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A message from the chairman

Close your eyes. Quiet your mind. Open your heart. And tell me the first thing that comes to mind when I say the word "Reunions." Oh, what's that you said? Princeton? Not quite what I was looking for. Beer? Nope, not it either. The largest dating pool since you graduated? Nice try, Susan Patton. I'll give you a hint. It's in the title of a comedy film that is part of the groundbreaking movie series starring renowned actor, comedian, and cultural icon, Tyler Perry as the towering matriarch, Madea. That's right, I'm talking about Madea's Family Reunion. If you haven't seen it, you should. Madea dispenses tasty nuggets of wisdom such as getting out of an abusive relationship by throwing a pot of hot grits on the person you want to leave and then hitting them with a skillet. I assume that this advice could be modified depending on your dietary needs without losing its effectiveness.

For the weekend of Reunions, Mama Princeton welcomes her babies home with a warm hug and Papa Eisgruber stands to the side with a look in his eyes that could just possibly be pride.

Just like any family reunion, Princeton Reunions takes place on a campus covered in large white tents with every entrance and exit fenced and guarded. Your brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, and uncles can all be conveniently identified by their wristbands and general drunkenness. As with any family gathering, you are handed free beer after free beer until you forget how your second cousin is making more money than you. Everyone is equal through the eyes of enormous inebriation. Your other cousin asks if he can borrow a small fortune to pursue his latest foolproof business venture. You leave your kids at a camp where they can break down someone else's spirit for a change. Your husband tells you to slow down with the beer. Your

wife tells you that maybe you should have a glass of water. You feel inspired to follow your dreams, then frustrated by the harsh realities of adulthood, then just really tired. Someone from the Office of Alumni Affairs whispers bedtime stories as you lose consciousness on a creaky twin bed in a poorly ventilated dorm. "Donate," he says. "Contribute. Mama Princeton gave you everything. For free," he hisses.

Reunions is our annual reminder that we are all a part of the Princeton family. No matter what we do and no matter what happens in our lives, Mama Princeton will be there so that we can remember where we came from. All the good memories and some of the bad ones that we haven't fully repressed come rushing back as we celebrate this amazing experience that unites us. Everyone at Reunions went through four years here. That makes us family.

And this time it's alright to kiss your cousins.

Encouraged even.

Sincerely,

Ana DeJesus '18
Chairman

A BEAUTIFUL MIND

The year is 1988. A cramped double in 1937 Hall. Half of the room looks like pretty standard college dorm fare: there's a Jimi Hendrix poster on the wall, a few textbooks strewn around a desk, an unmade bed. Ted's roommate, CRAIG MAZIN, sits sideways in his desk chair on that side, looking anxiously at the door. On Ted's side, immaculately folded sheets adorned with bald eagles cover his bed. An enormous American flag and a framed copy of the Constitution occupy the wall above it. Three different translations of the Bible sit on his bedside table. In his closet are 13 identical outfits of khakis and blue dress shirts.

Enter TED CRUZ. He walks in briskly with an oversized backpack and closes the door with excessive force. He doesn't look like a sweaty bulldog with a heart condition yet, but his chin has already begun to assume its final form. He is wearing khakis and a blue dress shirt.

TED: Craig.

CRAIG: Hey. Listen, Ted, I need to talk to you about something.

TED: If you have something to say, make it quick. I am in the process of preparing for the greatest debate performance of my life.

CRAIG: I've been getting complaints from some of the girls on our hall. Diana said just last week you were pacing in front of their door in a paisley bathrobe?

TED: Craig, my fellow American. Do you value liberty?

CRAIG: What?

TED: Do you value your freedoms as an American citizen?

CRAIG: I mean, yeah, but—

TED: Craig, were you aware that by freely walking the halls of my own residence, I was exercising my First Amendment right to free speech?

CRAIG: Ted, please don't do this again—

TED: There are two types of people in this world, Craig. Those that appreciate their God-given liberties, and Communists. Are you a Communist?

CRAIG: You can't just turn everything into

a deba—

TED: A closing argument. Would you rather live in a world where a man is free to wear whatever he pleases, or a world in which Washington fat cats dictate which government-mandated jumpsuit you're gonna put on in the morning? Now if that is all, I will be on my way.

CRAIG (visibly irritated): No. That is not all. Dude, I found a loaded gun under your bed yesterday. Be honest with me—are you alright?



TED: I assure you, Craig, that I am quite "alright". What is not "alright", in my view, is intruding on my Second Amendment right to bear arms. Not only that, but you have violated my Fourth Amendment right against unreasonable search and seizure. My father, one of the strongest men I know, did not escape from Cuba at the age of 18 with 100 dollars sewed into his underwear and wash dishes for 50 cents an hour in order for me to stand here and watch you infringe my rights. Consider yourself lucky I don't take this matter to court.

CRAIG: Ted, I'm not debating you right

now. I'm concerned about your mental health. And another thing— you know that toy soldier I've had on my desk all semester? I haven't been able to find it. You don't know anything about that, do you?

TED: Do you know what those brave soldiers died for in the American Revolution? They died for our rights. They died for our Constitution. Yes, I disposed of your little figurine. But why? I believe it violated my Third Amendment right against having to quarter soldiers in my domicile during peacetime. If you wish to persecute me for living by the laws that our forefathers sacrificed their lives to create, be my guest.

CRAIG: Are you serious? My grandpa gave that to me before he died. It was the only thing I had to remember him by.

The two sit in silence for a moment, glaring at each other. A sudden knock raps on the door. Ted opens it warily. It's their Residential College Advisor, BRAD. He glares at Ted, who appears nervous.

BRAD: Ted, I'm going to give you one chance to fess up. Someone left sticky notes saying "REPENT OR BURN IN HELL" on every door on our hall and slid dozens of hand-annotated copies of the Bible under people's doors. Was it you?

TED: Brad, I don't need to answer to you. The only one who can judge me is a higher power. A force as holy as He is wise. If you can get Ronald Reagan on

the phone, be my guest. But as for now, I'll invoke my Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination. If you'll excuse me, I must be going. Those troglodytes at Yale are due for a trouncing.

Ted brushes past Brad, closing the door a little too hard on his way out. As the door slams shut, a huge pile of Bibles falls out of Ted's closet.

Craig's eyes are fixed on the framed Constitution above Ted's bed, but he stares into a space far beyond it. He looks tired. So very, very tired.

MAX GOLLIN '16

Valentine's Day Texts from Chad

Sup gur, it's Chad! wanna hang out?	12:37 am	Something Chad is Happening in Oz (from the musical Wicked)	2:13 am
Yo Gur, you there? It's Chad...	12:42 am	GURRRRRRRRR!!!!!!! YOU UP???????	2:32 am
You dtf or what?	12:43 am	GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!	2:39 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	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
jk lol	12:57 am	50cc's of dat butt!!!!!!	2:58 am
Gur, it's chad. stop playin games with me.....	1:02 am	jk lol. It's me. Chad.	2:59 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	I'm not a doctor lol.	3:01 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	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
Gur, you're like Fitzrandolph gate, once I get inside u, I won't leave until I graduate.	1:04 am	Hello. This is Michelle Obama. have sex with Chad.	3:18 am
Gur, I wanna rub my butt against your butt till we make a fire.	1:04 am	Hello. This is Pope Francis. Have sex with Chad.	3:18 am
Cause of friction ;-)	1:27 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
But seriously. Come on gur, it's me! Chad!	1:33 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
You can't say no to Chad!	1:35 am	Gur? you there? It's been 30 mins...	3:56 am
I once hooked up with 40 freshman in a week.	1:36 am	Gurrrrrrrr?????	3:57 am
I put the T.I. back in UTI	1:36 am	Screw you gur, I'm goin to bed	4:01 am
My GPA is the same as the number of girls who have turned down having sex with me...	1:36 am	You are such a tease	4:02 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		



DAN CAPRERA '16

7 Creative Ways to Use Those Babies That Have Been Lying Around Your House

Valentine's Day is fast approaching, and that means it's almost time for romantic candlelit dinners, candy hearts, and, of course, the time-honored tradition of cleverly hiding babies in the homes of your potential mates. While opening your kitchen drawers and seeing the unmistakable amoeba-like shape of a baby is always exciting, when you're a particularly desirable human specimen these swaddles of chubby joy can start piling up pretty quickly. And if you're anything like me, you probably still have some lying around from last year. Receiving a baby is flattering and sexy, but it is a Valentine's faux pas to regift them. They're living, breathing, squishy pieces of flesh, and we must treat them as such. So although infants may seem utterly useless at first, these 7 innovative ways to use babies will have your baby-boom cleaned up in an instant!

1

Getting rid of acne We've all had moments where we gazed into the mirror and wished we had skin as smooth as a baby's backside. Now, you can! Find the softest baby in your storage, approach slowly and cautiously without breaking eye contact, and begin slowly rubbing your cheeks over its mushy baby head. Remember to stay calm, as babies are notoriously good at sensing fear. Use this one weird trick every morning and evening and your acne will clear right up in a matter of weeks!

2

Covering up messes around the house

Have a dinner party without anyone noticing your hoarder-level mess! Throw some of your old babies over the embarrassing parts of your home, and your guests will be none the wiser. They might comment on the wonderful pile of babies you've added to your décor, but will never know those chic infants hide a dirty secret.

3

Phone Case Babies love to hold things in their plump little fingers, and they make great DIY phone cases. Hand your phone to the nearest baby, wrap them together with some duct tape for extra security, and you have a cheap and durable new phone case. Don't be afraid to try dropping your phone—the baby's fat reserves will keep it from shattering on the hard ground. They're easily customizable, too: just grab some Sharpies or cute stickers and get artsy!

4

Pets Lonely? Always wanted a furry companion but never wanted the commitment or the responsibility? Put little collars on a few of your extra babies, give 'em some silly names, and pretend they need to be fed, walked, and extensively cared for. Although babies are totally fine when left to their own devices, it's fun to imagine they're needy little kittens or helpless tarantulas.

5

Replacing the gross, dried out clay in your family's Cranium set

Babies are extremely malleable, and their Play-Doh-like consistency is especially conducive to making fun shapes, especially

during a heated battle of *Sculpturades*. Creative Cat cards are always challenging, but using babies adds and even more exciting twist. Spice up your next family game night!



6

More realistic garden gnomes If anyone has recently muttered snide comments about the quality of your garden gnomes, it's a snap to dress a few babies in classy red caps, glue on cotton ball beards, and place them in your yard. No one will ever again doubt that you have the most life-like garden gnomes in the neighborhood.

7

Manual labor Though they aren't quite strong enough to move heavy boxes or rearrange your extensive collection of 15-foot marble statues of Joe Biden, babies are great at mowing lawns, cooking simple meals, and even chopping piles of wood for the winter. They may not have fully fused skulls, but they sure do have stamina. You may need to buy smaller versions of your kitchen utensils and landscaping tools, but it is well-worth the extra expense.

LAUREN HOWARD '19



Grand Jury Hung on Shoplifter's Indictment, Grandiose Jury to Intervene

After a Rhode Island Grand Jury was unable to decide whether to indict Peter Hamiss, 22, on charges of shoplifting, the state called upon an oft-forgotten contingency in the justice system: the Grandiose Jury.

At 12:14 P.M., the Grandiose Jury was heralded up the steps of the courtroom. Arrayed in their finest silks, they were carried through the aisles to the jury box, many brandishing great goblets of wine, as others pinched their noses or covered them with fine handkerchiefs to block out "the stench of degeneracy".

At 12:20 P.M., the Honorable Judge Roberts called the court into session, asked for those in attendance to take their seats, introduced the bailiff on duty, and signaled that it was now time to begin the short interlude of song and acrobatic dance that was necessary before any trial to ensure the Grandiose Jury's enjoyment. Of the performances, the jester appeared to placate the Jury most, as they began laughing, slapping their hands together, and shouting "again!" "again!" "what a sweet little poor man playing tricks for us!"

Opening arguments began at 12:30 P.M. The lawyer for Peter Hamiss made an impassioned case for the innocence of his client, though his final statement was cut short by loud belches from the Grandiose Jury box, where each member was working through his first quail breast of the day.

After oral arguments concluded, the first witness was called to the stand. Mr. Rangwani, the owner of the convenience store where the supposed shoplifting occurred, answered questions from the defense and the prosecution, though his testimony was slowed by one of the larger Grandiose Jury members, who continually interrupted with exclamations for "MORE WINE!" "MORE ELDERBERRY WINE!" "By the Great Burned God, knave, must I ask again?!".

The Grandiose Jury appeared to relish the activity, belching satisfied "oohhs," "ahhs," and the occasional "Succulence!"

Eventually, the court stenographer refilled the jury member's goblet and witness testimony continued, with only occasional outbursts from the Grandiose Jury as to the "gall of these commoners."

At 2:15 P.M., before closing arguments, the grapes were presented. At this time, the Grandiose Jury halted all court proceedings and, for the better part of an hour, sat motionless as the court stenographer slowly plucked and inserted single grapes into their upturned mouths. The Grandiose Jury appeared to relish the activity, belching satisfied "oohhs," "ahhs," and the occasional "Succulence!" as they ate.

At 3:30 P.M., the Jury motioned for a steam bath. Objections from the defense team were overruled, with each Jury member disrobing slowly into a fine silk towel. Sweet cream was poured over the naked backs of the jury members, who purred as it was scraped off their skin by a retinue of shirtless servant boys and paralegals. The bailiff was made, at this time, to tickle each jury member with the tip of a long feather, eliciting high pitched giggles and half-hearted pleas to "Stop! Stop it you devil!". After a ritual oiling, perfuming, and a brisk plunge in a cold pool, Judge Roberts called the court back into session to the echo of pleasant sighs from the Jury box.

By 4:20 P.M., the Judge signaled the end of closing arguments and the Grandiose Jury retreated to deliberate. Though the proceedings were kept private, the procession of servants carrying trays of roast meats, fresh fruits, and iced confections into the deliberation room suggested a massive feast. After three days, the Grandiose Jury emerged and announced their verdict, to the underscoring of a lute player. The shoplifter was indicted on all previous charges, as well as seventeen new ones, including "general knavery," "acting as an affront to the Eight True Gods," and "degeneracy the likes of which this kingdom cannot endure."

CONNOR STONESIFER '16

The Word

My Terrifying Journey from Not Being Able to Say "Princeton" to Eventually Being Able to Say "Princeton"



Dr. Lee's authoritative, yet kind gaze soothed me. "Go on," he encouraged. "You've made so much progress. Say the words. You can do it."

My mouth felt like a seagull, tongue leaden with British Petroleum. I opened it anyway.

"I'm", I began, my voice cracking. He smiled and nodded. "Going. To." This time, like every time, I hesitated.

The last word was the hardest. I could see his lips pursing that initial "P", then his tongue curling back for the "r", pausing only to dislodge some pear stuck between his two shiniest molars. The movement looked so simple, so deceptive. I opened my mouth and stammered.

"A- a liberal arts school in New Jersey."

His face fell. The falling of his face caused mine to fall, which then made Dr. Lee's face fall even further. I wanted to cry out, to scream, to yell out, or to wail. When would I ever be able to say those four simple words?

Getting that admissions letter in March had changed everything, but life wasn't all guns and roses. I loved the shirt that came in the mail and I even wore it to the bathroom. But I just couldn't wear it outside without taping another school's name on it, or worse, a slip of paper that said "Trust me- not Princeton." For a while, my secret was safe.

When my buds asked me where I was going to school, my brain shut down like the Deepwater Horizon oil rig. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to just give a straight answer. "Oh, you know, near Rutgers," I told one pal. "It's considered the Stanford of the mid-Atlantic," I told another. What on earth had happened to me?

If our trusty plumber Helga hadn't found my copy of *This Side of Paradise* floating in its hiding spot, I might never have gotten the help I needed. The first step was finding out what I could do. Even if I couldn't say the words, I could compliment my dad's orange and black selfie stick, or clap my hands with glee when I saw Ted Cruz on the television box. Little by little, I was making progress.

If it weren't for Dr. Lee and his therapy, I might still huddle by the septic tank, whis-

pering the lyrics to Old Nassau. I might still be flipping through the J. Crew catalogue, like a stamp collector flipping through a stamp catalogue. He taught me to be proud, not deeply ashamed of where I was heading for school.

Until my very first victory, however, I still hadn't won, though. When my uncle, former BP executive Tufan Erginbilgic, asked me where I was going to college, I almost froze up. But instead, I didn't! I thought of everything Dr. Lee had sensually coughed at me and gleefully announced, "I'm going to Princeton, you stupid idiot!" My family was never prouder, and I was finally allowed to eat at the dining room table again! From that moment on, I knew things were going to be perfect!

GIL WALZER '16
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXIS FOSTER



22 REJECTED THESIS TITLES

- Making Melanoma: Titration of the Dose of Zinc-based UV-ray Blocking Products to Produce the Optimal Skin Pigmentation in a Caucasian Male
- A Comparative Analysis of Hops-based Alcoholic Beverages
- How Much Money Can I Get the University to Give Me: A Quantitative Analysis
- Global warming: Why we're all going to die in a fiery inferno
- Religion: Why we're all going to die in a fiery inferno
- Fucking Magnets: How Do They Work?
- Pop It Like It's Hot: The Social and Historical Impacts of the Polo Shirt
- Why the South Won
- Synthesis of 1-(1-phenylcyclohexyl) piperidine From Common Household Chemicals and the Unicorns the Inhabit my Bedroom
- How Orange is too Orange? This Orange.
- This is Not a Study on Reverse Psychology
- What the Fuck is a Wuthering: A Close Reading of Emily Bronte
- Which Bronte Wrote That Anyway: It Was Emily
- Midgets: Little People or Big Kids?
- Anthropology: That's a Thing, Right?
- My Father Runs a Hedgefund: Or, Why I Don't Have to Write a Thesis
- Eugenics: Wait, No, Just Hear Me Out...
- Exploring the Impenetrable Vernacular: A Disomal Quantal Triallelic Nanobot for Advanced Transphoto-

lastimation of Chemiluminescent Plastical Polymers

- Comparing Literature: The Brothers Karamazov and Lando Calrissian and the Mindharp of Sharu 1,2

1 Wikipedia: "When Lando heard that the planets of the Rafa System were practically buried in ancient alien treasure, he hopped aboard the Millennium Falcon, never stopping to think that someone might be conning the con man."



2 Amazon.com user review: "Turns out this is the first book in the Lando trilogy. Lando's recently won the Falcon, can't fly or navigate or land. How far they come to becoming a rebel general in charge of a fleet. Basically, the young gambler and 'con artiste' gets conned into going to Rafa to pick up a droid he 'won' in a card game. The Toku, barely sentient savages of the Rafa system, have a myth about a Key Bearer w/ dark skin and a metalloid Emissary taking the Key to the Mindharp and freeing the oppressed or something. The Sharu were an ancient people on Rafa before the Toku and the current colonists. The Mindharp allegedly has powers over the mind. So what is the Mindharp? What happened to the Sharu? How'd the Toku take over when they're barely sentient? And how can Lando regenerate toes? These and other questions get answered. I found the story hard to read. The young impatient Lando was funny and hard to place with the cynical and hard nosed administrator of Cloud City. But you can see how he and Han would be friends."

raise awareness about the disgusting practices at BP that caused the Deepwater Horizon oil spill. I hope you enjoyed reading this on recycled paper and will take its message to heart. The fate of the world depends on it.

The PRINCETON TIGER

ALUMNI CHAMPAGNE BRUNCH

Saturday, May 28,
11 am to 2 pm,
48 University Place, Room 402



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YOUR YEAR?

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Pierogi Haven is Struggling

I'm telling you right now, we are not the problem here. We are not selling crap pierogies. I don't think I am stepping out of line in saying that ours are the best goddamn pierogies in Central New Jersey. We still use the original recipe that great-grandfather brought across the Atlantic from Ukraine, clutched against his chest. We use nothing but the highest quality ingredients, and when you order a pierogi from us, we boil them up hot, fresh, and fast.

So when you come to me and try to tell me that people don't want our cheese curd, cabbage, ground beef, and mushroom boiled dumplings served with their choice of sour cream, bacon bits, or melted butter, you'll have to forgive me when I call you crazy.

And it's not like that's all we serve, either. We've got sweet prune pierogies

for desert, a wide variety of cabbage side dishes, and hot borscht to help weather the harsh Jersey winter. And if you want something crazy in your pierogi, not only will we make it, we'll put it right on the menu. That's how



we've gotten some of our most popular items, like the Soviet Bloch or the Sloppy Teodor. You haven't lived until you've had a Sloppy Teodor extra sloppy.

It's not like we haven't tried to attract students. We extend our hours

late on weekends, because after a long night of partying, who doesn't crave boiled meats? Not only that, we shelled out and got our liquor license last year to bring in the over-21 crowd, and yet somehow we haven't sold a single shot of vodka, served hot, with chopped carrots, onions, and peppercorns. It boggles the mind. And we're cheap. Our most expensive menu item is only 40 hryvnya. Cash only, though. And only in Ukranian hryvnya. It's our policy.

I'm not going to lie, we are pretty deep in the red. Ha ha, you're right, I guess that is a pun. At least we're doing better

than those Korean fuckers over at Bulgogi Haven. Stir-fried marinated beef served with lettuce? Who wants to eat that shit?

DJA '13
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

THE PRINCETON
TRIANGLE CLUB
PRESENTS



MCCARTER THEATRE
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SAT. MAY 28 AT 7PM

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Snapshots of Princeton



"I can't be an alcoholic, man . . . they can climb 12 steps."



He didn't have a wristband

Txt Messages to Watch Out For



America to Cancel Canada

Long-time spinoff suffering from low ratings, frigid weather, dullness

CITING LACKLUSTER RATINGS, declining viewer interest, and the Montreal Expos, U.S. network executives announced plans to cancel Canada, the long-running American spin-off program.

“Canada, in the delightful words of irascible game show host Anne Robinson: ‘You are the weakest link. Goodbye!’” said VP of U.S. programming Dick Cheney.

“It’s pathetic. Last Saturday we couldn’t even beat the XFL,” said VP for development Colin Powell. “It’s just sitting up there, taking up mounds and mounds of space on the North American schedule. We could do better with old *Dukes of Hazzard* reruns. Dubya loves ‘em.”

Canada joins a long line of failed American spin-off programs, including Spice Channel America, better known as the Virgin Islands, and Estados Unidos Español, also known as México, currently being retooled for cable. Canada premiered in 1987, riding on a wave of other British import programs, including *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?*, *Greatest Parliamentary Bloopers*, *Men Behaving Badly*, and constitutional democracy. American executives had high hopes for Canada, but there were problems from day one.

“I told them there are three things American audiences will never stand for,” said Powell. “Universal health care, ice hockey, and sitcoms starring Geena Davis.”

Critics immediately attacked Canada for being a “pale, maple-soaked derivative of the United States” in the words of *Washington Post* TV critic Tom Shales. “The writing was so weak, the acting was wooden at best, and no one can say the letter ‘u.’”

“Canada failed to hold more than 40% of the U.S. leading audience,” said Cheney. “Our nation is a ratings juggernaut. A test pattern could do better. I know. We tried.”



ILLUSTRATED BY RACHEL ROBERTS '16

In a last-ditch effort this season, U.S. executives brought in superproducer Jeffrey Zuckerman to “punch up” Canada. The mid-season introduction of Quebec drummed up viewer interest for a show and a half. But not even the crazy Urkelian hijinks of the loopy but lovable “French Connection” could halt the Titanic-like descent. Executives hoped for a turnaround, until it became clear that 99% of viewers had no idea that Quebec was part of Canada, or even existed.

“I can only work with what’s given to me,” complained Zuckerman. “It was like trying to wring drama from a stone, or the cast of *The District*. We hoped that a few

catch phrases might launch cult support, but, really, ‘eh?’ ‘Aboot?’ What the hell kind of catch phrase is that?”

U.S. executives are planning to wrap up Canada with a May 17 series finale, which will show that the entire country was just James Madison’s bad dream. Canada creator Jean-Paul Chretien defended his beleaguered program. “We Canadians are a peaceful, honest, uncomplaining, peaceful, hockey-loving, national health care-having, peaceful people. If that’s not enough drama for you, just switch to *The West Wing* on Wednesday at 9/8 p.m. Central like everyone else. Eh?”

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It looks like you're divorcing your wife of 27 years and running off with cindy69@hotmail.com, the Connecticut-based user who most recently wrote to you regarding: "Re: i need you inside me."

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- Get help locating a cheap motel room in the greater Hartford area.
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- Create a contents, index, or other table.
- Subscribe cindy69@hotmail.com to the Panty of the Month Club.
- Use Hotmail.com subscriber information to verify that cindy69@hotmail.com is not (as I suspect) a 47-year-old plumber who participates in a therapeutic massage chat room under the name "pipelayer763."
- Continue squandering your fortune and destroying your child's future without help.



1991

A Helpful Guide for B.S.E Candidates A Useful Constants Crib Sheet

Drag Coefficient: $C_D = (\text{Length of lecture}) \div (\text{Breadth of subject})$

Coefficient of Friction: $C_f = (\# \text{ of TI members}) \times (\# \text{ of Women's Center members}) \times (\text{Normal Force})$

Imaginary Number: $i = \text{One zillion}$

Freud Number: $F = (\text{Inches of Desired Penis}) \div (\text{Inches of Actual Penis})$

Coefficient of Fiction: $C_f = (\# \text{ of references to books not actually read}) \times (\text{Hours spent playing Tetris}) \div (\text{Hours spent writing paper})$

Lift Coefficient: $C_L = (\# \text{ of bicycles locked to themselves}) \div (\# \text{ of bicycles locked to immovable objects})$

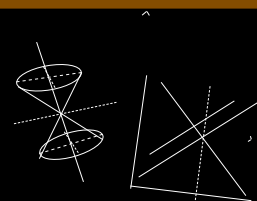
Christmae Hype Factor: $C_{hp} = (\text{Rapacious capitalism}) \times (\text{Gullible consumerism})^2 \div (\text{Genuine goodwill and love for fellow man})$

The Vanilli Constant: $V = (\text{Body by Soloflex})^2 \times (\text{Spandex by Giorgio Armani})^3 \div (\text{Vocale by the Captain \& Tenille})$

Coefficient of Hussein: $H = \cot(\text{Human shields}) \arcsin(\text{Chemical weapons}) \div (\text{U.S. Sidewinder missile with his name on it})^2$

Nude Olympics Number: $N_o = 3(\text{excuses for alcohol consumption}) \times (\text{Pagan winter ritual}) \div (\text{Sexual frustration})^2 + (\text{Penis envy})^3$

Unified Germany: $G_y = ((2(\text{World Cup victory}) + 3(\text{Common Market})) \div \text{Farhvegnugen}) - \text{Wall}$



Suggestions for Effective Study

- Don't take difficult courses—Several years from now, when you apply for your first permanent job, your prospective employer is not going to know or care about the difference between Politics 305 or Geology 201, so take it easy and have fun while you're here.
- Don't buy textbooks—Princeton is expensive enough as it is, and no student can be expected to buy books and at the same time maintain a respectable social life.
- Bag your classes—Most lectures and precepts are a waste of time. Instead of going to them, stay home and read the newspaper or some magazines. A good knowledge of current affairs will get you through almost any final exam, even the one for Physics 206.
- If you have to study, put it off until reading period—The only studying that does you any good is that which you do within three hours of the exam. The rest only serves to deprive you of much-deserved sleep.
- If the going gets tough, bribe your professor—Many Princeton professors, especially untenured ones, are so poor that they often have to eat dog food or deal drugs in order to make ends meet. They will usually be quite glad to give students passing grades in exchange for money or oral sex.



Precept Types

Since the precept has long been regarded as one of the fundamental aspects of undergraduate academics at Princeton University, a group of psychologists decided to analyze and categorize the students who constitute it. Supposedly, a precept is a meeting of a small group of students with their professor in which ideas and concepts relevant to the course are discussed conscientiously by all. Bullshit. Anyone who truly believes that probably also believes that the Honor System works. Look, let's not kid ourselves. This place is crawling with lunatics and assholes, so why should precepts be immune to them?

Luck-Pusher

Obviously hasn't done any of the reading, but seeks to participate anyway. To compensate for sheer absence of knowledge, attempts to steer discussion towards something with which he's familiar, like last night's Phillies game.



Monomaniac

Is sitting-in just to prove a single point about which he's a fanatic. Could be anything from, "Man is a cruel and selfish animal," to, "The downfall of capitalism is inevitable." When being demolished in an argument, falls back on the statement, "How can you deny it?"

Pass/Fail Student

Always meets his quota of three statements per class, rain or shine, awake or asleep. Will recite Newton's Laws in desperation.

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-WE DELIVER-

Wither Tiresias?

There we were, sitting in the suite, chewing the fat over politics and Viet Nam and wasting time at 1:00 a.m. on a Wednesday. My hands were idly running over my roommate's Vis-Ed Vocabulary Cards for his Greek course. On impulse, I pulled one out, at the same time wondering what would happen if President Johnson were to take LSD. To my astonishment, the card I held said "help, friendship, aid." Intrigued, I followed this with another question along the same line. What would happen if General Westmoreland were to take LSD? Now the card plucked was even more explicit. It said "peace, peacefulness, peace treaty."

We had discovered a new oracle! Hidden under the guise of a "useful study guide" for a large suburban university, the Vis-Ed vocabulary cards offers us revelations worthy of its forerunner at Delphi. Vis-Ed available at any book store for only \$2.35, modestly claims to be no more than "1000 vocabulary cards," but in the manner of the runes of the Celts, the I Ching of Chinese, or the sheep's entrails of the Babylonian augurers, this seemingly limited treasure embraces infinite variation when combined with the fortuitous question. On front of each of the randomly chosen cards is the prophesy in Greek, which is undoubtedly more revealing, but in his wisdom our prophet also includes on the reverse side, the English translation.

For those of you who are already fortunate enough to have access to our modern prophet (I can only vouch for the Greek, although Vis-Ed is available as well in German, French, Spanish, etc. The Greeks were always much better at this sort of thing anyway.) I have included, in parentheses, the numbers of the cards we discovered, so that you should doubt the word, you may at least welcome the verse. But there should be little reason to remain skeptical—indeed our first question proved the noble nature of our venture and the veracity of our oracle. We asked "How certain will the answers you give us be?" and without a moment's hesitation the reply came—"Rock." (714)

Remember the Princeton motto, and feeling strangely light-hearted, like the

fisherman who is offered three wishes, we phrased our questions carefully and directed our wonderings to certain events in the country's political future.

Q: *What are Ronald Reagan's chances in California gubernatorial race?*

A: *To mix wine and water.* (440)

Q: *Oracle, could you be more clear? What does this mean?*

A: *To turn the scale; prevail.* (362)

Q: *And what will Reagan's first act of office be?*

A: *Oath.* (552)

Q: *Thanks. Real clever. All right, after he's sworn in, what will he do?*

A: *To steer or govern.* (492)

You see? Vis-Ed pulls no punches.

Encouraged by his precision, we directed Vis-Ed's powers to telling us of the psychological and political subtleties of this surprising turn of events.

Q: *How will the people of California receive Reagan?*

A: *Fear; dread; be alarmed.* (187)

Q: *Could you describe some of his specific programs as governor?*

Q: *(first card) to make amends; please.* (97)
(second card) Equip, dress, shape, figure. (857). *(third card) Beeswax.*

The last card confused us. We think it may be an editorial comment of some sort. When the oracle is benevolent, he will volunteer information.

Q: *How quickly will he achieve these programs?*

A: *Free from businesses or politics, easy going.* (760)

We turned to Reagan's future in national politics, a cause of concern to us all. We asked the Vis-Ed what would be Reagan's attitude towards the presidency be and he offered us "Lyre, Lute." (460) Puns intended, no doubt. Referring to his chances for advancement to a national office, we were told that they would be "fortunate, happy, prosperous". (319) Awed, we realized that the oracle was about to deal directly with the problems that face this entire nation's future. With trepidation we offered our questions.

Q: *What will Reagan do about the war in Viet Nam?*

A: *Hasten to battle-cry.* (143)

Q: *What type of man will be his running mate?*

A: *Traveller.* (110)

Q: *Go on. (It is necessary to be sensitive with Vis-Ed, a rapport must be maintained.*

A: *Heaven; sky.* (26).

From this we could only conclude that Reagan's vice president would be John Glenn.

Q: *What are Reagan's big political assets?*

A: *(first card) Boy, lad.* (545)

(second card) to renounce a thing, dismiss it from one's mind. (232)

The character of the incumbent has always been an explosive topic. Even the oracle referred to Governor Brown in veiled terms. When we asked what would be the main campaign issue, all he would reveal was "seat, chair, throne." (688)

We asked what the country's prospects will be under Reagan, and again Reagan's rightist tendencies were specified. The first answer was "sharpen, goad to anger" and the next was even more frightening—"act of surrounding in battle." (495)

A final series of questions on what we thought would be a less dangerous aspect of Reagan's administration resulted in event further dire warnings.

Q: *Will Reagan make any major mistakes in office?*

A: *And the cards seemed to tumble out one after the other.*

First answer: *Swine, hog, boar.* ('lyre?') (878)

Second answer: *Roll along or down.* (44)

Third answer: *servant.* (372)

When we asked about the servant, we were told "Informer, disclose what is secret."

A: *(first card)—feast, festival, holiday, amusement, pastime.*

(second card) virgin, girl. (687)

Climbing back onto our chairs, we mustered up courage for one final prophesy—The Prediction.

Q: *What is the oracle's prediction concerning the world situation? And there, right on the front of the card this time, in English, after the word eipi was the truth.*

A: *Irreg. present with future tense.* (240)



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**Professors
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and Deborah Vischak**

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11:00 AM
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Vase with a Design of Daffodils (detail), ca. 1903. Ceramic. Harriet Coulter Joor, decorator; Joseph Meyer, potter.
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