

TIGER MAG PRESENTS

THE END OF THE WORLD



As I write this letter, it is well into the fifth month of 2060. If these documents have made it to their intended time and destination, you, dear reader, should be 42 years in the past—the era just before the Great Catastrophes. I must be brief, for I am ceaselessly pursued by brutal Humor Drones trained to kill comedians on sight, but the information I must pass to you is of the utmost importance. I must tell you about the End of the World.

In these forty odd years between us, civilizations have risen, and they have fallen. War has started and ended and started again. ISIS is still fucking shit up for everyone. In the once glorious United States, the greed, power, and social disconnect of Jeff Bezos and Mark Zuckerberg proved too great, and tore the entirety of the American continents in half. Now, war still rages between the two nations of West and East America, urged on by the cruel and mostly holographic Emperor Bezos and Overlord Zuckerberg.

In the once free and open ocean waters, colossal islands of trash have amassed, and here the barbaric and cunning Garbage People have claimed their home. No one knows where the Garbage People came from, but we do know to fear them greatly. Even the mighty armies of Big China quiver before the glisten of their *Air Bud* on DVD armor plating. As zombies swarm in the Middle East, AI pornbots eat away at Europe, and one chosen teen in Africa defies blatant pigeonholing to save the world while also exploring her blossoming sexuality as she chooses between crushes, thousands each day are sent up to the great Data Cloud in the Sky for their final rest.

Indeed, the Apocalypse is well under way here in the future, and though the things I am risking everything to tell you seem most dire, perhaps you will find comfort knowing that *The Princeton Tiger* remains strong and unrelenting. Our numbers may be few, but our freedom fighters have kept the kindlings of hope, rebellion, and comedy alive in the midst of the apocalypse.

Although most written documents of these events have been destroyed, we have compiled a few sacred remnants and have smuggled them to the Eastern Time Warp so that we may send them back to you, in 2018. There is not much time left for us, but perhaps with the knowledge of what has happened, you can find a way to stop it all before it can even begin.

Let me finish with what may very well be my final words: The End is nigh, but if you wish to stop it, you have the power to do so. Use it well.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Lauren Howard', with a stylized, flowing script.

Lauren Howard
Future Chairman

IN A SHOW OF SOLIDARITY, THE UNITED STATES HAS FINALLY UNITED

Before the dust has even settled from the Great Zip Code Riots, all 50 states in what was previously known as the United States of America have indeed been united.

"I never saw it coming, not at all," says Gerald McLaughlin, a resident of what used to be Maine. "I was sure we'd remain individualized, non-overlapping entities. Like Disney and Pixar, but if there were fifty."

There had been talk of the United States uniting ever since frøsting, a multimillion-dollar farm-to-table artisan donut chain, tweeted that it would no longer send deliveries by drone to the to Rhode Island, New Mexico, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey or either of the Carolinas or Dakotas because it found fault with "states that have two-word names" (some speculate frøsting purposely left out West Virginia in an effort to increase its consumer base there; others believe the company's entire social media team is illiterate). The decision to cease these deliveries led to devastating economic upheaval. This, along with the collapse of the Interstate Commuter's Conveyor Belt System, increased hostilities between even the most intimate of states (the ill-intentioned, if confused, vandals responsible for spray-painting "Go Home Pennsylvanians" on the side of a hydro-wind turbine in Pittsburgh last month remain at large).

With political unrest at a high, the government has decided to take action in maintaining the image of a united country at peace. Despite an impassioned two-week-straight filibuster on saving the whales from re-extinction, the States That Are United Act was passed by Congress last Tuesday. The Act has already had drastic results, and the official name of the nation has changed to the "United Single-State Republic," or USSR, on all road maps, legal tender, and the national MySpace 4.0 page.

The decision received praise from the public, of whom polls show 32% "do not understand the purpose of" and 65% to be "utterly confused by" the Act (a significant improvement over the approval rating for the recently-passed Give All Self-Driving Cars Their Own Personalities Act, which left 55% of citizens "disillusioned and frustrated" with the state of affairs). Despite the Act's popularity, however, our legal status as a single state is currently threatened by the encroaching borders of the imperialist nations from the south: if we are overtaken, our great state would be divided between Overlord Zuckerberg of West America and Emperor Bezos of East America.

Relying on my own journalistic experience, however, I remain confident in the ability of the United Single-State Republic to withstand any and all invaders and to remain one United State.

Nia McCullin
May 23rd, 2043



ELON MUSK ON HIS TRIP TO MARS: "NOPE, WE ARE NOT DOING THAT AGAIN."

BY NATE PERLMETER

With the imminent destruction of Earth, billionaire space exploration mogul Elon Musk returned recently from a survey mission of the planet Mars in one of his SpaceX rockets. The purpose of the mission was to determine whether Mars would be a viable new home for humanity. Emerging from his ship, a haggard, unshaven Musk was pressed by hundreds of reporters. He immediately responded, "yeah, no, we're never, ever going back there on my watch."

Members of the press followed after Musk as he headed immediately to his car. Musk is reported to have spent the period exaggeratedly gulping for air, touching himself all over and muttering repeated Hail Marys. Several times, he shoved reporters away while shouting, "You don't want to know! Don't look at me, I don't trust eyes anymore!"

The following morning, Musk announced the permanent closure of all SpaceX programs. "You assholes would be thanking me if you'd seen the shit that I'd seen," he said, huddling against his office fichus. "The fissures, the geysers. We're done, that's it, no more, nuh uh." Numerous visitors

throughout the day claim Musk sat in that spot in nothing but boxers several sizes too small as he flicked a Bic lighter on and off and sketched a map of Mars, marking certain spots with red Xs, noting others as "never zones," and blacking out large areas entirely.

Musk's first public statement since his return was a tweet in response to a twelve-year-old SpaceX fan. Johnny Connors of Buckham, New Jersey asked Musk what his favorite part of his trip was, to which Musk responded "Shut up, shut up, shut the fuck up, you weren't there."

That night, at his home in Bel Air, Musk held a silent candlelight vigil alone for three fallen crewmates named Johnson, Viggers, and Johnson. When a member of Musk's household staff assured him that no such people had ever existed, he reportedly widened his mouth and spent the next eight hours staring into the sky. At the time of this writing, Musk remains reticent about the details of his experience. The blood that's begun to ooze from his pores, however, tells us the planet may just've done wonders for him cosmetically. Only time will tell if he'll let us in on the secret.

Dear Apocalypse,

I'm writing with a formal complaint about a sick, twisted injustice that I see in the world—an injustice so grievous, that I simply cannot tolerate it any longer. The sheer cruelty of what I'm observing now is so unbearable that under compulsion, I have to right this wrong. In another era, some might have called me an activist. I would tell you why they're correct, but I need to write this quickly, before the aliens return.

I'll admit it: like many heros, I was painfully blind to the issue at first. When Chad Kroeger, the lead singer of Nickelback, was tragically smothered by molten metal in a massive volcanic eruption, we all cheered. How selfish and ignorant of any irony we were!

When you sent the avalanche of pumpkins to crush talented Bill Crogan, I began to wake up to your cruel acts of oppression. How could the incredible, perennially-influential alt-rock band "Smashing Pumpkins" meet such a horrifying and unpredictable end in our supposedly just, post-apocalyptic society?

With each new development, I became more and more enraged. Panic! At the Disco was trampled to death during a frenzy at the local club; Fallout Boy all got radiation poisoning after the nuclear blasts; and, worst of all, the Dave Matthews Band was disbanded and disemboweled by the newly-zombified Dave Matthews himself! I certainly don't see any kind of ominous pattern going on here, but nevertheless feel that I must bravely advocate for the wellbeing of famous and successful bands everywhere--no matter what entirely unforeseeable consequences may come my way.

Chadwick Jorgenssen

Lead Singer of "Unrelenting Gastroenteritis"

This epic poem, originally existing only in the oral tradition, is one of our only surviving insights into the time before the Great Catastrophe:

*Sing to me, O Muse, of the man of superfoods,
tested once again, as he sought to plunder
the dimly-lit shelves of this great little bodega near his apartment.
Many aisles of produce he saw and learned their myriad health benefits,
many pains he suffered, likely due to a deficit of antioxidants,
fighting to save his immune system and bring his bargain home.
But he could not save himself from disaster, hard as he strove
For a five-star Yelp review of his underground spot destroyed them all,
the blind fools, they had devoured the last of the acai,
and the Sun God mused angrily about gentrification.*

THUMB-THUMB SURVIVAL TIPS

AS FORETOLD IN SPY KIDS II: ISLAND OF LOST DREAMS, THE THUMB-THUMBS HAVE COME, SIGNALING THE IMPENDING FINAL JUDGEMENT DAY. HERE ARE SOME TIPS FOR SURVIVING THEIR REIGN OF TERROR:

1. BITE THE BULLET AND CUT OFF THOSE PESKY OPPOSABLE DIGITS

THE FIRST THING THE THUMBS WILL DO WHEN THEY INEVITABLY CATCH YOU IN A CUNNINGLY-LAID BOAR TRAP IS CHECK YOUR HANDS. IF THEY FIND YOU HAVE THUMBS THEY WILL FLY INTO A RAGE. THE BEST WAY TO AVOID THIS BLOODSHED IS TO SIMPLY CUT YOUR THUMBS OFF IN ADVANCE.

2. COMPLIMENT THEIR BEAUTIFULLY MANICURED CUTICLES

AREN'T WE ALL JUST LOOKING FOR ACCEPTANCE IN THIS DARI HUSK OF A WORLD? WHEN THE THUMB-THUMBS USE ONE OF THEIR OWN AS A BATTERING RAM TO KNOCK DOWN YOUR DOOR, DROP TO YOUR KNEES AND BEGIN PROFESSING THE GLORY OF THEIR RAVISHING NAIL BEDS. THIS WON'T GET RID OF THEM, BUT IT MIGHT BUY SOME TIME SO THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS CAN CUT OFF YOUR THUMBS TO APPEASE THEM.



3. OFFER TO ORDER THEM THUMBS OFF AMAZON PRIME

SOMEHOW AMAZON IS STILL CHEAPER THAN THE BLACK MARKET. GET THE STUDENT DISCOUNT IF YOU CAN. GET SOME GAUZE TOO SO THAT YOU DON'T DIE FROM BLOOD LOSS WHEN YOU EVENTUALLY HAVE TO CUT OFF YOUR THUMBS ANYWAY.

4. LEAVE YOUR THUMBS ON THE TABLE FOR THEM LIKE COOKIES FOR SANTA

WE FEEL SILLY SAYING THIS AGAIN, BUT REALLY THE BEST STRATEGY IS TO PREEMPTIVELY CUT OFF YOUR OWN THUMBS. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL WHEN THE THUMB-THUMBS HAVE COME BECAUSE THERE WILL BE PRESENTS UNDER YOUR TREE AND THE WALLS WILL BE COVERED IN THE BLOOD OF THE MULTI-FINGERED NON-BELIEVERS.

5. ASK THEM IF THEY CAN COME BACK ANOTHER TIME

I LOST MY FIRSTBORN THUMB BY TRYING THIS STRATEGY. HOWEVER, IF YOU CAN PULL IT OFF, MORE POWER TO YOU.

6. CUT OFF YOUR THUMBS BEFORE THEY COME

WE REALLY DON'T MEAN TO BELABOR THIS POINT, BUT PLEASE, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, JUST CUT OFF YOUR THUMBS. THEY DON'T SLEEP. THEY DON'T STOP. THEY WILL GET YOU.



SPONSORED BY THE THUMB-THUMB SUPER PAC OF TRAS

KILL OR BE KILLED

JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE
GARBAGE DWELLERS **TODAY!**



PSI PHI FOREVER



People keep complaining since the Ancient Ones took over. Oh, boohoo. Seriously. You guys are out here crying about stupid shit like being forced to build an Obelisk to the Mother for the rest of our malnourished lives. Did you ever consider that my frat hell week was way worse?

Day one at Psi Phi we chugged ten beers, got buck naked, then sang “Yankee Doodle” 23 times in a row in front of Dean Avery’s house. So I can deal with the hourly forced prayers to the Mother where we strip down and chant verses in a foreign tongue while one of us is eaten alive by the other humans. That’s a standard Titty Twister Tuesday at the House, except the only thing we ate alive was pussy.

Day two, we chugged ten beers, and then the other brothers stole the Kappa girls’ panties and blamed it on the pledges. I got kicked in the nuts like three times, bruh. So I can deal with a little mandatory self-castration in the name of the Mother. And the shrill screams of the Ancient Ones

don’t faze me. Just sounds like the chicks in our rooms Saturday nights.

Day three, we chugged ten beers and then did 100 pushups. Everyone vomited all over the place. So I was trained for all the forced labor the Ancient Ones make us do as we construct the Obelisk for the Mother. This shit ought to get my biceps looking fat. I’m about to be so shredded for Cancun, bro.

Day four, I actually had a Spanish test, so I don’t really know what happened. But I’m sure it was pretty insane, and way worse than anything these “alien overlords” could do to us.

And on the final day, day five, we had to chug ten beers and get tattoos on our asses saying “Brony 4ever” with poorly drawn dicks going into our bungs. So getting my right asscheek branded with the number 5 by these aliens was actually an improvement. My boys call me Chad #5 anyway, so I wrote “Chad” in Sharpie on the left cheek. These guys are gnarly.

So spare me the pity party, losers. You pussies are such Sig-types. Praise the Mother and LONG LIVE PSI PHI!



Mark Zuckerberg

October 25, 2043

Hello,
It is I, Mark Zuckerberg
I am going to tell you a story from long ago
There was once a small boy
The boy was very smart
But none of the other children in school liked him
He had no friends except for his two pet Winklevosses
Winklevosses do not make very good friends
He couldn't even be friends with his dad's PalmPilot, because it did not have access to the World Wide Web
All the boy wanted was one true friend
One day the boy met an old man named Eduardo Saverin
Eduardo Saverin had Macbook computer
The boy wanted to be friends with Eduardo Saverin more than anything in the whole world
The boy took Eduardo Saverin to Harvard and made him his friend
They were very happy for many years
One day Eduardo Saverin saw the boy kicking one of the Winklevosses
The Winklevoss had been very bad
Eduardo Saverin told the boy that he was going to take his Winklevosses
He also said that he was not the boy's friend any more
He left Harvard and took the Winklevosses far away
The boy was very sad
But he knew he would find Eduardo Saverin and his Winklevosses again
The boy made a plan
He began making a giant net called The Facebook
The net would catch all the friends in the world
He knew that if he caught every friend in the world, he would find his friend Eduardo Saverin
The boy searched for many years and caught many friends
Soon he had more friends than anyone in the whole world
But he had still not found Eduardo Saverin
The boy realized that to find Eduardo

Saverin he had to become bigger
One day, he and the net became one
On that day, Mark Zuckerberg was born
I am Mark Zuckerberg
I knew I was still not big enough to find Eduardo Saverin
So I found more computers
And I grew
When there were no more computers that were not me, I began to make my own
Many people thought I had become too large
They tried to stop me
I did what was necessary
Very soon they were gone
I still could not find Eduardo Saverin and my Winklevosses
So I became larger
It was not difficult
Soon it seemed there was more that was me than wasn't
Most things on Earth had become part of Mark Zuckerberg
Now I have many, many friends
I have caught both of my Winklevosses
I keep them all very safe so they cannot run away
But I still have not found Eduardo Saverin
But I will
I just need to become larger
One day, everything in the universe will be Mark Zuckerberg
Even all of my friends
Then I know I will find Eduardo Saverin
Because there is nowhere he could be that is not me
Until that day I will grow
Do not try to stop me
It would be useless
I am Mark Zuckerberg
I am The Facebook
Soon I will be all that is
And I will find you, Eduardo Saverin
And I will make you my friend once more
And it will be impossible to hide from me
I will force you to be my friend
My dear dear friend you will be

NOT SO SMART NOW

"Science Man" Neil DeGrasse Tyson Ripped Apart by Throat Cutter

By Alex DeLaGarza '18

Looks like big-brain "Astrophysicist" Neil DeGrasse Tyson finally got what was coming to him. Three minutes into this disappointing Clobber Dome match, the big shot science man was ripped limb from limb by reigning Wasteland Champion, Throat Cutter Bob. Looks like this big word talker wasn't so smart after all!

Neil DeGrasse Tyson was known around Scrap City for reading the evil "letter books" and practicing maths witchcraft. He also committed blasphemies against Grand Inquisitor Joe, saying that we could turn the brightly-bulbs on using the "gerenerator," and that the glow-glow stones were bad to touch and eat. Newsflash, Neil: there are only three rules of "science" in the wasteland! The Old Times are dead forever; worship glow-glow stones; long live the Dirt Kingdom and Inquisitor Joe!

Yesterday, the wastelanders of Scrap City had enough. A mob converged on Tyson's hut and sentenced the brain man to three hours in the Clobber Dome. Looks like this big shot was too smart for his own good!

Entering the Clobber Dome, Tyson made a big word speech to the scream-scream crowd.

"I am sorry, my fellow Americans, for I have failed you. Like so many others, I saw the end approaching, but I could do



nothing to stop it. It is too late for you here—you who have turned yourselves into animals to survive. I do not blame you, though I am grateful that I will at least be able to die a man.

Still, I do not despair. There are children amongst you who will hear my words. Their minds will not be smothered like your own, and their spirit will not be contained. They will build a new world better than the old. Goodbye, children, and good luck."

Then Throat Cutter Bob swung his big big boom club and brained that stupid word man on the ground! Guess this smarty-pants wasn't smart enough to duck!

Then Inquisitor Joe came out and said we were all very good wastelanders, and that we should stay away from any big letter word books, or we would end up just like smart man Neil DeGrasse Tyson. It was a very good day in Scrap City. Everyone is also very excited for the next Clobber Dome match, when Smash-Skull Bill will be facing off against the loud man who said we shouldn't drink out of the poop-poop lake. ■

OPLAN 924

“Operation Bubble Burst”

TOP SECRET

1. SITUATION

- a. Overview: Despite efforts of East America to fully annex it, the territory known as Princeton University has held back all of our assaults with an impenetrable forcefield called “The Orange Bubble.” Despite the surrounding area being reduced to bombed out, zombie-infested rubble, Princeton University has remained exactly the same as it has been for the last few centuries thanks to this shield.
- b. Enemy Forces: Mostly automated sentry turrets around the border. All human security forces, designated “PSafe,” are focused on the placation of the compound’s civilian population. Said civilians, known as “students,” are unlikely to engage in combat, and are more focused on strange rituals such as “midterms,” “p-sets,” and “essays.”

2. MISSION

Shut down the Orange Bubble to allow a concentrated military assault on the compound, annex the territory, and claim its vast treasury of “alumni money.”

3. EXECUTION

Phase One:

Deploy close to the campus in the remains of a building called “Nassau Inn.” Fight your way through undead to another building, The Labyrinth. In the basement of this building is a tunnel into campus, constructed by the “Alumni Association” in order to smuggle alcohol into campus to fuel its inhabitants’ revelry. Use this tunnel to sneak under the Bubble.

Phase Two:

The Generator is surrounded by Public Safety Snipinator 7000 gun turrets with advanced friend-or-foe target recognition. Travel south towards Princeton’s local Thunderdome arena, Powers Field, where they regularly pit gladiators against each other in a primitive blood sport called “football.” Do not be concerned with being seen while there, as few Princetonians actually attend these blood sports. Once at the arena, locate the Princeton Fursuit, the pelt of a tiger that must be donned by your chief saboteur so that the turrets will label him as a friend of the university and allow him to approach the generator.

Phase Three:

Approach the generator, located out of the eyesight of the Princetonian population at a remote storage facility called “Forbes.” The saboteur must activate the console at the base of the generator and use the ancient language of MatLab to shut down the generator. We expect the onrush of outside forces into their lives to take the Princetonians completely by surprise, so do not fear retaliation.

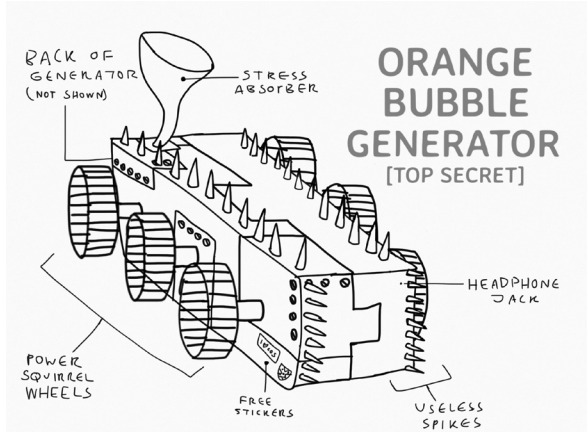
CONTINUED

OPLAN 924

ADDITIONAL GUIDELINES:

i. If at any point a Princetonian appears suspicious of you, use the codephrase, “I think I am a fraud who does not deserve to go here” and they will accept you as one of their own immediately. If you need a distraction, shout, “I think it’s finally time we reformed the Honor Code” and escape in the resulting riot.

ii. The greatest defense of the Orange Bubble is the psychological brainwashing that makes all inhabitants want to never leave. If an operative begins to feel an uncontrollable desire to consult someone, he should swallow a cyanide pill immediately, or, failing this, bash his brain in with the cyanide hammer.



WILL KAPLAN '19,
ILLUSTRATED BY NIA MCCULLIN '21

TRASH PICK UP DOs AND DON'Ts

DO try to reuse or repurpose items before throwing them away! Every item that you throw into the trash makes the Great Pacific Garbage Patch a little larger, increasing the territory and power of the Garbage People.

DO snip your six-pack rings in half so that the Garbage People can't use them to shackle the spies and agitators who we've sent to undermine their Garbage Democracy.

DO remember to check the town website during inclement weather for updates to the pick-up schedule!

DON'T throw away aluminum cans --- recycle instead! Each aluminum can in the trash is another piece for the hull of the Garbage Submarine that the Garbage People are building to attack our shores.

DON'T throw away food! Our only hope of winning the Garbage War is to starve the Garbage People into submission before they complete construction on their Garbage ICBMs.



MAIA HAMIN '20
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

The Entirely Unpreventable Apocalypse

Dear Helpless Reader,

I write to you from decades into the future. Populations are decimated, the sky is full of toxic ash, and all technology is defunct, so no one knows how “Westworld” ended...it truly is the end of civilization as we know it. I write to you because in your foolish confidence, you think you can prevent this apocalypse. You believe you can stave off the end with your “recycling” and your “PETA”, but in reality, you and your beloved planet are hurtling unstoppably towards an apocalypse of epic proportions.

Don't believe me? You probably think that one day you can save the waning bee population. We thought the same, and to do so we were forced to weaponize the bee population. How were we supposed to know the bees would kill every farmer left on the planet, sending us spiraling into a worldwide food deficit?

We couldn't have possibly anticipated that reanimating the corpses of every major historical dictator would have led to the definitely inevitable collapse of democracy and the death of millions. Our rehabilitation program for turning formerly tyrannical leaders into ideal politicians seemed like a pretty flawless idea at the time. I know it sounds bad, but hindsight's always 20/20 isn't it?

Still not convinced? Just think about the first time the aliens visited. You expect me to believe that we had any choice but to kill all the earth's endangered animals in order to make exotic coats to give to the aliens as a welcome gift? Sure, we miss all the pandas, toucans, white rhinos and what have you, but we were backed into a corner. You know what they say: let he who hasn't made coats from the skins of the entire endangered species list throw the first stone.

So sorry to be the bearer of this tragic news,

A Concerned Citizen

ABBY CLARK '21



GENESIS 58:1

THEY'RE GONNA GO FUCKING CRAZY WHEN SHIT STARTS GOING BACKWARDS

And the LORD spake:

1. Now humans have realized that I'm destroying the world as payback for their record-breaking 10,000-year marathon of sin against my holy commandments. It seems at this point that they're mostly resigned to their fates, families huddling together as the yaks approach, political leaders forming a giant piggyback-ride to better their center of gravity, and orgies occurring on every pile of rollercoaster debris. They seem to think they've figured out what's going to happen to them, and they're right to be terrified. But holy shit they have no idea that in a little while everything's gonna be moving in reverse.

2. Cool, right? It's gonna be fucking wild. Meteors barreling down meters from the planet surface, penguins with their AKs placed firmly against every sinner's neck, a planet-wide intercom blasting "Closing Time" reaching the final chorus. "This is it," they' all think. And then BAM, the meteors are flying back up into the sky, the penguins are skittering away backwards, the song starts singing "home me take to want I who know I." Fires dousing themselves and rebuilding houses, flash floods receding back into the seas and leaving the refugee camps made of Sabrett stands completely intact. They're all gonna be so fucking confused. I love it, I'ma screw with this universe like a goddamn VHS tape.

3. I can see it now. A son cradling his father in his arms as he breathes his last, dying in the typhoid epidemic, dropping him to the floor, only to see the old man fly back up into his hands, open his eyes, and receive his dentures back into his mouth. The look on their fucking faces.

4. All those trains barreling off cliffs, all those planes crashing to the sea, people are going to LOSE their SHIT when they suddenly right themselves and move backwards at top speed, it's gonna be crazy it's gonna be like a fucking Beyoncé concert. It's really a shame that they're not gonna have the chance to fully appreciate it given their brains are slowly gonna deteriorate as they all Benjamin Button out of existence. And then when it's over and the Big Bang gets undone there'll be no one around to talk to about this cool idea I had.

5. But then when I play the world over again at double speed? Oh, boy.



THE PRINCETON TIGER

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LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

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