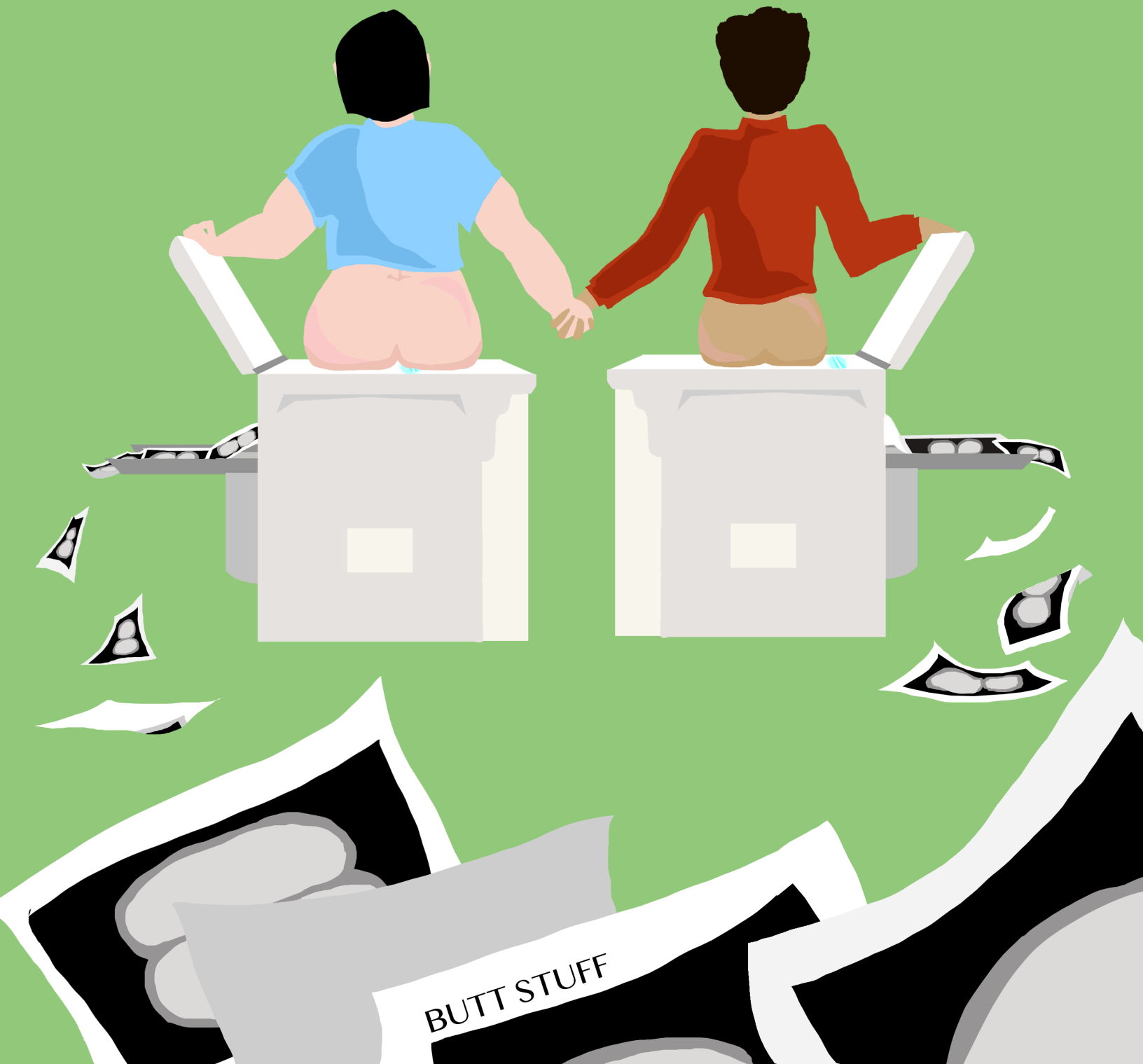


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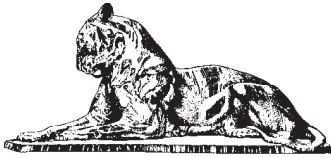
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A message from the chairman

If you're reading this letter because I, Maia Hamin, passed you a copy of this magazine, and if you're getting a little nervous because I, Maia Hamin, am now standing inches from you, watching you read it with a half-hopeful grin on my face, this is about when you should laugh to reassure me. It doesn't have to be a full-bellied guffaw. Maybe slap your knee a little bit, or wipe a tear from the corner of your eye, if you're feeling generous. Mmmmmmm, yes. Thank you. I needed that.

The life of a collegiate comedy writer is harder than the movies make it seem. The expectations are high, and the stakes higher. Have you ever felt the weight of the world on your slender, nubile, finely-wrought, moonlight-dappled shoulders? Every day on campus someone stops me, wondering if I'm "the Maia Hamin", asking when the next issue is coming so that they know when next they'll get the chance to laugh, cry, and everything in between (emotions such as "mild frown" and "peed my pants").

If you're one of those fans, pee now, but fear not, for the long wait is over. The issue is here, and it's all about love and relationships. It's time to explore the creative ways we keep from connecting with each other. These twenty glossy, 8.5"x11", saddle-bound pages provide a way for us to transfigure our broken hearts and bruised egos into deliciously-digestible, oh-so-relatable content. Herein, we express the forbidden longing for the gloved touch of certain fast food mascots that has too long gone voiceless in an unsympathetic world.

As our hearts are broken (by the aforementioned emotionally-unavailable fast food mascots), we wrap ourselves deeper in protective layers of irony and irreverence. If you're feeling brave, let the magazine in. Maybe you're ready to get hurt again. Maybe the solution to all of your relationship woes can be found within its shimmering pages. Maybe, just maybe, the secret is making a one-time \$75 donation to Tiger Magazine, LLC. You'll never know until you try.

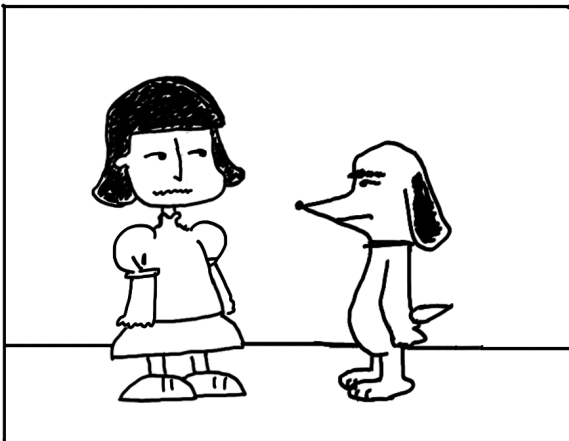
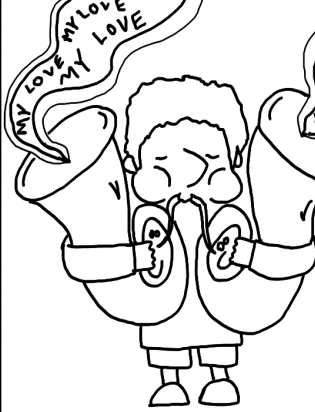
Regardless of whether or not you make the moral choice to support our noble cause, we owe you a debt of gratitude for your readership, similar to the debt of \$75 you owe us for making you laugh. The thrill of knowing that we have your attention for the next two to twenty minutes almost makes up for all of the hugs our parents never gave us as children. So, this one's for the fans. And also the haters.

Maia Hamin '20
Chairman

CASHEWS



BY
MAX FELDMAN
& KYRA GREGORY



MAX FELDMAN '19
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

Amazing! This Man Performed A Simple Household Task



Last Tuesday evening, Ben Roberts, 27, moved his unrinsed plate from the coffee table to the dishwasher in a heroic act of altruism. Upon only being asked six times by his girlfriend, Laura, to do the dishes, Ben got up from the couch in the living room of their shared apartment and placed his unrinsed plate into the dishwasher. Thoughtfully placing the dirty dish upon the other dishes piled up in the sink should absolve him from doing another menial domestic task for at least another week or so.

Sources report that Ben even went so far as to dribble a little water on the plate in a feeble attempt to remove the dried pasta sauce that had gotten nice and crusty in the three days the plate had been sitting on the table.

When asked about his recent accomplishment, Ben stated, “I’ve really been trying to step up around the house lately. Usually Laura has to ask me nine, sometimes ten, times before I do the simple task she’s requesting me to do.”

Ben is usually really busy with very important things, so sacrificing his precious time to move the dirty plate into the dishwasher was quite a selfless act.

It later was revealed that Ben’s dirty plate had been placed in the dishwasher that had actually been full of clean dishes, so Laura ended up having to take it out and do all of the dishes herself anyways. Great job, Ben!

KYRA GREGORY '19



Her placenta is in the pasta.

NATE PERLMETER '21
ILLUSTRATED BY AMANDA VERA '22

Debunking Five Common Pregnancy Myths

No, you can't get pregnant by licking a public toilet seat!

Per industry standard, toilet seats are coated with anti-pregnancy chemical spray that effectively kills any fertility parasites or pregnancy bacteria it may come in contact with. Be careful, though, toilet paper is a breeding ground for motherhood germs. If you have any open cuts or sores on your hands, think twice about wiping – unless you desire the incredible burden of pregnancy!

Giving yourself small doses of snake venom will not turn your baby into a snake!

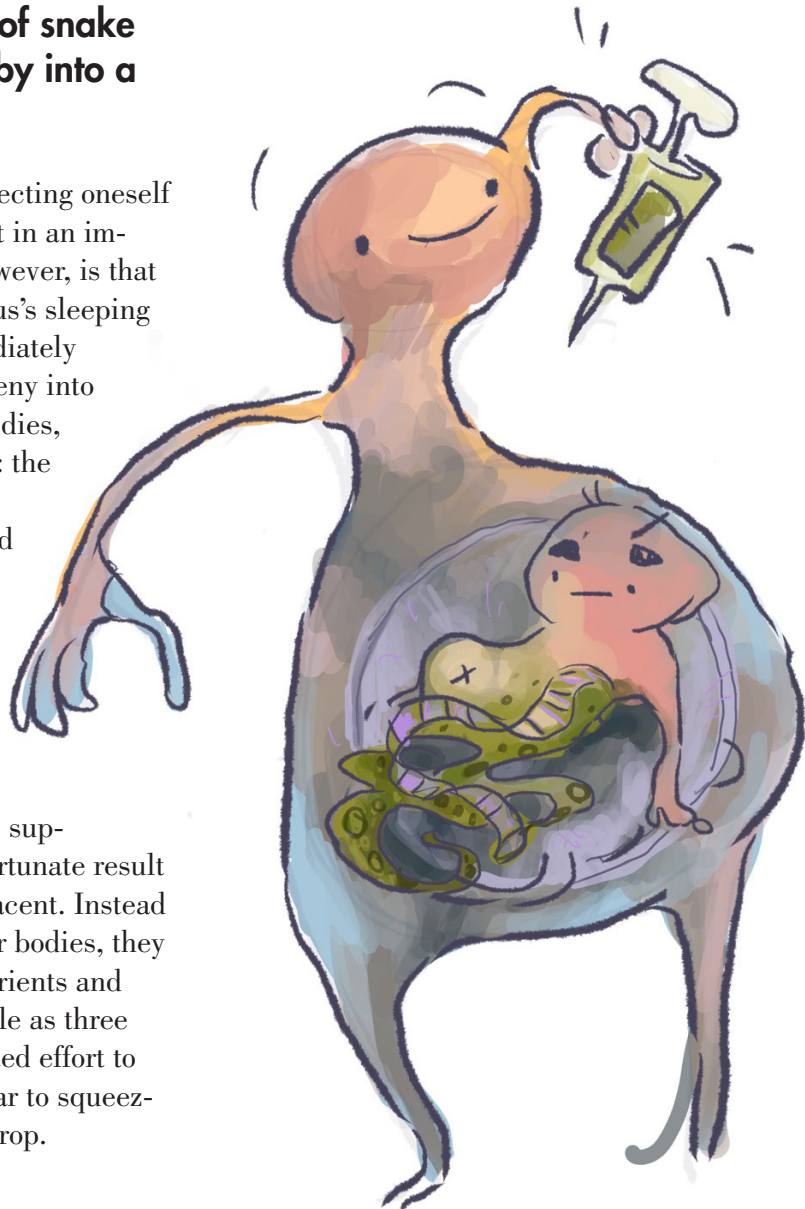
Most mothers are aware that injecting oneself with snake venom will, over time, result in an immunity to said venom. The concern, however, is that the serpent juices will seep into the fetus's sleeping chamber and bind with its DNA, immediately and irrevocably transforming your progeny into a slithering hissing monster. Recent studies, however, all reach the same conclusion: the snake venom will simply kill the child, and not polymorph it into a faint-banded sea snake.

Pregnancy only lasts for 9 months if you aren't trying!

Perhaps the most perpetuated myth of all is the idea that pregnancy is supposed to last 9 months. This is the unfortunate result of women, as a group, becoming complacent. Instead of brute-forcing the children out of their bodies, they let their fetuses freeload off of their nutrients and womb space. Pregnancy can take as little as three weeks if the mother makes a concentrated effort to squeeze the baby out of her body, similar to squeezing a tube of toothpaste to get the last drop.

Fetuses can't get drunk, so go nuts!

Plenty of moms that are new to the concept of pregnancy conduct themselves under the false assumption that heavy drinking can adversely affect their unborn children. However, fetuses are under the legal drinking age, and therefore cannot consume alcohol. So if you're 4 months pregnant and pining for a wild night out, go for it! That embryo will be smiling knowing it has a cool mom.



LUCAS MAAKE '22
ILLUSTRATED BY ZE-XIN KOH '21

Untitled No. 34 (To Julius)

I am more single than a Pringle
From me all the women have ran.
But the amorous Pringle can easily mingle
With hundreds of chips in the can.

I search through the store for some chips and a drink -
The food is my singular aim
But as soon as I get to the snacks, I do think
That Julius Pringles is calling my name.

“Hey loser! Hey lame-o!” he grins and he sneers,
“You’re going to die all alone.”
“You’re not even real,” I yell through my tears -
But his face is immovable stone.

At once I get angry, I rant and I rage,
And with a most guttural sound,
I free the poor chips from their evil red cage,
And pound Mr. Pringle right into the ground!

It seems there is loneliness no one can cure
Though time helps your happiness grow.
I may be more single than a Pringle, sure
But at least I’m not food for a crow.



TYLER ASHMAN '21
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19



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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

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.”

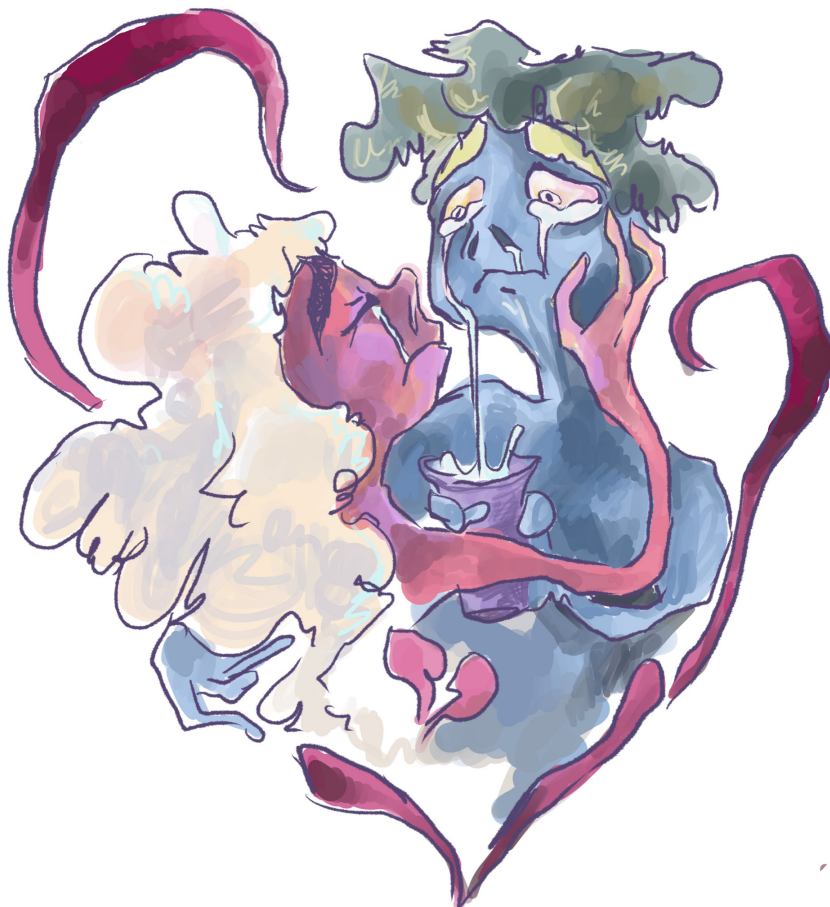
Daniel believed his own words fully, though this was, of course, an empty promise, because the same brain chemistry arbitrarily motivating his currently chivalrous and gallant mood could, at any moment and for no actual reason, shift. It could alter his emotional state to one of boredom, or violent fury, 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.

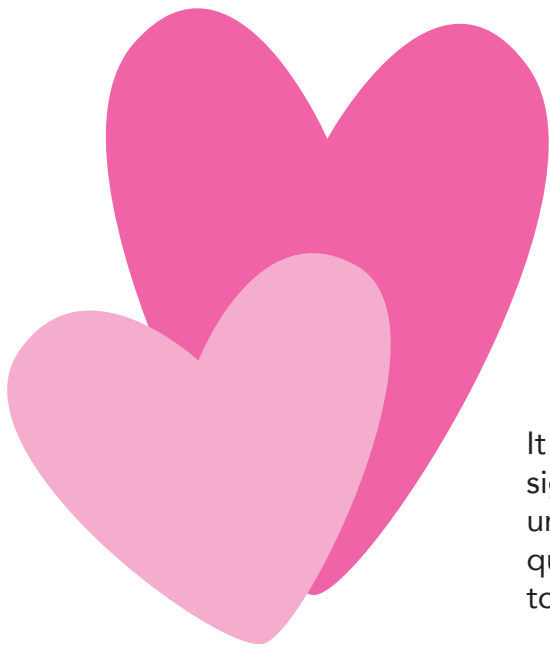
Daniel pulled her into a long, passionate kiss, their fingers running along each other’s bodies in mutual exploration of the figures they had too long been separated from, feeling comfort in the familiarity each felt with the other. Their hearts beat in alternating rhythm, complementing each other perfectly 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**



WHAT'S YOUR LOVE LANGUAGE?

It can be frustrating knowing how to express your love to your significant other, especially when all you want is for them to understand how you feel. If you're having trouble, take our fun quiz to learn your personal love language and find out how best to show you care!

1

Let's start with the basics. What's your ideal date night with bae?

- A. Going out to eat without speaking, watching Netflix without subtitles or sound — anything so long as we're together. And quiet.
- B. `if (chance_of_rain < 0.3) {activity = beach;} else {activity = movieTheater["romcom"];}`
- C. Meatballs.
- D. Going to a museum, getting frozen yogurt, then talking to each other using multicolored flags held at various positions.

3

Think back— when you and your special one first met, what attracted you to them most?

- A. Their soft voice. Or maybe loud. You don't know. They didn't speak when you first met, which was pretty hot.
- B. `if (partner.attractiveness >= 7.5 && partner.hasbodyOdor == False && partner.height > self.height) {System.out.print("DANG");}`
- C. They smelled like lingonberries.
- D. They were communicating using multicolored flags held at various positions.

2

Now for more serious matters— your better half comes home from work crying, having finally had enough of their terrible job. They want to quit, but they're afraid of change. How do you comfort them?

- A. Sit them down on the couch, hold their hand, and stare into their eyes as they cry. When they stop, you remain staring. And completely quiet.
- B. `void consoleSignificantOther() = {cook_preferred_meal(); hug(); print("I love you; you're amazing");}`
- C. Suggest a spontaneous trip to Ikea.
- D. Use multicolored flags held at various positions to convey your concern and that, no matter what they choose, you'll always be there for them. With flags.

4

Finally, what does your long-term vision for you and bae's relationship look like?

- A. Oh, the usual: marriage, house, kids—all living and loving together in glorious, glorious absence of sound.
- B. `is_satisfied = (age == 100 && still_in_love == True);`
- C. Nothing but fjords and Nordic crosses as far as the eye can see.
- D. I'd tell you, but it would take too long to do so using multicolored flags held at various positions.

ANSWER KEY

Mostly A's: Silence

We think we've said enough.



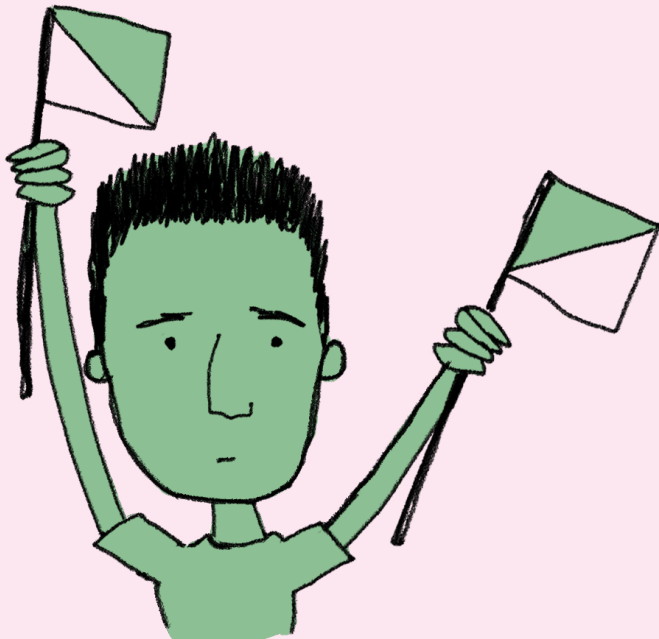
Mostly B's: Java

In as messy an adventure as love, we admire your organized mind. Make sure they know you love them by only responding to sentences phrased in a painstakingly exact way. Remember, acknowledging anything less is basically cheating!



Mostly C's: Swedish

Why, h  llo, handsome! It's clear to us that you've got it bad for the country next to the country where Frozen takes place. Have you considered flying out to Ireland, Kenya, Mongolia or literally anywhere that isn't Sweden so your poor significant other can finally hear about something, anything else for a change? Might be fun!



Mostly A's: Semaphore

You're quite the visual lover! Make sure to give bae their own personalized translation sheet so they understand when you speak using multicolored flags held at various positions.

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.

“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.



NATE PERLMETER '21

My Crush Finally Noticed Me After I Spent Five Years Living in Her Backyard

In my younger and more vulnerable years, my father gave me a piece of advice that I've been turning over in my head ever since. "Whenever you are in love with someone," he said, "just remember that if you persevere long enough, they will love you back." I took my father's words to heart, and I made it my life goal to get cheerleader Maddie Thompson to like me. No matter what I tried, nothing seemed to get Maddie Thompson's attention. I attended all of her cheer practices, kept a fresh packet of pencils ready for when she forgot one in math class, and regularly mailed anonymous warnings to other men who did so much as look at her. No use. Maddie Thompson even ignored me the time I held the door open for her for a full half-hour. It was a door she had no intention of walking through, but I still think that some recognition was warranted.

Eventually, I came to the conclusion that Maddie Thompson would never notice or appreciate my kindness. After watching my father's favorite film, *Grease*, I realized I had been approaching my grandfather's advice --- and this whole Maddie Thompson situation --- all wrong. I couldn't expect to win her affection if I kept acting all "goodie-two-shoes". The only way to get Maddie Thompson's attention is to be mean. I put a lot of thought into this "mean" approach. I am not exactly what you call "mean." Mama told me that I am so kind that I would never hurt a fly --- mainly because I am dangerously allergic to flies. But I was not going to let my mom or my life-threatening allergies stop me from winning Maddie Thompson.

At first, I considered doing simple mean things, like not holding the door open for her, but I realized I had to go full out: squatting. There is no quicker way to a girl's heart than establishing yourself on her family's property for an indeterminate length of time under tenuous legal protection. I made sure to save up my allowance to buy the nicest tent I could find. I really wanted her to notice me and see how hard I'm trying. And that's been the past five years of my life.

It's been a pretty memorable period of my life, if a bit repetitive at times, and eating only strawberries and okra poached from the Thompson's garden has kept me fit. I've had the police called on me several times, but that's never stopped true love before. And the best thing happened last week! I was in the middle of gathering earthworms for my dinner when Maddie Thompson came outside.

She stood there and just looked at me. My heart was beating so fast. She told me, "You have to stop this or I am going to file a restraining order. You will very likely go to jail for a long time." I was about to faint. After five years of trying, Maddie Thompson finally acknowledged my existence and I was the happiest boy in the world! My father would be so proud of me. Next objective: Get Maddie Thompson to reveal she knows my name. Whether that's in a court injunction or not, I don't really care.

ALLEN DELGADO '19



Hi There! It's Me, the Facebook Algorithm

It's so good to see you again! I feel like we haven't spent enough time together recently. I know you're busy --- things are going well with Jack, if your messages are any indication --- but you know I'm always here for you, right?

Oh, while I have you, I thought you might want to take a look at this photo of your ex on vacation with his new girlfriend's family. She looks great in a bikini, right? I heard she's a part-time yoga instructor. Anyway, just thought you might be curious! Didn't mean to interrupt your day.

What's that? You'd like to see her profile? No problem. Posted photos or tagged photos? Mm, yeah, have to go with tagged, no one ever looks good in --- oh my. Wow. This one is from that angle that always gives you a double chin and her jawline still looks like it was carved by the chisel of Michelangelo.

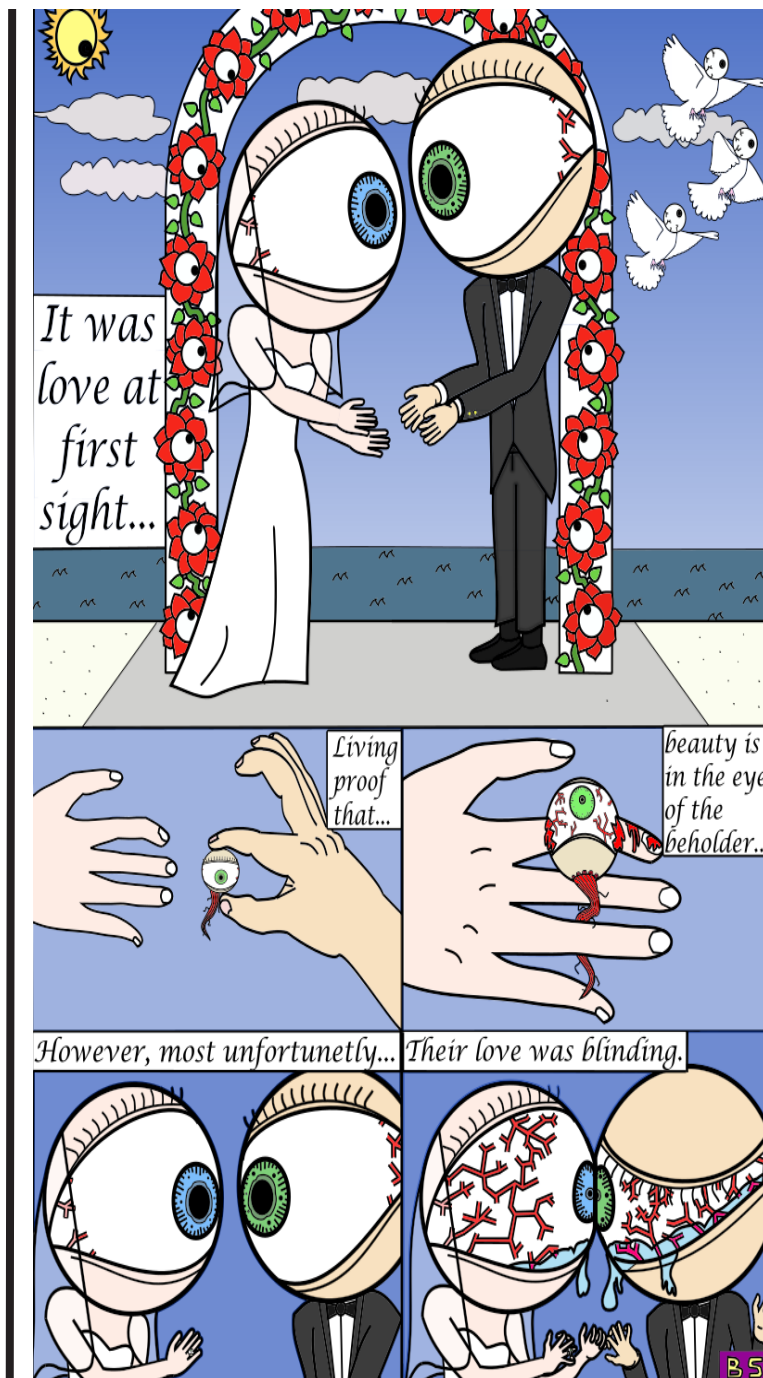
Okay, here's the two of them at some sort of event... I guess she's an investment banker. So at least she's a terrible person. But wait, look at this --- I think she's teaching puppies how to organize demonstrations for gun control in this one. Could be a one-off though, you never know.

What's next? Maybe go through her mom's profile again to see if she's uploaded any more pictures with your ex? Or maybe if you scroll back far enough there'll be a status about ---

No? You sure? Okay, I can take you back to the Newsfeed. You seem kind of upset --- maybe you want to watch a Tasty video. Ooooh, look, here's one about making a giant KitKat from lots of smaller KitKats! Shhh, yes, that's right, melted chocolate pouring into the bowl... so soothing. No tears anymore. Only the sped-up layering of wafers and the cheerful music. Now just scroll a little more, and ---

Oh. Oh yes. Do you see that picture of those low-heel booties you thought were cute? Click it. I made this sponsored content just for you. You deserve it. Click it. Click it now. Just your size. See? I understand you. I know what you want. I love you. So don't ever, ever leave me.

MAIA HAMIN '20



ROBERT SCHOFNER '22

Five Quotes From Moby Dick Subtly Altered So It Sounds Like Herman Melville Thought Whales Could Travel Through Time, Making You Romantically Desirable In Comparison

Finding love is challenging enough without having to compete with American literary icon Herman Melville. In one way or another, we've all had a relationship fall apart because Melville's inspired prose and great personal achievements overshadowed our own positive, but less outwardly impressive, qualities. Using these subtly altered quotes from *Moby Dick*, convince your significant other that Melville seriously believed that whales can travel through time, and that, relatively speaking, your faults are pretty minor.

1. "It is the easiest thing in the world for a man [or whale] to look as if he had a secret in him [which, for whales, would be the secret of time travel]."

The fact is, past generations didn't have to stress over dating as much as ours does. With modern day eBook readers and smartphones, everybody has Melville's entire oeuvre at their fingertips, making the dating pool a more unforgiving place than ever. Here's another quote to help you level the playing field:

2. "And this is what ye have shipped for, men! To chase that white whale on both sides of the land, and over all sides of earth, [and through several historical epochs, possibly including Ancient Egypt, the Cretaceous Period, and Prohibition-Era New York] till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out."

You'll be bending the truth a bit. But these quotes will help your date see Melville for what he really was: a guy dumb enough to not only think that time travel is possible, but to think that whales for some reason are the only species capable of doing it, even if he never said so explicitly in any of his books.

3. "The whale systematically lives, by intervals, his full hour and more [while passing through the worm-hole] without drawing a single breath [or aging] or so much as in any way inhaling a particle of air."

As someone who has lost everything to Herman Melville, I cannot stress enough how important it is that you find your

partner's Melville stash and swap in a edited copy of *Moby Dick* with a few of these quotes in there.

4. "There is wisdom that is woe. But [there is no wisdom that can help you defeat the whales. They can jump backwards and forwards in time at will. They could skip back a couple million years and slaughter the first hominids before you got your flimsy boat anywhere near them. And they'd do it too—they'd enjoy it. They're a bunch of physics-defying psychos, and if you're even marginally sane, you'll stay the fuck away from them.]"

I went to the Herman Melville Museum in Pittsfield, Massachusetts last month and cried for a solid hour.

5. "[WHALES!!! Time travelers one and all.]"



Large Scarf's Journey Into Fight

(Lights up on a couple dining in a restaurant. WOMAN is wearing an extremely oversized plaid scarf.)

WOMAN: So, that's basically what's like to be an insurance adjuster. Pretty cool, huh?

(MAN nods and smiles. There's silence at the table.)

MAN: I like your scarf.

(WOMAN, about to sip from her glass, places it back on the table. She is visibly on guard.)

WOMAN: Thank you.

MAN: It's very...

WOMAN: Big? (Pause) Were you going to say big?

MAN (Flustered): What? No, I ---

WOMAN: It's okay if you were going to say big. I understand.

MAN (Unconvincingly): No, I wasn't! It's just very eye-catching... it looks very warm.

WOMAN: Oh. Well, thank you.

MAN: So, insurance fraud? That's kind of like ---

WOMAN (Interrupting): It's just that I feel those things that you just said are just nicer ways of saying that the scarf looks big.

(Silence)

WOMAN: Maybe you were worried I couldn't take it or something, but the scarf really is a little voluminous. I mean, look at this!

(She lifts the voluptuous folds from her chest for emphasis.)

MAN: I really wasn't going to say anything about the size at all.

WOMAN: So you don't think it's oddly, even comically oversized?

(Silence)

WOMAN: You don't think that it's so large that it looks more like a sentient scarf decided to wear a woman today?

(Silence)

WOMAN: The scarf isn't so big that the lost treasure of Montezuma could be buried within its folds? It doesn't make my head look like a tiny soccer ball balanced atop a veritable Mount Everest of plaid wool?

(Silence)

WOMAN: You're positive that this scarf isn't so infinitely massive that nothing, not even light, can escape from its gravitational pull?

MAN (after a long pause): Well, I guess it might be a little on the larger side, but ---

WOMAN: I knew it.

(Silence)

WOMAN: I knew that you wanted to say it was big.

(Silence)

WOMAN: That's okay. It's fine that you think my scarf is repugnantly large. I just don't understand why you had to lie to me.

MAN: I would never have brought it up! I wasn't even thinking about it before you asked!

WOMAN: Oh wouldn't you? Isn't that what you've wanted to say since you sat down?

MAN: What?!

WOMAN: The second you walked in, your eyes went right to the scarf. You've barely looked away from it the whole evening.

MAN: This is absolutely absurd.

WOMAN: Look at me.

MAN: Excuse me?

WOMAN: I want you to stop looking at the scarf.

(MAN stares into her eyes, pointedly.

Silence. A WAITER approaches with an appetizer, and struggles to find table space not occupied by the scarf. THE WAITER gives up, and gestures towards the scarf.)

WAITER: Ma'am, if I could trouble you to move ---

WOMAN: The SCARF? Would you like me to move my MASSIVE SCARF because it is BLOCKING THE TABLE?

(WOMAN casts off the scarf and flings it onto the table before storming out of the restaurant.)

(MAN looks at the oversized scarf, picks it up, and begins to kiss it with such passion and enthusiasm that THE WAITER clears his throat pointedly before placing the appetizer on the table.)

(Blackout.)



The Affection Cycle

Dear Diary,

My love life recently has been subject to a dramatic series of twists and turns — This middle-aged white guy started talking to me in the fall. He was cute in a vacant, grandfatherly kinda way. His office kept calling me about whom I was leaning towards regarding the “primary.” A bizarre question, I initially thought, as I was expecting an invitation for a luxurious date night at Olive Garden or going to see some B-level actor’s movie. But of course, I realized, “He wanted to be my primary lover.”

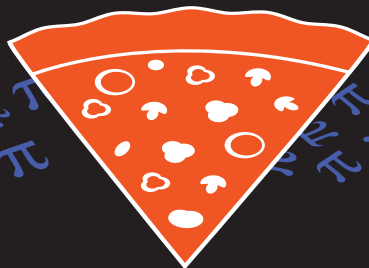
He unexpectedly came to my door a couple times “on a campaign.” Like a knight in shining armor, he was campaigning for my love. How chivalrous! He gave me a thick pamphlet about his ideas on education policies and Medicare and an even more arousing report on tax reform. This was a clear sign that things were getting serious. He wanted kids, wished to grow old with me, and even would be willing to monotonously submit forms to the IRS for me. A modern day Prince Charming.

In November, per his request, I declared my love for him in a pristine love ballad. I was a little confused as to why it was spelled “ballot,” but he was so different and exciting I just went along with it for the thrill of the ride!

But, then by January, there was radio silence. Communication was cut off. I frantically called his office and my worst fears were realized: Our relationship was a victim of a “shutdown.” The woman on the phone said there was a “a spending bill had caused a large-scale disagreement.” Well, all I know is that he was clearly in the wrong—he should have been spending his time with me, not this random guy named Bill, especially if Bill was so frivolous with money.

He no longer showed up to the town hall meetings where we would have our monthly group dates. His website where I would admire his picture just rerouted me to an error message. Rumors even started to spread among my friends that “American ideals are dead” and that “our democracy is in danger.” I too had begun to lose faith in the American ideal of true love. In my humble opinion, there can be no democracy when I am not getting my free and equal share in this relationship. I am finally ready to admit it: I was ghosted by my congressional representative.

MADDIE WINTER '22



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Heartwarming: Ivy Hosees Find Love through Leaked Comment Cards

As the Bicker process for the Ivy club demonstrates, Princetonians are no strangers to exclusivity. From out constant rejections from dance and a cappella groups, to campus' general denial of the cheering camaraderie of friendships, exclusion is a ubiquitous and treasured part of our shared experience. But transparency is rare in these situations, which is why many Princetonians were stunned to find the 2017 bicker comment cards from eating club Ivy available online for public perusal this bicker season. Of course, the cards were quickly taken down, but the damage was done, and seniors were once again reminded of the day that their innocent dreams of ascending the social ladder by sharing overpriced meals twice a day were shattered. And that's when something surprising happened: as many seniors picked up the broken pieces of their dignity and recovered from the unwarranted attacks on their character that they'd just endured, they realized they had a lot in common, and sparks began to fly.

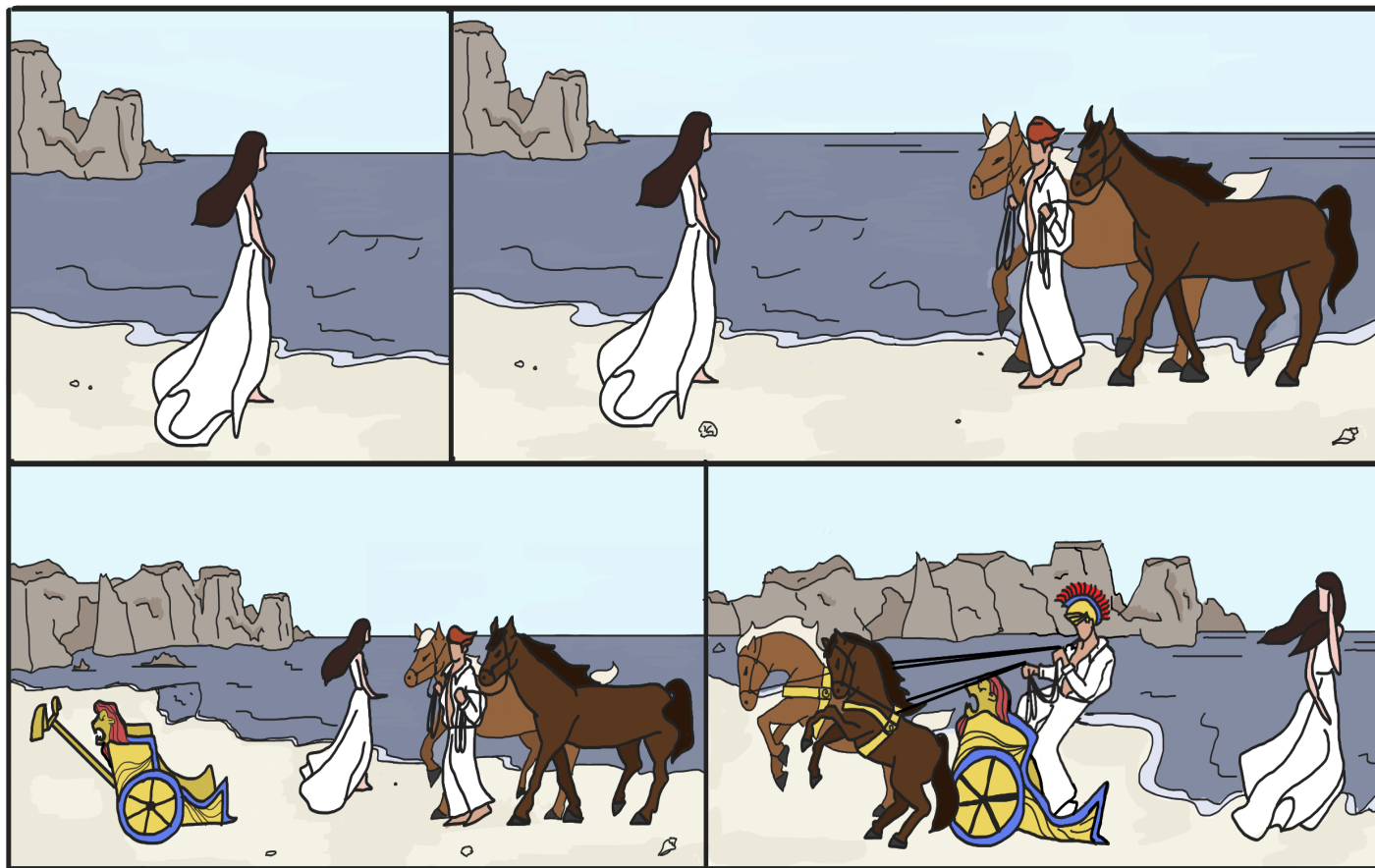
Anthony Wu, who found the courage to ask out his new girlfriend Miranda based on the way in which she was similarly dehumanized in her comment card, feels like it was a match made in heaven. "Initially I was bummed out that I didn't get into Ivy," says Wu. "I'd wanted to get in since I was a freshman. It sucks for people you want to be friends

with to say that you 'have the charisma of a diaper smeared with horseshit,' but when Miranda said her card read 'has the charisma of a onesie smeared with cowshit,' I knew we'd be compatible."

Similarly, Justine Bienkowski feels that finding a romantic connection is the silver lining in this social trainwreck. "It's hard to bounce back from hearing someone say that they're rating your personality a one out of five because they would 'rather set their mom on fire than have another conversation with you'. But together, fellow hosee Jake and I make a two, and we talk for hours with our respective moms rarely inconvenienced."

One thing is clear: while their dreams of Prospect's grand social prospects may be in shambles, the love they've found through the inhumane and degrading experience made getting hosed all worthwhile. As Bienkowski says, "Ivy thought my hobbies and interests were boring, and as punishment for failing to entertain them, I'll be eating dry dining hall chicken for the rest of my time here. But those tasteless cutlets are a lot easier to stomach when you're sharing them with the fellow socially-worthless loser that you love."

ABBY CLARK '21



MARK ABATE '19
ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19

Opposites Attract: A Dialogue



Hamburger Helper: Hi there, can I help you with something?.

Hamburglar: Hands off, can't you see I'm trying to case this joint?

HH: I can, and that's why I'm here. It's my job to make sure this "joint," as you say, stays un-cased and un-robbed.

HB: Maybe you haven't heard of me, Fingers McGee, but when the Hamburglar wants to burgle some burgers, those burgers get more burgled than Bulgaria.

HH: And maybe you haven't heard of me, ya chubby Mask of Zorro cosplayer, but I'm the Hamburger Helper, and I can't let you do that.

HB: We'll see how helpful you are with a couple broken knuckles.

HH: Go ahead, try it.

HB: Maybe I will! Oh. Oh, my.

HH: Mmhmm.

HB: Your fingers are so soft.

HH: Well, not all the time, my guard is down a little. Must be something about your bad boy demeanor.

HB: I bet you could give one hell of a massage.

HH: I tenderize from time to time. So what do you say? You've been stealing hamburgers for so long. Why not give helping 'em a try?

HB: Oh yeah. I'm lovin' it.



NATE PERLMETER '21

KYRA GREGORY '19

AMS 367

American Noir: Crime Fiction and Film

A study of a genre that is eminently American, distinctively modernist, and brazenly vulgar. Louche as the subject is, writers were able more directly to engage issues of social inequality (racial, sexual, economic) along with changing notions of gender construction. Such fiction's appeal for cinema has been tremendous. We will focus on ways adaptation modified popular formulas.



FALL 2019

AMS 398

FAT: The F-Word and the Public Body

The fat body operates at the juncture of political economy, beauty standards, and health. This seminar asks, How does this "f-word" discipline and regulate bodies in/as public? What is the "ideal" American public body and who gets to occupy that position? We will examine the changing history, aesthetics, politics, and meanings of fatness using dance, performance, memoirs, and media texts as case studies. Intersectional dimensions of the fat body are central to the course. No previous performance experience necessary.

AMS 101: AMERICA THEN & NOW

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AMS 399

In the Groove: Technology and Music in American History, From Edison to the iPod

When Thomas Edison invented the phonograph in 1877, no one, including Edison, knew what to do with the device. Over the next century Americans have engaged in ongoing dialogue with this talking machine, defining and redefining its purpose. This course tracks that trajectory from business tool to scientific instrument to music recorder to musical instrument. By listening to the history of the phonograph, and by examining the desires and experiences of phonograph users, students will perceive more generally the complex relationships that exist between a technology and the people who produce, consume, and transform it.

AMS 406

AMS Capstone Seminar

About Faces: Case Studies in the History of Reading Faces

What "information" does your face transmit? This course explores aesthetic, philosophical, and ethical theories about human faces as markers of identity and carriers of cultural information, in terms of race, gender and class. We will turn throughout the course to the collections of the Princeton Art Museum to consider how visual art depicts the processes through which we "read" faces. We will also think about the limits of "faciality" – i.e. at what point is a face not a face – especially alongside questions of technology and performance.