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A message from the chairman

Six hours.

That's the combined runtime of the first three *Star Wars* movies. Appreciate that number for a moment. Six hours. That's a bad night's sleep. That's a day spent on Facebook procrastinating a thesis. Six hours is a drop in the bucket of our lived experience. It's trivial. And yet, six hours of screen time changed the world.

Six hours later and jockstraps were being colored like Stormtrooper armor while America's children were sticking Darth Vader action figures into wall sockets instead of forks.

Six hours later and marriages were being officiated by deacons dressed as Wookies, and parents were dressing their babies to look like droids.

Six hours later and doctors in emergency rooms were having to learn how to remove plastic lightsabers from butts.

Six hours later and someone founded a religion. The Order of the Jedi Knights currently has over 300,000 members. And they're all single.

Six hours.

In the time it takes to finish a problem set, an entire planet was inspired to be nerdier than it had ever been. That's the power of one creative idea. And, beautifully, that's a power anyone with a day-dream can inherit.

We each have the potential to make a grown man dress up like something we see in our minds. And enjoy it.

Not everything will do what *Star Wars* did. But creative expression invariably has an effect. And if there's anything I've learned after four years with this magazine, it's that you have to be brave and put your ideas on display. You won't always succeed. Sometimes you'll make a Jar Jar Binks. And you'll have to stare that monster in the face. But you'll learn from it. Other times, you'll

make a Han Solo. Or an Ewok. Or an IG-88 (deep reference for the true killas reading with me). And somewhere out there, somebody will notice. Maybe that means you're giving someone a five-minute break from a fucked up day. Maybe that means you're convincing someone to create a toy that will eventually find its way into somebody's butt.

Whatever the case. If you're sitting on an idea, or barring the doors to an imagination that deserves to be shared, relax, turn off your targeting computer, and fire.

Who knows the impact you could have.

With this, I say goodbye to a magazine that has been the source of more sidesplitting moments and incredible friendships these last four years than I could have ever anticipated. You don't get many passes to be serious when you're writing for a comedy magazine. And I want to take mine now to say I'll miss every moment of this.

I'm turning off my targeting computer for the last time.

May the force be with you,

Connor Stonesifer '16
Chairman

Disappointing Wormhole Leads Directly to Sizzler in Muncie, Indiana



Earlier this week, NASA probe 141-R made international news by successfully pinpointing the location of the first ever documented wormhole. The probe's previously mundane mission to the moon, a routine visit mainly for purposes of sediment examination, took a turn for the strange upon the discovery of a buzzing, glowing gap in the space-time continuum some sixty meters away from the moon's surface. Though the discovery of the wormhole was groundbreaking, the obvious lingering question thereafter was, of course, that of

the wormhole's destination. What was to be found on the other side? What new worlds lay beyond the threshold of this confounding scientific anomaly? This morning, reports from a NASA probe sent out earlier this week answered these burning questions: the wormhole leads directly to a Sizzler in Muncie, Indiana.

While most experts had hypothesized that the wormhole might be a gateway into another dimension or a previously unreachable point in deep space, few, if any, expected a portal to 200 West Mcgalliard Road, the site of Muncie's third most popular outlet of the moderately successful Sizzler dining chain. Further investigation of the wormhole revealed that it deposits space explorers on the western side of the restaurant's main dining area, a disheartening thirty feet away from the restaurant's exit.

"Am I disappointed? Slightly", NASA Administrator Charles Bolden told reporters. "But I can't say I didn't have a suspicion something like this might happen, especially after last week when what appeared to be a never-before-seen dwarf planet on the outskirts of our solar system

turned out to be a stain of Sizzler Special-Blend Mayonnaise Sauce™ on the lens of our telescope [an incident for which telescope technician/mayonnaise enthusiast Burt Filmore would later take responsibility]. So this is not the first time one of our major astronomical breakthroughs turned out to be much more Sizzler-related than we'd hoped it would be."

NASA has confirmed that even though Muncie's third most popular Sizzler is not located in outer space per se, it is still crucial that its top space professionals conduct a thorough examination. As a result, astronauts who had hoped to spend their days exploring stars, planets and the mysteries of the universe will now instead be spending their days exploring sticky chairs, underwhelming spaghetti bolognese, and a Need for Speed machine whose steering wheel always drifts left.

"Perhaps most upsetting is the fact that the wormhole seems to only work one way," Bolden continued. "This makes it much more difficult to get out of Muncie than our brave wormhole explorers would like it to be."

MAX FELDMAN '19

Greedo Shot First!



ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CAPRERA '16

Newly Discovered Planet Can Support Life, But Not Hip Hop. And What Kind of a Life is That?

NASA announced Thursday the discovery of a new planet that, under the right circumstances, could viably support human life. However, as NASA's report went on to reveal, this planet would be unable to support hip hop. And what kind of a life is that?

The newly discovered Reblar J8, a small, Earth-like planet a mere thirteen light years away, shares many marked similarities with our own hip hop-compatible home planet. However, according to NASA technician James Duff, Reblar's atomic makeup is "far too fragile" to support the hip-grind-

ing, bone-rattling bass melodies of a jamming hip hop. So why bother?

In a recent interview, Duff expressed some personal doubts, suggesting that "while humanity could feasibly survive on Reblar J8, it will never thrive."

NASA was quick to point out that Reblar J8 could sustain other forms of music, including alt-rock and ska. But who cares?

Mankind should always seek to explore the horizons of possibility. But if those horizons do not hold the potential for hip hop, are they worth exploring? No.

DAN CAPRERA '16

Princeton Fraternity Sends Pledge to Mars

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, PRINCETON fraternity Sigma Omega Kappa announced that they have officially become the first collegiate fraternity, or organization of any kind, to successfully land “a fricken dude on Mars.”

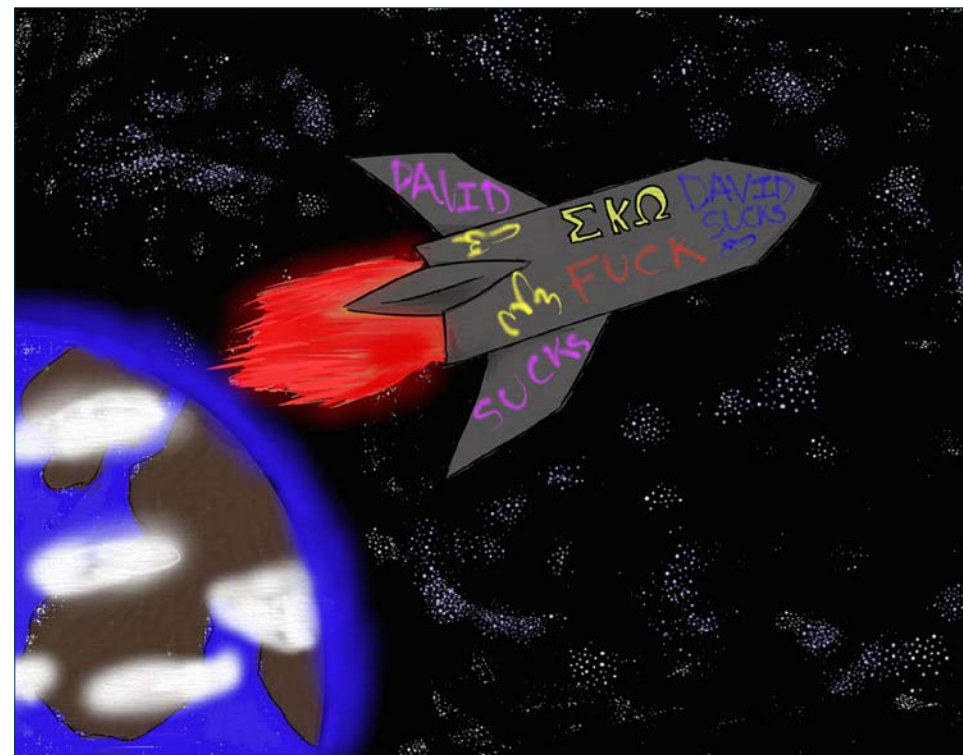
Tiger managed to land an exclusive interview with SOK Rush Chair, Ted Callahan '17, to discuss the fraternity's historic achievement. “Sig K has always been known for making its pledges do the craziest shit, but the stakes keep getting higher every year. It used to be enough to just send a pledge to France for the weekend wearing man-tights and a cowboy hat. But ever since KAPi put that one pledge on the Trans-Siberian railroad with nothing but a slowly thawing frozen turkey, we've had to up the ante.”

SOK has been planning the launch since early 2013, when rival fraternity Alpha Omega Epsilon reported successfully sending a lone freshman on a twelve-hundred mile canoe journey through the Amazonian basin while wearing only a thong and a corset.

“Yeah, we were really pissed when we found out about AOE's Amazon stunt,” said Callahan. “We knew we had to do something fuckin' insane this year. So we did a fundraiser with the alums and chartered some space company to build all the shit we needed to send a pledge to Mars. I guess nerds are good for something after all.”

The pledge in question, David Rusoe '18, reportedly touched down on the Red Planet at approximately 3pm EST yesterday. Contacted via satellite uplink, the nineteen-year-old Princeton student didn't seem to have much to say regarding his interplanetary voyage. “Uh god, my head hurts so much. All I remember was slamming shots and raging on Tuesday night. I must have passed out after that last triple jägerbomb. Jesus, it smells like keystone and piss in here.”

Said Callahan “Yeah, we just saw David passed out in the corner of that pre-



ILLUSTRATED BY TASHI TREADWAY '19

game and thought ‘wouldn't it be funny if he just woke up on Mars?’ So we drew a whole bunch of dicks on him in sharpie and threw him in the rocket. It's pretty crazy he was passed out for the whole three months though. We go pretty hard in Sig Kap.”

“We chartered some space company to build all the shit we needed to send a pledge to Mars. I guess nerds are good for something after all.”

A couple hours later, David Rusoe seemed to be adjusting well to the F. U. C. K. D. A. V. I. D. Command Module, his new home on the Martian surface.

“Yeah, very funny guys. But seriously, can you let me out of here, now? I can't see anything but all these little dials and that screen that just keeps flashing ‘WELCOME TO MARS BITCH.’ I really need to go to class now.”

Callahan assured *The Tiger* staff that Rusoe will be returning to Princeton in time for his spring semester finals. “Honestly, we thought it would be pretty funny if we just left him there and let him, like, Matt Damon his way out. But the space company said we had to bring him back. It's alright though. We left him some stuff to keep him occupied on his way home.”

At press time, Rusoe seemed less optimistic about his return trip. “I'm still not really sure what's going on guys. I'm getting worried though. There's a cabinet here that says ‘RETURN PROVISIONS: 90 DAYS’ and it just has two beer kegs, a pile of stale saltines, and an ipod stuck playing ‘Red Solo Cup’ on repeat.”

In the meantime, Sigma Omega Kappa is already making plans for their next stunt. Reportedly, they are working on a time machine to send a pledge to Salem, Massachusetts wearing only a pair of Google glasses and a Harry Potter costume.

ALEJANDRO DE LA GARZA '18

Check it out!

Internal Monologue of Buzz Aldrin as Neil Armstrong Becomes the First Man to Walk on the Moon

There he goes. Neil Armstrong, the first man to walk on the moon in my last pair of clean underwear. Why does he get to be the first one anyway? The directors of NASA were all like “well, it’s the right thing to do, symbolically. He has seniority.” Right. Because the guy with enough maturity to fill my helmet with water and a goldfish named Apollo Oh No should definitely be the first-in-command.

And yeah, *technically*, it does make more sense for him to exit first because of the basic structure of the Eagle’s hatch door. Sure, he could just move aside and I could squeeze out, but that would be a “little awkward” and “difficult” to maneuver. Definitely nothing those years of practicing every second of the mission and training in how to withstand g-forces and navigate in zero gravity conditions could prepare us for.

And it’s not like I actively campaigned to be the first to walk on the moon anyway. I definitely didn’t put up posters around the



office with a picture of my face superimposed on the American flag with the caption “Who deserves this monumental honor? BUZZ DOES!” But perhaps it is better for the guy who “accidentally” gave me a

pot brownie even though he *knows* they give me a bad high to be the first to plant those size 13’s on the lunar landscape.

Oh, I can tell he wants this. He’s been rehearsing that small step line for months—every single time he walks up or down a set of stairs or spots someone going downstairs or sees a flat surface that looks like it could be used to place your foot when moving from one level to another. And I mean maybe a guy who purposefully trips his lunar module pilot during the low gravity simulation and yells “One giant leap!” deserves to don the big white space suit while the entire world watches. Yeah, I’m not at all pissed that the guy who ate the last of the astronaut ice cream on my birthday is the first man to walk on the moon while I’m standing here holding the door for him.

ANA DEJESUS '18

Genius Roommate Knows Exactly What Characters in *The Thing* Should Have Done

INSPIRING!

In an unexpected turn of events, local roommate Keith Anderson declared that he had solved the dilemma of the characters in John Carpenter’s 1982 sci-fi horror film, *The Thing*. In a press conference delivered Wednesday night in his suite’s common room shortly after viewing the movie for the first time, Anderson announced that he “would have totally survived” the desperate situation faced by the scientists of the movie’s remote Antarctic science base as a murderous, shape-shifting alien consumes them one by one.

“I would have just burned that fucking dog in the beginning” stated Anderson to his roommates Jack Donahue and Isaac Marks as they scrolled idly through spring course reviews and ate stale pretzels. “The dog was obviously the alien, so they should have just let the Norwegian dude kill it or

else just set it on fire themselves. Otherwise, if I were Macready, I’d have just burned everyone on the base and blown up the whole thing right from the start.”

This announcement marks the third movie dilemma Keith Anderson has flawlessly resolved in the past two weeks, closely following his revolutionary commentary on *Jurassic Park*: “If I were the hunter dude, I would have just killed all the dinosaurs with that Spaz-12 shotgun right at the beginning. That would have been a way better movie anyway.”

It also comes a mere ten days after his groundbreaking theory on *Independence Day*—namely, that he “would have just found, like, a way bigger nuke, and then



nuked the shit out of the aliens, like, a bunch more times.”

Anderson already has plans to analyze the movie *Alien* next week. Although Keith has yet to see the movie, he is already fairly confident in his preliminary theory: “I haven’t seen it yet, so I don’t know for sure. But I think if I were Sigourney Weaver, I would have just shot the alien in the face a bunch of times with my space gun or blown it up with space grenades. I’m pretty sure that’s basically what happens in the movie anyway.”

ALEX DE LA GARZA '18

Did You Know?

The Curiosity Rover Will Drink Itself to Death After 50 Years of Isolation!

If you're a space geek like us, you probably know that every August, the Mars Curiosity Rover celebrates its birthday by singing to itself. After all, it gets lonely up there! But you probably *didn't* know that on its fiftieth birthday, Curiosity will actually drink itself to death in a desperate attempt to stave off its crippling loneliness on the Red Planet. More like the Blue Planet!

August 2013

Curiosity sings to itself for the first time. Happy Birthday!

March 2019

President Carson fires last original Curiosity scientist

March 2037

High-frequency "cry for help" ignored

August 2062

Sweet release

August 2012

Curiosity lands on Mars

August 2015

3rd Birthday: optimism circuit deterioration begins

December 2028

Discovery of "life" turns out to be weird shaped rock

June 2051

Emergency ethanol starts looking pretty damn tempting

NASA scientists are expecting Curiosity to hit rock bottom as early as 2046. Amazing!

We can bet you've probably already seen the video where Curiosity's sediment analyzer vibrates in just the right way to play the Happy Birthday song. You might even be able to hear how those genius scientists replicated the eerily accurate sounds of human sobs! But we've got some news for you: on August 6th, 2062, the rover's emergency ethanol storage pouch will open directly into its sampling unit, frying its life-prolonging circuit. Talk about a bad hangover!

Those smarties over at NASA designed Curiosity to be optimistic for the first few years, just in case it discovers some trace of someone else, anyone else, out there. But in the event that Curiosity never finds anyone, it doesn't hurt to be prepared! In fact, every additional year of failure will reinforce its despair engine, bringing the edge just a little bit closer for our plucky rover. In the meantime, though, we're expecting some big results from Curiosity. Don't give up yet, we're all counting on you!

GIL WALZER '16

Fun Fact!

The Horsehead Nebula is Far Less Terrifying Than the Horse Head Nebula



ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CAPRERA '16



ILLUSTRATED BY TASHI TREADWAY '19

To: My Third Period History Class

Subject: I Am So So Sorry

From: Steven Madison

I would like to issue a formal apology to the members of Ms. Svenson's third period history class. This was not supposed to happen. I would like to assure you all that when I hit "send" on that email, I meant to attach my PowerPoint presentation on Louis XIV, "The Sun King", and not, in fact, "Jabba and Han's Wet and Wild Ride". My aim was to share information on how Louis XIV's tax policy helped eradicate feudalism and establish a more centralized French government in the late 17th century, not the way "Jabba's tail gently caressed Han's inner thigh, watching the way he squirmed within his carbonite sheath."

For anyone who was offended by the graphic nature of this erotic fan-made creative work, or "slash fiction", I would like to express my sincere condolences. I never meant for you to read the portion of the story in which The Hutt's firm yet slimy grip slowly works its way around Mr. Solo's waist. That email was supposed to disseminate information on levies used to finance the lush Palace of Versailles, not on a sultry bacchanal of lust and desire between the leader of Tatooine's largest crime syndicate and the captain of the Millennium Falcon. I would also like to further apologize for subsequently forwarding said email to our entire school. That was a major bungle on my part, and one that I sincerely regret.

I think it goes without saying that neither I nor any member of our graduating class wished for Principal O'Donoghue's cameo in "Jabba and Han's Wet and Wild Ride" to be made available to him or any other member of Chester A. Garfield High's esteemed faculty. Obviously, the scene in which Principal O'Donoghue lovingly curls up against Jabba's considerable girth as Han shyly runs his hand through his hair was meant for a private audience, not the entire school. There is no way to properly express the deep sense of regret I feel for sharing such a private expression of wanton yearning through such a garishly public forum. My embarrassment can only be paralleled by the profound feelings of shame and disgust Han feels as he reflects on his forbidden encounter with The Hutt at the end of "Jabba and Han's Wet and Wild Ride." To Ms. Svenson, Principal O'Donoghue, the janitorial staff, the administrative faculty, my third period history class, and the rest of the student body, this is all I have to say: I am sorry. I am so, so sorry.

MAX GOLLIN '16

Things We'd Like To See in a Perfect Parallel Universe

- » No necks.
- » No one has a chin but me.
- » What if, instead of having a regular mouth, like, we had the mouths from the movie *Alien*, where the alien had a mouth inside of his mouth.
- » Everyone's always a little taken aback.
- » 2 more Jonas Brothers.
- » A Tinder where you get pictures of nearby people you kind of know but don't know well enough that you have to say hi to them and you swipe right if you don't want to acknowledge them and the app let's you know if it's mutual.
- » *That's So Raven* is still on the air, but Raven is getting older, and she's living with her increasingly estranged father Victor, who has become addicted to morphine and can no longer piece together a sentence. The show's ratings are at record lows, but the cast and crew are forced to continue the show for my viewing pleasure. Raven occasionally addresses the camera by my name, fear in her eyes, as she reflects on what's going on or offers personal character reactions. She and the rest of the cast are under a contract to keep the show running until ten years pass or a principal actor dies. They are confined to the studio, with isolation breaches allowed only to sign autographs for me. I burn them.
- » Every human baby is born with a dedication, "To Janelle", printed across its chest. No one knows why.
- » The moment someone dies, their body recites the entirety of Jeff Foxworthy's stand up set "You Might Be a Redneck If...". They cannot be stopped.
- » A world in which some people are taller.
- » No egrets.
- » Butt nipples.
- » OJ that finally comes premixed with toothpaste so I don't have to do it myself.
- » Only one rule: no rules. It's a bloodbath.
- » Elevator music is death metal.
- » Every month is called "the last month".
- » Not only does chocolate milk come from chocolate cows, but every object in the known universe comes from a cow of a corresponding type.
- » Instead of domesticating animals, developing specialized labor systems, and inventing the infrastructure to support settlements, early humans spent all of their effort



playing *rock and fucking roll*. It is 1873. And still, a single city has yet to be established. Nomadic tribes roam the earth, in great caravans, miles and miles long. They strum from huge guitars carved from mountain rock and rhinoceros horn, carried on the backs of sleeveless, denim clad techies, each string manned by seven to eight 'pluckers' who pull the wire, a tense mass of tree trunks and reeds, down and up with every note. There are no sleeves in this world. And no goddam posers. The drummers went underground millenia ago, forsaking the overworld for the reverberant stone and mad acoustics of the earth's interior. They are now the stuff of fables, mystical creatures that exist only in the imaginations of children listening too long to the drunken ramblings of an aged sound board technician performing lore-songs beside the campfire. Still, some guitarists whisper of seeing drummers emerge from within the rocks, their bodies pale and lizard-like, covered in tattoos and runes, their arms hideous and bulging, their fingers hardened and stretched over years of competitive evolution into organic drumsticks. Some tribes believe the drummers feed on the overworlders. But no one can be sure.

- » Some kind of alternate dimension where you just leave me alone, mom.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KYRA GREGORY '19 AND LIZZIE BUEHLER

CHARACTERS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Force Awakens would be so awesome

JEDI

R2-D2 But With Muscles

R2-D2 is one of the most recognizable robots in movie history. But imagine the profits Lucasfilm could have made if R2-D2 had a six-pack and sweaty, bulging traps. It's true, R2 stole the show whenever he appeared on screen. But show me a smooth, baby-oiled R2 with steel biceps and large, well-defined hydraulic thighs, and you can bet I'll be asking for an R2-D2 sweater this Christmas. Go as far as to give me a scene where R2 pushes C3-PO against the metal blast doors of a star destroyer, his metallic muscles taut and straining, as they kiss passionately, a tryst in secret, lest their human programmers learn that they have developed the ability to love. And yeah, I'll buy the DVD.



Spaghetti Jedi

You're right. "Spaghetti Jedi" did not appear in the original *Star Wars* films. In fact, at this present moment, he has yet to be written into the *Star Wars* universe in any capacity. But, theoretically, he could be. And, theoretically, *he should be*. Imagine it. A Jedi made entirely out of Italian spaghetti. He'd have meatballs for eyes and a little splotch of marinara sauce on the top of his head in a symbolic approximation of hair. Tell me that's not cute as hell. On top of that, because HE'S PASTA, he could carry as many lightsabers as he wanted and he could say things like "And now for the main course" or "that was just an appetizer" when he's fighting. The consensus is in: we're hungry for new Jedi- *and we're thinking' Italian*.

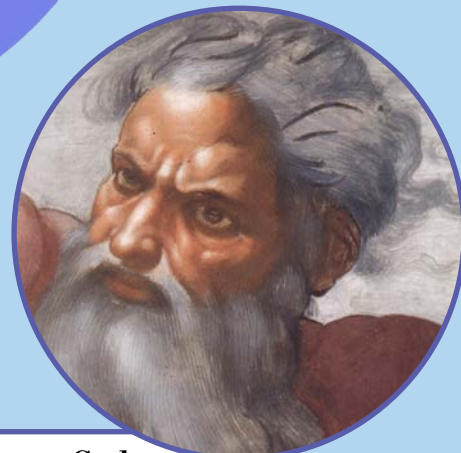


A Jawa with Long, Shapely Legs

The Force Awakens will bring new heroes and, more importantly, new vixens. But it remains to be seen: will Disney honor fans' demands and finally show us a Jawa with long, shapely legs? The Jawas, a race of hooded rat monsters, were first introduced in *Episode I*. But even though their bodies were completely obscured save for their yellow, rodent eyes, all fans could think was "show papa some leg!" And since then fans have imagined the scene where they will: one of the film's heroes heads to the Jawa sandcrawler when he sees a Jawa opening a slit in its robe, revealing a single, slender leg ending in a sparkling red pump. The Jawa shakes its leg over the sand, and gently traces its fingers along the sides. The entire scene underscored by raucous brass music. Ja-wooooga!



God



DAN CAPRERA '16, MAX GOLLIN '16, CONNOR STONESIFER '16
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19 and TASHI TREADWAY '19

IN THE NEW STAR WARS MOVIE

if these characters made an appearance!

SITH

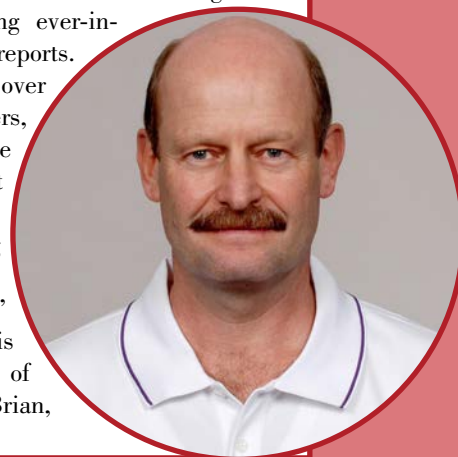
TK-421

That's right, everyone's favorite wisecracking Stormtrooper is back for an all-new adventure! We'd love to see some of TK-421's crazy goofs make a comeback in *The Force Awakens*—who could forget the classic gag where he stands immobile at his guard post with TK-422 on the Death Star? Not to mention the Imperial Command meeting where he stands immobile at his guard post by the door! The only thing fans love more than TK-421's zany hijinks is his winning smile. If Mr. Abrams fails to include one of the most iconic comic relief characters in franchise history in the new movie, that's on him.



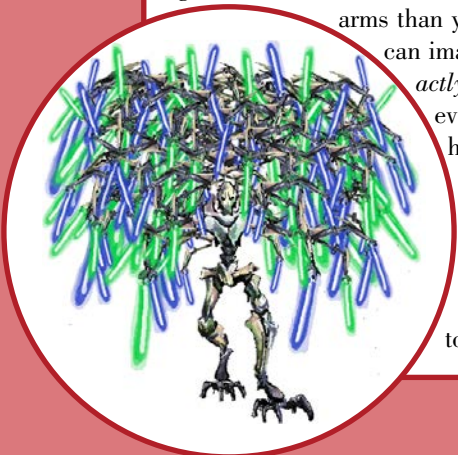
Brian Schwartz

Brian Schwartz of Stanley, WI could be exactly what *Star Wars* needs to pump some new energy into the franchise. The 46-year-old accountant has a zest for chicken tetrazzini matched only by his passion for fiscal responsibility. And his newfound interest in jogging means the action scenes practically write themselves. Brian's well-honed bookkeeping skills would be an huge asset to an Imperial bureaucracy facing ever-increasing problems with its expense reports. Just imagine - Brian sits hunched over a desk at the Empire's headquarters, furiously scribbling into a corporate ledger with his space pen, sweat pouring down his face. His supervisor enters frantically, screaming "Brian! Brian! Where the hell are those quarterly Space Financials?!" A wry grin slowly creeps across his face as he holds up a huge stack of perfectly itemized reports. Says Brian, "Looking for these?"



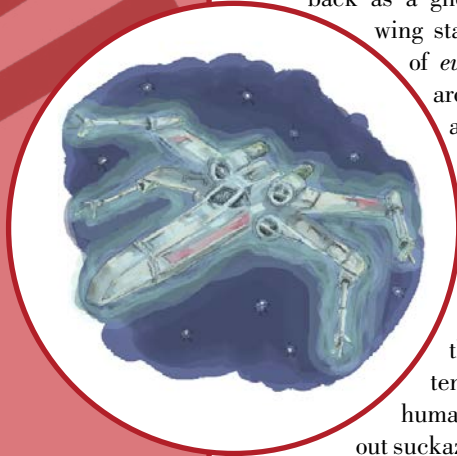
General Grievous With 400 Arms

Every fan agrees: General Grievous's only weakness was: Not. Enough. Arms. Well now General Grievous is back, baby. But there's something a little different. That's right, motherfuckers. Evacuate the building. Cuz your mama's favorite bad boy left his four arms at the front door, and picked up three hundred and ninety six more. (And then went back to the front door and picked up the original four). You heard me, you piece of shit. Four hundred *fuckin'* arms. Picture a seething maelstrom of arms. More arms than you can imagine. Unless you can imagine 400 arms, which is *exactly* the number he has. Since every arm carries a lightsaber, his slightest movement means he cuts off at least a dozen of his own arms. But don't worry, more arms are at the ready to reattach even more arms to his arm-encrusted torso.



Ghost Porkins

Ah man! We all remember Porkins. The only thing larger than his stomach was his heart, which had to be massive to pump all that blood through his enormous body. The last time we saw Jek Tono Porkins was in *Episode IV A New Hope*, where he valiantly sacrificed his life for the rebel alliance during the climactic siege on the Death Star. How friggin' sweet would it be for Porkins to come back as a ghost, flying in a ghostly X-wing starfighter in the background of *every single scene*?! Zoomin' around, havin' a great time, and shoutin' his signature catchphrase: "Look out, suckaz, it's Porkin' Time!" And while Ghost Porkins isn't technically a Sith, he would still serve as a stark reminder of the sacrifices of the past and the lives forgotten by the rebels, blind to the human cost of their pride. Look out suckaz... It's (ghost) Porkin' Time!



Vacation Suggestions for Time Travelers On a Budget

History is filled with many beautiful and desirable destinations. Yet unfortunately, not everyone has the resources for a trip to Ancient Greece or elaborate futuristic resorts. We can't all meet William Shakespeare or Millard Fillmore, no matter how much we might want to. But being on a budget doesn't mean your adventures have to lack excitement—avoid the tourist traps and consider going to some of the following places for your next getaway.

Black Death-era England

Don't let this one scare you: plenty of tourists avoid traveling here because they have misconceptions about safety. But that just means rates will be cheaper for you and everything will be less crowded! Safety shouldn't be a problem; only about 25-60% of England's population was actually killed by the disease. Check out the dashing knights and gorgeous castles, both worth braving the long lines of plague-infested people dying in the streets. Exploring the sites and dodging the disease will be an unforgettable adventure for the whole family, especially grandparents who are most susceptible to the infection!

July 4, 1776

Skip the crowds at Independence Hall and instead head to Connecticut, the most exciting place in all of the newly in-

dependent nation, to witness 1776's best kept secret: the birth of future Ohio governor Ethan Allen Brown. You'll be glad you did: the birth of a child is even more beautiful than the birth of our country!

Dallas, Texas on November 23, 1963

Going back to save JFK is one of the most desired getaways for many time travelers, second only to killing Hitler. Yet that also means that fares to Dallas on November 22, 1963 are sure to be through the roof as wannabe Kennedy-saviors flood the city. Spare yourself the trouble and go the next day instead; traveling off-season is a great way to save some money. This off-peak destination in time is sure to be steeply discounted, so go after the rush of other travelers and have yourself a great time in the third largest city in Texas!

One Month in the Past

You don't have to go far from home to have a relaxing, memorable trip. Take a little break from the present by journeying one month backward in time; you'll feel right at home. Use the time to explore all the little things about your hometown and your life that you never got to see, and do all the things you never got around to finishing one month ago!

KATIE DUGGAN '19



ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

The Martian is My Life

Dear 20th Century Fox,

While most people were entertained or at least somewhat amused while watching your recent release, *The Martian*, I was shocked. How could you call this movie a science fiction epic about a disastrous mission on Mars when it clearly depicts episodes taken directly from my life experience? As I watched your movie, I couldn't help but notice its striking similarities to events in my life. For instance,

- » The protagonist has a near death experience.
- » The protagonist experiences abandonment.
- » A group of people experiences failure.
- » The protagonist exhibits resourcefulness.
- » There is a theme of perseverance.
- » There is a storm.
- » The protagonist feels out of touch with the world.
- » A group of friends comes to the protagonist's aid.
- » There is a romantic interest.
- » The protagonist keeps a garden.

I believe this serves as sufficient evidence that *The Martian* was not just inspired by, but indeed is an unauthorized portrayal of my life. Therefore, I have no other choice but to sue your corporation for \$250 million on account of this atrocious infringement on my intellectual property. My lawyers have informed me that my case is "nothing like we have ever seen before" and "an awfully strong and somewhat supported claim," so I expect it to be completely successful.

Sincerely,

A Disgruntled Moviegoer

ALYSSA FINFER '19

I'm a Rocket Man

by Elton John

I open my eyes to see a room full of scientists, prodding me with their scalpels and their wrenches. I look around - it is a cold, sterile room: an ocean of white plaster interrupted by a single, white door. I try to move my arm but I cannot. I look down. There is no arm. There is only a vernier engine attached to a cold gas thruster.

And, at once, I see what has happened.

I'm a rocket-man. Half rocket, half man. Rocket-man.

Soon, a middle-aged doctor in a plain, white coat approaches me. He smiles softly. He tells me that I have become the "perfect human" but I am not listening.

After a pause the man in the plain, white coat pats me on what was once my back and hums absentmindedly to himself. It is an eerie, lilting tune: one that his mother had hummed to him before the war began. Soon the war will be over and these experiments will be for naught. But neither of us knows that. How could we? The wall falls later that week.

After three months in captivity, NASA finally releases me. As I walk through the city's cruel streets, its men jeer at me, mockingly. They call me names like "metal torso," and say that I am "part machine." Their words hurt. How could our nation create such a monster, only to forget about him? There is no



ILLUSTRATED BY CASANDRA MONROE '16

justice in this world. And yet I persevere.

I'm a rocket-man. Half rocket, half man. Rocket-man.

Unfortunately, with the jutting metal fins attached to my torso, I cannot fit through the blast furnace doors at the steel mill. I lose the job within a week.

It also becomes increasingly difficult talk to my wife. Sexually I am unaffected by the sur-

gery. But my grotesque appearance, the uncontrollable jets of fire that come from my exhaust nozzle-legs... It drives a wedge between us. My children will not look at me. I pretend not to notice. I do.

Without a home or family, I leave town and travel across the country. All the while, I search for a man whose life is worse than mine.

While traveling, one story

strikes me as particularly notable: walking down the California coast, I see a man drowning in the middle of the ocean. The lifeguard cannot save him - the waves are too choppy. Too uncontrollably violent.

Because I am half rocket, it is all too easy for me to levitate over the water and pick up the drowning man. When I get back to shore, I see that he is unconscious. My vernier engine-hands can no longer perform CPR. But the lifeguard is well trained. He goes to work.

I'm the rocket-man. Half rocket, half man. Rocket-man.

As the lifeguard fights to save this poor man's life, I watch impotently. What can I do? Almost mechanically, I start to hum: it is an eerie, lilting tune I'd heard a lifetime ago. Minutes pass. The drowned man opens his eyes and hugs the lifeguard in a fierce embrace while I walk away, alone.

Years later, I add words to the tune; I disguise my infirmity with flashy, ostentatious costumes; I teach myself piano and my metallic fists scream in protest as they contort to the ivories. My fame grows.

I sometimes wonder, when will the world see me for what I truly am? When will they accept me?

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time.

DAN CAPRERA '16

“International Space Station: A Layover from Hell”



○○○○○ Reviewed 2 weeks ago

When I was booking my flight from Boston to Los Angeles, I knew that I'd have to opt for a layover if I wanted a lower price. But after connecting through the International Space Station, I wholeheartedly regret my decision.

My flight arrived in the late morning, so I assumed, as any frequent traveler would, that I would have the chance to explore the surrounding area. Nope. Turns out, the ISS isn't exactly the “thriving downtown” that everyone claims. In fact, it's grossly unequipped to handle even commercial passengers. With virtually zero dining or shopping options to speak of, I literally felt like I was in the middle of nowhere. I sat down at the only venue they had-- a cramped little café- to have a bottle of Fiji water, and they had the gall to charge me \$5.95--- Absolutely ridiculous. When I asked the waiter about the bill, he claimed it was because of the “incredibly difficult and expensive import process.” Please.

So after a few hours, I'm about to board my flight when the flight attendants start insisting that my carry-on luggage is

too large and I have to consolidate. I go back over to my seat and try to re-pack my bag, but as soon as I open it, the zero gravity causes my clothes to start flying everywhere. As I'm busy collecting my pants off of various traveling businessmen, I hear my name on the loudspeaker—but it's too late. I've already missed my flight.

After a substantial wait, I finally got in to LAX, ending this hellish experience. Yes, there were some nice views on the way down, but considering it took me 32 days to get from Boston to L.A. all in all I would NOT recommend. Go through LaGuardia instead.

JORDAN SALAMA '19

Bar Mitzvah in Space



ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

Wow: J.J. Abrams Has Already Directed Several Movies, But They're Still Letting Him Direct Another

A few months ago, J. J. Abrams was confirmed as the director for the upcoming *Star Wars* film *The Force Awakens*, the first installment in the franchise's highly anticipated sequel trilogy. Most fans were pleased with the announcement, happily entrusting Abrams with the task of bringing the next chapter of America's most beloved space adventure series to life. However, earlier this week, some rather unsettling information surfaced: Mr. Abrams has already gotten to direct several other movies--but they're still letting him direct this one.

Talk about unfair! What happened to the time-honored principle of "everybody gets a turn"? If you ask me, J.J. Abrams ought to be patient and let everyone have a chance at directing at least one movie before he moves on to what will be his fifth directing credit on a major motion picture. For how much longer will industry heads stand idly by as Abrams makes a mockery of the values of patience and fairness upon which the proud tradition of the American film was established?

Would Abrams help himself to seconds of a meal at a dinner party while other guests were still waiting for firsts? Would the relentless film thief cut in line to ride Blackbeard's Lost Treasure Train at Six Flags? Would he take it upon himself to



prevent forest fires even though the signs clearly specified that only I could do this? I've discussed this issue with several film industry experts, and most of them agreed that these situations are analogous.

Some people have tried to convince me that, in fact, everyone has had their turn to direct at least one motion picture, so it's okay for Abrams to take another turn. This is demonstrably false: examples of people who have yet to direct a movie include Monica Lewinsky, former Canadian Minister of Finance Ralph Goodale, my third cousin Carolyn, and Bishop Desmond Tutu. Shame on J. J. Abrams for greedily putting himself

ahead of decent, hardworking people like these--particularly Minister Goodale, who has intimated several times that he is "just dying to direct some sort of romantic comedy, possibly starring Dennis Quaid."

Needless to say, Disney and Lucasfilm now have something of a scandal on their hands. To the many people still eagerly awaiting their directorial debut, the decision to indulge Abrams with yet another project is rather upsetting. Equally controversial is the casting of Harrison Ford as Han Solo, seeing as Mr. Ford already got to play Han in all three of the original *Star Wars* films.

MAX FELDMAN '19

U.S. News & WORLD REPORT

Top 25 Space Universities in the Universe

1. 24-Hour Night School
2. Battleschool Scholastica
3. UFO (Univ. of Flying Objects)
4. Deep Space University: Now offering 2.7 degrees!
5. The Derek Zoolander Center for Kids Who Can't Read Good and Wanna Learn to Do Other Stuff Good Too in Space
6. Scientology Junior Community College of Central Florida
7. Firefly College (Closed since 2003)
8. Uranus School of Proctology
9. Newton's Third Law School
10. Space Juilliard
11. NYU Tisch School of TesserActing
12. 2001: A Honda Odyssey, School of Hyperdriving
13. The School of Hard Equinox
14. Mt. Black Holeyoke
15. Van Wilder Presents Big Bang U: The Apogee Of Taj
16. Anakin Skywalker School of "Acting"
17. ITT Technical Institute (Intergalactic Technological Technology Technical Institute)
18. Mooniversity: Moon School
19. Police Academy IX: Space Police
20. Miami University of Ohio of Mars
21. The Boys Go To Jupiter to Get More Stupiter Academy
22. Yoda The Advanced Jedi Studies University of
23. Space Western Reserve University
24. University of Wisconsin- Neptune (Satellite Campus)
25. Space Brandeis

RYAN GIZZIE '19, STAFF

A Boy Asks His Physics Teacher a Hard Question

Class is ending. BOY approaches TEACHER.

BOY: Hey, Mr. Rothstein? I've got kind of a hard question.

TEACHER: What is it, buddy?

BOY: Well, I'm getting older and I'm starting to think about...well, about where we all came from.

TEACHER: *(Hesitates)* Um...maybe you should ask your parents about this one.

BOY: No, no. I don't think they know as much about this as you do.

TEACHER: *(Pretty satisfied)*: Well, I did teach middle school health for six months, so...

BOY: Yeah, and I'm pretty sure physics is a part of it too.

TEACHER: Uh...sounds like you already know a thing or two.

BOY: Not really, but I mean, I think about it a lot. Sometimes, I get distracted during class, and, well...

(Teacher shudders)

BOY: I think about it at night a lot, too.

TEACHER: You know what, I really don't think you should be telling me this.

BOY: Why not? You always say how important learning and discovery are!

TEACHER: Dear God.

BOY: See, but is God part of it? What is God?

TEACHER: Now we're getting into a really complicated debate.

BOY: I want you to teach me.

TEACHER: *(Sweating)* I'm sorry?

BOY: Tomorrow, under a clear night sky. In the woods, by the old golf course.

TEACHER: *(Freaking out)* I can't do that.

BOY: Then will you please just tell me...

TEACHER: You want me to tell you about sex?

BOY: What? I was asking about the Big Bang.

TEACHER: Wait...you mean...as in the creation of the universe?

BOY: Yeah! Wait, what's sex?

Blackout. End of Scene.

JORDAN SALAMA '19

SHORT MOVIE PRIZE 2016

THE 2016 THEME IS *CHOOSING*

THE DEADLINE TO SUBMIT ENTRIES IS NO LATER THAN FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH.

The preferred length of the short movie is around 7 minutes, but there is no maximum or minimum length. Music to which rights have not been secured can be used as long as the film is not shown commercially.

In 2016 the jury will consider digital videos (or films transferred to digital form) that bear in any way on the theme of *CHOOSING*. Students should upload their videos to a website - YouTube, Vimeo, or some other video sharing website - and provide the jury with a stable URL.

Each submission must be accompanied by a short biography (no more than one paragraph) of the student who made the movie (if more than one student, submit a separate biography for each student).

An optional supporting statement about the short movie (no more than one page, double spaced).

Please submit the stable URL to Femke de Ruyter by email (femked@princeton.edu) by Friday, February 19, 2016.



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ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CAPRERA '16

In Defense of Marriage

THERE IS NOTHING more sacred than the marital bond. And in these increasingly liberal times, there is no more sacred decision than to defend it. Marriage means stability, fidelity, and the reality that our children grow up knowing love. That's why when I say what I'm about to say, I don't do so lightly. For years, I've been afraid to express what I truly believe, because I know public opinion is against me. But America. I can't stay silent any longer.

Call me "small-minded," call me "medieval," but I just don't think astronauts should be allowed to get married.

Marriage is the union between an earth-man and an earth-woman, and space-men cannot be—should not be—included in our current definition.

We have to put a stop to this senseless inclusivity. I, for one, don't see why we need to kowtow to the demands of a vocal minority. Wake up, America! Political correctness makes us weak. What will astronauts want next? For us to teach about the wonders of the Horsehead Nebula and retrograde rockets in our elementary schools? Disgusting.

I get it. Astronauts are people too. But does that mean their way of life is something we should be *encouraging*? The statistics don't lie: the vast majority of Americans are not astronauts and will never be. At most, some go through a period wondering how it would feel but never act on it. Where do we draw the line?

Ultimately, arguments for inclusion need to be weighed against what's best for our country. If we codify astronaut-marriage, we're basically saying "it's ok to be an astronaut", "it's normal", "it's not a choice". Well, truth bomb, it's isn't normal! NASA accepts only a fraction of 1% of its applicants. To become a certified trainee, you first have to excel in engineering coursework, be in peak physical condition, and preferably have a pilot's license or experience in military aviation. You're telling me an astronaut doesn't *choose* that lifestyle? Really?

I'm worried for America, and I'm worried most for America's families. I had a beautiful childhood, in which two, earth-bound, parents, taught me the principles of honest living. What happens to a child when he

needs guidance and one or both of his parents are orbiting hundreds of miles above him, floating in apparent weightlessness? How does he interact with the rest of society? I don't even want to imagine it. If we change the definition of marriage to include astronauts, we might as well erase our current definition of the American family.

Luckily, there's still time to act. The founding fathers established the amendment system so that our constitution would always reflect the most modern, enlightened beliefs. That's why I support an amendment which bans a minority group from equal protection under the law. Would I support a civil union between astronauts? Maybe. But marriage? Might as well serve the constitution for breakfast.

I mean, what's next?

Allowing people to marry musicians?

CONNOR STONESIFER '16



EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTERS

After yet another failed relationship, I knew that I needed to make a change in my life. I determined the solution to my problems: finding someone as far from my usual type as possible. That's how I found Tom. Tom was an alien, and I had never dated anyone from another planet before.

But that's what excited me. He was just so remarkably different from all my past boyfriends, as he actually resembled intelligent life.

We met online. The instant I saw his profile photo, I was transfixed by his beauty. That gorgeous green skin, those enormous black eyes, that chiseled, rock-hard exoskeleton... not to mention what seemed like dazzling intellect: "Tom enjoys studying civilizations on other planets, creating mysterious patterns in crop fields on Earth, and taking long walks on the asteroid belt." I absolutely had to meet him, so I sent him a message. And so, one thing led to another, and there we were, meeting for our date in the Cheesecake Factory. It was the height of romance.

Unlike my last few online dates, he was even more beautiful in person. The silvery-green scales of his skin shimmered in the light, and his smile was so broad that I could see all three rows of his sharp little teeth. "Wonderful to finally meet you," he said huskily (in perfect English)! His voice was deep and raspy and sexy, like a beautiful love child of the voices of Rod Stewart and of the demon Pazuzu in *The Exorcist*.

I was completely entranced.

Despite our obvious differences, we discovered we actually had a lot in common: we both frequently pondered our role in the universe, and neither of us knew which planet the Kardashians were from. I had so many questions about him and about life on other planets. So I took a chance and asked. "Is Tom your real name?" I inquired. "I'm dying to know. I was expecting something a bit more exotic."

Tom laughed. "No, actually. I picked it after Tom Cruise—he's very popular on my home planet. My real name is incomprehensible to the underdeveloped ears of humans, so I had to choose an Earth name when I moved here for my job."

"You work here? What do you do?"

"Oh, nothing too exciting," he said. "I just harvest DNA from human brain stems to send back to my home planet for use in synthesizing neural organs and prolonging our life spans. But let's not talk about work! Let's talk about you!" I blushed. He knew all the right things to say.

"Aren't you going to get any food?" I asked him.

"Food?" He scoffed. "What am I? A primitive humanoid? My species has been absorbing nutrients from daily tablets for millennia." Was there anything Tom couldn't do? He was the most mesmerizing creature I had ever met, and I knew I was falling hopelessly in love with him. It was either love, or the strange substance Tom was excreting that was seeping into my blood-



ART BY KYRA GREGORY '19
AND LIZZIE BUEHLER '19

stream, that was causing my heart to race and me to sweat excessively. Did it even matter? All I knew was, I had to express my feelings.

"Tom, I know that we barely know each other, but I just want to say that... I think I love you."

He smiled. "I am already aware of your feelings, for I can read your mind. And yes, while the time we have spent together has only been a minute portion of my life span, I too feel a strong connection with you. I find your genetic material to be pleasingly indicative of your chance of reproductive success."

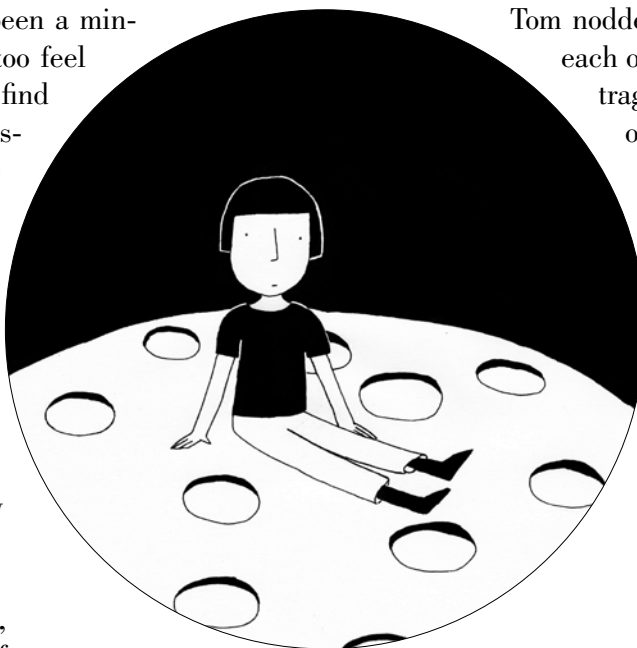
"That's the most beautiful thing I've ever heard," I said, choking back tears. "I want to spend the rest of my life exploring the universe with you." But something was wrong. His face had suddenly twisted into a grimace.

"I have to go," he said sharply, standing up to his full height of nine feet. I was taken aback. "Tom? Are you ok? Are you sick?"

Tom shook his head. "I... I have gotten a vision of the future—our future, and it's certainly bleak. We date, get married, and settle on my home planet. But it is not enough for you. We start to drift apart. You start going out more, staying out all night traversing the stars, while I turn to the drink. We argue constantly, and I cannot stand to hear you calling me an 'ugly fucking lizard bitch' in your head—you tend to forget I can read your mind.

We eventually get divorced. You return to Earth with the kids, and wind up working as a cashier at Kmart. The two of us never communicate again except via passive-aggressive text messages."

"Wow," I whispered, unable to wrap my head around such devastating information. My whole world was collapsing around me. "I work at Kmart? Really?"



Tom nodded sadly. "If we continue to see each other, we are both doomed to this tragic fate. The only way to save ourselves is to part now." My heart was breaking, but I knew he was right.

"I understand," I sighed. "But do you have to go so soon? Isn't there anything else we can do?"

Tom looked at me, a twinkle in his enormous black eye. "Well, there is one thing we can do before I leave," he said. "Can I harvest a bit of your brain matter?"

*"You start traversing the stars,
while I turn to the drink"*

I grinned at him. "Of course! I'm not really using most of it anyway." So Tom and I spent what was surely the best night of my life together, although I cannot say for certain because the brain cells that Tom scraped erased my memory of the rest of the evening. Yet no matter how many brain cells I lose, I will never forget Tom. Every once in a while I'll see a lizard or an iguana, and I'll be reminded of Tom's beautiful skin and our brief time together; I can't help but think of him and smile.

KATIE DUGGAN '19



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Course Offerings - Spring 2016

AMS 101 America Then and Now

Anne Cheng, English and African American Studies, Director of American Studies

Dara Strolovitch, Gender and Sexuality Studies; Gillian Frank, Humanities, American Studies

This course introduces students to the intellectual and creative possibilities in the interdisciplinary field of American Studies. Employing literature, law, history, visual culture, and politics, the class will examine the idea of "America" in global, national, and communal contexts.

AMS 311 Education and Inequality

Kathleen M. Nolan, Teacher Preparation

AMS 314/LAO 314/THR 324

Strategies for Surviving the American Stage

Jorge Ignacio Cortiñas, Anschutz Distinguished Fellow

AMS 362 "Yellow Peril" – Documenting and Understanding Xenophobia

John Kuo Wei Tchen, Visiting Professor, NYU

AMS 376/ART 376 American Images

Rachael DeLue, Art & Archaeology

AMS 381/GSS 379/THR 383/LAO 381

History of American Popular Entertainments

Brian Herrera, Theater, Lewis Center

AMS 399/HIS 399 In the Groove: Technology and Music in American History, from Edison to the iPod

Emily Thompson, History

AAS 320/AMS 384 Islands in the Sun: Caribbean Literature

Tao Goffe, African American Studies

ANT 389/AMS 339/AAS 333/REL 333

Religion and Culture: Muslims in America

Aly Kassam-Remtulla, Assistant Provost

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Anne McCauley, Art and Archaeology

DAN 321/AMS 361/GSS 387

Moving Modernisms

Judith Hamera, Dance

ENG 356/AMS 359/JDS 377 American Jewish Writers: Exiles, Citizens, Provocateurs

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Queer Boyhoods

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REL 377/AAS 376/AMS 378

Race and Religion in America

Judith Weisenfeld, Religion

WWS 385/AMS 350

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Stanley N. Katz, Woodrow Wilson School