer with dreads and a flannel? I can burn your ass, man. I can afford to. I know it. You know it."

"Mr. Jarvis—"

"Doctor, Gordon."

"It's a made-up degree, Jarvis."

"That's one more than you have, kimosabe. Anyways..." Jarvis lost his train of thought and began to talk about his hands and the walls. This went on for several minutes. Eventually Buddy remembered to interject.

"Were you going to tell us something?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah. I'm going to make an offer for, like, sixty tomorrow and I expect your commitment."

"Doctor Jarvis wants our block of shares. What's the value on

those shares, Buddy?"

"I'd say about eighty, eighty and a quarter." He deliberately overestimated. Gordon winked.

"Slim chance. Seventy-four."

"Sixty-nine." The room giggled.

"Hehe, sixty-nine. Deal."

Dr. Jarvis stood up, tersely fixed his peace-sign necklace, and walked out of the room. He paused briefly, getting right in Gordon's wide, bloodshot eyes. "Don't ever try to fuck me again, Gordon. Watch yourself." He bowed. "Namaste, asshole."

After he left, Gordon said, "He's right, you know. He's a bigger player. But hey, we made a bit off him."

"WAKE UP KID," Gordon's voice came through scratchily on Buddy's rotary phone. He looked at his alarm clock.

"It's only 10:45 am."

"Money never sleeps."

Buddy rubbed his squinting, tired eyes.

"I've decided to buy up Boxed Water, Buddy. It's more than a day-trade. I'm going to expand it. I want you to put in a buy order today that'll take care of that. You'll have to spread it all over multiple accounts cause of the...tip you gave me. Oh and by the way, that girl Smiles—you can't afford her. Not yet. But I'm gonna get you to that level. You're welcome, Buddy."

"Alright, Gordo."

"Now go rip some fucking throats out, kid. That's what the eco-friendly, small business world is all about. Power. Money and power."

"Will do, Gordon."

A FEW YEARS PASSED. I could tell you that there was some Boxed Water craze, that Buddy and Gordon struck it rich. Or maybe they went too far, got busted for insider trading, something like that. But the fact of the matter is, Boxed Water just kind of...was. It was chill. Nothing too crazy. That's the nature of natural products. There's no end game, no grand scheme, try as Gordon might to make one. He gradually lost his edge in the industry and ended up middling along for some years. Eventually he died as he lived—he had a heart attack while yelling at an aged hippie on a #12 bus. As for Buddy, he did alright. After Boxed Water, he got into the hemp business and messed around with some vegetable farms.

He lives in Maine. ■

Under the Underground Railroad

It is America in the mid-1850s. We are in an age of social intolerance & civil unrest. America is fast approaching civil war, and every day becomes more dangerous than the last for abolitionist Frederick Turner, who writes to his fiancée. **DAN CAPRERA '16**

MY DEAREST ELIZABETH,

It has been two fortnights since I last wrote, and I am afraid I have no joyous news to report.

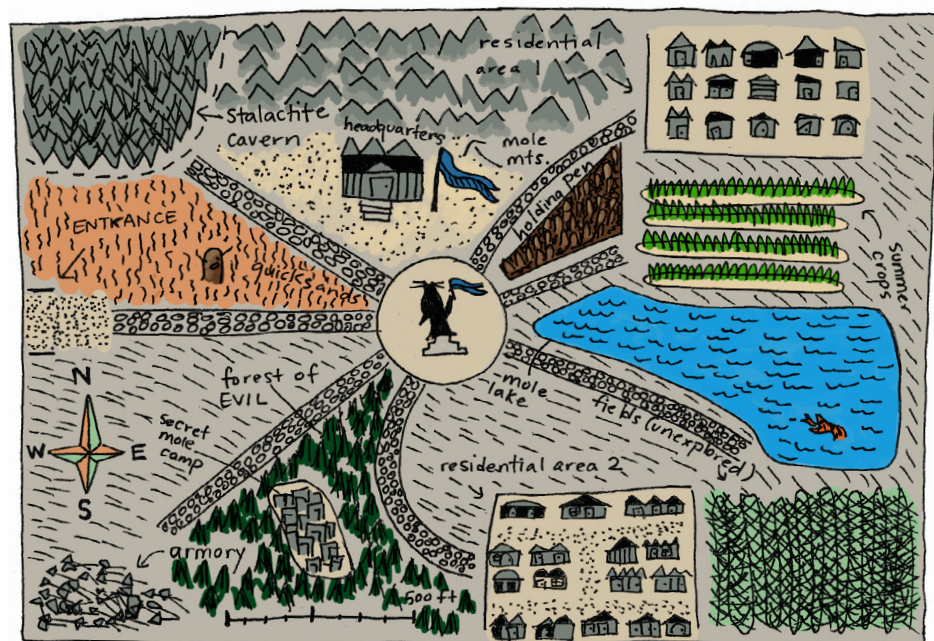
When we set out to build this underground railroad, we did so in earnest, knowing that we had God's blessing on our side. We offered safe passage to slaves who wanted to escape from their southern bonds of oppression. Confident in our mission, we built a tunnel, a literal underground tunnel 'neath the country's jagged surface, where these subjugated men and women could travel north to the land of freedom.

But even then, we still feared the corrupt southern lawmen that pursued us.

So we dug our underground railroad deeper and deeper: hiding from the authorities. Hiding from the light of day. But blinded by our hubris and our damned all-consuming desire to free the slaves, we delved too greedily and too deep during the excavation. And in the darkness of our underground crypt, we awoke an evil far greater than the intolerance of the Southern aristocracy.

When we first uncovered the underground city of the mole people, we were taken aback by its austere beauty. The majestic stalactites shimmered delicately in a nocturnal wind as the fierce and mighty mole people tilled their crops and conducted their affairs. But very quickly, this astonishment turned to fear and desperation as we discovered the mole people's unquenchable lust for blood. The mole people wielded their stone weapons with the cold dexterity of a practiced killer and during the nights, they ravaged our women and children and made our menfolk querulous and confused.

You see, dearest Elizabeth, while our country had split itself apart preparing for



ILLUSTRATED BY LIZZIE BUEHLER '17 & CADEN OHLWILER '15

a civil war, the mole people had come together. They had organized. They knew our greatest weaknesses, the darkest desires that we whisper to ourselves in the dead of night as we lie to ourselves and pretend that we alone are the superior species. I know now that we are *not* the superior species. The mole people are.

Do not ask me if I believe in Hell, dearest Elizabeth. I have seen Hell. I have seen the life flee from the cold and hollow eyes of these goddamned mole people as they succumbed to my sword, my bullets, and my wrath: their scabbed and pitiful claws twitching as they screamed noiselessly through their blood stained snouts. Any God cruel enough to create these abominations would not have been benevolent enough to create a Heaven.

But still, I am determined. When I was faced with the evil of racism, I knew that I would risk my life to fight it. And now that I am faced with a far greater evil, I know that I must destroy it, lest this great country be torn apart by a far more malevolent force than the subjugation of man. And so, dearest Elizabeth, I have sent this letter along with the rest of our decimated party above ground so that I alone may eradicate the

mole people. Undoubtedly, it is a suicide mission, but if I can create a large enough cave-in, the mole people will be buried alive in the same rubble from which they hid from the eyes of the world for all these years.

And now, armed with my determination and fifty pounds of dynamite, I conclude this letter as I prepare for this, the final assault.

I fear that you shall never see me again, my dear Elizabeth. But do not mourn for me, for it will mean that I was successful in my divine mission. You should only truly be worried if you *do* see me again. The mole people like to wear the faces of their fallen enemies as skin masks in a macabre display that fetishizes their strength and virility. If you do see my face again, it will undoubtedly be a mole man in disguise trying to steal your innocence before he steals your life.

I regret that I never had the chance to tell you this in person my dear Elizabeth, but know that I never stopped loving you, and even in these darkest times, our love was as pure as the falling snow. I shall cherish you always.

Yours eternally,
Frederick



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ARTS

MARCH 31 - APRIL 5

SENIOR THESIS EXHIBIT of photographs
by **NATHAN TYRELL**

Opening reception 4/3, 7-9 p.m.

Lucas Gallery at 185 Nassau Street

APRIL 3 / 4:30 p.m.

MICHAEL ZYRD on "Political Allegories in
The Hunger Games and *The Conformist*"

James M. Stewart '32 Theater

APRIL 4 / 4:30 p.m.

Celtic rock band **BLACK 47** perform
on their farewell tour of the U.S.

Berlind Theatre, McCarter Theatre Center

APRIL 6 - 12

SENIOR THESIS EXHIBIT of work by
CARA MICHELL

Opening reception 4/10, 7-9 p.m.

Lucas Gallery at 185 Nassau Street

APRIL 11 / 8 p.m.

APRIL 12 / 2 & 8 p.m.

RE[VERB] a **SENIOR DANCE THESIS**
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works featuring **PAIGE HUPY** and **CHLOE**

CHENEY-RICE, **MAYA KELLEY**,

and **MEGHAN ANGELOS**

Berlind Theatre, McCarter Theatre Center

APRIL 14 - 19

SENIOR THESIS EXHIBIT of paintings
by **MAURA O'BRIEN**

Opening reception 4/17, 7-9 p.m.

Lucas Gallery at 185 Nassau Street

APRIL 16 / 4:30 p.m.

Reading by **D.A. POWELL** [poetry]

and **ANN BEATTIE** [fiction]

Berlind Theatre, McCarter Theatre Center

APRIL 17 / 4:30 p.m.

ARIEL ROGERS on "Special Effects and
the Apparatus in Hollywood Cinema of
the 1930s-1940s"

James M. Stewart '32 Theater

APRIL 18 / 6:30 p.m.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MONKEY

A martial arts opera by Fred Ho

Berlind Theatre, McCarter Theatre Center

APRIL 18, 19 & 24-26 / 8 p.m.

MARGO IN MARGOLAND a new play based
on Medea by senior **RACHEL ALTER**

Marie and Edward Matthews '53 Acting Studio

APRIL 21 -26

SENIOR THESIS EXHIBIT of photographs by
PEW WUTILERTCHAROENWONG

Opening reception 4/24, 7-9 p.m.

Lucas Gallery at 185 Nassau Street

APRIL 23 / 4:30 p.m.

Lecture by Pulitzer Prize winner

JORIE GRAHAM [poetry]

James M. Stewart '32 Theater

APRIL 30 / 5:15 p.m.

READING OF WORK BY CREATIVE WRITING
SENIORS IN FICTION

Berlind Theatre, McCarter Theatre Center

APRIL 30 / 5:30 p.m.

SENIOR THESIS FILM SCREENINGS of work by
Brady Valashinas, Jun Kuromiya, Nicholas Ellis,
Dayni Li, and Christina Maida

James M. Stewart '32 Theater

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