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A message from the chairman

MORNING COMES AND you wake up in a cold sweat. A glance at the calendar and your worst suspicions are confirmed. *February 14th is one day closer.* Time has done what it always does, and marched you to the slaughter; forcing you to entertain a holiday that celebrates intimacy when the most intimate encounter you've had in the last month was brushing fingers with the Quesadilla-man at Late Meal. You've tried to prepare yourself. You've made profiles on Tinder, Grindr, JDate, and KJ-Date—Princeton's only dating app aimed at helping you kiss a member of the Katzenjammers. You stood in Starbucks for five hours, nude, hoping the barista would write his number on the cup. But you can't do this alone. And we know that. That's why, when we answered the call to create this issue, our writers set their sights on the unfathomable:

Sex.

This was a duty we did not take lightly. Many of us had never spoken the word before, and few knew its true definition. To start, we combed through back issues of 'Cosmo,' learning the answers to every quiz until the magazine declared with certainty that we could give "mind-blowing oral sex." We learned Sanskrit so that we could translate the *Kama Sutra* and were disgusted by what we found. "There are sex *positions*?" I didn't know there were two people involved!" our editors wept.

But soon, dawn broke on our attempts to understand the carnal mysteries of this world. The walls of our office were plastered with detailed anatomical drawings. Books like *Gray's Anatomy*, Foucault's *Scientia Sexualis*, and *Fifty Shades of Grey* lay open and exhausted, their pages bookmarked with loose condoms, as Ne-Yo's "Sexy Love" thumped on repeat. Sarah Jessica Parker taught us how to have sex in a city, while Pitbull taught us how to have

sex worldwide. These were all distinctions we knew our readers would count on us to understand.

And there, in the heat of our enlightenment, this issue was born.

Now, some of you may be asking "But what of love? Can *Tiger* help me understand the workings of this, the most sacred of human emotions?"

As someone who's only once fallen in love with another human being but has a burning love for all 44 episodes of the *Clone Wars Animated Series*, I can say with confidence: don't expect any insights from this magazine. However, I will attempt to meet that void with some unprovoked and moderately cliché advice.

This Valentine's Day, go out there and try to love something. Whether that's a rock, human man, WaWa sandwich, or Episode 43 of the *Clone Wars Animated Series* "R2-D2 Come Home," which was a goddamned work of art. Whatever it is. Love the fuck out of it. You might just find it's kind of what you're made for.

They say love comes when you least expect it.

So lower your expectations.

Sincerely,

Connor Stonesifer '16
Chairman

Alternative Dating Apps

Not having any luck on Tinder, Grindr, or OKCupid? Sick of meeting people over Craigslist and repeatedly getting kidnapped? Bored of everyone you meet on Christian Mingle turning out to be a depraved serial killer? If things aren't working out for you on the Big 3 (Hinge, JDate, and AmishCrush.com), check out these lesser known ones and you're sure to find something and someone you love.

MAX GOLLIN '16

Mennonite Orgy Locator

locates the nearest Mennonite orgy

Six Degrees to Kevin Bacon

by introducing you through a long string of mutual acquaintances, this app will connect you with actor Kevin Bacon

Porn

displays pornography

Zodiac

based on your astrological sign, sends your personal information to the Zodiac Killer, the infamous (and devilishly handsome) serial murder active in the Bay Area in the late 1960s and early 1970s

UrMom

allows your mother reconnect with the enormous number of your 7th grade classmates with whom she had brief and tumultuous affairs in 2008.

Legal Partn'r

finds completely *legal* escorts in your area who are *not* prostitutes.

Lovr

helps you find a deep connection with another person, not just another fleeting one night stand that leaves you wondering if you'll ever find a true emotional link with another human being as the weight of your own mortality bears down upon you. Haha, just kidding, it's for boning

SoleMate

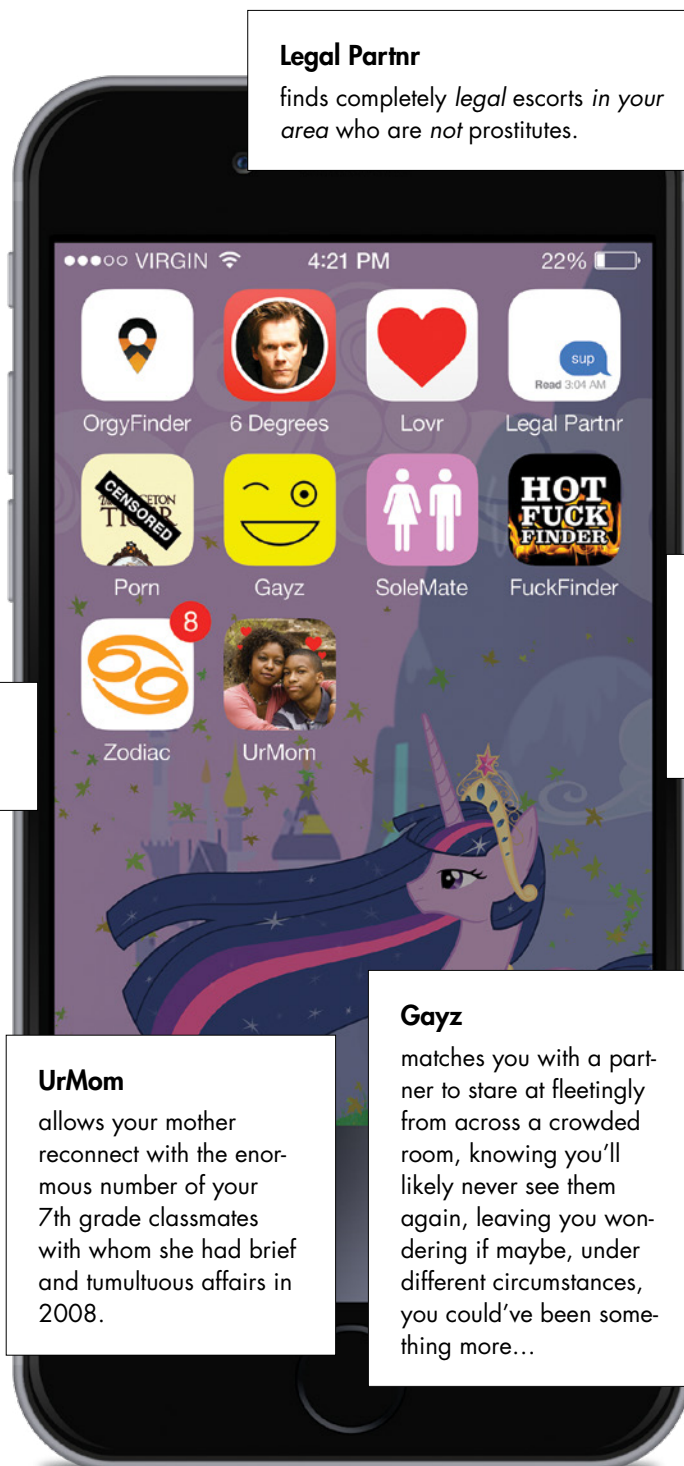
attempts to locate your soul mate and fails because honestly the concept is kind of bullshit

HotFuckFinder

helps you meet new platonic friends. Anyone who attempts to solicit sex through the app will be permanently banned. Where do you people get it in your sick heads that this is some kind of filthy hookup service?

Gayz

matches you with a partner to stare at fleetingly from across a crowded room, knowing you'll likely never see them again, leaving you wondering if maybe, under different circumstances, you could've been something more...



ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW SONDERN '15

How to Lose a Lover in 10 Words

WE KNOW YOU, Princeton student. You hate commitment! You complain about semesters that are only 12 weeks long and can't even stay in a lecture for a full hour. So if you're in a relationship that is starting to look like something real and beautiful and possibly ever-lasting, here are thirty ten-word lines that you can use to end it forever. **ANDREA D'SOUZA '16**

- » I submitted something to Tiger Admirers. It wasn't about you.
- » I submitted something to PFML. It was totally about you.

» **Where should I propose: at Hoagie Haven or T.I.?**



- » I'm studying abroad this semester. And next. And the next.
- » I only date quadruple legacies or celebrities. Well, preferably both.

» **By staying together, we are doing what Susan Patton wants.**



- » At our wedding, let's say the Honor Code, not vows.
- » I don't think this thing is going to work out.
- » And by "this thing," I mean me. I'm not moving.
- » Where even is Dillon? Oh well. Who cares? I hate exercise.
- » I also hate Beyoncé. And America. And cheese. And you.
- » Our wedding song should be "Blurred Lines." Or "Talk Dirty."
- » You're so smart and pretty. You should check your privilege.



- » I want ten kids, twelve dogs, and a real tiger.
- » I mean I want them now. Let's go have sex!
- » I voted for Will Gansa for president. Twice. Waffle fries.
- » I used to be the most active College Confidential user.
- » I am actually still the most active College Confidential user.
- » I absolutely loved the How I Met Your Mother finale!
- » After we get married, let's only buy one-ply toilet paper.
- » And let's make it twelve kids, since we're starting early.
- » I have a confession. I'm actually an evil, murderous cyborg.
- » I have a confession. I am actually a grad student.
- » Let's spend some time in your room. Your roommate's hot!
- » All I care about is you. That and making bank.
- » #finance #Goldmanbound #OR-FE4lyfe #alumniconnections #loveyouTigerTracks #Imean-HireTigers #doyouwanttobuild-aresume #gonnabetheverybest #thatnooneeverwas #andby-bestImeanrichest
- » **Actually, let's have twenty kids. I'm ready when you are!**
- » I like how next winter break is two weeks long.
- » How long should we wait after marrying to get divorced?

» Come over and hang out with me. I live in Forbes.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANA MEDRANO '17 & CADEN OHLWILER '15



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

TIMELINE OF A BRO'S DATE

4:30 pm Decided to take my girl to Olive Garden after I thought about last time I went there with my bro Mike. We only ordered breadsticks and Dos Equis. It was savage.

4:35 pm Got the tips re-frosted.

4:45 pm Throw on my two best polos, which are the colors of Sigma Chi. Fraternities are so sick. The brotherhood, the culture, the Latin history...

4:47 pm Fist bumped my reflection on the way out.

5:00 pm I picked my girl up in my Subaru STI complete with fuzzy dice hanging from the rearview mirror that my bro Mike gave me last Christmas (no homo).

5:15 pm Peeled into the Applebee's parking lot. Did a couple of donuts for good measure. Then I opened the door for her and she called me a gentleman. To make up for it, I ordered her meal for her.

5:30 pm About halfway through the date she told me how much I meant to her. I started getting this weird feeling in my chest and so I grabbed the Natty Lite that I keep in my pocket for emergencies and chugged it right there.

5:59 pm She looked beautiful but I didn't want to admit it, so I recited lines to Pitbull's "Fireball" to calm me down.

7:00 pm I told her that I really like the sandwiches she makes for me. The emotions were getting to heavy so I had to contact my bros to schedule some serious R&R (Reps & Roids).

ALEXANDRIA GUMBS '18

Valentine's Day Texts from Chad

Sup gur, it's Chad! wanna hang out? 12:37 am

Yo Gur, you there? It's Chad... 12:42 am

You dtf or what? 12:43 am

Hey gur, it's chad. I just left Cannon when I slipped and fell on my butt! Haha! Wanna kiss it and make it better? 12:56 am

jk lol 12:57 am

Gur, it's chad. stop playin games with me... 1:02 am

Come on gur, you're like my PDF class right now... I am working super hard to get my D in you. 1:03 am

Gur, I wanna hit dat butt like it was 1777 and I was a cannon ball and your butt was Nassau Hall. 1:03 am

Gur, you're like Fitzrandolph gate, once I get inside u, I won't leave until I graduate. 1:04 am

Gur, I wanna rub my butt against your butt till we make a fire. 1:04 am

Cause of friction ;-)) 1:27 am

But seriously. Come on gur, it's me! Chad! 1:33 am

You can't say no to Chad! 1:35 am

I once hooked up with 40 freshman in a week. 1:36 am

I put the T.I. back in UTI 1:36 am

My GPA is the same as the number of girls who have turned down having sex with me... 1:36 am

2.375 1:36 am

COME ON GUR!!! Stop messin with me. You dtf or what?????? 1:55 am

Gurrr? You there? It's me, Chad! 2:01 am

Chad to the Bone. 2:06 am

I give love a Chad name! 2:06 am

I want ur love and I want ur revenge you and me could start a 2:10 am

Chad romance 2:10 am

Something Chad is Happening in Oz (from the musical Wicked) 2:13 am

GURRRRRRRR!!!!!! YOU UP?????? 2:32 am

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!! 2:39 am

Hello. This is Chad's doctor. I am using Chad's phone right now because mine is broken. I thought you should know that Chad is very sick and the only known cure is 50cc's... 2:56 am

50cc's of dat butt!!!! 2:58 am

jk lol. It's me. Chad. 2:59 am

I'm not a doctor lol. 3:01 am

Hello. This is a terrorist. We have kidnapped Chad. We have only one demand. Have sex with Chad. Otherwise we will kill his entire family. 3:17 am

Hello. This is Michelle Obama. have sex with Chad. 3:18 am

Hello. This is Pope Francis. Have sex with Chad. 3:18 am

Hello. This is the ghost of Abraham Lincoln. Emancipator of the slaves. Log cabin. Lincoln-Douglas. Gettysburg Address. Have sex with Chad. 3:18 am

Greetings human, my name is Glarboxx. I am an alien tyrant from the near future. It has been foretold by the oracles that if you engage the human male "Chad" in unprotected "coitus," your resulting lovechild will grow up to command an interstellar fleet that will destroy my home planet. Do not have sex with Chad in the next 30 minutes, or else you will save mankind from almost certain extinction. 3:26 am

Gur? you there? It's been 30 mins... 3:56 am

Gurrrrrrrr????? 3:57 am

Screw you gur, I'm goin to bed 4:01 am

You are such a tease 4:02 am



DAN CAPRERA '16

ILLUSTRATED BY CASANDRA MONROE '18

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANA MEDRANO '17 & ANGELA ZHOU '16

Looking for Love

Single and looking to mingle, but have no idea where to start? Sick of trying to meaningfully converse with drunk people while equally intoxicated? Here's a handy guide to snagging yourself a significant other in situations where you are both (nearly) guaranteed to be (almost) completely sober.

The Library

Are you shy, geeky, and/or cripplingly socially awkward? If so, the library's definitely where you should start. The key is to shroud yourself in an aura of all-encompassing intellectualism and mystery. Sink yourself into an armchair and build yourself a literary fortress that really shows off your aloofness and speaks to your interests, such as all seventy-two published volumes of *Naruto*, the sixty-two *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic* storybooks, the collected works of Sigmund Freud, and *Fifty Shades of Grey*. First appearances are key! Someone will surely approach you to comment on your exquisite taste.

Via App

Who doesn't use technology to supplement

their soulless, loveless modern existence? Some apps now even allow you to identify features you find attractive in potential partners, including—Jesus Christ, what is that? What is that? Is that appendage going—oh my God! Sweet buttery Jesus! Swipe! SWIPE!

Public Transportation

Make eye contact and breathe heavily. That's literally all you have to do. Bonus points if you're: a) sweaty, b) bearded, c) dressed in normcore and/or athleisure, d) hungover and reeking of last night's misadventures. Because that shit's attractive.

No one will be able to resist you.

Online

WANT TO MEET SEXY SINGLES ONLINE IN YOUR AREA NOW??? I AM NIGERIAN PRINCE WRITING TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN IN A CAR ACCIDENT INVOLVING SEXY SINGLE SARAH M. (22, 5 MILES FROM YOU) AND NEEDS YOU TO SEND \$10,000 TO HIM RIGHT AWAY, HE ALSO NEEDS YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER AND YOUR CREDIT CARD INFORMATION

Be flattered, because look what your eHarmony profile turned up—a real life Nigerian prince! Send him the money because you don't want your father to die. You're not a horrible person, are you? Are you?

In Precept

This requires a little more imagination and finesse, but you can definitely pull it off. Taking a philosophy class on Kierkegaard? Just lean in close to the object of your affections and whisper "Hey baby, I'll make you Søren tonight," in their ear. There's nothing like a little intellectual foreplay to get a fellow student all hot and bothered. If you're really feeling bold, follow up with your best Communism pun, just for a little extra emphasis.

In a Coffee Shop

The trick is to catch the eye of your fellow coffee-drinkers by ordering the most elaborate drink on the menu. If you really know your stuff, you'll immediately be the object

of everyone's admiration, and you can use your impossibly cool and trendy drink as a conversation starter. Say you're in a Starbucks: your best bet is to order a Double Ristretto Venti Half-Soy 48-Shot Mocha Nonfat Decaf Organic Vaguely Cancerous Chocolate Brownie Iced Vanilla Severed Limb Gingerbread Frappuccino Extra Hot With Foam Whipped Cream Matcha Drizzle Asbestos Powder Caramel Brulee Embalming Fluid Upside Down Double Blended with Two and a Third Bananas, a Fistful of Kale, One Sweet'N Low and One Nutrasweet, and Ice. Boom—instant recognition. "Hey," people will say on the street when they see you, "it's Double Ristretto Venti Half-Soy 48-Shot Frappuccino with Ice guy! It's been a while! How long have you been out of the hospital?" See how fast you'll be surrounded by people clamoring for your attention? Easy.

Extracurriculars

Flexible of body but not necessarily of mind? For best results, pick an athletic activity that will allow you to show off your hard-earned results while allowing you to communicate entirely in animalistic grunts, fistbumps, and intense mutual stares. Bonus points for participating in a combat sport where you can express your interest by literally beating the object of your affections into the ground. Nothing says "hey, you're kind of cute!" like a well-placed Muay Thai kick to the jaw—if you're lucky, maybe you'll be able to hit the showers together later! Winky face.

The Astral Plane

Warning: For Advanced Daters Only

Step 1: Master astral projection. This may take a little while (give or take a few decades), but no one ever said you weren't dedicated.

Step 2: Go for a nice stroll on the astral plane. If you squint hard and kind of tilt your spiritual manifestation to the left, you can make out what looks like another human figure silhouetted against the light. Oh, God! You've been lonely for so long! Run toward it with your arms out to embrace your (literal) soul mate.

Step 3: Wait, that light—that's not—what's happening? Where am I going? What is this strange feeling? Someone help m—

JESSICA JI '18



THE 5 PEOPLE EVERYONE HAD SEX WITH FRESHMAN YEAR

Forget algebra! College = sex is the only equation we ever learned. These are the four years you can let loose, and everyone knows the first year's the craziest! Here are the five people you'll have sex with in your freshman year of college:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

ANDREW SONDERN '15 & GIL WALZER '16

ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

A Valentine's Day

SEX OVERLOAD

SEX OVERLOADS. EVERYBODY knows them. Everybody fears them. You'll be heading to Late Meal or whatever, you know, just out and about and minding your own business, when—

SEX.

It comes flying out at you from every nook and cranny and crevice on campus. Every gutter, every opening, every orifice of the buildings you once thought were dead artifices of steel and stone shudders to life, emanating a pulsing, throbbing energy which flings itself at you with unimaginable force, threatening to drown you in wave

after wave of pure SEXual energy which has suddenly crystallized out of the air as if you have all at once become magnetized to attract intercourse in its purest, roughest form. It surrounds you, smelling perceptibly, impossibly for pure energy, of sweat. You become aware of a gentle pulsing, growing louder and louder, thumping sensually, rhythmically; you can almost make out words through the din.

"Face down, ass up," the very air seems to intone. "That's the way we like to fuck."

"That's the way I like to fuck, too," you whisper, barely audible, "but it's been so long. I can barely remember what it feels like."

"You're not alone," the air soothes. "So many of your tiger-brothers and -sisters feel

as you do. Tonight, they have a chance to come together, to feel again, to live again. Do you wish to join them?"

"Yes," you say. Oh God, yes, you do. You have never wished for anything more in your entire life.

"Very well. In that case, stay where you are."

Doors fling open all across campus. The horny men and women of Princeton can sense it as well as you can, can sense the unbelievable SEXual power emanating all over campus, are drawn to it like moths to a flame. They come closer, begin to circle you and each other. Timid at first, they draw closer, describing an ever-tightening ellipse. The pulsing quickens in tempo, and your classmates move quicker and quicker, encircling you in a ring of heat and light which reflects back on them, enhancing their features, making them all more beautiful, each one an avatar of perfection radiant with a screaming gorgeousness, the tension ramping up more and more, near-unbearable, quivering, wavering on the edge of total ecstatic apocalyptic oblivion, each moment a timeless eternity of orgiastic promise, until, at last—

"Let's do this," someone says. Your tear at your clothes, and as you do, they fly off—as if in anticipation—explosively. The ring closes in. All goes dark, the dark of naked skin in shadow.

ALEXANDRO STRAUSS '15

THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR AWKWARD ARM WHILE BEING BIG SPOON



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANA MEDRANO '16 & CADEN OHLWILER '15

- » Snapchat your friends so everyone knows you're capable of making genuine human connection #cuddling
- » Finally adjust your clock for Daylight Saving Time
- » Play a kickin' piano solo with your jazz trio
- » Put up that sick Jimi Hendrix poster next to your bed
- » Count to five
- » Another great jazz gig at the Blue Note; you're killing it this week
- » Reorganize your bookshelf according to the Dewey Decimal System
- » Count backwards from five
- » Get really good at shadow puppetry



- » Pick up a phone call; holy crap it's Tower Records and they want to sign you to a record deal
- » Get a manicure
- » Text Tony and Dave about the record deal; everyone is pumped
- » Single-player thumb wrestling
- » Another call from Tower Records; they don't want Tony and Dave???
- » Clear your browser history
- » Build a Play-Doh hamburger
- » Text Tony and Dave with the news; no one is pumped
- » Put your hand in Alanis Morissette's pocket
- » Fistfight Tony
- » Start to get hungry; consider eating that Play-Doh hamburger

- » Tweet your band's 1.4k followers about the break-up
- » Knit a sweater for cousin Sally's newborn
- » Focus on your solo pianist career as international jazz sensation "Swingin' Fingers"
- » Dial 9-1-1; vow never to eat Play-Doh again
- » Play Rock-Paper-Scissors with the EMT in the ambulance
- » Wake up from a coma in a hospital bed, still spooning
- » Learn from your near-death experience that friends are more important than fame and fortune; the band's getting back together!!



EVAN KING '17



ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW SONDERN '15

12 Times John Goodman Made Us The Thirstiest in 2014

1. 2014 was a truly #thirsty year for #teamJG with human salt-lick John Goodman making more red carpet appearances than ever before.

2. We're guessing this *Big Lebowski* star has a Big LeWOWski downstairs! WOWZA! Does anyone have a glass of water? Seriously.

3. Did we just take the Saltine Challenge or look at this picture of John being coy on the runway, because our mouths are absolutely arid.

4. How many times have you watched this *The Monuments*

Men behind-the-scenes interview with your mouth dry as a pumice stone?

5. John was pinning us on the floor and holding a hair dryer to our tongues as he sported a second-grade bowlcut in *Inside Llewyn Davis*.

6. Our kidneys were failing due to chronic dehydration after we set eyes on this picture of John in cabana-wear.

7. John might as well have been pouring rock salt into our up-turned mouths when he debuted his new hairless dome.

8. BUT in 2014, JG was done playing games. He decided to bare it ALL. And OHHH how we wish we could lick the sweat off his arms if only to quiet our violent, unappeasable thirst.

9. Looking at this picture of John in a bowling t-shirt was like kneeling in the desert and consuming a mouthful of hot sand, after forgetting to fill up your water canteen before a 40-day spice trading voyage through the Kalahari dunes.

10. *hnnnnnnnnnngh* (the only sound that our absolutely dehydrated larynxes can still produce)

11. Every cell in our body was sitting in a hypertonic solution, leaking fluid osmotically into the surrounding space, and shriveling into a tiny sac when JG stepped out on the red carpet in a collar and tweed.

12. *Tiger* is sorry to inform you that the author of this piece passed away after viewing the following image. He was found in a state of complete dessication, a dry corpse, completely devoid of liquid. Our thoughts and prayers are with his family and friends during this time.

CONNOR STONESIFER '16

Tiger Admirers Through Time

by Gil Walzer '16



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXIS FOSTER '17

Like · Comment · Share



Write a comment...



Tiger Admirers

January 18 at 12:22pm

1517 - **Martin Luthur**, are you nailing anyone else against a church door anytime soon? ;)

Like · Comment · Share

7 people like this.



Pope Leo X LOL doubt it

January 18 at 12:23pm · Like · 40



Write a comment...



Tiger Admirers

September 8 at 2:42pm

1000 BC - **Helen** - By the gods, never in my years have I seen a maiden as fair and beautiful as thou. I pray to Zeus that I be granted the courage to walk in your midst and bid you good morrow, but before I do I must know that thou hast not been claimed by another under Aphrodite's spell. Thus to thee I inquire, is the radiant princess of Sparta single?

From, an enraptured Trojan

Like · Comment · Share

1 person likes this.



King Agamemnon chill dude hahahaha... yeah brah shes taken

September 8 at 3:43pm · Like · 12



King Menelaus Imao bro she says thx

September 10 at 12:20pm · Like · 33



Write a comment...



Tiger Admirers

March 5 at 8:45pm

1952 - **Alan Turing**, you're absolutely brilliant but I feel like everything about you is top secret. Are you into guys?

Like · Comment · Share

Winston Churchill and 17 others like this.



Marian Rejewski You could say... he's an enigma

March 5 at 8:50pm · Like · 10



Alan Turing yeah uh actually pm me

March 5 at 9:05pm · Like · 5



British Police What the devil is going on here?!

March 6 at 8:46am · Like · 20



Tiger Admirers LOL awkward

March 6 at 9:20am · Like · 1



Write a comment...



Tiger Admirers

April 17 at 6:45pm

1865 - **John Booth**, you killed at the performance last night. Wilkes you be mine?

Like · Comment · Share

6 people like this.



Tiger Admirers Timestamp: 9:42 AM on April 15th

April 17 at 6:46pm · Like



Mary Todd Lincoln ...seriously mods???

April 17 at 7:20pm · Like



Write a comment...



**Tiger Admirers**

July 3 at 11:42pm

1917 - **V.I. Lenin**, I can't help sneaking glances at you while you read The Communist Manifesto in the library. I think the look on your face is so cute when you get worked up talking about returning the means of production to the proletariat from the hands of the oppressive bourgeoisie. Maybe we can start a revolution together, comrade ;)

Like · Comment · Share

👍 Leon Trotsky, Lev Kamenev and 23 others like this.

**Joseph Stalin** getttt

July 4 at 12:11am · Like

**Leon Trotsky** ahhhhh omg yes!

July 4 at 12:12am · Like

**V.I. Lenin**

July 5 at 8:55am · Like · 7



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

August 17 at 7:35pm

1937 - **Amelia Earhart**, why do I never see you around anymore?

Like · Comment · Share



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

June 25 at 4:45pm

1492 - **Ferdinand** and **Isabella**, you two are seriously the cutest couple I know. Third wheeling with you guys is so much fun. <3

Like · Comment · Share

👍 Tomas de Torquemada and 42 others like this.

**Christopher Columbus** yassss omg

June 25 at 5:50pm · Like

**Christopher Columbus** #powercouple #reigninspain

June 25 at 5:51pm · Like

**Christopher Columbus** #pleaseletmegotoindia

June 25 at 5:52pm · Like · 1



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

August 3 at 7:21pm

1590 - **William Shakespeare** - Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease... [See More](#)

Like · Comment · Share

👍 6 people like this.

**William Shakespeare** I do believe this verse I recognise / Didst thou mine darling poem plagiarize?

August 3 at 7:30pm · Like · 28

**Queen Elizabeth I** ohhh snapp

August 4 at 6:36pm · Like



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

February 16 at 3:35am

1914 - **Gavrilo Princip** - Can we please give this another shot?

Like · Comment · Share



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

May 23 at 8:02pm

1750 - Who else can't get enough of Catherine the Great?

Like · Comment · Share



👍 Gregory Potemkin, Stanislaw Poniatowski, Boris the Horse, and 305 others like this.

**Tiger Admirers** 😊

May 23 at 8:04pm · Like



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

December 4 at 4:00pm

36 BC - **Cleopatra** - People say you sleep around, but I don't care. You'll always be that cutie hanging out in the throne room. Maybe one day I'll get the courage to talk to you, I hear you're bilingual. ;)

Like · Comment · Share

👍 2 people like this.

**Marc Antony** dat ass tho

December 4 at 5:11pm · Like

**Octavian** dat asp tho

December 4 at 5:14pm · Like

**Marc Antony**

December 4 at 5:25pm · Like



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

September 7 at 8:02pm

1260 - **Genghis Khan** - can you please be the father of my children?

Like · Comment · Share

👍 12,756 people like this.

**Genghis Khan** probably

September 15 at 9:10pm · Like



Write a comment...

**Tiger Admirers**

October 13 at 5:02pm

1350 - I keep feeling like everyone's too busy isolating themselves to spend time with each other. Can we just cuddle and get bubonic plague together?

Like · Comment · Share

👍 170 people like this.

**Tiger Admirers** omg dying

October 13 at 5:03pm · Like



Write a comment...





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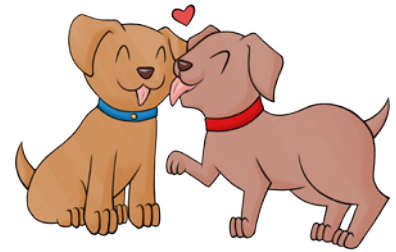
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RELATIONSHIP DOS & DON'TS FROM A DOG



ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA WANG '16

Do

- » Share your treats
- » Wag your tail when you see your significant other
- » Compliment their fur
- » Sniff their butt
- » Stay well groomed
- » Cuddle up with them
- » Lick their face
- » Hold their paw when you go on walks
- » Be their best friend (after their owner, of course)

Don't

- » Sniff other dogs' butts
- » Eat their vomit (your significant other may want it for later)
- » Bark in their ear
- » Ignore the litter
- » Pout when they want to watch *Love Actually*
- » Be too competitive when you play (not every dog can be Air Bud)
- » Bury their toys
- » Run off at the park
- » Play dead when they want to talk
- » Buy them chocolates for Valentine's Day

AHMED AKHTAR '17

**EMAIL
JOIN@
TIGERMAG
.COM**



ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHILWILER '15



World-Famous Rock Star Chad Kroeger Falls in Love With Amanda, Age 15, by Amanda, Age 15

IT WAS A bright and not-stormy day, and Chad Kroeger sat by himself in the corner booth of Big Horns Diner, drinking a hot coffee in full view of the Montana sunlight. Chad Kroeger was wearing off-brand sunglasses, a big difference from his usual designer shades, and a fake mustache so people would not recognize him, and it was working because nobody came up to him and asked him for an autograph, which usually happen because he is world-famous rock star Chad Kroeger. This dusty, off-the-road joint was where Chad Kroeger and his hunky blonde mane liked to relax when he was not on tour with his world-famous and critically acclaimed band, Nickelback. Chad Kroeger missed the rest of the band—there was nothing like jamming to hardrocking tunes like “Photograph” or their other song—but it was time to unwind. His date for the afternoon was in the bathroom, and he impatiently tapped his spoon on the lip of his now-empty coffee cup. Where was she? He tapped his well-shaped, cowboy-booted foot in anticipa-

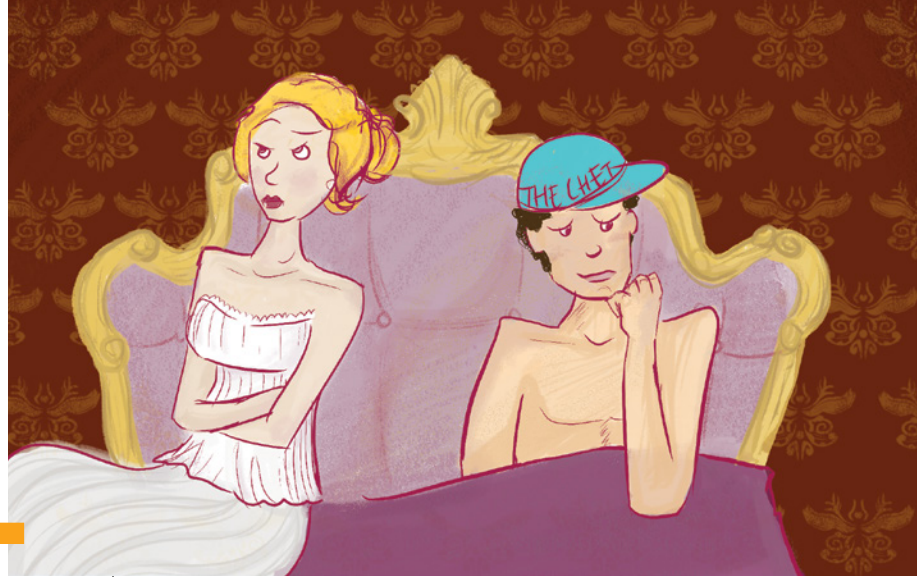
tion. Just then, a super hot woman who was really hot and beautiful emerged from the bathroom, clad in a designer white dress, almost like a bride walking down the aisle to her groom. It was me, Chad Kroeger’s secret lover. “Holy dang,” said Chad Kroeger, or as I lovingly call him, “Chad.” Avril Lavigne, his not talented and dumb wife, never looked as sexy as I do. Chad wished he could leave her for me, and he told me this while staring deep into my eyes and stuff, but the paparazzi and divorce court would make it hard. Our love would have to stay secret. Our little secret, haha. “How was the bathroom?” Chad asked jokingly, flirtatiously grabbing my hand in a tender hand-hug that was like a regular hug but just with hands, not the whole body. “Lol,” I said back phonetically, kissing him on the cheek. Time to leave. Chad picked up the check, like a true gentleman, and then we drove in his custom Chad Kroeger special-edition Bentley that had its leather seats upholstered with blown-up pictures of his handsome face. And then we arrived at

his big and nice mansion on the outskirts of town, and then we walked inside, and then we made love right there in the marble lobby area while his butler, Jeeves, fed us Kraft American Cheese singles with metal tongs. The marble felt cold on our skin, because it was cold, but Chad and I kept each other warm because we just had sex with each other and not other people, like Avril, or Kevin who is my boyfriend. If only my boyfriend Kevin, who works at Wendy’s, could see me now, living a lifestyle of lavishness, he would see that he should get his life together and be more handsome, like Chad. “Bae,” I whispered in Chad’s ear. As we got dressed again, Chad had an announcement to make. “I have decided that I am not going back to Avril Lavigne and staying here with you,” Chad said. We slow-danced in the silent house and then Jeeves put on “Far Away,” Nickelback’s only love song, because he knew how important this moment was to us and also to him, because it meant year-round employment. The End.

ANDREW SONDERN '15

The Lost Manuscripts of Chet Slaterton, 19th Century British Fraternity Brother

by Alex Gottlieb '18



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

Our Mutual Friend

'Twas the fourteenth of July, a beautiful day with the sky blue as a robin's egg and nary a cloud to be seen for miles in any direction. My dearest friend Randy—O, what larks we shared in our more youthful years!—informed me he was hosting a little soiree and that his cousin, whom he believed I would find most agreeable, would be present. Naturally, Randy being the bosom friend he was, I promptly replied: “You know The Chet is there, bruh.”

A Pair of Blue Eyes

Upon entering the room, my gaze settled upon a lady of incomparable beauty, with long tresses of golden hair that cascaded down her back as gently as waterfall in the first thaw of spring and piercing blue eyes that stared straight into the depths of my very soul. O! Pygmalion himself could not have sculpted a more perfect specimen! I was drawn to her as involuntarily a moth to lamp light, and though my mouth was as parched as the sun-scorched deserts of Arabia, I manage to rasp, so quietly as to be barely audible, “Bae.”

Persuasion

Much as dear Randy suspected, I indeed found her disposition most agreeable and we made each other's acquaintance the whole evening through, both at the banquet table over a magnificent feast and later on the davenport in the sitting room as Randy, a marvelous musician in his own right, entertained his guests on the pianoforte. Whether it was the intoxication of the music or the wine we had enjoyed at dinner, I know not, but that evening, I was possessed by the spirit of courage, and leaned over and whispered ever so gently in her ear, “How would you like a piece of The Chet tonight?”

Great Expectations

No sooner had those fateful words escaped mine lips than she rose as gracefully as a butterfly leaving its flower, and I, entirely too assured that she intended to leave, hung my head low in despair. But what was this? She grasped my hand in her own—and led me towards the front door, scarcely taking but a second to bid our kind host “Adieu.” As my carriage whisked us swiftly away into the warm summer's eve toward Slaterton Manor, her hands—O! the hands of a goddess they were, soft as down, delicate and as light of touch as a hummingbird!—gently caressing my inner thigh, a lone thought gripped my mind: “Aw hell yeah! The Chet is getting laid tonight!”

Female Difficulties

Alas, that would prove to be the apogee of that midsummer's eve. In what seemed to be no more than a single moment, we had retired to my bedroom and our garments lay strewn haphazardly about on the floor. Yet despite my overwhelming eagerness to copulate, I was stricken with the most malicious of afflictions. Where there should have been a rigidity of sorts, there was nothing but flaccidity! Despite both of our greatest efforts, the accursed limpness could not be cured. For the second time that evening, my heart weighed heavy with shame, and as she stood and dressed, I croaked meekly, choking back tears: "Dude, I swear to God that's never happened to The Chet before. It's just that you're so freaking hot and, well, I don't know . . . shit, man."

Desperate Remedies

After she had departed, leaving me quite the quivering mess, I slept hardly a wink, tossing and turning the bleak night through, pressing my mental faculties for a solution to my misfortunes. In the wee hours of the morn, when the sun was just beginning its ascent in the Orient and the cock had not yet crowed, an idea struck me at last! Without delay, I rose from my sheets, as salty with tears as the sea walls along the Sussex Coast, and with all due haste made my way towards the apothecary, arriving just as he was removing the shutters from his windows. After hearing of my most dire predicament, he retreated into the rear of the shop to craft an elixir that might remedy my ills. Though it produced an odor so foul that it may well have been drawn straight from the sulfurous depths of hell, I swallowed it down in one tremendous gulp and departed immediately for the estate of my beloved, singing merrily to myself all the way: "Now that The Chet has found his cure, he's gonna tap that ass, for sure!"

Heart of Darkness

After several minutes of tearful entreaty, she finally granted my heart's deepest desire and permitted me one more pass at her beckoning loins. Fully confident that the apothecary's drug had once and for all rid me of my affliction, I raced after her to the bedroom as a hunting dog after a hare, eager to display what I could only assume was my considerable skill. But alas! try as I might, I



remained as lifeless and drooping as a rose, wilted in the sweltering heat of summer. Rather than the feelings of dejection to which I had been accustomed, however, a deep, fervent anger grew deep within my chest and I bolted from the room, back towards town, ready to avenge myself upon the apothecary who had deceived me so. Surely, the blame for my poor performance rested with him, not with myself! When I arrived, pistol loaded, however, I discovered to my most unpleasant surprise that the building which I had believed to be the apothecary was in fact a decrepit shack, its shutters as broken and loose-hanging as my manhood, and that the man who had produced for me my remedy was himself nothing more than a common vagabond. In all my haste, I must have ignored these minor details! (What I swallowed, then, to this very day, I know not.) As I trudged homeward, utterly defeated, I cursed the universe, shouting skywards: "This is literally the least chill thing that has ever happened to anybody ever. Don't you know who I am?! I'm The Chet! Like actually, what the fuck, bruh?"

The Invisible Man

In my seething anger, I grew careless with my step, and that is how I tumbled down the Elliots' dried-up well on the outskirts of their property, where I remain to this very day. I am certain the townsfolk can hear my cries—in fact, several have gazed down upon me—but for a reason that eludes my grasp, known only to the gods, I suppose, nary an attempt on my rescue has been made. But I remain confident that the day of my salvation is nigh. Until that time, here I sit, occupying my idle time—O! were it not so endless!—recording my story, which undoubtedly shall rank among the finest of our age. There is, I happened to discover, yet another means of whiling away the hours. It would appear that the extent of my malady does not cover certain, dare I say, self-indulgences. O, fate! Most cruel mistress! Alas, I must bid thee farewell, for I feel the strength leaving my body, so woefully depleted of fluids. As my dying request, I beseech thee, whoever shall happen upon this tome, that you seek out Randy and let him know of my fate: "Dude, I heard he died nailing your cousin. What a freaking legend!"

Relationship Advice from Steve the Zookeeper



Steve the Zookeeper

Dear Steve,

I've been on a couple dates with this girl and I feel like she might want to go a little further than kissing and cuddling. The only problem is, I'm a little nervous about my sexual capability. What if she's not impressed with how I am "down there" or what if I can't satisfy her? Please help!

Nervous Northern Muriqui,

It's perfectly natural to be nervous, especially if it's your first time. But you should count yourself lucky to be a Homo Sapien. In terms of the animal kingdom, you're very well-endowed for your body size, with the average human male genitalia about twice the length and width of that of a chimpanzee's. That might just make her go bananas! Additionally, human intercourse lasts about three or four times as long as that of other primates. That's a heck a lot of monkey business! So, all in all, I'd say makes you a very impressive catch. Of course, you should remember that a good relationship is made outside of the bedroom. Take the time to talk to your partner. You might think everything is fine until you find out someone's been monkeying around behind your back!



Dear Steve,

I've been married for about two years now and almost everything is going great. The only problem is that my wife hates my model train hobby. She says that I spend too much time working on my train set and not enough

time with her. I love my trains but I also love my wife! What can I do Steve?

Dear Hobbyist Horned Beetle,

If your trains are important to you, then keep chugging with them. Look at the dung beetle. Some dung beetles will roll balls of dung weighing fifty times their body weight for miles! Now that takes some serious dedication. They don't care about anyone bugging them to change their priorities, saying things like "Steve, you've been spending an awful lot of time at the zoo lately," and "please just talk about something besides animals," and "Steve, if you make one more goddamn animal pun, I'm leaving you." You just have to ignore their criticisms. Eventually, they'll buzz off.

Dear Steve,

I've been seeing my girlfriend for about six months now. She's so incredible, but I'm starting to feel like she is getting a little distant. Is distance just a part of getting more comfortable with each other or am I losing her?

Help Steve!

Worried Wedge-tailed Tuskfish,

Sorry to say, but you're definitely losing her. If you don't act fast, she'll be gone forever. We can take the example of the anglerfish. The male anglerfish is small and weak, but that doesn't stop him. He finds a female anglerfish and burrows into her flesh, sharing her body and circulatory system. The male anglerfish is always there, all the time, even when his anglerfish wife Stacy forgets about him, he's still watching, waiting for the exact right moment. Try following your girlfriend around when she doesn't know you're there. You won't have to be a brain "sturgeon" to figure out what's going on! You might hear your girlfriend say things

like "Steve's been making me nervous," or "He's been awfully distant with our daughter lately," or "He gets this weird glint in his eye when he starts talking about animals."

Sure sounds fishy to me!

Dear Steve,

I've been married for about five years now and I love my wife more than anything. However, I recently lost my job and we've run into some money problems. I keep getting into arguments with my wife



over our car payments. I think the car is too expensive to keep but she doesn't want to get rid of it. What should I do Steve!

Dear Broke Boat-Billed Heron,

Your problem, my friend, is that you lack ingenuity. Take a look at the cuckoo. The cuckoo doesn't have the time to raise its own young, so it finds other bird species nests, pushes their eggs out, and replaces them with its own for the other bird to raise. That doesn't sound bird-brained to me! There's something that you need, animals or financial security or whatever, and something important to your wife, a car or your daughter

or whatever. You know you're right, so all you need to do is sneak around and replace your wife's car with a cheaper one when she's not home. She'll never know the difference! But be sure not to ruffle any feathers. When I did something similar, everyone started squawking at me.

"Steve, why the hell does our house smell like the zoo?"

"Steve, I'm getting worried. I haven't seen our Sarah all day,"

"Steve, why the fuck is there a wombat in our daughter's bed?!"

All I could say was: "Hawkward!"

Steve the Zookeeper is a syndicated advice columnist whose work appears in over 400 collegiate publications.

ALEJANDRO DE LA GARZA '18



ILLUSTRATED BY LIZZIE BUEHLER '17

F I N D Y O U R T R U E L O V E



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANA MEDRANO '16

How to find your true love

1. Find a romantic location, maybe a coffee shop, a bookstore, or a scenic overlook.
2. Let other males know you have claimed the romantic location as your territory by croaking loudly.
3. Croaking loudly will also send a signal to females that you are ready to mate. Now just sit back and wait.
4. Sit back and wait! True love can be yours if you follow these simple steps.

How to impress your date in bed

1. Once an interested female has entered your territory, she will deposit up to 20,000 of her eggs at one time, so before having sex, first make sure you can support your future kids, financially and emotionally.
2. The female will examine your surroundings for shallow water (only a few inches deep) and squat down on all fours, initiating the mating ritual.
3. Then, mount the female by holding onto her torso with your front legs and grip her slimy back firmly.
4. The female will excrete thousands of eggs into the shallow water. Watch impassively as this occurs.
5. Once the female deposits her egg mass into the water, release your sperm on top of it to fertilize as many as 20,000 kids.
6. Dismount from the female's back and go about your day.
7. That's it! In roughly three to five years you will be the proud father of an expansive family tree! Love truly is beautiful.

JOE SHEEHAN '17

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Songs for Seduction

Ladies, are you tired of *being alone*? Men, are you tired of looking in the mirror and seeing a *sissy boy* when you know you could be a *manly man* who spends his afternoons *lip deep in woman face*? Well worry no more, cause we've come up with a surefire **list of sexy songs** guaranteed to seduce the guy or girl of *your dreams*! Check it out!!!



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIANA MEDRANO '17

- » "Touch Dat Butt"
- » "Intercourse Offerings From The Office Of The Registrar"
- » "I Am Bruno Mars (ft. Bruno Mars)"
- » "Dearest Spouse, I Humbly Request That You Join Me In The Marital Bed On This Fine Evening (At 7:30, After Supper)"
- » "Make Love To The Sensual Sounds Of Wolf Blitzler"
- » "In The Back Of My 1996 Ford Bronco"
- » "Kiss Me (Before Thanos Returns And Enslaves Us)"
- » "Tom Hanks Tells Us How To Successfully Apply A Condom"
- » "I Won't Let You Out Of This Corn Maze Til You Give Me A Kiss!"
- » "Can You Hear The Love Merchant, He's Sellin' His Wares Today"
- » "Cheek To Cheek To Debra"
- » "Nobody Like You (Life-Sized Marble Bust Of Charles de Gaulle)"
- » "5:37pm (It's Valentine!)"
- » "A Screaming Comes Across The Sky (It's Me Bangin' Yo Girl)"
- » "Kiss Me Like You Did When We Got Osama"
- » "Feel Dat Butt"
- » "Staring Contest (Or If Butts Were Eyes)"
- » "Game Of Thrones Isn't Real; Please Come Back To Bed, Harold"
- » "Bette Midler Breathes Heavily Into A Microphone For Three Minutes"
- » "Love Dat Butt"
- » "Boobs Are Like Pillows But Pillows Don't Fill Me With Rage"
- » "Helen Mirren Still Got Dat Butt (She Should Give It Back)"
- » "It Ain't Missionary Unless You In Africa"
- » "If You Believe In Having Sex Say 'Ph'nglui Mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh Wgah'nagl Fhtagn"
- » "Girl, You Are More Beautiful Than Even The Glorious Flag Of Turkmenistan"
- » "Everyone Has Sex (Except for Kyle)"
- » "Seriously, Fuck Kyle (Just Not Literally)"

HOW TO DECORATE YOUR SEX DUNGEON

CADEN OHLWILER '15



Zip-up leather curtains.

69



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

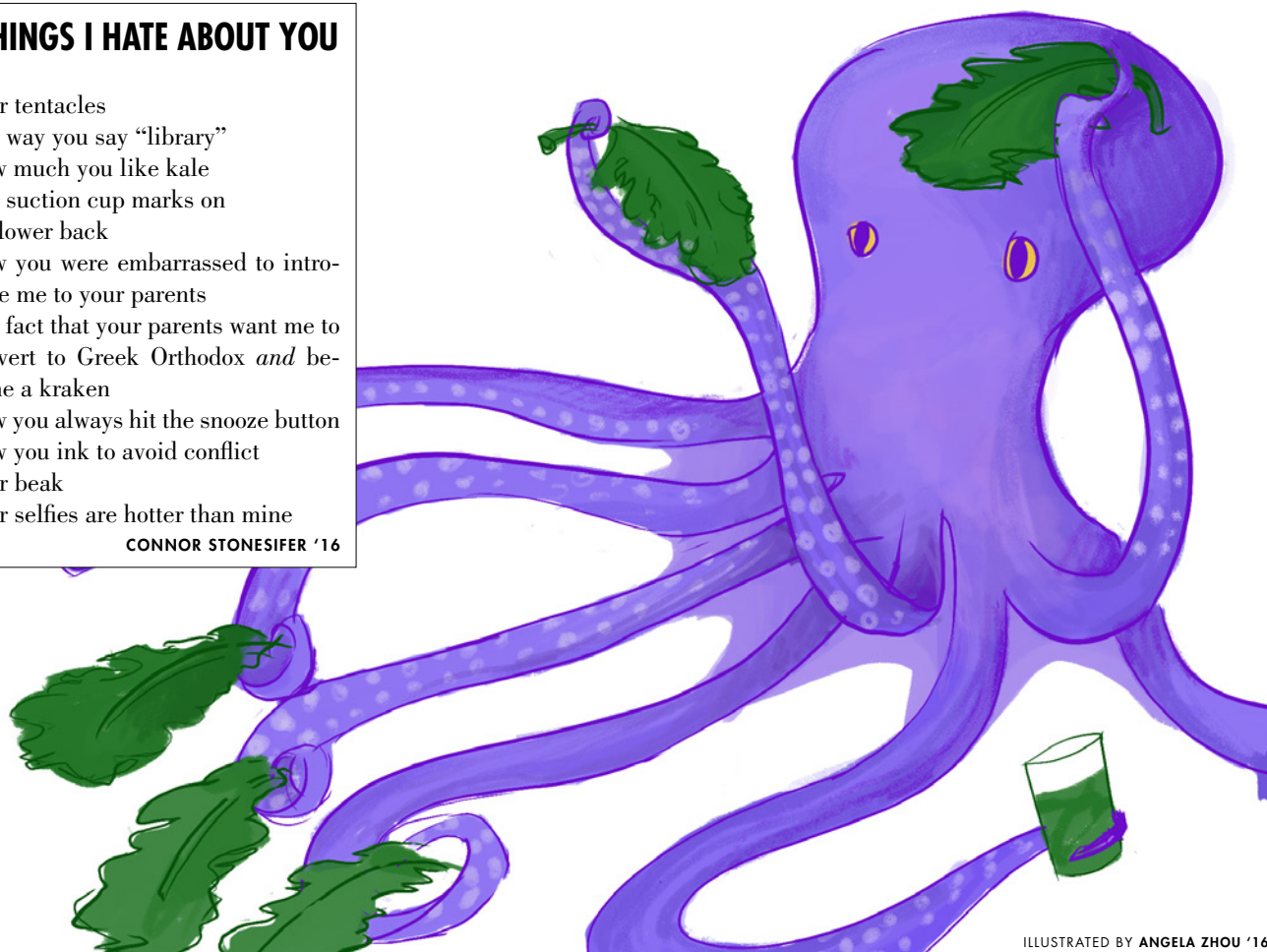
Here at Princeton, everything is bigger. The buildings, the dorm rooms (okay maybe not those), Whitman Dining hall during inter-session (definitely not that), my sex life (definitely that). Sixty-Nine doesn't cut it for me anymore. When I'm shucking the oyster with someone and we want to mutually please each other, we go big. Why bother with 69 when you can get 69,000? I like my sex big and 69,000 is as big as it gets. Believe me, I would know. I have lots of sex. All the time. Hey, 69,000 happens to be my tuition bill. What a coincidence.

ARJUN VENKATARAMAN '18

10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

- » Your tentacles
- » The way you say “library”
- » How much you like kale
- » The suction cup marks on my lower back
- » How you were embarrassed to introduce me to your parents
- » The fact that your parents want me to convert to Greek Orthodox *and* become a kraken
- » How you always hit the snooze button
- » How you ink to avoid conflict
- » Your beak
- » Your selfies are hotter than mine

CONNOR STONESIFER '16



ILLUSTRATED BY ANGELA ZHOU '16

Match.com Customer Care Ticket #42653

Dear Mr. Maxwell,

Thank you for reaching out to the Match.com Customer Service Center. We hope this response to your recent complaint clears up all confusion and solves the problems you referenced.

As you know, Match.com prides itself on finding the perfect match for you. Unlike some other sites we could mention, we never settle when trying to find your match, and we're not afraid to tell you the raw truth once we've found it. It was evidently in this spirit that our automated matching system paired you with one of our Customer Care Representatives. One of our Romance Technicians deduced, repeatedly, that the system was correct in identifying me as your perfect match.

So, yeah. I get how this is awkward. Please try to see it from our point of view. We pride ourselves on the precautions we take to prevent employees of Match.com

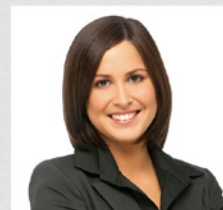
match.com
Meet our Staff



Laura Patterson
Customer Care
Representative



Laura Patterson
Romance Technician



Laura Patterson
Inquisitor of Love

ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15

and other interested parties from interfering with our Relationship Germination Process. Your case has been reviewed, as you requested, by Match.com's Inquisitor of Love, who has confirmed that you and I are perfect for each other. Seriously, I give you my word that I had no hand in this, and my

word is backed up by Match.com's Confidentiality Guarantee.

Please trust the data. Dinner sometime?
Sincerely,

The Match.com Team, specifically Taylor

STEPHEN WOOD '15

PRINCETON *Poetry* FESTIVAL



*Friday, March 13 and
Saturday, March 14, 2015*

A series of readings and discussions starting at 2 p.m. each day
Richardson Auditorium, Princeton University
Princeton, NJ

Featuring an international line-up of poets:

Ellen Bryant Voigt (US)
Kwame Dawes (Ghana)
Paul Farley (UK)
Major Jackson (US)

Kathleen Jamie (Scotland)
Ada Limon (US)
Maureen N. McLane (US)
Valzhyna Mort (Belarus)

Michael Robbins (US)
Tomasz Rozycki (Poland)
Ocean Vuong (Vietnam)
Ray Young Bear (Meskwaki)



The New Jersey State Finals of the national Poetry Out Loud program will open the Festival on Friday, March 13, at 10 a.m.

Tickets: \$15 per day; \$25 for two-day festival pass and free for students; Poetry Out Loud State Finals are free

arts.princeton.edu/poetryfestival



The City Lost & Found

Capturing New York, Chicago,
and Los Angeles, 1960–1980

FEBRUARY 21–JUNE 7

Citizens taking to the streets in protest. Buildings ablaze. Neighborhoods under attack. What could be taken for recent scenes of civic unrest are instead the focus of a groundbreaking exhibition about how photographers, architects, filmmakers, and performance artists unmade and remade the American city in the 1960s and '70s.

Exhibition Celebration

Saturday, February 21

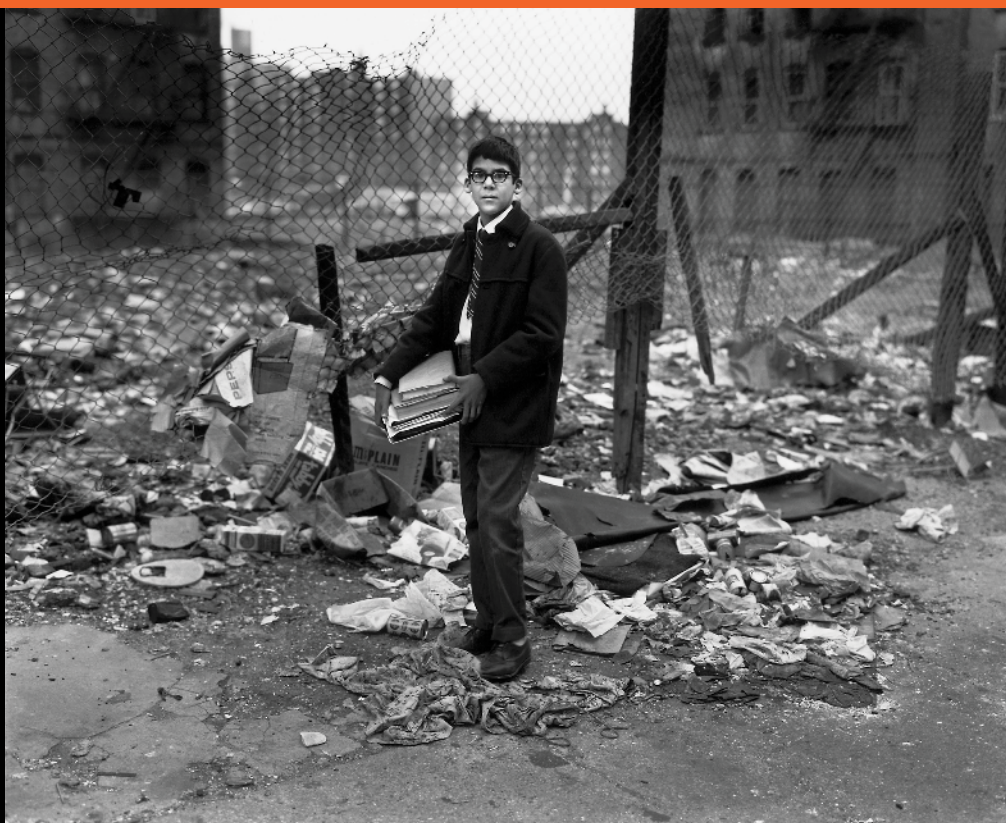
Lecture

Michael Sorkin:
How Green Is My City
5 PM, 10 McCosh Hall

Reception

6–7:30 PM, Art Museum

The City Lost and Found: Capturing New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, 1960–1980 has been organized by the Art Institute of Chicago and the Princeton University Art Museum.



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Bruce Davidson, *Untitled*, from *East 100th Street*, 1966–68. Gelatin silver print.
Courtesy of Howard Greenberg Gallery, New York © Bruce Davidson / Magnum Photos