

The PRINCETON TIGER



WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU'RE EXPECTING A BEER BELLY

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REUNIONS RECEPTION

Friday, May 29

3:30 – 5:30 p.m.

Lucas Gallery

185 Nassau Street

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June 1, 2015
Vol. CXXXIII, No. 2

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A message from the chairman

THE MORNING SUN glances through the window, refracting off a half-empty handle of Tico's Rum perched on the sill. You sit up and rub your eyes in disbelief. It's your old dorm room. The same oaken paneling. The same twin bed. The same choking heat and poor ventilation. Over there, on the floor, your best friend from college. Passed out. His head halfway in a recycling bin. Just like old times. This is Princeton. This is college. Then you look down.

You're sixty years old.

Welcome to Reunions. The world's shittiest time machine. The time machine that sends everything else back in time—except you.

All around us, Princeton is just as it's always been. The buildings tower in gothic glory over pristine quads and the dumpsters where wrestlers grunt and search for scraps. The ivy grows higher and higher as the members of Terrace follow suit. And John Nash hosts his notorious nude glow-paint party "Chaos Theory" in the basement of Quad. Year after year, Princeton embraces us, its face unchanging through the ages.

And when, a thousand years from now, we come back—our lives prolonged by disturbing advances in cybernetic technology—it will *still* be the same. Our hideous mechanical spider legs will clack on the well-worn steps of Blair Arch, where millennia ago a young F. Scott Fitzgerald had his first step sing. Our cold, unerring bionic lenses will scan the architecture of Nassau Hall and render its interior in a perfect 3D topographic map on our heads-up-display, just as George Washington saw it. And when we sway to the unthinkable industrial thunder that is the music of our war-torn future, we will ingest the same, low-quality beers from the same silver kegs that our classmates and grand-classmates did before us. Except, we will not digest them. We have

no need for that now. We have not eaten in centuries.

Yes. Princeton will always be the Princeton we knew, and there's a bittersweet beauty in that endurance. Like a beautiful ex, you can't help but feel jealous of Princeton's timelessness. But at some point or another, we all wish we could go back in time. And the fact that Princeton doesn't change allows us a perpetual glimpse into the past.

Here at Reunions, we can live like the mavericks we used to be. We can chug twelve beers and gyrate to a Stevie Wonder cover band like we are All-American gods. We can shit in the shower. And shower in the toilet. And we do. And we will. Sure, Reunions may send us back in time less equipped to do the things we did in college, but it still sends us back in time.

And let's be real.

The future sucks.

Sincerely,

Connor Stonesifer '16
Chairman

The PRINCETON TIGER

ALUMNI CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH

Saturday, May 30,
11 am to 2 pm,
48 University Place, Room 402



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TODAY



ILLUSTRATED BY EMILY ESSER '18

Attractive Fraternity Brother Has "Right Attitude" for Bicker

PRINCETON, NJ — According to multiple friends, attractive Kappa Alpha member Jeff Clarke '17 is going to do great in Bicker.

"Jeff is just a fun guy—any club would be lucky to have someone with his personality," said Steve Franzen '16, Clarke's fraternity brother and teammate on the men's lacrosse team. "He's absolutely got the right attitude."

Numerous members of the team confirmed that Jeff was "a solid dude" and would be a perfect fit for a number of clubs due to his good-natured attitude, comfort level in social situations and overall charm.

"You never know what will happen in Bicker, but I really hope Jeff makes it," said Albert Poole '15, another teammate of Clarke's and a member of Cottage Club, where Clarke is expected to bicker. "He's got the right attitude about Bicker, too. I just hope other people see what I see in him."

Cottage member Amanda Hendricks '16 agreed that Clarke deserved to get in.

"I haven't actually gotten to know Jeff, but from what I've seen and what people have told me he seems like a fantastic guy," Hendricks said. "He's exactly the kind of person we need more of in Cottage."

Clarke has been hesitant to speculate on his chances, saying he will likely bicker Cottage and "maybe another club" just to "see how things go."

"It'd be fun to be in Cottage with the team, but if I don't get in I'm sure I can find the right fit somewhere," Clarke added.

If Clarke does not get into Cottage, it will mark the first time in five years that a member of his fraternity was hosed and the first time since 1998 that a member of his team was hosed.

"At the end of the day, that's what it's all about," Franzen said. "Just going into Bicker with the right attitude."

STEPHEN WOOD '15

EXCLUSIVE

THE FIRST INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN WILLIAMS SINCE HIS SUSPENSION

YESTERDAY MORNING, BRIAN Williams came down to *The Princeton Tiger's* headquarters at 48 University Place for an interview with a member of our revered editorial staff. This is the anchor's first interview since his suspension last week. He arrived 15 minutes late, out of breath, and disheveled. I greeted him with a warm welcome and began our interview.

The Princeton Tiger: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Williams. We're a little surprised that you wanted to talk to us over other, um, more news-oriented publications.

Brian Williams: Actually, most news publications want nothing to do with me right now, so you guys are really my only option.

Tiger: Well, Mr. Williams, nevertheless, The Princeton Tiger is an esteemed, well-respected organization on campus and, well, the reputation and credibility of all of our reporting is of utmost importance to us.

BW: I understand that. Firstly, I'd like to apologize for my tardiness. On the way over, I was pulled over unlawfully by some police officers.

Tiger: No way! What happened?

BW: I got into my car this morning, with former NBC anchor Tom Brokaw, and in the rear view mirror, I see the motherfuckin' law.

Tiger: Oh my, really?

BW: I got two choices, pull over the car, or, bounce on the devil, put the pedal to the floor. Now, I'm not trying to get into some highway chase with Jake—plus I got a few dollars, I could fight the case. So the officer asks me, 'Son, do you know what I'm stopping you for?' and all I can think is, 'cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real low.' So, I would have gotten here on time—

Tiger: Wait a minute—Mr. Williams, are you paraphrasing Jay-Z's "99 Problems?" Is this some kind of joke?

BW: Oh, right, of course. I must have heard the song on the radio on the way here



and confused it with my own life. My apologies. The truth is... that my life is anything but easy. My Aunt May is frail and elderly, the girl I love hardly knows I exist, I held my Uncle Ben as he died in my arms, the entire school thinks I'm a nerdy loser when I'm actually a superhero, and my best friend James Franco wants to—

Tiger: That's Spiderman! The Tobey McGuire one. What the hell, Mr. Williams?!

BW: Right! Of course! That's Spiderman! I've watched that movie so many times. I must have accidentally confused my life with Peter Parker's...

Tiger: This is ridiculous, Mr. Williams! You were a celebrated journalist. You risked your life so that everyday Americans could know what was happening throughout the Middle East. You have no reason to lie. You already were a superhero in our eyes.

BW: How dare you accuse me of lying? I simply recalled the past incorrectly. Anyone could do that! Who are you to tell me I can't! I made some of the greatest contributions to math and economic theory of the past century right here at Princeton! From a young age, I knew I was special. My first grade teacher once said I got two helpings

of brain and half a helping of heart. And although I've always believed in equations and logic—

Tiger: That's *A Beautiful Mind*! Literally everyone at Princeton has seen that movie!

BW: Well, frankly, my dear...

Tiger: ...I don't give a damn? That's *Gone with the Wind*. Why are you doing this?

At this point, Mr. Williams broke down crying. He covered his face to hide tears.

BW: Oh God, who am I kidding? I'm sorry for lying. I'm sorry for making up stories about my life. I just want to be taken seriously. I want people to see me as the brave reporter I once was, not the desk-monkey news anchor I've become. I'm more than that. Sure, maybe I wasn't in that helicopter that was shot at by RPGs, but I was in Iraq, and I might not have been in battle but I was damn near it.

Tiger: Jesus, Rambo, take it easy; don't start crying on me. You're a reporter! You're supposed to be honest, all the time! You know what, I'm sorry, Brian, but this interview is over. I don't have the time to entertain the lies of charlatans such as yourself.

As I got up to leave, Mr. Williams composed himself and glared at me.

BW: ...Maybe I haven't always been honest, but all you people behind your tablets and TV screens need reporters like me—reporters who can forge exciting stories out of the news. You wouldn't last a day with honest news told by honest newsmen! And if you disagree with me, just grab a cameraman and go into the danger zones yourself!

Tiger: Mr. Williams, did you or did you not lie about being in that helicopter?

BW: You want answers?

Tiger: I think I'm entitled!

BW: You want answers?!

Tiger: I want the truth!

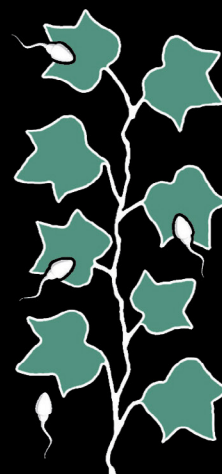
BW: YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!

AHMED AKHTAR '17

From the creators of IvyDate comes the logical progression of elitist dating...

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Smart & Driven Sperm



Ladies

Tired of sperm that just don't meet your justifiably high standards? Do you want to have a super-smart kid but don't have the time (or looks) to meet a super-smart man?

IvyBank promises you Ivy-quality sperm at Big 10 prices. Why should you have to settle for sperm from donors who settled for Middlebury?

Our donors are subject to approval by our Ivy-educated Sperm Admissions Team, and only those with top SAT scores are allowed entry. Our sperm WILL attend an Ivy-level* college, or your money back!

Men

Are your little swimmers simply not getting the respect they deserve? Hoping to pass on your genes without all the hassle of raising children?

Just fill out our form, making sure to include your transcript and the name of your father's corporation or principality. Please provide sample sperm so we can test its IQ before making our decision.

Remember, IvyBank is very competitive, and although we would love to accept every applicant there simply isn't enough space in IvyBank's storage units to accept you all.

*Stanford counts as Ivy-level. Williams, Amherst, Cornell, and any other state schools do not.

ILLUSTRATED BY CADEN OHLWILER '15



*Exceptionally Good Sperm
for the Exceptionally Arrogant*



STEPHEN WOOD '15

George Washington's Rules for Most Satisfactory Love-Making

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the famously fastidious founding paternal figure, wrote down rules for etiquette still held sacred by many Americans. Less well-known but equally important are his Rules for Most Satisfactory Love-Making, presented below for the first time in over 200 years.

STEPHEN WOOD '15

- » Prior to thy love-making, wash thy sheets well, lest you and your lover contract typhus in the midst of the session.
- » When the act has been completed, ask thy lover plainly whether he or she enjoyed the experience, seeking advice on how thy love-making can be made more efficient.
- » Set a mood most romantick by hiring a fifer fresh from the ranks of the Continental Army to serenade you with patriotick songs.
- » Political factions will be the death of the nation; therefore, speak not of politics whilst in bed, but rather of how best to farm the land.
- » Be always quiet during thy love-making, gravely focused on the task at hand: increasing the population of the Republic.
- » Drink never in excess, but especially not before you make love, lest thy cherry tree be most embarrassingly chopt.
- » When having difficulties in love-making, one needs but only to think of the curvaceous wheatfields of the Republic and desire will expediently be restored.



ILLUSTRATED BY RITA FANG '17

- » Do not take excessive time but make haste in your love-making, as over-indulgence in sensual pleasure is tantamount to Toryism.
- » Put not your hand on your lover's bodice in public, lest you incite the citizenry of our fledgling nation to lust and destroy the great democratic experiment for which so many died.
- » If one doth achieve climax, the moment should be marked by a hearty exclamation of "No taxation without representation!" Otherwise, be silent.
- » Put not your hand on any part of your lover at any other time—it is indecent and reflects poorly on our fledgling nation.

A&A

DEPARTMENT OF
ART & ARCHAEOLOGY

REUNION LECTURE



A Short History of Rome's Pantheon

Rebuilt in Antiquity,
Reused in the Middle Ages,
Rediscovered in
the Renaissance

**Professors
Carolyn Yerkes,
Beatrice Kitzinger,
and Michael Koortbojian**

Friday, May 29, 2015
11:00 AM
106 McCormick Hall

2009-2010



ILLUSTRATED BY DAN CAPRERA '16

Arch Sing Accidentally Scheduled in Holland Tunnel

A TRAVESTY OCCURRED LATE Thursday night when a Nassoons performance in New York City was accidentally scheduled in the Holland Tunnel. The error seems to have occurred when a request to have the Nasoons perform in the in “the largest arch in New York City” was misinterpreted by city officials.

The Nassoons originally suspected that something had gone wrong in the planning when the van driving them into the city parked next to the tollbooth at the tunnel entrance.

“We thought that it was some kind of practical joke,” said a sophomore “soon. “We all expected the van to start again and take us to a real venue like Carnegie Hall or at the very least the subway station at Times Square.”

Despite the setback, the Nassoons remained upbeat and attempted to perform by standing on the walkways along the edge of the tunnel and screaming over the noise of traffic. Only one song into the set, however, things began to go wrong, as due to some ill-timed honking the harmonies began to fail and a senior baritone completely missed his humming solo.

Two songs later, traffic began to slow and it seemed as though the performance might turn into a success. Minutes later, however, the accident on the other side of the tunnel cleared, traffic resumed its normal pace, and people in cars continued to pass by seemingly oblivious to the performance going on around them.

One song later, in the middle of a stirring rendition of “Princeton is Free,” a senior vocalist broke down and screamed the words “listen to us” and “why doesn’t anyone appreciate the brilliance of this song?” repeatedly before collapsing in a heap. Shortly after, the group decided to end the performance early and slowly began to file out of the tunnel.

Back on campus a cappella aficionados have already begun to analyze the historical importance of the event. According to the junior librarian in the Department of Instrumentless Music, perhaps the biggest acappella fan on campus, the tunnel disaster ranks at second all time on the list of major Princeton acappella debacles, ahead of the Footnotes collaboration with Slipknot, yet well behind the Tigerlillies catastrophic tour of Tehran in 1979.

STD or Greek Philosopher?

Be it the tragedy 'Oedipus,' or the comedy 'Lysistrata,' the Greeks were a sexually progressive people by any chronological standard. We at *Tiger* feel certain that simply observing the names of some of their greatest philosophical minds will serve as sufficient evidence for their oversexed, libidinous culture—a description unlikely to appear in textbooks!

Below is an intermixed list of actual names and sexual/reproductive conditions, see if you can distinguish the difference...



	PHILOSOPHER	STD
HERACLITUS		✓
TRICHOMONIASIS		
ANAXIMANDER		
CHANCROID		
GORGIAS		
PREGNANCY		
VAGINITIS		
PARMENIDES		
VULVOVAGINAL		
MOLLOSCUM		
URETHRIS		
ANAXAGORAS		
LEUCIPPUS		
CANDIDIASIS		
ANAXAGORAS		
EMPEDOCLES		
GENITAL WARTS		
GONORRHEA		
HIPPASUS		
EMPEDOCLES		
SYPHILIS		



ILLUSTRATED BY CASANDRA MONROE '18 AND ALEX GOTTLIEB '18

Alternative Honor Code Pledges

Try these zesty new pledges to add some spice to your next exam!

I pledge my honor that I have not violated the Honor Code during this examination... or did I?

(The E-Quad pledge) I pledge my honor that I was violated by this exam.

(LAX players only) O'Doyle rules!

I violated the Honor Code. Your move, hotshot.

Honor? I barely knew her!

I'm sorry Hal, I'm afraid I can't do that.

(Philosophy majors) If the Honor Code is violated in the forest, and no one is around to see it, is it still a violation?

I pledge my allegiance to the Honor Code, with liberty and grade inflation for all.

(Woodrow Wilson School majors)
Whether or not I cheated on my exam makes no difference. There are small children starving in Djibouti.

I pledge that I did not have sexual relations with my preceptor.

I pledge my honor that I tried to violate the Honor Code on this exam, but I couldn't because the asswipe next to me wouldn't let me look over his shoulder.

I didn't violate the Honor Code, but I know who did. Let's make a deal.

(Theater majors) I pledge that I have not used cue cards during this performance.



ILLUSTRATED BY
CASANDRA MONROE '18
AND ANA DEJESUS '18

PROJECT IT'S THE GREAT PUMPKIN, CHARLIE BROWN
ACT 2 **SCENE** 34 b



Linus: Each year, the Great Pumpkin rises out of the pumpkin patch that he thinks is the most sincere.



Charlie Brown: The Great Pumpkin?
Linus: Yes, Charlie Brown. The dark lord Satan goes by many names.



Charlie Brown: But how can we summon the forces of evil to do our bidding?
Linus: It's easy, Charlie Brown!



Linus (cont.): First we draw a pentagram on the ground...



Linus (cont.): Then we renounce God and make an animal sacrifice in recognition of our eternal devotion to the Devil!

**CBS
STANDARDS AND PRACTICES**

TO: Charles Schulz
RE: Charlie Brown Halloween Special

Panel 2: LINUS cannot say "Satan."
Panel 4: LINUS cannot draw a pentagram on the ground.
Panel 5: CHARLIE BROWN and LINUS cannot sacrifice SNOOPY in a pagan ritual.

Otherwise, looks great! Should be fun for the whole family.

D.D.

RIDDLES

1. What did the calculator say to the student?
Brandon Tate—Louisiana
2. How do monsters tell their futures?
Dakota Blair—Delaware
3. Why shouldn't you step on a watch?
Erica Starr—Minnesota
4. What's the most artistic part of a castle?
Chlump Chatkupt—New Jersey
5. Where does a sock go when it loses its partner?
Regina Loffin—Mississippi
6. What's the difference between Rush Limbaugh and the Hindenburg?
Charles Coxe—Georgia

ANSWERS

1. You'd be better off not using me and relying on your own brain power to get ahead in school.
2. They have no futures for they will all be killed off by man.
3. Because that watch probably belongs to somebody, you inconsiderate bastard!
4. The dungeon, where the ruling despot has imprisoned all the creative people in the kingdom for their subversive ideas.
5. Straight to Hell! For "partner" is an obvious euphemism for homosexual lover.
6. One is an exploding Nazi gasbag, and the other is a dirigible.

CLIFFORD

THE BIG RED MENACE



Hi! I'm Emily Elizabeth and this is Clifford, my big red dog. Clifford says that every person should give according to his ability and receive according to his need.

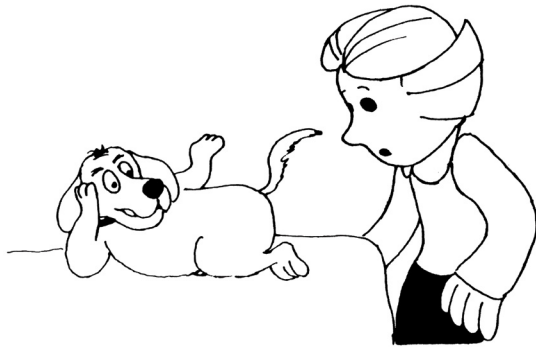
Clifford wasn't always big. One morning, we were printing seditious pamphlets in the basement when Daddy came in. "Would you like to see where I work?" he said.

I asked, "Can I bring Clifford?"

"Only if you bring the muzzle," Daddy said. "I don't want that red bastard causing any trouble."



Daddy is the executive vice-president of Chrysler. At his factory they make strong, well-designed, efficient American cars. It was very interesting and educational. But Clifford didn't seem happy.



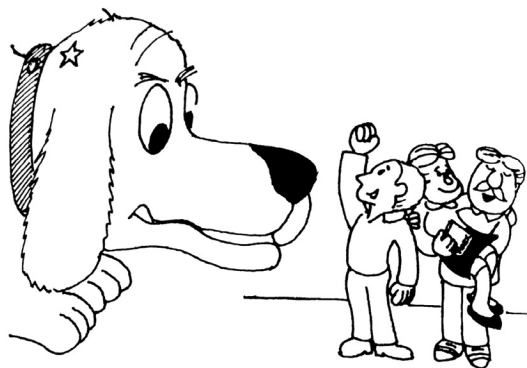
When we got home, I asked him what was wrong. "I am unhappy with the situation at your father's factory," he said. "the proletariat must divide its entire revenue fairly amongst itself rather than sacrifice the fruits of its labor to the greed of the ruling class."

"Oh Clifford," I said, "I wish you would grow to be big and strong so you could organize the worker against the avaricious bourgeoisie."



Next morning he looked bigger to me.

In an era of crumbling governments and lightning-quick social reforms, it is illustrative to realize that it was not always so. *Tiger* examines the cold-war era with this *actual reprint* of a children's propaganda storybook, originally distributed in 1954. ERIC MUHLHEIM '91



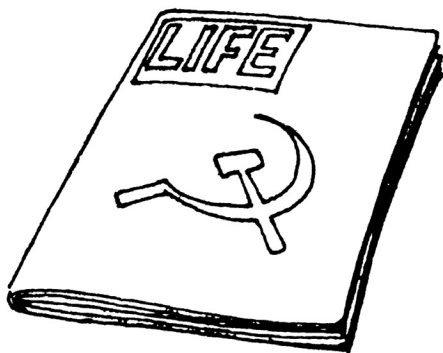
We went to Daddy's factory and Clifford told the workers about the evils of the capitalistic system and about the upcoming revolution. I distributed literature. Daddy was mad at dinner that evening.

"The workers have formed a union and it's the fault of that goddamned commie. You can't have him any more." We sent him to live with my uncle, the editor of *Life* magazine.



I was sad. I missed my little puppy.

Meanwhile, Clifford had convinced my uncle to plant subversive material in his magazine.



Soon the flames of discontent had been fanned into a bonfire. The U.S. government collapsed in on itself and Clifford was named Supreme Dictator of the People's Republic of North America. When the purges began, we shot most of those who refused to support the new regime. Clifford ate the rest.

Yesterday, Clifford told me, "Emily Elizabeth, your mother and father have confessed to committing certain crimes against the state. They have been sentenced to work in the Idaho Famous Potato labor camps for the rest of their lives. You will never see them again."



Clifford, I love you.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Tiger,

I have heard much discussion of nuclear tactics. Some say a nuclear war is unwinnable, others that it is unavoidable, and still others that it is a mildly unfortunate scenario for United States military interests.

My own personal opinion is that we should forget about nuclear tactics, and, should instead, concentrate on Nuclear Tic-Tacs. What a weapon that would be! Fifteen disgorgers of destruction that could be concealed in the palm of your hand. The price would only be about 35 cents, plus sales tax. And best of all, each little arma-mint would contain less than three calories.

That's just one thinking man's opinion, and if you have any different ideas about nuclear strategy yourself, I suggest you give them up immediately and adopt my own.

Thanking you in advance,

Wally Wallace

Dear Tiger,

Naugahyde is amazing stuff. Yes, naugahyde—the material that, if used to upholster

couches, makes incredible farting noises when sat upon. Do you know where it comes from? From the mighty Nauga, of course. A fearsome looking beast, it feeds on only the most succulent of elderberries.

Also, did you know that if you dressed up in naugahyde clothing you would look pretty stupid? Or that you could actually survive by eating naugahyde for two or three days? George Washington once wrapped his aged grandmother in naugahyde and rolled her down a hill into the Potomac. Yes, naugahyde—the unknown, unloved fabric. Watch for further naugahyde information bulletins.

Naugahyde Enlightenment Society.

Dear Tiger,

Several weeks ago, something happened in our fair town of Princeton that shocked and disturbed me. A gang of men with nylon stockings over their faces robbed a bank, taking several hostages before finally making off with almost a million dollars in nickels.

It was horrifying, to say the least. Nothing turns my stomach more than men wearing women's clothing. I hope appropriate precautions have been taken so that this type of thing can't happen again. Security in the hosiery department at clothing stores should be tightened as a first step.

Karl Malden

Dear Tiger,

Could you pick up some milk sometime tonight?

Mom

Dear Tiger,

We would like to clear up a few misunderstandings concerning several Student Agencies at Princeton University. The "Za" Agency does not, as many wrongly assume, cook and deliver pizza to undergraduates. Its actual purpose is to facilitate the marriage of students to film celebrity Za Za Gabor, a marvelous performer and a wonderful humanitarian. Gabor, incidentally, has been involved in more marriages than most of the priests you know, and even more than Elizabeth Taylor or Joan Rivers.

Similarly, the "Stationary" Agency has nothing to do with personalized writing paper embossed with the seal of Princeton. Instead, the Stationary Agency is just a group of students who stay in one place. As of yet, they have not discovered a money-making angle, and the constant intrusions of would-be scribes in search of notepaper certainly do not help their cause.

West College

Dear Tiger,

Did you know that fish live in their own sewer system? Or that Chinese people invented the game "GO" long before the advent of the stop light? Or that pigs can neither fly nor play the tuba, even after some extensive coaching? These are just some of the things I know.

The World Book Encyclopedia



ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LEE '86



BELIEVE IT OR not tradition is a very important part of the Princeton Experience. But some of the most vital traditions, sadly, are being eroded with the implementation of CURL and other fascist intrusions. Everyone has heard of the Nude Olympics held in Palmer Square at noon on the first official day of spring. And most undergraduates are aware of the annual bell clapper pilfering carried out by freshly matriculated students. They are painfully unaware, however, that once they have the leaden prize in their grimy little hands, they are supposed to heave it through the window of the Princeton Borough Police Station, chanting rude and obscene phrases until Maced and driven off by the National Guard.

In order to correct the disgusting ignorance of this new crop of CURL-fattened underclassmen, Tiger Magazine has compiled a list of lesser known, but no less important, traditions.

Pulling the Plug

Lake Carnegie is to be drained on or before All Hallow's Eve. Pranksters delight in seeing the faces of crewbies as they arrive at the boathouse at 5 a.m. only to see the bloated remnants of former teammates poking through the muck at the bottom of the lake.

Homage to Presidents Past

Assembling on Thanksgiving Eve, students proceed to Princeton's most famous graveyard (no, not McCosh 50). Once there, they exhume the rotting body of a past president of the University, dress it up in women's clothing, and parade the horror about campus.

At sunrise, the remains are heaped on the steps of Old Nassau, there to be

consumed by campus dogs and Commons refugees.

Switcheroo

Every year, pesky students switch Whig and Clio. No one ever knew the difference anyway.



Tiger, Tiger Burning Bright

Flaming office machinery is ejected from the windows of a certain campus organization, to the oohs and aahs of a crowd of thousands assembled below. In return, students habitually stand outside 48 University Place and toss money through the second floor windows of the Tiger Magazine office until begged to stop, carefully avoiding the windows of the yellow rag below.

A closely related tradition that is very dear to our hearts is the customary disrobing

of comely co-eds upon seeing a member of the Tiger staff. What ensues is guaranteed to raise cane, if not our spirits.

Celebrity Roast

As the nadir of the fiasco that is Reunions approaches, campus cutups waylay a particularly rich drunken old fart from the festivities. After dousing the derelict with kerosene and setting him aflame, students enjoy marshmallows and wienies far into the night. Great fun and great cats.

The Producer's Syndrome

Every year the members of the USG outdo themselves in finding a band whose meteoric fall to oblivion is imminent. Those wishing to participate are encouraged to begin early in the year, as the search is quite active by the second week in September.

Bowling for Butler

A particularly entertaining event in which drunken revelers compete at rolling their personally-emptied kegs down the hill from Prospect Gardens toward Butler College. To score points, the keg must pass between the spheres of Wu Hall and crash into the Butler Monolith. Those who achieve a perfect 10 for 10 traditionally run and scream and prance about Not-So-New-Anymore Quad, shouting, "I achieved a perfect 10 for 10."

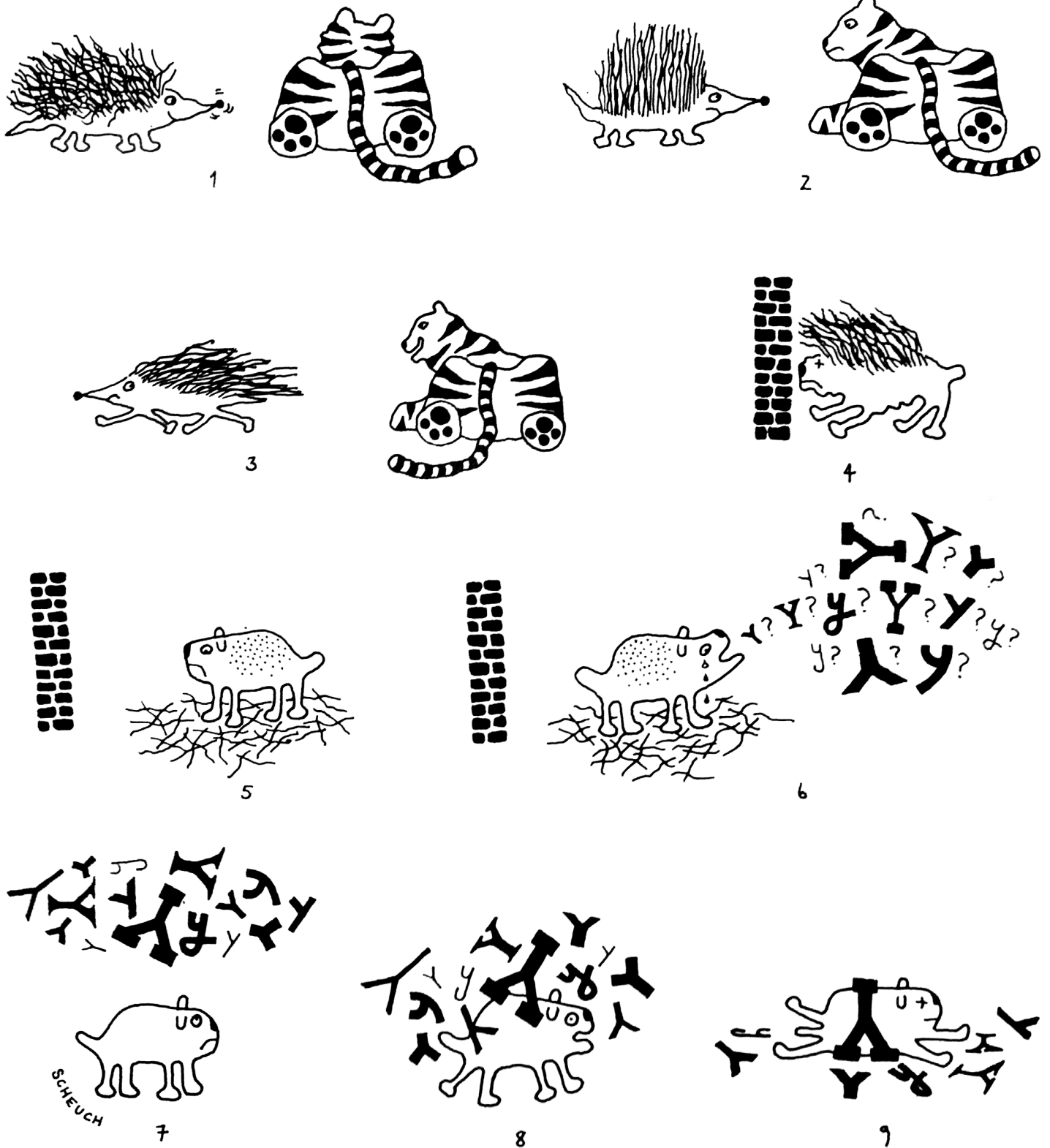
Passing Water

After an unusually heavy night of drinking amber fluid, students amuse and relieve themselves by decorating various campus centers. Vicious rumors have attributed the origin of this noble pastime to various Greek fraternities.

Waiting List

Dominated by Juniors (and, of course, the class of '85), this tradition attracts large numbers of participants. The procedure is simple: just get a draw time on the third day after all the rooms are taken. Watch, embedded deeply in the Waiting List, as freshmen bop into three-room doubles and suites equipped with kitchen, washer/dryer, two bathrooms, ice hockey rink, skeet shooting range, and projection T.V.

JOHN PARRY '86 & CARL RAMIREZ '86



THE ORIGIN OF THE LALE BULLDOG

ILLUSTRATED BY W. ALLEN SCHEUCH '76



"THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE CLEAN ENOUGH"

ILLUSTRATED BY AARON MARCUS '65



"...THEN I GOT SICK OF THE WHOLE DAMN THING."

ILLUSTRATED BY AARON MARCUS '65

Old grads swaying, feebly singing, prance in Holder Court
 Waving beer-stained hands at others, lost in mad cavort
 Trombones blaring, children staring, this unruly band
 Run in frenzy 'round the campus, deep in Tiger land
 Then at last to Nassau Hall swirls that guady sea
 Clad in flashy blazers and singing most off-key
 Say, there's Ted of '26 and his brother Harry
 I never gave a damn, but did he ever marry?
 'Member when Bill got flushed back in '48
 Or that time he birddogged Larry's date?
 Was Fred the first to steal the bell?
 My freshman year was more like hell
 I didn't that that Ed would dail
 My class really pounced on Yale
 Songs bawdy, clothing gaudy
 Hands are firmly shaken
 While on some steps
 Drunks awaken
 Reunions
 Bringing
 MadDash
 Shouting
 Drinking
 Stamping
 Thinking
 Cheering
 Laughing
 Crashing
 And more
 At last Reunions ends
 The party stops, the last beer
 Campus normal—at least until next year

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1929-1930



"AND THANK YOU, GOD, FOR HELPING ME GET INTO CAP AND GOWN."

Mr. Hemingway Capitalizes Mother Goose

IT WAS A hell of a hot day. I met Bo Peep about four o'clock. I could see she'd been crying.

"What the hell?" said I. "Have a drink."

"Hell, Jake," she said. "I've lost my damn sheep."

"Hell with 'em," I said. "Have another drink."

"You're such a good sort, Jake," said Bo. "Those damn sheep."

"Hell with the damn sheep," I said. "They'll come back. Have another drink."

"Hell with the damn sheep," said Bo.



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FRIDAY - SATURDAY

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SUNDAY

12 pm - 8 pm



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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUM

Special Programming and Extended Hours for Reunions Weekend



Thursday, May 28

Meet the Curators

4–5:30 p.m. | Museum Reunions Tent

(between Murray-Dodge and McCormick Halls)

Enjoy regional craft beers in the Museum's Reunions tent, then head into the Museum for curator-led tours.

Friday, May 29

Writing Artists' Lives

2 p.m. | 101 McCormick Hall

Don't miss the opportunity to hear Pulitzer Prize-winning Princeton alumni Mark Stevens, Class of 1973, Annalyn Swan, Class of 1973, and Steven Naifeh, Class of 1974, in a panel discussion about writing artist biographies.

Saturday, May 30

Cultural Property and the Future of Museums

9 a.m. | 101 McCormick Hall

Princeton University Art Museum director James Steward will convene a panel of five distinguished alumni to consider cultural property ownership and the impact of this contested issue on the future of institutional collecting.

Through June 7

The City Lost & Found: Capturing New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, 1960–1980

This groundbreaking exhibition explores how photographers, architects, filmmakers, and performance artists unmade and remade the American city in the 1960s and '70s.

SPECIAL HOURS

Thursday, May 28, 10 AM – 10 PM

Friday, May 29 – Tuesday, June 2, 10 AM – 5 PM

ALWAYS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

artmuseum.princeton.edu

Kenneth Josephson (American, born 1932), *Chicago* (detail), 1969. Photo collage. The Art Institute of Chicago, Gift of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. © Kenneth Josephson