

The PRINCETON TIGER



You're Trying To Solicit A Donation From Me, Princeton....
Aren't You?

greene street

shop + consign

men's & women's clothing and accessories.

"Sustainable Fashion, Affordable Prices."



15% OFF
of one full-priced item*

162 nassau street • princeton, nj 08542 • 609-924-1997

 greenestreet.com

FIND US ON:  
@shopgreenestreet

*Offer expires 12/31/2018. Limit one coupon per customer. Valid at our Princeton location only.
15% off of one full priced item, excludes clearance items. Must bring original coupon – not a copy. Must present student I.D.
May not be combined with any other offers.



March, 2018
Vol. CXXXVI, No. 4

UNDERGRADUATE BOARD

CHAIRMAN	Maia Hamin '20
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Nathaniel Perlmeter '21
MANAGING EDITOR	Will Kaplan '19
EDITORS	Mark Abate '19
	Kevin Zou '20
	Risa Gelles-Watnick '21
	Abby Clark '21
	Ameya Hadap '21
	Nathaniel Perlmeter '21
	Tyler Ashman '21

STAFF WRITERS	Nia McCullin '21
	Benjamin Gelman '22
	Amanda Vera '22
	Justin Yin '21
	Maddie Winter '22
	Allen Delgado '22
	Lucas Maake '22

DESIGN

ART DIRECTOR	Kyra Gregory '19
DESIGN EDITOR	Kyra Gregory '19
	Oliver Nusbaum '22
STAFF ARTISTS	Kyra Gregory '19
	Nia McCullin '21
	Ze-Xin Koh '21
	Bob Schofner '22

BUSINESS AND ADMINISTRATION

BUSINESS MANAGER	Shanon Fitzgerald '20
STAFF BUSINESS	Oliver Nusbaum '22
	Zev Mishell '22
CONFERENCE DIRECTOR	Amelia Stucke '20
WEB WARLOCK	Jamie Mercurio '20
	Gagik Amarian '22
SOCIAL CHAIRS	Amelia Stucke '20

Cover by Kyra Gregory '19
Copy editing by Maia Hamin '20 and Kyra Gregory '19

GRADUATE BOARD

CO-PRESIDENTS	Keith Blanchard '88
	Charles Coxé '97
VICE-PRESIDENT	Ed Strauss '72
TREASURER	Jose Pincay-Delgado '77
SECRETARY	Mark Daniels '06
ADVISORY CARTOONIST	Michael C. Witte '66

Sean Cunningham '98, Chip Deffaa '73,
Mark Dowden '84, John Farr '81, Ed Finn '02,
Tom Gibson '77, Jim Kirchman '88,
Clint Kakstys '00, Rob Kutner '94,
Jim Lee '86, Steve Liss '10, Stephen Moeller '99, Bryan
Walsh '01, Bret Watson '82

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO

The Princeton Tiger (ISSN 0032-8421) is published 4
times per year by The Princeton Tiger, Inc. 48 University
Place, Suite 402, Princeton, NJ 08544.



A message from the chairman

Like a cigar-puffing Arnold Schwarzenegger, or like the Street the Boys live on, or --- apparently --- like the measles, you're back! How does it feel? What half-forgotten memories return when, stumbling around the old stomping ground, you catch sight of that familiar table in Firestone (if you were a nerd) or that familiar bush outside of T.I. (if you were a nerd who liked to drink)? Do you miss it? Do you have regrets? Is one of them not putting the moves on Ralph Nader at that one College Dems pregame?

Anyway, these questions aren't mere ego-stoking for the nostalgia-washed reader. We undergraduates actually want to know. Time has a way of flying by when you're here, and sometimes it's hard to know how to make the ole days good while you're in them. I sure hope that you're most wistful for the innumerable hours you spent holed up in the TigerMag office, finishing up layout as night faded into the bleak dawn of deadline morning --- otherwise I've made a terrible mistake.

Luckily, the privilege of cultivating the juciest content on campus is its own reward. Here are some of examples of the ways this oh-so-silly magazine has been oh-so-good to me this year:

- We brought talented female comedians and over 60 students from other humor magazines to the Women in Comedy Fest, this year's incarnation of the National Intercollegiate Humor Conference (props to Raina, Conference Director)

- We sowed discord and outrage amongst the student body by making a website with a randomized list of student names and calling it the "definitive ranking of all Princeton students" (props to Gagik, Webmaster, and Nate, Mastermind)

- We got our first cease-and-desist type email from the university administration in response to student complaints about said website (props to Unnamed Dean #1)

- We remained almost entirely financially solvent (props to Shanon, Business Manager)

- We compelled an administrator to utter the phrase "Butt Stuff" out loud (props to Unnamed Dean #2)

Thanks to the general neurosis of the Princeton student body, and to the hard work of the Tiger's unusually good-looking staff, it's been a good year for the Tiger. We sure hope it's been good for you too.

And, if you're reading this, you're probably here on campus. Stop in and say hi, will you? We'd like to hear some long-winded ramblings about the shenanigans you got up to in your own time. Especially if your experiences impart some little kernel of truth or wisdom. And especially, especially if you're Ralph Nader and you're ready to finish what we started on that sweltering June evening so many years ago.

Maia Hamin '20
Chairman

Kavanaugh’s Compelling Defense: I Was Raised a Man in American Society



WASHINGTON D.C. — At the historic hearing concerning the sexual assault allegations against Supreme Court nominee Judge Brett Kavanaugh, the potential Justice offered a heartfelt and persuasive explanation for his actions: he was raised a man in the social climate of America.

“In American culture,” the Judge told the Senate Judiciary Committee, “young men were not traditionally held responsible for their actions against women.”

“You have to understand,” he added, “nothing in my background prepared me for the idea of facing consequences as a result of harm that I caused a woman — or, in fact, multiple women.”

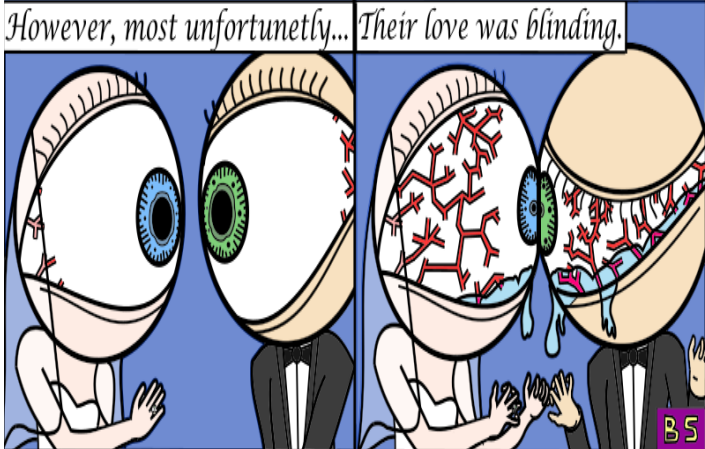
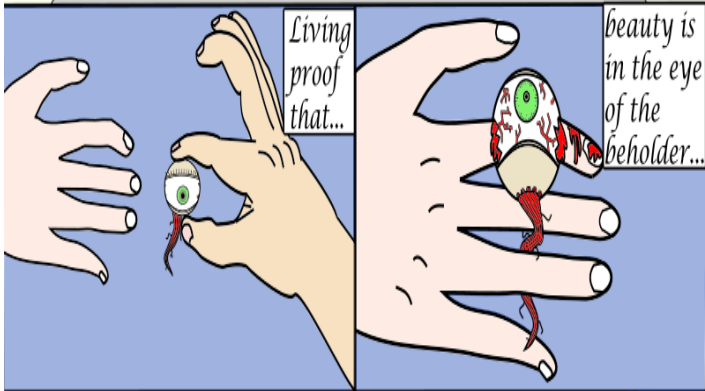
Judge Kavanaugh went on to explain how his upbringing in American culture also did not introduce him to the taboos against using your admission to Yale as a defense at a hearing where you are being accused of sexual assault, or implying that the accusations are the work of a leftist conspiracy.

“I mean, maybe in other cultures you’re taught that treating women like sexual trophies and bragging about it to your friends is somehow bad, but not in America,” he added. He went on to note that it would be unfair to deny him the seat based on his high school conduct, since “I’m pretty sure the words ‘treat women with respect’ don’t even make grammatical sense in the dialect we speak back home.”

“At the end of the day,” concluded Kavanaugh, “this hearing is about tolerating other people’s customs and coexistence. I respect your culture, where women are treated like humans, so please respect mine, where it’s totally okay for me to throw a tantrum on the floor of the Senate because you might not make me a Supreme Court Justice.”

The hearing ended with the Senators agreeing that it would greatly add to the cultural diversity of the Supreme Court if they confirmed Kavanaugh, as nobody of his background had been appointed since Justice Clarence Thomas was confirmed in 1991.

BRANDON GELMAN ‘22



BOB SCHOFNER ‘22

Five Inspiring Marriages That Would Be More Inspiring If the Husband Weren’t Clearly More Interested in Marrying Foghorn Leghorn



These five couples show us that if a couple is meant to be, no difference is too large to overcome. That said, they would show us this a little better if it weren’t painfully obvious that each husband would much rather be married to the popular cartoon chicken Foghorn Leghorn.

Tom Johnson & Maria Jiménez

When Tom and Maria told their parents that they were engaged, both the Smiths and the Jiménezes were a little apprehensive about bridging the cultural divide. But by the time this happy couple exchanged vows at the altar, you could see that their love had brought their families together. Unfortunately, Tom spent the better part of his vows describing how his love for Maria persisted despite her lack of either a beak or a boisterous southern accent, leaving everyone in the church, no matter their race, deeply confused.

Katie Chiang & Anand Mukherjee

In March 2016, Katie and Anand first met as grad students at Harvard Law School, proving racists wrong once and for all. In April 2016, Anand saw his first Foghorn Leghorn cartoon, The Slick Chick. It only took three days for him to start muttering “I will wed the television bird” in his sleep every night. When the pair got married, Katie said “I do” but Anand said “Fine, whatever,” and was clearly watching Foghorn cartoons on his phone.

Noam Levy & Karima Abadi

Karima is Palestinian; Noam is Israeli. Karima prays five times a day; Noam wears a yarmulke. Karima’s grandparents were killed in an airstrike last year. Noam’s grandparents are Benjamin Netanyahu and a map of Israel that includes the West Bank. Karima doesn’t have any six-foot-tall cardboard cutouts of Foghorn Leghorn hidden in their cellar; Noam has one six-foot-tall cardboard cutout of

Foghorn Leghorn hidden in their cellar. Karima has never attempted to steal Noam’s wedding ring; Noam gave Karima’s to the Foghorn cutout as soon as they got back from their honeymoon. Could these differences keep them apart? Not for a second.

Peter Takashi & Daffy Duck

Last year, Peter made history by being the first human man ever to legally marry the cartoon character Daffy Duck. This is more of an interspecies relationship, but it’s still a huge win for progress. Sadly, the fact that Peter is clearly more attracted to another cartoon bird has put a real strain on their relationship. Now Daffy has an inferiority complex because he can’t stop comparing himself to the bigger and taller Foghorn Leghorn, which is something he brings up every week at marriage counseling.

Rose Wallace & Foghorn Leghorn Creator Robert McKimson

Wallace, a black woman, and McKimson, a white man, defied the racist prejudices of their time when they got married in 1946. Unfortunately, shortly after their wedding, McKimson started teaching himself animation skills, which he told his wife he would use to create “a spouse more suited to my peculiar taste for the charismatic farmbird.” Later that year, Foghorn Leghorn made his debut in the animated short Walky Talky Hawky, changing the course of American animation forever.

MAX FELDMAN ‘19

Every Lighted Window is Like a Soul Less Popular than Me

Staring out at the innumerable glowing squares of the New York City skyline, I was struck by the realization that every window contained its own story, its own infinitely complex life lived by an infinitely complex person who is definitely less popular than me. In that moment, I was forced to reckon with my own place in a universe of incomprehensible magnitude, and I understood in the blink of an eye that I was not the center of the world but merely a universally-adored speck in an infinite galaxy, populated with billions of people, some of whom might be pretty cool, but none of whom are as cool as me.

“Who knows what the occupants of the cars flowing past on the street below are thinking?” I thought. “They probably aren’t thinking about how they made out with Fitz at Selena Wu’s party, because only I did that, but they could be thinking about how they made out with somebody who isn’t Fitz at some other party. It’s true that that somebody could never compare to Fitz, whose body is chiseled enough to cut through the miasma of my existential uncertainty. But nevertheless, all of their thoughts are just as important to them as mine are to me, even if the person they are thinking about making out with is objectively less handsome than Fitz.”

As I reflected on how many people came to my birthday pool party last year, I realized that the thousands of people around me also probably had birthday parties last year, and that some of them probably even had lots of people come, though it seems highly unlikely that any of them would have had as many people come to their birthday party as came to mine. Waves of wonder and sadness washed over me, as I came to recognize the ultimate unimportance of all of the lives of the people less popular than I.

I felt liberated too, as I realized that the vastness of the universe meant that my life must be lived for myself alone, that there are no limits on my own freedom other than those I create myself. I shed a tear in the darkness of the night as I realized, once and for all, that it ultimately did not matter whether the quarterback of the football team had asked me out (although he had), or whether a majority of the class had listed me as the hottest girl in school on their Ask.fm. (although, again, they had).

All that mattered, in this uncaring, incomprehensibly vast universe, is that I was the most popular girl in the world. None of the millions of fascinating but less-popular lives in progress all around me could ever change that. Unless that bitch Susie Semple gets to be homecoming queen.

MAIA HAMIN ‘20

The Staff of TigerMag Would Like to Reiterate Our Lack of Affiliation with the Film "Orange Key Whore Guides: An XXX Parody"

It has come to the attention of the *TigerMag* editorial staff that a potentially harmful rumor is circulating about our group in the campus community. While The Princeton Tiger is proud to be a mainstay of the Princeton comedy scene and we are known practitioners of the occasional prank or two, we would like to now and forever deny any involvement with the popular adult entertainment production "Orange Key Whore Guides: An XXX Parody."

It is somewhat understandable why a casual *TigerMag* reader would make the connection. The film's opening scene consists of protagonist Pete Rinceton standing on the steps of Dick-Clio Hall, and informing his tour group of scantily clad prospective-student mothers that he will do anything to make their frigid winter walk around upper campus more enjoyable. It's a fine parody that any member of our writing staff would be happy to have penned, but we must reiterate, we had nothing to do with it. This is for the best, as we likely couldn't withstand the ensuing legal action from the University.

It makes us proud, though, that our names would so immediately be associated with such a fine piece of work.

The film has many standout scenes. At FuckerStone library, Pete and a visitor really make the most of the privacy available in the 72 miles of shelving that Pete repeatedly points out throughout the encounter. At Going-In-RawBertson hall, Pete is magnanimous in showing the group his generous financial aid package. And at Blair Arse, Pete demonstrates Princeton's dedication to independent work by independently creampieing every member of his tour group in a tour de force of wit any satirist would be proud of.



NATE PERLMETER '21

"Orange Key Whore Guides: An XXX Parody" is one of the better movies I've seen in a long time, and I recommend it to all readers of this magazine. The target demographics definitely overlap. And I must admit, I am roommates with the screenwriter, and the scene where Pete Eiffel Towers two admissions officers on the gravel of McCosh Cock was my idea. But let me assure you that that was me being funny in my spare time and not in any official capacity as part of this esteemed, classy, legally innocent publication.

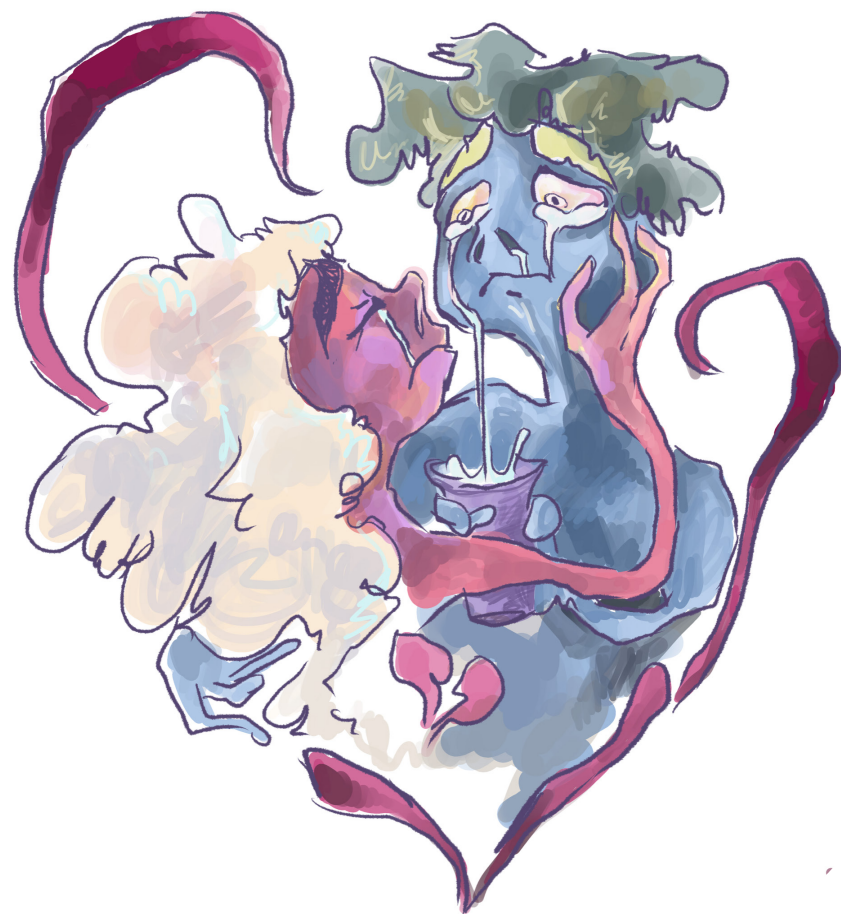


MAX FELDMAN '19
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

A Sneak Peek at the New Romance Novel “Falling In Pheromone Compatability,” by Nella Grayson

Caitlin looked into Daniel’s glistening eyes as she, too, began to cry. Her heart pounded furiously like war drums spurring on her valorous fight to keep their relationship alive. They wept together, thus feeling ever closer in this tender moment, even though this emotional reaction is really just a result of humans instinctively mirroring each other rather than an expression of true love, which does not exist and never has. “Do you really think we can start over?” she asked, her voice fluttering under the weight of her heartfelt but cosmically empty question.

He smiled and reached up to touch her face with his firm hand. “My dearest Caitlin,” he said in a deep, sexy bass voice, which is scientifically proven to be more attractive to women, regardless of whether or not the person speaking is actually a good, caring, not-adulterous person. “I know I’ve made mistakes. I know that I’ve hurt you. But I promise that I never meant to do any of that, and I never will again.”



Daniel believed his own words fully, though this was, of course, an empty promise, because the same brain chemistry arbitrarily motivating his currently chivalrous and gallant mood could, at any moment and for no actual reason, shift. It could alter his emotional state to one of boredom, or violent fury, or callous infidelity with an accountant he always insisted was only an acquaintance on a professional level, because we are all slaves to our own biology and love is nothing more than chemicals. Caitlin, oblivious to the ultimate futility of any attempts at a genuine and spiritual human connection, rushed into his arms and held him close. She wanted to kiss him over and over again, never let him go, and love him and be with him forever, which is unfortunate because death is inevitable, and there is no rational reason to assume there is an afterlife in which they could stay together after their brains cease functioning. If she was lucky, they would get married and stick together even through their fading attraction for

each other, until she would die first so that he would be the one left with the loneliness and grief instead of her.

Daniel pulled her into a long, passionate kiss, their fingers running along each other’s bodies in mutual exploration of the figures they had too long been separated from, feeling comfort in the familiarity each felt with the other. Their hearts beat in alternating rhythm, complementing each other perfectly as their kisses became more and more energized, and their emotional reunion began to accelerate into something else entirely.

My husband left me.

Find “Falling in Pheromone Compatability” on store shelves this June.

WILL KAPLAN '19
ILLUSTRATED BY ZE-XIN KOH '21

The Ultimate Wager: This Girl Bet She Could Transform the Most Popular Guy in School into a Complete Nerd in Time for Comic-Con

A few weeks ago, it seemed like high schooler Alice Reinhold’s worst fears had become reality. Comic-Con was only a month away, and Alice still hadn’t found someone to take her to the big event. But rather than giving up hope, Alice took a bold step that will likely make this the most memorable pop culture fandom experience of her life: she bet her friends that she could transform Brad Kaplan, the most popular guy in school, into a complete nerd in time for him to take her to Comic-Con.

When Alice told her friends she was thinking about taking Brad to Comic-Con, they had their doubts. Brad plays lacrosse, has the strongest jawline in the senior class, and apparently doesn’t know that much about science fiction or even the Marvel Cinematic Universe.

Alice thought she was making progress when Brad agreed to watch a few episodes of the CW series *The Flash* with her after school, but the whole time Brad kept asking why the Flash doesn’t use his superpowers to play for a Big 12 school. Clearly, Alice has a long way to go if she wants to avoid embarrassing both Brad and herself this year.

Just when things started to look hopeless, Alice had a breakthrough when she asked Brad to flatten his hair a bit and try on a pair of wire-frame glasses. It turns out, with glasses and a different hair part, Brad actually isn’t that eye-catchingly attractive.

Alice has also been inviting Brad to play *Dungeons and Dragons* with her friends after school, and although he was hesitant at first, Brad is now pretty invested in his character and even plays with an accent that seems to be what he thinks dwarvish would sound like. Wow. At this rate, Brad should be putting together a passable *Diablo III* cosplay in no time!

Of course, the possibility of disaster still looms. Just a few days ago, Brad overheard Alice talking with one of her friends about the bet, and he was so hurt that it looked like he might never rate *Fullmetal Alchemist: Brotherhood* favorably as a faithful adaptation of the original manga ever again.

But, after tracking Brad down, curled up alone at his team’s end of the year lacrosse banquet, Alice delivered a heartfelt speech about how, while taking him to Comic-Con did start out as a bet, she really had grown to respect him as a fellow adherent of nerd culture, and all in all it seemed like Brad was able to forgive her.

Hopefully, this pair gets to Comic-Con okay. We wish Alice the best of luck with Brad, and also with Damien, who she is currently teaching soprano saxophone as part of a bet to take the least-rhythmic kid in her class to the Monterey Jazz Festival this year. You can do this!

MARK ABATE '19



I wonder if Remy from Ratatouille
masturbates to me too.

AMANDA VERA '22



I do not like Green Eggs, but damn,
I like what I see!
They call me the Lorax,
Will you speak to my tree?

You have what I want
And I have what you Thneed,
So let's hit the dance floor,
Come! Follow my lead!

Your moves are on fire,
You really know how to work it,
I like a girl who's freaky,
Like the Circus McGurkus.

You really got me going,
By the way that you dance,
There's a Wocket in My Pocket!

What do you have in your pants?
I think this party's dying,
We should get on our way,
Like the Grinch stealing Christmas,
Something grew three sizes today.

My roommate is sleeping,
But I bang with 3 knocks,
Get out! I shout with vigor,
I've got a Fox in the Box!

Oh! The Places you'll Go!
I'll rock your world, wait and see!
You'll be knocked back into Whoville,
By the time you're done with me.

Mr. Brown can moo,
Show me what you can do,
Take out your Thing 1,
And insert my Thing 2.

One base, two base, third base, home
base!
Slow pace, fast pace, this place, that
place!

—
WHOA! What happened last night?
What on earth did I do?
Is someone else in this bed?
Wait 'til Horton hears about you!

EVAN KING '17

Student Regrets Not Spending More Time Studying Alone

PRINCETON – A local student reports that if he could change one aspect of his college experience, it would be the lack of time spent studying alone in his room in the dark. The senior elaborated that although he does schoolwork “like, all the time,” he also sincerely regrets missing out on many of the other incredible opportunities on campus for crushing isolation, such as studying alone in Firestone, studying alone in Frist and studying alone in the dining hall.

“Yeah, when I think about that night I spent partying frosh week, that dinner I accidentally ate with my friends and the time I introduced myself to my roommate, part of me is filled with a deep sense of regret for all the time I just flushed straight down the drain,” the student explained. “The other part of me is filled

with a deep sense of regret that I’m wasting thoughts on remorse that I could have used to get more work done.”

When asked to comment on his statement, the senior’s friends declined, citing the fact that they “have, like, SO much stuff to do” and that they are “seriously the worst procrastinators ever.”

They also mentioned that they were all “screwed for this exam on Friday,” likely due to the fact that they “spent WAY too much time sleeping and for real, like, haven’t studied at all.”

At press time, the 20-year-old student was spanking himself for taking a shower and then softly weeping at his desk.

MAX GOLLIN '16

The Bottle



Once upon a Thursday dreary,
Thinking soberly, and weary,
Mulling every single incident the night
might have in store,
Suddenly there came a knocking,
As of someone roughly socking,
On my temples, rudely clocking,
pounding through my skull’s front door,
“Tis’ a vicious, vile headache through
my cranial front door.
Only this, and nothing more.”
With the agony, quite bruising,
Hence I contemplated snoozing,
But instead resolved to languish with
my head upon the floor.
But the headache still persisted,
“Run to Frist,” my mind insisted,
Heed the hunger you’ve resisted, dance
the night on Cottage floor!
“First I’ll douse my head in water, then
to Frist, and then their floor?”
Off to Frist, or the U-Store.
So I sat, engaged in scheming,
Of a quicker route, still dreaming,
I cut short my dorm-room music by the
fabulous Sean Paul.
As I went to leave, proceeding,
I observed the door receding,
When an object lay, misleading, ‘twixt
the hole within my wall,
Something frightful lay misleading by
the aperture and wall...
Twas a jug of alcohol.
And the bottle was beguiling,
Had seduced me into smiling,
Thus I contemplated reasons for its
presence near my wall.
This and more I stood divining,
With my head at ease reclining,
Saw the glis’ning bottle shining, now
adjacent to my wall
The emitted, warming glow, and my
illuminated wall...
And I wanted alcohol.
Thus I sat, engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the jug whose brilliant luster was
entrancing more and more...
Still I questioned its creation,

Its conspicuous location,
And the imminent elation, should its
contents fill my core,
Thus the evil bottle tempted me, my
alcoholic core,
Sitting right there on the floor.
Right below Blair’s noble arch,
The spring was coming, it was March,
And my mouth felt dry and parched,
and yet the jug was at my door.
Hence to stop my heady aching,
Short of ceasing standing waking,
I began the night’s mistaking, grabbing
jug from off my floor,
Most horrendous was my error, taking
jug from off my floor...
Quoth the vessel, “DRINK, soph’more!”
Much I marveled this ungainly
Jug addressing me so plainly,
Still I reasoned, rather vainly, that this
jug was a cure-all.
So I sipped from jug of malice,
Lucious vodka, Crystal Palace,
But the vodka, cold and callous, still
was full, and I did fall...
In amazement, for it seemed as if I
hadn’t drank at all...
Quoth the jug, “Drink alcohol.”
Resolution now redoubled,
With my thinking somewhat troubled,
From intoxicated ether, coupled with
the vessel’s call,
I had chugged substantial booze
And yet this bottle seemed to choose
In fact, to utterly refuse to be ingested
now at all!
I was certain my consumption had
exceeded none at all.
So I chugged more alcohol.
But the jug remained unfinished,
With its volume undiminished.
Still was full, thus I decreed that I’d
defeat it with a chug.
I drank more, my mind conceited,
I would see the juice depleted,
But the task stayed, uncompleted, the
advantage to the drug.
I had chugged, and still it filled with
the unconquerable drug.
So I smashed it like a bug.
Smashed the jug upon the entry
But as if some evil sentry,

Stood undamaged, like an apparition
passing through the wall,
“Can you explicate remaining after
impacts here sustaining?”
Now tempestuous, complaining its sur-
viving after all,
“What unholy force to tether keeps you
solid after all?”
Quoth the jug, “Drink alcohol.”
“Prophet” said I, “thing of evil!
Prophet still, if jug or devil,
Whether Ivy sent, or upperclassman
left you at my wall,
Glass of Satan, filled with liquor,
My intestines growing sicker,
Must I find a holy vicar to prevent what
shall befall,
What abhorrent fate awaits me, can you
tell what shall befall?”
Quoth the bottle, “Alcohol.”
“Prophet” said I, “thing of evil!
Prophet still, if jug or devil,
By the heaven that bends above us, by
the G-d we both adore
Tell this horny soph’more whether
Chick and I might leave together,
Will I see her regions, nether, tell me if
this shall befall?
I would like to bed a female, thus I
plead, shall this befall?”
Quoth the bottle, “Alcohol.”
“You indomitable bottle!
Your smooth neck I now shall throttle!
I’ll consume, but not because you ask,
but for to quell your gall.”
So I disregarded pacing,
Drank as TI morons racing,
My inebriate disgracing forced my head
into the wall.
I relinquished my objective as my head
approached the wall.
Jug still full with alcohol.
And the vessel, never quitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting,
Perched upon my desk of cedar, resting
there against my wall.
And my friends plead “Byowitz,
Lay off the Natty and the Schlitz,
You should avoid the liquor blitz,” but I
will drink until they call.
Thus a hermit here, shit-tarded, with
my head against my wall.
Quoth the bottle, “Alcohol.”

King of Pop's Death Sparks Bloody War of Succession

Michael Jackson, the long-reigning King of Pop, has died, leaving behind a bankrupt estate, grieving subjects, and a treacherous power vacuum. The king's sudden death came as a shock, and rumors suggest he may even have been poisoned by a member of his own court.

As thousands of Jackson's subjects grieved, the other members of Pop royalty watched quietly, their machinations temporarily hidden out of respect for the fallen king. Gladys Knight appeared without lance or armor to perform the Lord's Prayer, but as soon as the King of Pop was laid to rest his failure to name a successor sparked open war among the surviving nobles.



It came as no surprise that Lady Gaga, young leader of the Haus of Gaga, was among the first to lay claim to the royal birthright, claiming Jackson as one of her influences. Many believe that Prince ought instead be king, but the rest of Pop royalty says he forever forfeited his right of succession in the 90s by renouncing his name to become "the artist formally known as Prince."

There has not been such vicious infighting since the death of Elvis, first King of Rock. In the wake of the King's death, Rock splintered into many warring genres. Without a strong king Pop too grows vulnerable. The Kings of Leon, based in Southern Rock, have already made multiple incursions into Pop.

Yet some believe a Pop hero will reveal himself, emerging from obscurity to take all of Pop by storm. Others put their faith in rumors and prophecy, for whispered words tell of an unlikely savior. Though he left Pop long ago on a quest for new material, a desperate few still hope Sir-Mix-Alot will return with a double platinum single, the Holy Grail of the music world.

STEVEN LISS '10

Bush Mangles State of the Union, Vows to Send Children to Mars, Leave no Terrorist Behind, and Deploy Astronauts to Iraq

WASHINGTON – As a crowd of silent, appalled, and dumbfounded congressmen, senators, and armed forces commanders looked on, President Bush managed his worst failure to grasp the English language to date.

"I vow that by the conclusion of this decade, elementary school children who fail to meet basic academic standards will be sent to Mars... err... wait... Those members of Al-Qaeda performing acts of terrorism and those governments supporting and harboring them will never be left behind... I mean, I believe that it is imperative for our national oil-based economy, uh, interests to deploy astronauts to Iraq... because Saddam Hussein may have nukular weapons of mass tax deductions..."

A chorus of applause, boos, and the occasional "what the f^&*?" met the President as he took the requisite dramatic pause following his linguistic lapse.

When asked to comment following the speech's conclusion, Senator John Kerry (D-MA) replied "If I lose to this semi-coherent excuse for a commander-in-chief I'll... I'll.... well, I'll continue my Senate term I suppose."

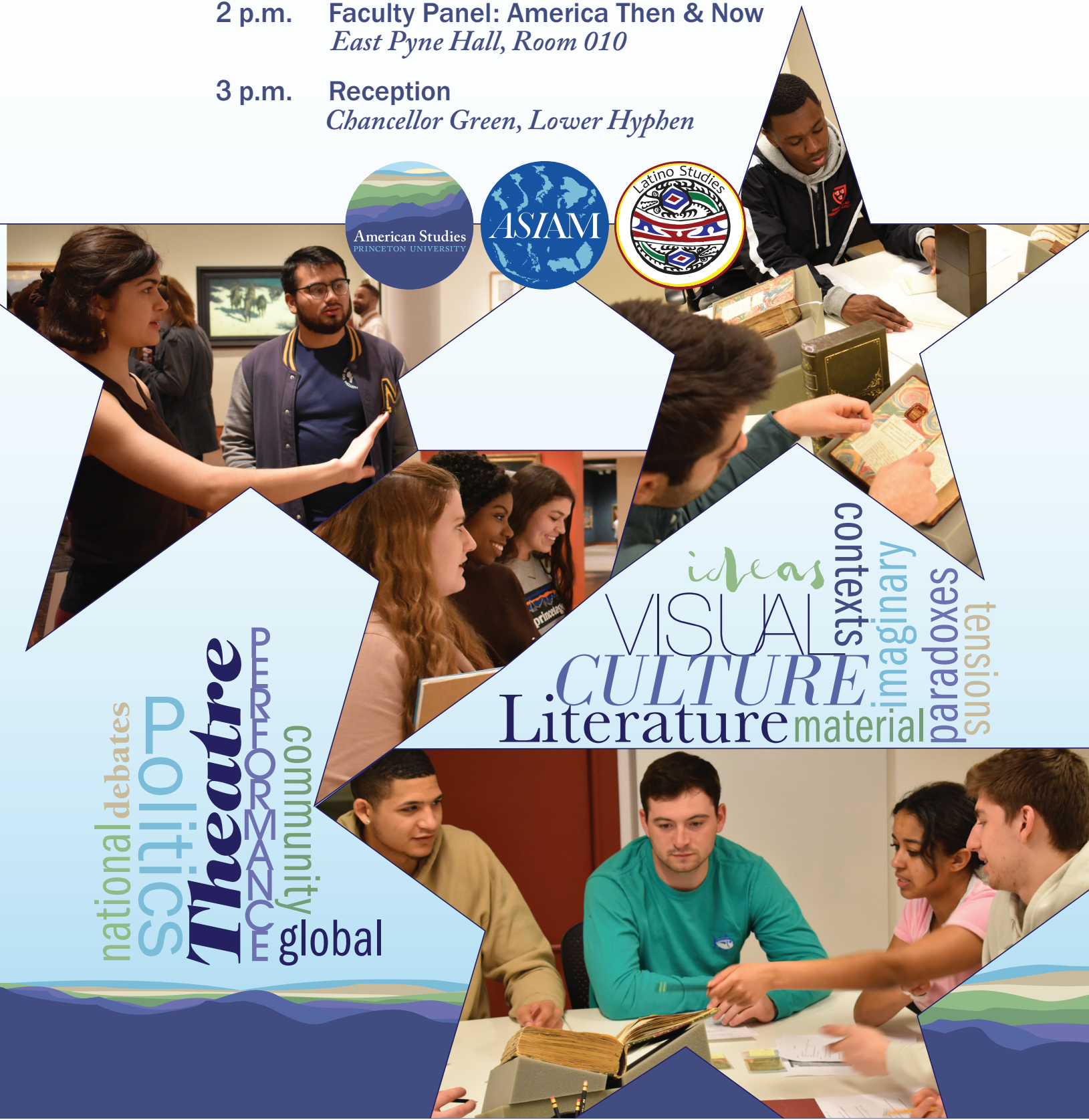


Join us at Reunions
learn about the new Collaborative Center for the Study of America

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 2019

2 p.m. Faculty Panel: America Then & Now
East Pyne Hall, Room 010

3 p.m. Reception
Chancellor Green, Lower Hyphen



Thesis Pieces

Yet again seniors have tried to justify their \$120,000 hangover by demonstrating their new-found brilliance. Yet again, many failed. Tiger managed to obtain the following snippets of golden prose...after the professors were done laughing at them, of course. Enjoy!

Everyone Must Die: Explorations in C++

Submitted to the Department of Computer Science

This thesis program was written primarily in C++, with later additions for Windows compatibility. I have taken the liberty of including a self-replication code, insuring that it is already installed on every computer connected to a phone line. If all my demands are not met within ten days, I will activate my thesis, thus turning these computers into expensive, short-lived smoke machines. My demands are as follows: I demand the immediate torture and elimination of the of the entire Computer Science department, the conversion of Fine Hall into an aquarium, a guarantee of safety for my pet toad, Alfred, and three crates of blueberry pop-tarts. I have hacked into the prox card system, so I know where all of you are, all of the time. Press any key :-)

Beating Deadbeats: Stringent Income Tax Policies

Submitted to the Department of Economics

In order to test my theory, I set up a paradigm using my little brother as “the people.” When we went to the store, he didn’t have enough money, so I bought him a pack of gum. When he didn’t pay me back two days later, I threatened to audit him. The next time he didn’t pay me back for a pack of gum, I beat him up. After that, there was \$0.85 on my desk. So I beat him up again and said he forgot to pay interest and little brother taxes. After dinner, there was a fiver on my pillow. In conclusion, the government should use harsh policy to get people to pay everything they owe, even if the president has to go around to every house and punch people. If he did, “the people” would listen. Or maybe he should have his body guards do the beating up. Clinton might get clobbered.



THESIS TITLES

PSYCHOLOGY Why Are The Safeguards At T.I. Such Assholes?



PHILOSOPHY I Think, Therefore I Can: Descartes and The Little Engine That Could

NEAR-EASTERN STUDIES The Creamy, Fluffy White Devil: Hostess Twinkies’ Effect on Indigenous Arab Tribes

EEB Evolution is a Damn Lie

ANTHROPOLOGY Freshmeat Culture: Underclass Girls who will Hook Up with Me

THESIS T-SHIRT SLOGANS

GERMAN “My thesis is History” (due to incredibly small size, the department was forced to accept error shirts from other departments.)

ENGLISH “My thesis are finished”

ECONOMICS “Satan purchased my soul for a fair market price.”

CLASSICS “What the hell am I going to do with this degree?”

PHILOSOPHY “I bullshit, ergo my thesis is.”

SOCIOLOGY “I had a thesis?”

WOODROW WILSON “My thesis is done. When do I get to start the next one?”

MEDIEVAL STUDIES “I went medieval on my thesis” (just kidding, there really isn’t anyone in the Medieval Studies program)

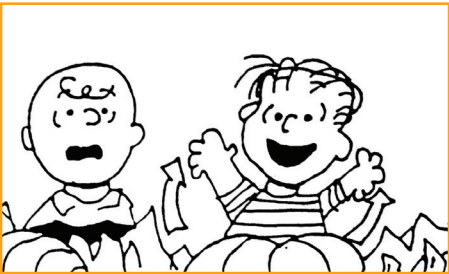
POLITICS “Mine was as good as a Woody Woo thesis. Really.”

PSYCHOLOGY “I finished my thesis. I want to kill my father.”

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



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



Charlie Brown: The Great Pumpkin?
Linus: Yes, Charlie Brown. The dark lord



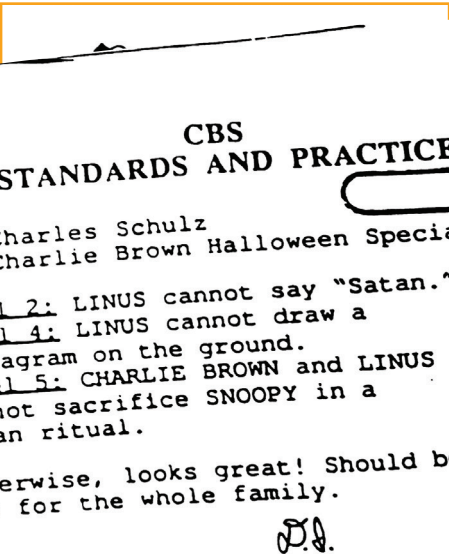
Charlie Brown: But how can we summon the forces of evil to do our bidding?



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



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



RIDDLES

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

ANSWERS

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

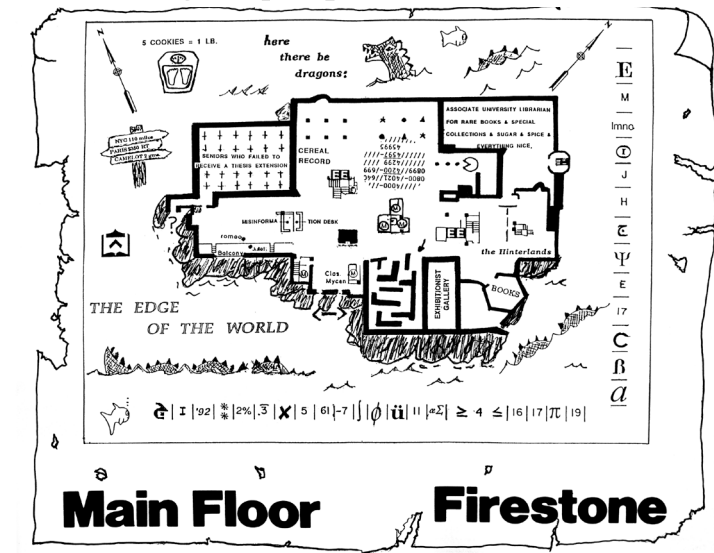
Leaving No Tome Unturned: Iconography of the Moche

THREE FLOORS DOWN in the Firestone Library the air became still and heavy and we found it difficult to breathe. As we poked our beams of light into dark corners and scared sleeping rodents we realized this was more than our typical assignment. But we digress.

In our service to the International Library Expeditionary Force we have faced many a musty *biblioteca*. Our latest assignment from the National Geographic™ was to:

Compare and contrast, in Ivy League libraries, the main architectural features, library merit, any inherent symbolism, and sentence structure of the third sentence on page 83 of every seventh book, excluding journal collections and those books written by authors whose last name begins with a 'Q,' and does not end with an 'X.' Essay not to exceed on 8 1/2 by 11 inch page, three justified columns, and be sure to leave room for a title.

So. From the Floral Park Public Library, Long Island, to be reduced to this? The Ivy League? The world of Polo shirts, WASPs, the future leaders of the country, and *hot* debates on Western Culture (or "Virgil vs. Bob Marley")? We prefer libraries with a children's section and no security system. But as part of ILEF, we have to be prepared for any job—even in New Jersey. In order to reach the proper frame of mind, we chanted our slogan "Read, murder, pillage, and eat books!" while packing. Our equipment list included: flashlights, 400 ft. of four strand, double ply extra-strength polyester twine, a saltshaker, fruit roll-ups™, walkie talkies,



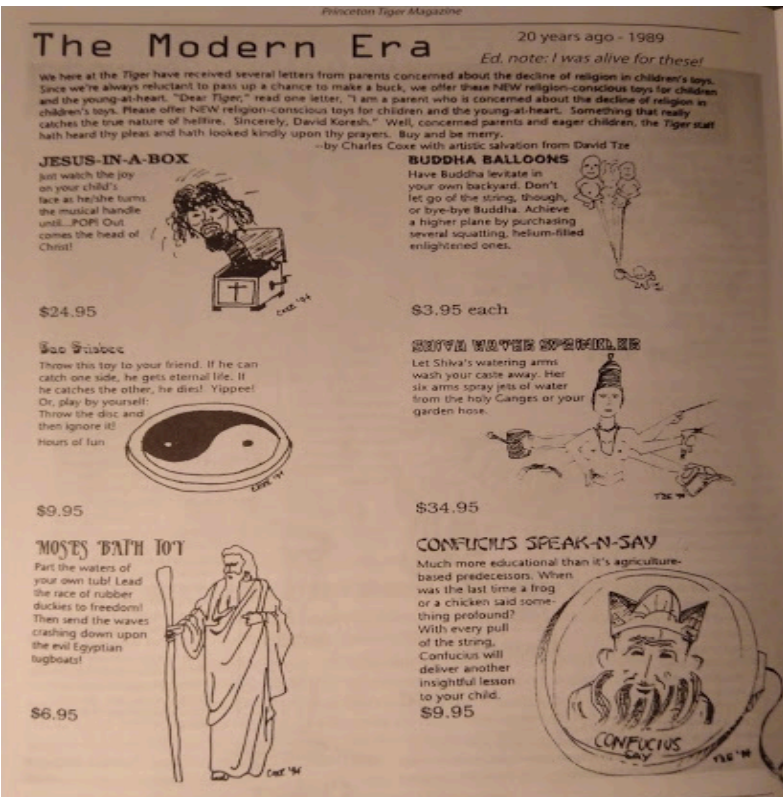
oxygen tanks, a few limes, insect repellent, roller skates, tequila, a Swiss Army knife, a WaWa Market Supersqueezer, a bandana, a cuisinart, and our American Express Gold Cards...you know why.

Clinking and clanking like a pair of twelfth century knights, we roller-skated into the lobby. Not to be deterred by the sign saying "Students must present I.D. cards upon entering," we whipped out our Amex cards. The guard, dazed by a blinding flash of gold, sat motionless while we leaped over the desk, knowing that the turnstile would have been our undoing. Something was wrong already; shouldn't knowledge be accessible to all?

We immediately set to work unnoticed, despite the noise we were making. Should we go up or down? In a move reminiscent of many a past National Geographic photographic exposé, we strapped on our oxygen tanks and headed for the C Floor. On our way down we paused to admire the pieces of random architecture pilfered from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, embedded in the walls. Once we reached the C Floor, we carefully skirted the Russian translations of Serbo-Croatian operas. We found ourselves facing the clashing rocks of the Syballis and Charibidas (sic?), that is, those silly rolling bookshelves. We sent a dove through to test the route but it met an unfortunate end—smashed between *The History of U.S. Infantry From May 1926 to July 1926*, and *QX4511. M1983* (or something like that; it was kinda hard to read through the dove's remains).

While one of us munched on some freeze dried peaches, figuring out what to do next, the other pirouetted on her skates and inadvertently bumped into a

(continued on page 456)



CHARLES COX '94 & DAVID TZE '94

CATHY M. CURAN & D. S. PENSLEY

Administration Reaction to Campus Change

MEMO FROM: RFC
TO: All Trustees
RE: Rules changes
SECRET

I am aware that you gentlemen are in a difficult position regarding the changing of longstanding rules here in the university. In fact I am the first to admit that liberalization was badly needed in some areas. If the students want us to educate women, that's all right with me. If they want their dates to sleep in their rooms, that is ultimately their concern anyway. If they don't want grades, we won't force them on anyone.

But as a firm believer in the 'domino theory,' I think the line must be drawn somewhere in order to avoid the anarchy and loss of identity as an institution. For this purpose I have drawn up a list of university rules and regulations which are henceforth to be treated as 'sacred.' Under no circumstances must we give way on the following.

A. DORMITORY RULES

1. *Painting rooms.* Students must never be allowed to paint or paper their rooms. Our boys are here as students, not interior

decorators. We think we have chosen three colors (yellow, green, and beige) which effectively clash

with anything, and it is my intention to enforce the painting rule even more stringently in the future than heretofore.

2. *Pets.* NO PETS should ever be allowed in the dormitories. In the past we we have always looked the other way when a student brought a fishbowl into his room, but I think we might crack down on this too, especially since we have reason to suspect that a student in Pyne hall is keeping a tank of piranhas (at any rate, there is a janitor missing).

We have tried to keep zoologists out of this university, but we did have an amateur catalogue 235 different varieties of insect and twelve species of rodent whose natural habitat is Witherspoon hall. It was revealed that this particular student kept an anteater in his room, and we were going to use this as an excuse to throw him out when the animal suddenly died of overeating. You can plainly see what a terrible mistake it would be to allow students to introduce even more animals into the dormitories; and moreover the SPCA has made us promise not to allow it, pointing out that animals in zoo cages have more room to themselves, more privacy, better heating, and better janitorial service.

3. *Cooking in dormitories.* Students are not allowed to use hot plates or other cooking utensils in the dormitories. I cannot overemphasize the importance of this rule, as this is a terrible fire hazard. We would hate to have to build fire escapes, especially after paying the state examiners so much to stay in Newark and Trenton.

4. *Locks.* We have never permitted students to fit their doors with special locks, and although this was originally to facilitate entry by the proctors, which is now illegal, I think the rule should remain. In fact a university store charge card will open any lock on the campus and, failing that, a loud "open sesame" will not only open most doors but knock them off of their hinges.

5. *TV Antennas.* Absolutely no outside antennas will ever be allowed on our dormitory buildings. In the army, we were taught always to include one or two rules which can't be explained or justified in any conceivable way. For discipline's sake.

P.S. — Can any of you gentlemen give me the name of a good photographer? I don't know where the 'Prince' got that picture of me in the polka-dotted bow tie, but if I see it again, I'm going to be sick. Send Rudens-tine his address, too, for Christ's sake. Subject to your approval I am giving him a raise of three dollars a month with the stipulation that it be spent at a barber-shop. Good grief!

Humanistic Studies Reunions Talk: "Freud: Civilized and Discontented"

Friday, May 31, 2019
10:00 AM

McCormick Hall, Room 106

Michael D. Gordin, Rosengarten Professor of Modern and Contemporary History, Professor of History, and Director, Society of Fellows in the Liberal Arts.

Humanities Sequence Open House 3rd Annual HUM Alumni Meet and Greet

Saturday, June 1, 2019
11:00 AM - 12:30 PM
Joseph Henry House, Patio.

Sponsored by the Council of the Humanities.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Humanistic Studies

REUNIONS

JOIN US AT



MICHAEL WITTE '66

Spring Sports

by Donald C. Strut

THIS YEAR as in most of the post-war years, the Amateur Spring Football Club of Princeton can be seen out on the lower fields demonstrating their devotion to the sport. The group is composed entirely of undergraduates who have seen in the daily sessions of the club an opportunity to improve their knowledge of the american game of football, hence to derive more than the purely physical benefits which the workouts of the club can offer. Like the rugby club, the A.S.F.C. of P. is independent of the official athletic program of the university but, unlike the rug-gers, these boys do not participate in any intercollegiate contests.

IN THE PAST three years there has been an increasing response on the part of undergraduates toward the activities of the club. Junior Franklin Setvex, who is this year's president, pointed out that more than twice as many boys have enrolled as active members of the organization this spring than in his first year as a Freshman in the fall. As an explanation for this occurrence, Setvex cited the statistic of more big boys being admitted each year to the incoming Freshman classes, boys who have played contact sports all of their lives but who have had no experience in a specialized spring sport such as Lacrosse.

President Setvex introduced us to several of the veterans of the club, mostly juniors and a few outstanding sophomore members of the backfield and the meaty center of the line, and invited us to sit in on a practise session which was just beginning. There was apparently nobody absent for this particular meeting, so about forty boys fell to a rugged calisthenic session led by Setvex and treasurer-scatback Dinny Socks. By far the most outstanding performance of this afternoon was recorded by a young-looking fellow who outdistanced the entire rest of the club in the wind-sprints around one turn and, in so doing, managed to set a club record for the distance of 148 yards without any appreciable wind at his back. Curious to know who this man might be, we put the question to Sulky Solomon, who was loosening up his shoulders on the sidelines after his victory in the pushup

race, and he replied with some annoyance, "Great Scot! that's sophomore Huge Shot."

We allowed as to how we'd heard the name, but our interests were just then taken up by a curious flurry of activity over on the other side of the practise field. All of the members had jogged over to the bench after the strenuous workout and were now in the process of doffing their sweatsuits and tying themselves into various combinations of hip, kidney, and shoulder pads which had been piled on the grass. In response to our bewildered gaze, Sulky looked rather grimly over in the direction of the others and then turned back to us.

"Oh, Setvex didn't tell you? This is our first day of contact this spring. It's actually a new club policy; the members voted just last week to have a few days of scrimmage

among themselves in order to put the various plays they've learned into realistic practise. President Setvex got permission from the gymnasium staff to make use of some of the varsity equipment, which obviously wasn't being used outside of the fall season. The gang really appreciates it."

Several minutes later two squads of players in practise uniforms lined up against each other in the center of the field and began to go through several ground plays which looked like surprisingly good imitations of the buck-lateral series used in the by the varsity itself. Upon expressing our curiosity, we were informed by a fellow who was not dressed like the rest of the members, but who had on an old pair of khakis and a sweat-shirt, that the club had always had permis-

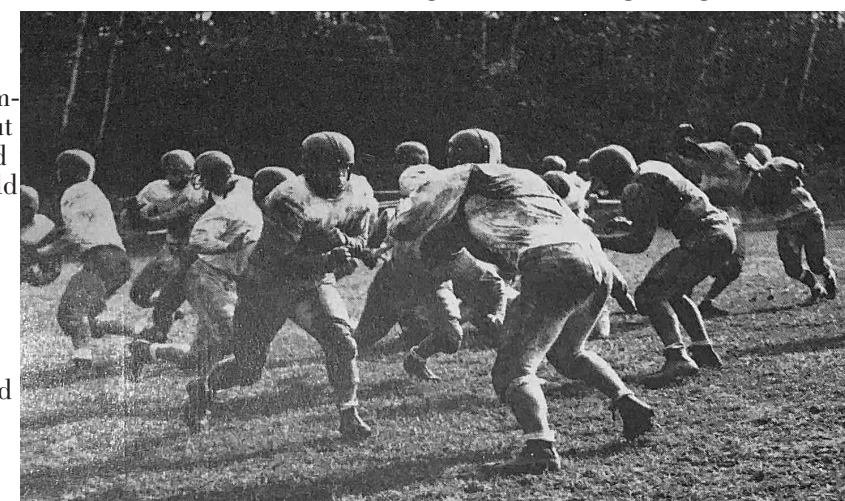
sion to use any of the varsity's plays which they might have seen in last fall's games in Palmer Stadium. Of course, they realized that they had to make up most of the patterns for blocking assignments, but the important backfield assignments were committed to memory without too much trouble by the veterans and officers of the club, since they had had an opportunity to view them for several years.

Just as we were on the verge of thanking this member, whom we now ascertained to be the club manager, and of taking our leave of the practise session, who should drive by in his new car but a bespectacled man in a sweatsuit parka whom we recognized from his pictures as none other than the varsity football coach, Ricardo Coolman himself. The managing member saw him at the same time and waved a greeting to him as he slowed down to let a few students past. Mr. Coolman saw us and pulled over to the side of the road. He smiled at the group of players who had suspended their activities to look over at the car and then he shook hands with the boy in khakis who had gone over to the side of his car.

"How's it going with you, Bill? I'm sorry I haven't seen you for quite a while, but I've been pretty busy these last few days. I see you've got quite a large number of members out this year. Wasn't that big fellow Setvex elected president of the club? Yes, there he is over near the bench."

"Yes, sir. We elected him just this winter. Do you know Dinny Socks? He was made treasurer at the same election. They're doing a good job getting the members into shape. Franklin knows quite a bit about football."

"I'd heard somewhere he played in high school; he's big enough for it."



MAY 30–JUNE 3, 2019

REUNIONSWEEKEND

SPECIAL PROGRAMMING & EXTENDED HOURS

THURSDAY

Beer Tasting and Meet the Curators

May 30, 4:00 PM | Art Museum

Enjoy conversation with curators from the Art Museum while sampling international beers in the Museum's Reunions tent; then head inside the Museum for curator-led tours.

FRIDAY

The Meanings of Museum Display

May 31, 10:00–11:15 AM | 101 McCormick Hall



Design choices have long shaped the visitor experience of museums, and even the very idea of what a museum is. Art Museum Director **James Steward** will discuss both museum architecture and display practices from eighteenth-century Europe to today's wave of new museums. Cosponsored by the Princeton University Art Museum and the Department of Art & Archaeology. A reception will follow.

Alumni in the Art World Luncheon

May 31, 12:00–1:30 PM | Oakes Lounge, Whig Hall

The Student Advisory Board of the Princeton University Art Museum hosts a luncheon featuring prominent alumni working in the art field. Whether you are a graduating senior interested in career advice or an alumnus working in the arts, all are welcome!

Engaging Modern and Contemporary Art

May 31, 2:00 PM | 101 McCormick Hall

Three distinguished alumni—from the Great Classes of 1979, 1984, and 2004—discuss some of the unique challenges involved in collecting and interpreting contemporary art, from the perspectives of collectors, scholars, art dealers, independent curators, and museum board leaders.



Gainsborough's Family Album

FEBRUARY 23–JUNE 9



Confronting Childhood

FEBRUARY 2–JUNE 9



Miracles on the Border

Retablos of Mexican Migrants to the United States

MARCH 16–JULY 7

EXTENDED HOURS Thursday, May 30, 10 AM–9 PM • Friday, May 31–Monday, June 3, 10 AM–5 PM

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
ART MUSEUM

ALWAYS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

artmuseum.princeton.edu

TOP: Thomas Gainsborough (British, 1727–1788), *Mary and Margaret Gainsborough, the Artist's Daughters, Playing with a Cat* (detail), ca. 1760–61. Oil on canvas. The National Gallery, London. Bought, 1923. © The National Gallery, London; Sally Mann (American, born 1951), *Under Blueberry Hill* (detail), 1991. Gelatin silver print. Museum purchase, Philip F. Maritz, Class of 1983, Photography Acquisitions Fund (2016–46) © Sally Mann, Courtesy of Gagosian Gallery; *Retablo of Manuela Sánchez and Children* (detail), 1947. Oil on metal. Massey-Fiske Collection