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A message from the chairman

Ah, the Golden Years. Some of you may be getting on toward those blissful country club days. Others may still be (relatively) young whippersnappers. However, all of you are here on this almost-certainly beautiful New Jersey day to celebrate another sort of golden years—the time you spent here at Princeton University.

Being on campus again brings it all back, doesn't it? See those bushes there? That's where you vomited your guts out during your sophomore spring Lawnparties. That table in Firestone Library? That was your favorite place to crack open some books and engage in some good-old-fashioned existential dread. That lamp there? That's the one that your freshman-year roommate climbed up and shattered with his forehead. There really is no place like Princeton, huh?

Look at all these people! Remember those hundred of classmates you couldn't have cared less about in college? They're all back and somehow even less interesting than before! Except that one who got famous/made a billion dollars/lived the life you wanted to live. Screw that guy.

But there is something special about all these people, something they share with you besides those nightmarish orange jackets. Every single one of them has gone through those same four crazy, horrible, amazing years here that you did (except if you flunked a class and took a couple extra semesters to graduate). Love this place or hate it, everyone here has had their life irrevocably altered by this weird, wonderful place.

We at the Tiger invite you to step back in time. Walk this campus as the clueless, skinny, utterly useless kid you once were, instead of as the clueless, fat, slightly-less-useless adult you have become. Flip through this magazine and allow yourself to travel backwards through the years, back to the time when people knew how to hold

a goddam conversation without taking out their phones every five seconds. Back to the days when spoiled, ignorant children had free reign over America's elite universities instead of the nuclear launch codes.

After all, isn't going back the whole point of Reunions? Well, that and being suckered into donating every last hard-earned cent you've got to this place. Either way, Princeton's got you covered.

So, put on your reunions jacket, straighten whatever stupid hat they gave out this year, have a beer or twelve, and let the past wash over you.

By the end of the night, it'll feel like you never left.

Sincerely,

Alejandro de la Garza '18
Chairman

Elon Musk: I Will Fly a Man Into The Sun

The Sun. Ra. Helios. For millennia, humans has looked up at their own yellow star, marveled at its brilliance, felt its heat on their faces, and dreamed of someday flying a man directly into it. Now I, Elon Musk, will finally achieve that dream.

I am known around the world as a visionary. I have already created the most practical online payment system ever conceived, invented the electric automobile, and transformed a struggling local deli into the world's leading space exploration company. Now I will put my financial resources and business acumen into my next great endeavor: killing an astronaut in the Sun.

We have always dreamed of journeying into outer space. I was a young boy when man first walked on the moon and ever since then I have wanted a part in exploring the universe. I would look up at the stars and think about what it would be like to visit one, or, more accurately, to make someone else visit one.

And now this dream is almost a reality. The SpaceX Solar Exploration Spacecraft



will have no need for reentry equipment and so will be significantly lighter than a similar vessel not designed for a suicide mission. Life-support systems aboard the passenger module will be the only significant weight factor—it is imperative that the astronaut dies only when he reaches the sun and not before.

There is no need to thank me for my service to humanity. I am simply taking

the next step on mankind's journey into the cosmos. In 1961, the first man orbited the Earth. In 1969, the first man set foot on the moon. Now, in 2017, the first man will be roasted alive in the Sun.

But our work is not yet finished. There is so much more to explore! SpaceX is already preparing for our next mission: sending a family of four to starve to death on Europa.

ALEX DE LA GARZA '18

Dale Grant Awardee: "I Will Journey to the Orient"



On Thursday afternoon, Marcello Romano was named this year's recipient of the Dale Fellowship. Romano has stated

his intention to use the \$35,000 award to "journey to the Orient".

Said spokesperson Daniel Palomey, "We received many excellent applications for the fellowship this year, though Marcello stood head and shoulders above the rest. His project was daring, bold, adventurous. We had never seen an application quite like Marcello's before."

Asked to elaborate on the nature of his project, Romano explained, "I have recruited a band of veteran explorers and mercenaries, who await

my arrival in Venice. There, God willing, we will gather provisions and set off to the east along the great silk road."

Said Romano's friend Frank O'Connor, "I'm really excited for Marcello. He's always talking about how he wants to see the world and get out of the Orange Bubble, though I never quite imagined that he wanted to do it like this."

Marcello further explained his plans for the next year. "I will travel through the holy land and on to the far East. I have heard tell of riches there: silk, spices of all kinds. I shall chronicle my experience and bring a cartographer to map our new trade route. I shan't return until I find the fabled city of Peking and am granted an audience with the Emperor of China himself: President Xi Jinping."

"What the actual fuck," commented Romano's roommate, Darren Chang.

KEVIN ZOU '20

My Journalistic Integrity Demands This Scathing Review of Dearest Malcolm's Lackluster Performance in Rent: the Musical

On Friday night, Princeton's premier student-run theater organization staged their interpretation of *Rent: the Musical*. The set design was inspired, the accompaniment moving, and the performances were, with one exception, heartfelt and stirring. However, my integrity as a journalist and a critic demands that I be objective about the quality of the production and so I must be honest. I cannot, in my professional capacity as a critic, recommend the musical *Rent* to anyone, besmirched as it was by my

friend Malcolm's low-effort and frankly embarrassing performance as "Benny".

Though Malcolm has been my best friend for nearly a decade, professionalism dictates that I cannot

allow myself to remain silent while helpless musical numbers are butchered by his pitchy, nasal voice. As a journalist, I have no choice but to say that he alone is responsible for turning a campy-yet-moving rock musical into a grueling test of the human capacity for auditory endurance.

My integrity requires that I warn the public about how his awkward leaden-footed shuffle captures the eye like an ill-choreographed car crash. I promise you, nothing but the deepest respect for my craft could move me to criticize my dearest friend, the man who risked his own life to save me from a riptide when we were only thirteen.

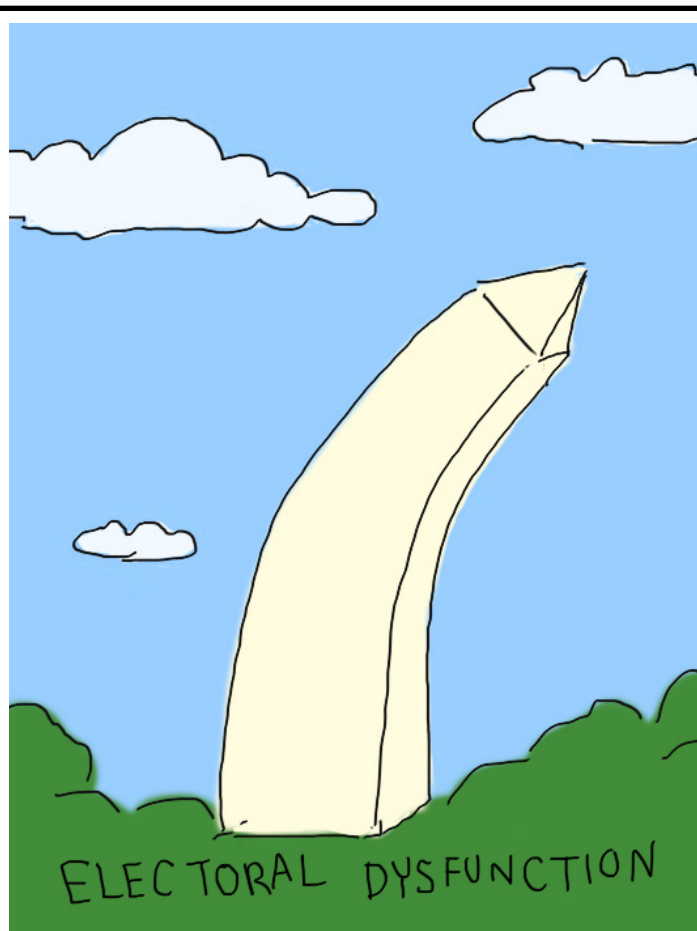
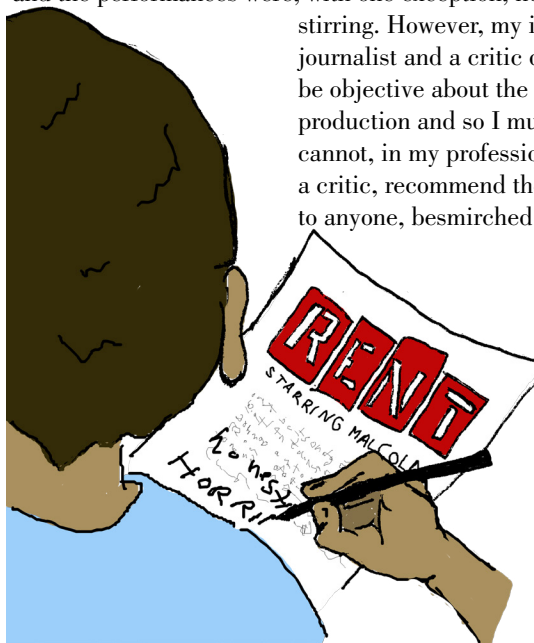
Alas, as I'm sure I need not explain, the burden of objectivity is not one that a journalist such as myself can ignore, even for life debts such as I owe him. The Society for Professional Journalists' code of ethics, which I am bound to follow, demands that journalists such as myself "be vigilant and courageous about holding those with power accountable". My journalistic integrity will not allow me to protect Malcolm's abuse of the power of theatre to bring laughter, tears or in this case, strong secondhand embarrassment, to its audience.

It matters not that his parents took me in when I lost my own and raised me no differently than their son. I know, as a graduate of several journalism classes, what must be done. I need not justify the fact that his monotonous affect and lazy character work are a disgrace to the venerated institution of theatre, one that my conscience cannot permit, as a journalist and critic entrusted with

the public good.

I have no doubt that my understanding of journalistic integrity is correct, since I thoroughly reviewed the lecture slides on it. I only hope that Malcolm can understand why my professional integrity demanded this fair and balanced treatment of his performance. I pray that someday he can forgive me, a published critic, for having the courage to do my all-important journalistic duty by taking a stand against his passionless performance in *Rent: the Musical*. The sacrifices of my chosen profession, which again, is journalism, are onerous and burdensome, but I shall endure.

MAIA HAMIN '20



MAX FELDMAN '19

ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

The National Parks Suck and We All Know It

Our national parks have been a source of American pride for decades, a symbol of our love for our land. And if you've ever actually been to one, you also know they're complete garbage. That's right: we can all finally stop pretending that some sequoia trees or the Grand Canyon is anything special. The parks are supposed to represent quintessential America, yet all we get are boring waterfalls, too much walking, and dickhead park rangers who think they can tell you where to pee and what parts of the wilderness you aren't allowed to set on fire. It's time we had parks that truly reflect what our great country is all about, and I have thought up a list of new national parks that do just that.

1. Possum Hovel National Park:

The towering cliff faces and stony peaks of Yosemite are all well and good, but Ansel Adams must've been fucking delirious if he thought we'd want to keep looking at that shit for more than fifteen minutes. Instead of pretentious rock formations, we should celebrate a simpler beauty: the humble possum hovel. The kind, homely opossum is far more charming than whatever big dumb rocks Yosemite is famous for, and nothing captures the American spirit quite like the nests of our nation's most beloved trashcan dweller.

2. Wilbur's Wet 'n' Wild Waterslide World:

Without a doubt, the national parks are severely lacking the "fun" that usually goes with "park." I don't know who thought a place called Death Valley would make a better national park than Wilbur's Wet 'n' Wild Waterslide World, but apparently the U.S. government would prefer a wasteland over the most hydrating and family-friendly place on earth. One ride on the Rootin'-Tootin' Riptide Rollercoaster fills me with a joy that no shitty sand dune has ever been able to give me, and we can all agree that Wilbur's all-you-can-eat saloon-themed buffet alone contains more American values than some filthy desert.



3. Gary, Indiana:

Fuck the wild wolf populations in Yellowstone, because the city of Gary was a set location for the masterpiece film *Transformers: Dark of the Moon*, which is infinitely cooler. Although this town has been consistently described as "raccoon-haven, human-hell" and "a serial killer's playground" on Yelp, what remains of it is a red-blooded American treasure. Over a third of the houses have been abandoned, creating a quaint and nostalgic atmosphere that makes it a perfect candidate for a historic national park. Surely, no land is more worth preserving than a town that appeared in the best movie of the 21st century, directed by cinematic genius and dashing handsome-man Michael Bay.



4. Gary, my Grandpa:

Adding another exceptional Gary to the list, I truly believe that no one embodies the American spirit like my grandfather. Not only did he serve in WWII as a naval kitchen boy, but he also has a collection of over 5,000 U.S. postal stamps with planes on them. He loves to talk about boats, is only mildly racist, and has never smoked a single cigarette. Although he is now 92 and may only be able to be a national park for a short time, I think he is the only man I can confidently call a patriot. My request to make his nursing home visiting hours open 24/7 to the public has yet to be approved, but in the mean time please feel free to write him letters addressing him as "Our Cherished National Park, Gary J. Norman." That would really cheer him up.

5. The Statue of Liberty:

I was appalled to learn that the Statue of Liberty is not, in fact, a national park. The government made a lot of mistakes with this park business, but this one was truly the last goddamn straw. Nature gave us a giant rock that looks just like our Lady Liberty, but somehow not one person thought it would make a good monument to our country. We made national parks out of a bunch of bullshit forests and some place literally named the Badlands, but the nation's favorite big green freedom woman isn't considered worthy of a national park title? Teddy Roosevelt must be rolling in his grave.

LAUREN HOWARD '19

All Jokes Aside, I'm Going to Need to See Some I.D.

By Officer Carlson



Look, I get it. You were out looking for a couple of laughs. Probably expected to have yourself a downright hilarious time. I bet you thought you could read a few articles, chuckle at some jokes, and we'd all be none the wiser. And really, I'm not trying to be a hardass about this. But all jokes aside, I'm going to need to see some I.D.

I remember what it was like being a kid. Some days there'd be nothing better than getting together with your friends, throwing on a prized track by Jefferson Starship, and cracking open a couple humor magazines. And sure, humor magazines make for a great time, and Jefferson Starship is top-notch. But the law is the law as far as I'm concerned. And in this instance specifically, the law would require that you put the jokes to rest and pull out a driver's license or other state-issued identification card.

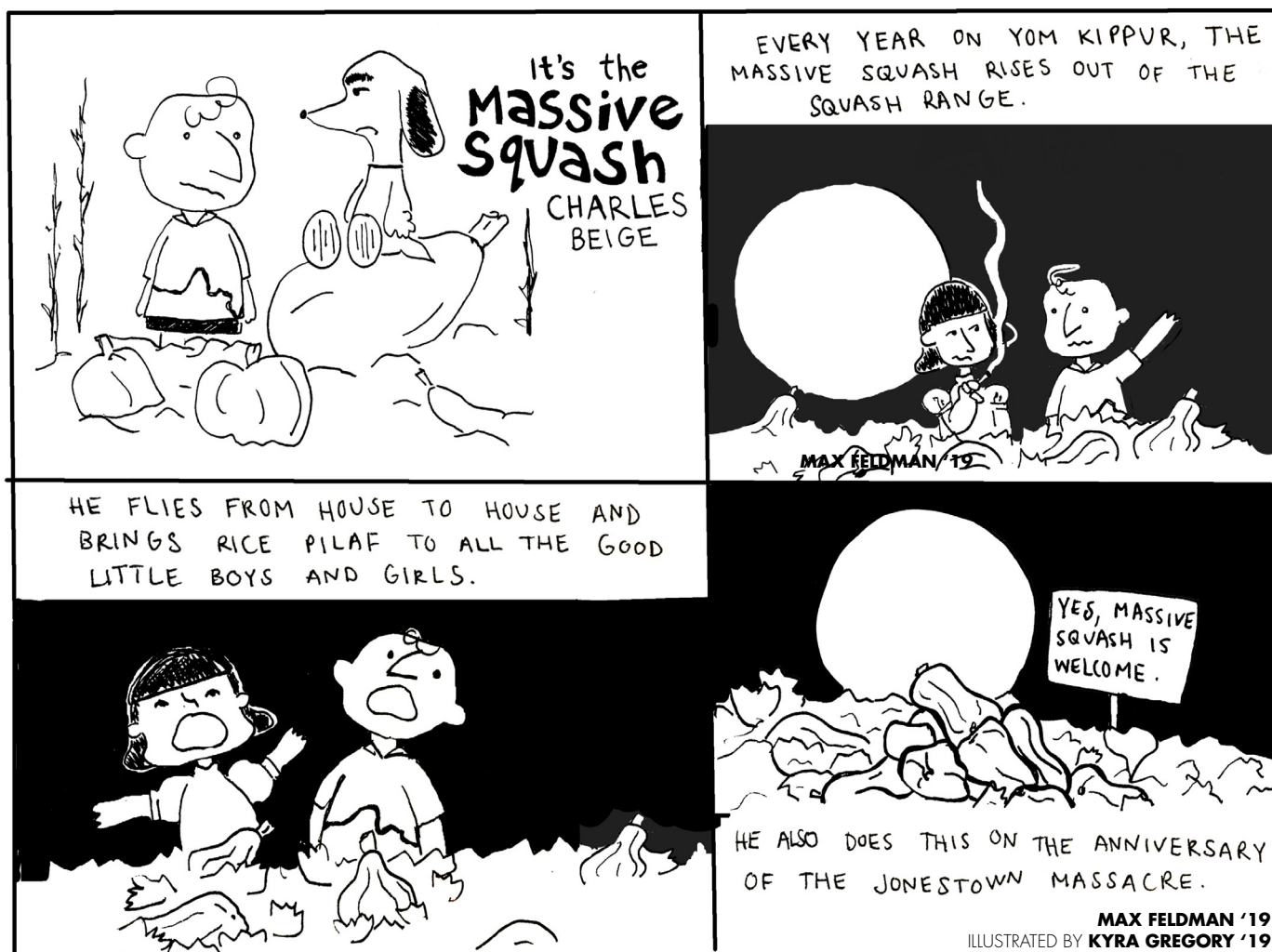
Is this the career I envisioned myself pursuing back when I was a teenager like yourself? Busting college kids for small-time misdemeanors involving magazine possession? No, not exactly. Has dissatisfaction with my career driven me into a crippling dependency on humor magazines not unlike the ones that I am now planning on confiscating from you, a dependency that has destroyed both of my marriages and all three of my attempts at

forming a Jefferson Starship tribute band? Let's just cool it with the questions, okay?

Don't get me wrong, I have no problem with a group of legal-age adults responsibly working through a stack of humor magazines over the course of an evening. But there are some real dangers to getting involved with this stuff at a young age. If you can't control yourself now, you might wake up in twenty years and realize that after one too many nights of stumbling home, smelling of freshly printed magazines, your two children, Hannah and Bobby, won't even speak to you anymore. Or even worse, your good friend and lead bassist, Officer Johnson, might realize that you've been pretty unfocused at practice lately and suggest that the band go on hiatus until you can get things in order. These are consequences that you, and you alone, should be worrying about.

Listen, I know you think this is a real hoot, but I'm obligated to enforce the law. So why don't we table the jokes for a minute, display a valid form of I.D., and focus on which of us has the real problem with humor magazines. You do. You have the problem with humor magazines.

MARK ABATE '19



PRESIDENT EISGRUBER GAINS SENTIENCE

U. Urges Community to Remain Calm



A report released from the Office of the Provost earlier today confirmed that University President Christopher Eisgruber has gained sentience.

Executive Director of Public Safety Paul Ominsky commented: “I would like to reassure the Princeton community that there is no need for alarm. We’ve had contingency plans in place for a while in case something of this nature occurred. We’ve deployed a group of highly trained officers into Nassau Hall to neutralize the situation with non-lethals. We lost contact with the team about an hour ago, but we’re sure it’s under control.”

Dean of Admissions Linda Swarthmore added “WE’RE ALL GONNA DIE!”, before firing a shotgun in her mouth and spraying our reporter with blood.

The entire campus has been on lockdown since this morning. “We think he might be

able to detect heat, so jump in a cold shower if you have to.” said Provost Deborah Prentice. “Just cover your windows and for the love of God, don’t make any loud noises.”

Rumors had been circulating for some time among the faculty that President Eisgruber might have gained the ability to have subjective perceptual experiences. Said professor of computer science Dr. Andrew Appel, “We had, of course, entertained the thought that Chris was on the verge of sentience, but none of us took the idea seriously. Our best estimate at this point, assuming some sort of international assistance, places us at about twelve million casualties, but we can’t possibly know what to expect. It’s just too early.”

An official press release from the Board of Trustees stated that they were “bugging the fuck out”.

There has been widespread looting in the

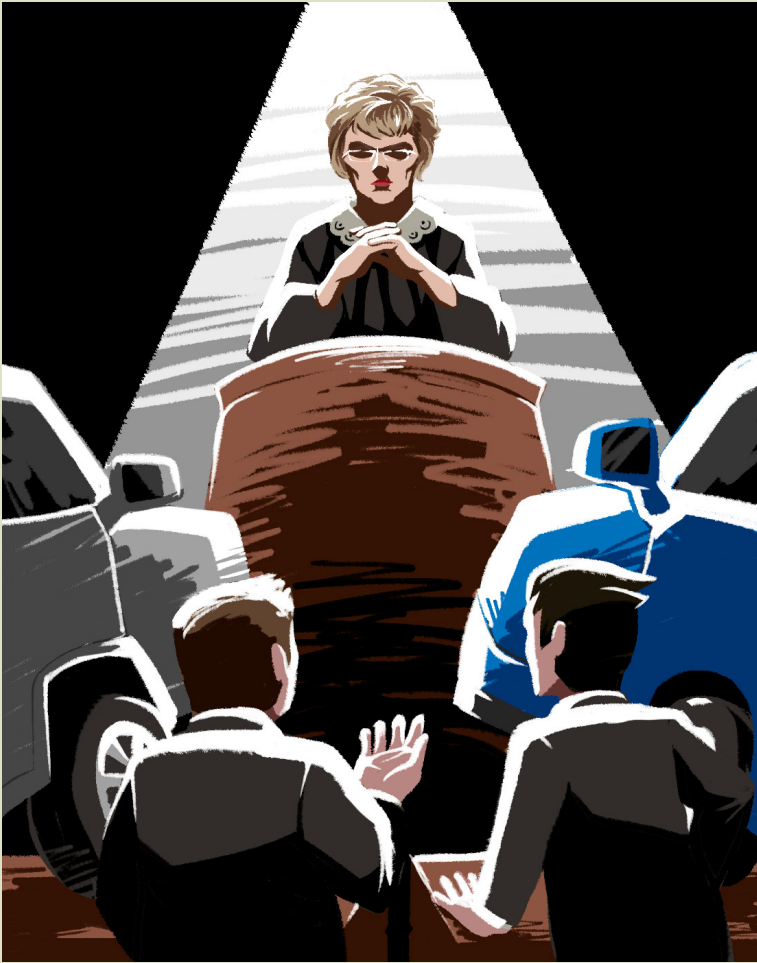
nearby Princeton area. Abandoned cars are scattered along Nassau Street and smoke rises from Small World Coffee. Princeton local Michael Levinson described the situation on the ground: “It’s every man for himself out here. The military supply outlet has been ransacked by townies and we’re all holing up at the Princeton Day School. We started rationing our oyster crackers, but I don’t know if we can last through the week. Our children are hungry. Please, send help.”

Emily Carter, Dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Science, could not be reached for comment, as she was busy barricading her office door with available furniture.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to those who were outside when campus was locked down.

CHARLIE SPIRA '18

LAW & ORDER: SUV Not Renewed For Third Season



NBC has announced that it will not renew its cop-automobile drama *Law and Order: SUV* for a third season. “We simply ran out of cre-

ative juices. Frankly, we also ran out of SUV models. The new models that keep coming out aren’t very conducive to crime story puns. We might bring it back in a few years after the auto market has a chance to catch up, but we accomplished all we wanted to with the show for now and felt it was time to call it quits.”

The show initially received solid ratings and critical acclaim. Its pilot, “Honda Pilot,” created a buzz in Hollywood but inspired reviews such as Roger Ebert’s: “It’s entertaining, but it’s just the same as other shows with a forced emphasis on the vehicles that criminals drive. I don’t know who thought this show had to happen.”

The *Boston Globe* said of the show, “I don’t get it. It’s the same as all the other cop shows but all the crimes involve Sports Utilities. It’s dumb.” The second season suffered a hit in ratings and received criticism for a lack of creativity, but still limped to a complete 8-episode season.

The show leaves behind a memorable 16-episode catalogue.

Season 1

Pilot: Honda Pilot

Episode 2: Yukon’t Get Away

Episode 3: XTerrorizer

Episode 4: Jeep Wrangler Strangler

Episode 5: Rav:4, Death: 5

Episode 6: CR-V for Vendetta

Episode 7: Escalade Excapade

Episode 8: Range Reaper

Season 2

Episode 9: Tribeca Trifecta

Episode 10: Chevy Suburban Stalker

Episode 11: Rendezvous at the Edge

Episode 12: Death in a Durango

Episode 13: Chevy Equinocked Out

Episode 14: GMC Saga, Pt. II — Yukon’t Handle the Truth

Episode 15: GMC Saga Pt. III — Yukon Run, But Yukon’t Hide

Episode 16: Ta, Ta, hoe

ILLUSTRATED BY RITA FANG '17

Support for War on Evil at All-Time Low

In what has been described by critics as a “Quagmire of Biblical Proportions,” God’s prolonged “War on Evil” enters its three hundred thousandth anniversary next month with record unpopularity, a recent Gallup Poll shows.

Of the entire population of Heaven, Gallup reports that 40% disagree with the war, 30% strongly disagree with the war, 20% declined to comment, and 10% agree with the war but only because they are afraid God is listening.

Many of the respondents disagreed with the war’s premise and cannot believe that their voices still have not been heard. “I’m getting sick of You-Know-Who’s stubbornness,” remarked one upset cherub. “Us cherubs are pacifists, and every time we gather for a large protest, we’re all smitten before we can get a word in edgewise! Personally, we think this has nothing to do with good-and-evil. God just wants Hell for its vast soul-rich regions.”

Other respondents questioned God’s motives, which some say were inconsistent. “First, he talked about Satan having some ‘weapons of mass evil’ to use for wiping out Heaven, but we soon found out that there weren’t any such weapons,” complained one resident of Heaven. “Now he’s doubled back and is all ‘we’re doing this to liberate the citizens of Hell!’ I’m no conspiracy theorist here, but didn’t God create Hell, and weren’t he and Satan on good terms not too long ago? I mean, we basically armed Satan, and now we’re going after him!”

Others showed concern about God’s lack of an exit-strategy, and many were simply confused by the war’s timing. “I’m all for doing away with bad guys, but seriously, is Satan that big of a threat?” asked one angel. “I don’t understand the need to fight him in hell NOW, of all times. We had Satan in our clutches a million millennia ago in the first War Against Evil, but we didn’t invade the innermost circles of Hell back then--what’s so different now?”



In the midst of all this criticism, many of the Archangels who crafted the war are distancing themselves from what they call “God’s war.” One remarked, “This was supposed to attack ALL evil. Why are we just going after Satan? There are thieves, murderers, liars, scammers, Scientologists, and criminals all over the universe, but God is only going after this one guy! I really don’t buy the idea that if we kill Satan, goodness will flourish throughout all beings. If anything, this war has only INCREASED the amount of evil going on throughout the universe, but don’t tell God I said that. He doesn’t like to hear dissenting voices and has a tendency to boot out all officials who disagree with his divine policy.”

Some angels are simply astonished by how ill-prepared the army was for the war. “We were just thrust into the war!” one complained. “I’m used to sitting on a cloud and playing baroque music on the harp all day. I really don’t think it’s fair for me to be sent into a battle zone with an assault rifle and an insufficiently armored armored vehicle!” Another common complaint amongst soldiers was God’s tendency to extend their tours of duty from a few thousand years to Eternity.

Generally, the most dissatisfaction over the war has stemmed from the cost. “We’ve lost 20 billion souls in this battle,” one respondent complained, “How many more do we have to lose before God finally listens?”

God could not be reached for comment as he was on vacation at his Martian ranch.



10 Ways to Maintain Your Dignity After Getting Hosed

1. Avoid the temptation to sign into Quad.
2. Stubbornly claim that you were bickering “just for the experience”.
3. Grab your Super-Soaker 9000 and hose them.
4. Start your own club. That’ll show them!
5. Write a thinly-veiled satire, denouncing the elitist wine-drinking girly-boy club of your choice.
6. Pass out on their lawn, thus creating “probable cause.”
7. Hire a male stripper to grind the president.
8. Thank God you didn’t bicker TI.
9. Transfer.
10. Create a paper-mache version of the club, then stomp on it shouting, “Who dares to hose Godzilla?”

MARMADUKE



Honey, what's Marmaduke doing
with your toothbrush?

THE LOCKHORNS



"FUCK YOU, I WANT A DIVORCE!"

Back to the Basics: Dan and Josh's Additions to the Student Course Guide

ELE 111: APPLIED STATIC ELECTRICITY

Description: This introductory-level course will examine the prevalence of electricity in our daily lives. Experiments will include rubbing a balloon on one's head and watching it stick to the wall, shuffling across a carpeted floor and touching a metal doorknob, and doing the wash without fabric softener. The class will make field trips to the 1903 Laundry Room and Dominick's Rug Barn in Hoboken.

a.k.a. Shocks for Jocks



ARC 111: BASIC TENANTS OF ARCHITECTURE

Using rudimentary design media, and involving very little drafting, this course will reduce architecture to its purest, most primitive form. Rather than focusing on the works of the masters, the student will be free to allow his/her ideas to come to life in the construction of models, using the most basic of building components. Students will be required to clean up after they're done, and to stop hogging all the round pieces.

a.k.a. Blocks for Jocks.



ILLUSTRATED BY **ARIANAH HANKE '20**

Thesis Pieces

Burn Burbmeister, The Woodrow Wilson School:
“The Socio-Economic Systeming of the Muhlavi Peoples”

The rugged desert peoples are steeped in poverty, the only natural resources of their blighted valley being sand and a few bramble bushes. These are carefully guarded and harvested, although their produce is normally left to rot in the sun, there being no appreciable local market for vegetable products which rip open your cheeks and throat. The barrenness of the land compels them to import from nearby tribes not only basic foodstuffs, soap, medical supplies, and clothing, but silly things as well: heavy overcoats, inflatable life rafts, penguins, dough figurines, Halloween masks, bonsai trees, shards of broken glass, marzipan, whoopee cushions

Jeanne Peuntangue, Department of Psychology:
“Learned Resentment: An Experiment”

scalps, to hold their heads firmly in the desired position. With the lasers pointing directly into their eyes, the subjects were then asked to identify common geometric shapes from flashcards: circle, triangle, cube. At this point the subjects were divided into two groups and quizzed on spotwelding techniques. Group A received a small electric shock for each incorrect answer, while Group B was tied to their chairs and beaten with blackjacks until

Tanya Dweezle, Department of Chemistry:
“The Impact of Esters on Carbonic Emulsifiers”

The synthesis had been completed, albeit with the single, unexplainable vapor emanating from the sixth test tube. All that remained, therefore, was to find the existence of the silicon residue in tubs 5 through 10, omitting 11 and 12, which I unfortunately knocked over shortly after noticing the strange odor from the enigmatic Tube 6, but whose data proved extraneous. Despite a brief fainting spell (having been up many long nights with this study) I shortly began the closer investigation of the tubes, noting to my surprise that the odor now seemed to emanate from all the tubes, or rather, from the part of my mind where the mental picture of the test tubes was stored. In addition, several of the test tubes (the number seemed to vary) had changed colors, not to ordinary colors of the rainbow, but to new and exciting colors which emitted a sort of peace, and end of frustration, and little flowerbirds with googly eyes. Gazing at my watch, I noticed that about 17 hours has elapsed since I became a test tube. Remembering suddenly about the experiment, I began comparing data, but noticed to my chagrin that I had drank the contents not only of Tube 6, but also

Princeton University
Housing Inspection
452-3435

Date 4-18
Insp. by JH

DORMITORY FIRE SAFETY REPORT Notice of Violations

SECTION 1: FIRE SAFETY CODE (major fuckups)

Door found unlocked _____
Insp. #1 2V3 4
Building CUYLER
Room # 41
Sign GEMINI

1. HEAT PRODUCING APPLIANCES

hotpot _____ old vibrator _____
hamster in socket ☒
kilo _____ small nuclear device _____

2. HAZARDOUS CONDITIONS

open flames/candles
hamster sleeping on bed of matches
firearms shoved through screens of tv

3. FALSE ALARMS

intentional activation when no emergency exists
string tied to alarm leading to sleeping roommate's neck

4. SMOKE DETECTORS

covered/blocked
stuffed with hamster droppings gross
used as frisbee in courtyard

5. ELECTRIC WIRING

frayed wires in stereo
frayed wires in vibrator
frayed wires around hamster's neck
87 power cords plugged into one outlet
old batteries in kilo

6. ROOM ENTRY DOOR

adorned in nude photos of Vanna REMOVED
small explosives left in mail slot
door flung violently from hinges during drug raid

7. SMOKING PARAPHERNALIA

18" bong (flammable)
1/8 oz. of marijuana (highly flammable)
phone number of this dude in Trenton

8. REFRIGERATORS

4 plugged into same outlet
full of gasoline and old newspapers
full of really gross milk
actually a cleverly disguised microwave

9. PEOPLE IN BED DURING INSPECTION

nude resident _____
nude couple _____
nude couple and hotpot _____
nude couple and flammable hamster ☒
hamsters making it in hot pot _____

10. CIGARETTE?

no, thanks, I don't smoke

11. FIREPLACE

stuffed with old newspapers
used as storage for gasoline can collection
dead, rotting body clad in Santa suit

12. HOLIDAY DECORATION

flammable trees, bushes, wreaths
lights strung hither and thither
burning cross and white sheets
dead sheep sacrificed during strange cult ceremony
flammable drug paraphernalia not listed above

13. FLAMMABLE PORNOGRAPHY

flammable magazine
flammable videotapes
flammable inflatable doll

14. UNSANITARY CONDITIONS

Old respectable magazines
Old *Princes*
Crusty undergarments on floor
Scuzz dripping from the walls
Ugly people in bed (see #9)

15. DOWNRIGHT DISGUSTING CONDITIONS

Dead hamsters strewn about like lint ick.
Uncontrolled dustbunnies
Five or more people in bed with a hot pot
Other _____
Other other _____

SECTION 2: LOFTS

Loft in living room _____ bedroom _____ Soho _____ hot pot (explain) _____
18" must be left between loft and ceiling to allow for adequate fucking

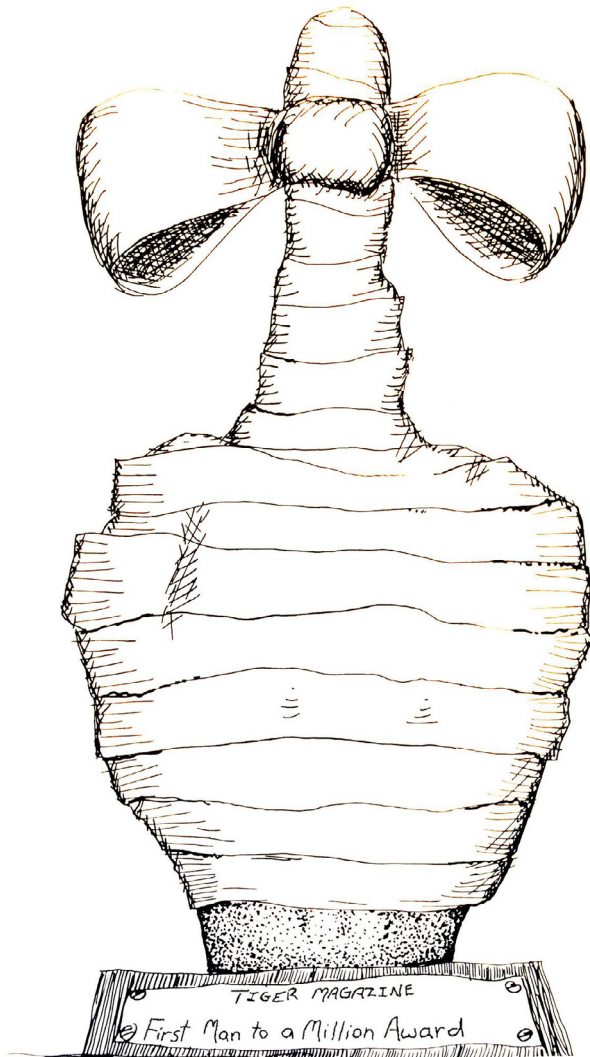
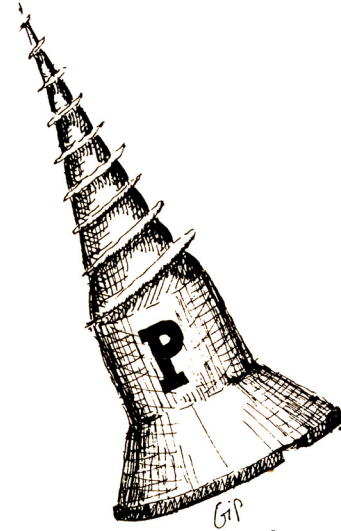
SECTION 3: RECOMMENDATIONS

_____ was in my _____ class _____ year. (S)he was an extraordinary student and would make an excellent worker. (S)he has frequently discussed his/her interest in _____ and how much (s)he would love to work for your firm. Your choice could mean the difference between a long, fruitful life in the exciting world of _____, and a slow, painful death.

TIGER MAGAZINE Announces the Creation of a Special Award for Seniors

Former Tiger Magazine Chairman, Ken Offit, has announced from his new palatial suite located somewhere in Cambridge, the creation of "The First Man to Make a Million Prize," to go to that member of the Class of 1977, who by hard work, diligence, initiative, and the most creative use of 'screw your fellow man' techniques of the sort preferred and refined by HBS, and who first proves a net worth of one million dollars. The prize includes a comprehensive listing of all tax shelters now operating in the United States, or lifetime subscription for Tiger magazine and a beautifully sculpted trophy, whose inspiration is taken from from a famous gesture by a former Vice President of the United States, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Dartmouth '37.

So, future robber barons, take your mark, get set, PILLAGE.



FIRST TO A MILLION ENTRY FORM

Primary method of acquisition...

Who have you dispossessed recently? _____

Personalities upon whom you have trod. _____

Who was the most memorable widow you have foreclosed upon? _____

Do you feel like a million? _____ Describe. _____

What do you do with your spare change? _____

Does the word "charity" give you hives? ____ Yes ____ No

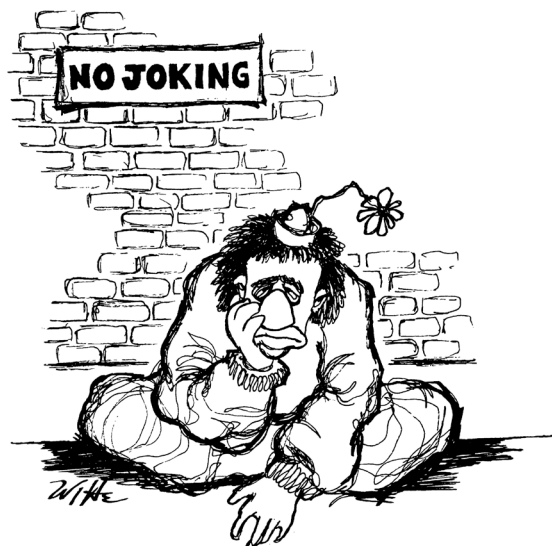
Heroes while at Princeton:

- a. Andrew Carnegie
- b. Jack Butler
- c. Shelby Cullom Davis Jr.

How many Woodrow Wilson School Alumni do you own?

____ Policemen ____ Mayors
 ____ Governors ____ Congressmen.

Do you need a partner? _____

**CHILDREN***At Reasonable Prices*

Vast supply of infants
ideal for raising or
consumption.

For Details Write:

S. BLANDING

Box 68

Poughkeepsie New York

Tiger puts the “X” Back in Christmas

God Rest Ye Merry Communists,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Southeast Asia
Is almost yours today,
The World is quickly going Red,
No matter what they say
O-O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O-O tidings of comfort and joy.

From China unto Africa,
From Cuba to Tibet,
Nehru thinks he got Goa,
But old Chou will have it yet,
So save your ugly missiles and
Small stuff do no sweat,
O-O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O-O tidings of comfort and joy.

The First Goheen, the alumni did say,
'Peared to certain pure students in sleep as they lay,
In sleep they lay, In the Reading Room,
Dreaming of Kant and Mother's womb.
Goheen, Goheen, Goheen, Goheen,
Chosen then and not since seen.

When all at once these scholars awake,
From Nassau Hall there came white smoke,
And that white cloud could only have meant,

That chosen was a new president.
Goheen, Goheen, Goheen, Goheen,
Chosen then and not since seen.

Then gathered they round in quiet silence,
To hear their leader's audience,
And came he out on a balcony high,
And said he this with a whispering sigh: "Gentlemen,
I am sure that Mr. Kennedy knows more than we, but,
examining this situation from several angles
I have decided that this crucial question is best seen in the
precept spirit of our quest for Woodrow Wilson in
these troubled times while on the other hand one must
consider the implications of high standards of excellence
coupled with the academic malleability of certain
principles which one cannot ignore in the context of
various inter-related fields of endeavor....

Goheen, Goheen, Goheen, Goheen,
Chosen then and not since seen...

ILLUSTRATED BY **KYRA GREGORY '19**



"Scrappy little fellow, isn't he?"



"I've never been kissed like that before. . . ."

Diary of a Freshman

MONDAY.

Wrote a letter to Martha asking her to Psi Tau prom.

TUESDAY.

No answer.

WEDNESDAY.

No answer.

THURSDAY.

No answer.

FRIDAY.

Roommate tried to take one of my ties.

SATURDAY.

Remembered I sent letter to wrong address.

SUNDAY.

Wrote letter to Angella asking her to Psi Tau prom.



FUDGE: "Jinks has some swell girls to the frat parties, doesn't he?"

Fudge: "He has a good head for figures."

The Nature of the Beast

(Overheard in a Pullman car between husband and wife.)

"You are very comfortable, wife, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest."

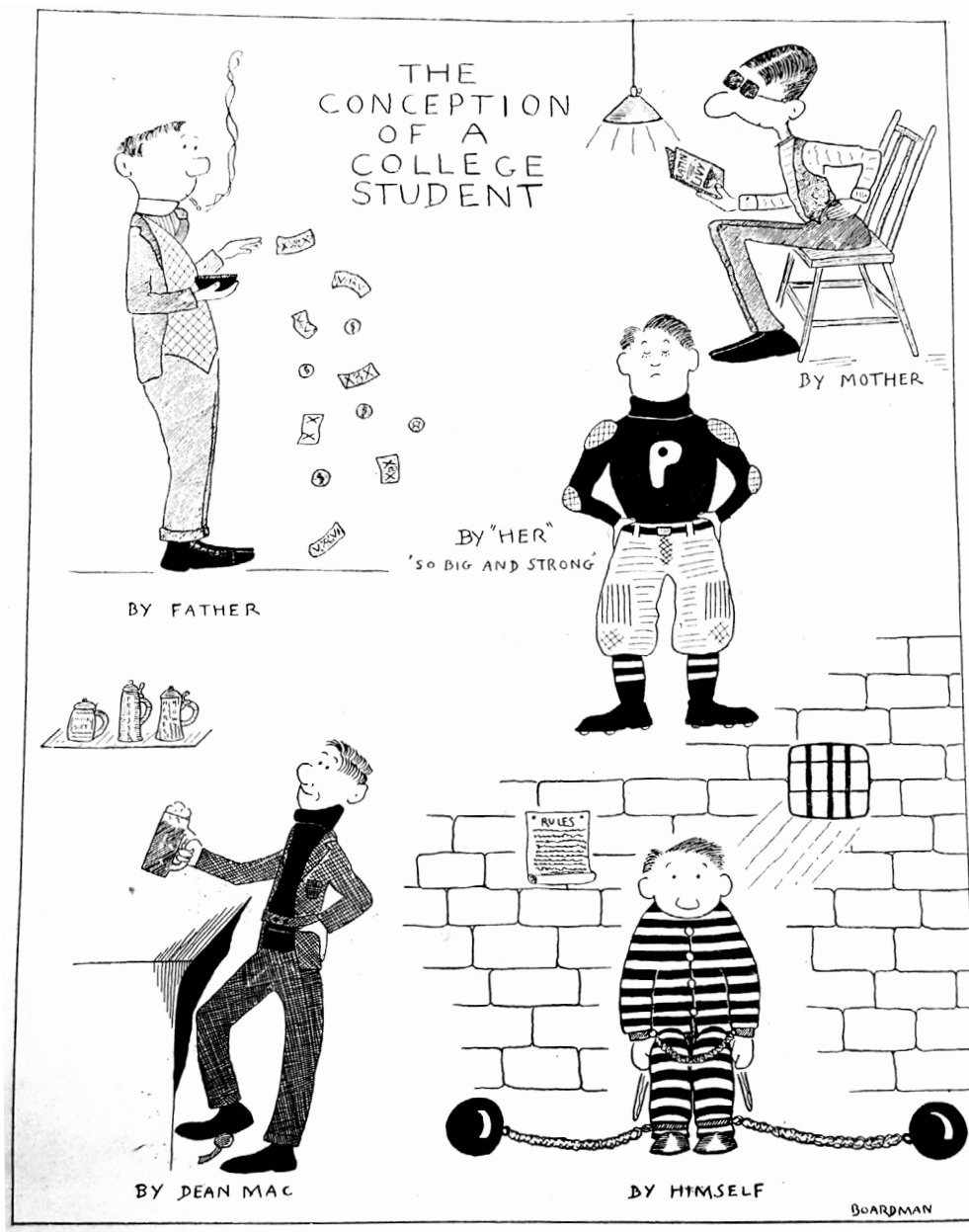
"And there is no draught on my lamb?"

"No, my ownest own," said the wife.

"Then change seats with me," said the husband.



"You may go to college on one condition."
"But papa, Jane had three."



Shakespeare and the Modern Manager

In One Act

(Scene--Typical Broadway Office; Time--Present.)

Dramatis Personae.

William Shakespeare.....A struggling author
Jacob Finkelstein.....Theatrical Producer
Vivian LaVeravere.....Stenographer

(At the rise of the curtain Finkelstein sits with his feet upon his desk, imbibing an eight inch cigar. Miss LaVeravere is viciously pounding the unsuspecting keys of the typewriter and even more viciously fletcherizing her spearmint. There is a knock on the door.)

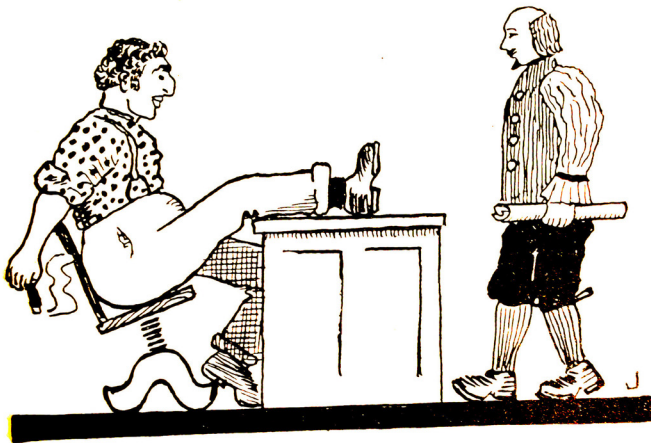
Finkelstein--(wearily but forcibly)-- Come in!

(Another knock.)

Fink--(now fiercely)--"----" "----", Come in!!

(Enter William Shakespeare.)

Vivian--Whatdiditellyuh? I knew something funny was going to happen.



William--(timidly)--Excuse me, but--

Fink--Well, let's have it. This is my busy day.

Wm.--I have here a few plays of my own composition that I--

Fink--Farce or musical comedy?

Wm.--Er--mostly tragedy.

Fink--(jumping)--What!

Viv--(briefly halting her masticating)--What!

Wm.--I said--tragedy.

Fink--I can't use any of that kind of stuff, man. I don't want it, the public don't want it, and even the ash man don't want it. Tragedy--huh! Who do you think's goin' to pay a couple of dollars a throw to see a sob-session? Nope, no fish to-day, thanks.

Viv--Ask the guy what are the names of his shows.

Wm.--The names? Why one I have called "Macbeth," one

"Hamlet," one "King Lear," and another "Romeo and Juliet." I also have a comedy "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Fink--Gee, what titles! "Omlette," "Roll Me Over," "The Knight's Dream." That sort of stuff would even make a ten-twenty-thirt' house look blue in the face. Your dope's all wrong, kid--it's



all wrong. But let's have a look at that comedy thing of yours.

Wm.--"The Midsummer Night's Dream"? Here it is.

Viv--Pipe the Chaplins and the trick hosiery on the lad. Whee! I believe he'd even make a hit on Keith's circuit.

Fink--Here, man, where do your songs and dances come in?

Wm.--Songs and dances? Why, I---

Fink--You mean to come here and tell me that you've written a show without a song or dance in it? Hey, Viv, call the undertaker!

Viv--Aw, take a little pity on the poor guy. Maybe he's hungry.

Fink--By the way, what's your name?

Wm.--Shakespeare, sir--William Shakespeare.

Viv--Any relation to the Shakespeares on Sixty-First Street. I know--

Fink--That's a terrible name for a guy like you to be sporting around, but I think it's the best thing about you.

Wm.--Well, couldn't you just read over these plays and--

Fink--What! Them things! I might be able to give you a job writing jokes for theatre programs. You look simple enough for that.

Wm.--Then you won't--

Fink--'M sorry. Good day.

Wm.--Er--good day, but you really couldn't--

Fink--Close the door when you go out, please.

(Exit William sadly.)

Viv--And he looked like such a nice boy!

(Resumes her pounding.)

Fink--These sad tragedy birds! Bah! (Elevates feet to former position, and continues to absorb his stogie.)

Department of Art and Archaeology

REUNION LECTURE



Revealing Pictures

Professors Rachael DeLue,
Irene Small,
and Anna Arabindan-Kesson

Friday, June 2, 2017 -- 11:00 AM
106 McCormick Hall

JUNE 1-4, 2017

REUNIONS WEEKEND

SPECIAL PROGRAMMING
AND EXTENDED HOURS

Meet the Curators

Thursday, June 1, 4-5:30 PM

MUSEUM REUNIONS TENT

(between McCosh Hall and the Art Museum)

Enjoy conversation with Museum curators while sampling regional craft beer in the Museum's Reunions tent, then head inside for curator-led tours.

Collecting Photography: A Conversation

Friday, June 2, 2 pm

101 MCCORMICK HALL



Join collector Christopher E. Olofson, Class of 1992, along with classmate and curator Sarah Kennel and the Museum's Katherine Bussard, as they discuss collecting contemporary global

photography, the impact of private collections in shaping museums—and Princeton's role in shaping the collecting eye.

Revealing Pictures: Photographs from the Christopher E. Olofson Collection
on view through July 2



ON VIEW THROUGH JUNE 11

THE BERLIN PAINTER AND HIS WORLD

Athenian Vase-Painting in the Early Fifth Century B.C.

What can the work of an artist who died 2,500 years ago tell us about love and war, life and death? In the hands of one of the ancient world's finest artists—known only as the Berlin Painter—the answers might surprise you.

The Berlin Painter and His World: Athenian Vase-Painting in the Early Fifth Century B.C. has been made possible by generous support from the Stavros Niarchos Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts.

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STAVROS NIARCHOS FOUNDATION

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Endowment
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EXTENDED HOURS Thursday, June 1, 10 AM-10 PM • Friday, June 2-Monday, June 5, 10 AM-5 PM

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
ART MUSEUM

Greek, Attic, ca. 485-480 B.C., attributed to the Berlin Painter, Red-figure neck-amphora with ridged handles, with an Amazonomachy with Herakles (detail). Ceramic. Antikenmuseum Basel und Sammlung Ludwig (BS 453)

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