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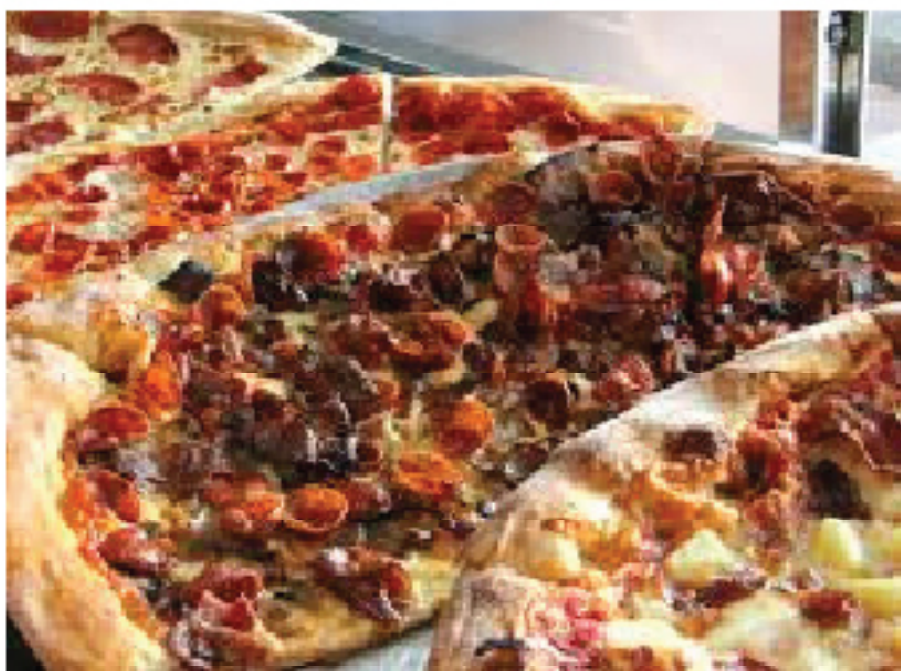
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A message from the chairman

Mmm, smell that? The whiffs of new perfume? The gorgeous bouquets of flowers tossed carelessly into the trash? The sweaty palms of nervous first-dates, struggling to think of nontrivial things to say? That's right, it's not just smog polluting the air this month—there's love clogging up the darn place as well.

Now, before you reach for that gas-mask, I want you to take a deep breath. Really drink in those sickly sweet fumes. Get a real nice sniff in. Wait a moment, and *gasp*—could it be? Are you feeling... TRUE LOVE? Well, statistically, probably not. But as you drop those walls of cynicism and emotional distrust, what you *are* unearthing is that hopeless romantic that lives within us all. (His name is Trathgar and he eats raw snails, but damn if he isn't obsessed with the traditional concepts of love.)

Now that you've awakened Trathgar from his snail induced coma, it's all rushing back. You're feeling the silly little crushes, the devastating heartbreak, all the "love" you've cultivated for anyone over the years. You're remembering it again now, or maybe you escaped the overwhelming apathy and romantic skepticism of early adulthood and never forgot. But let's go a little deeper down the rabbit hole. Let the stench of romance wash over you a bit more. Feel it?

Yup, those butterflies in your stomach aren't just the dining hall coffee working its laxative magic. Merely by holding this copy of *The Princeton Tiger* in your hands, a powerful spell has been cast upon you, allowing you to observe every human experience of romance and relationships. All the adrenaline, the heartache, the hurt, the joy, the confusion, the wonder. You can sense it now. (Oh, just a heads up, this spell will also make you feel superbly horny, so I apologize in advance. We haven't worked that issue out quite yet.)

Crippling horniness aside, do you see it? All the 3 AM texts left on read, the desperate fingers ceaselessly swiping right on lackluster Tinder profiles, the less desperate fingers saving their right swipes only for the hottest of the other desperate singles? You can see it all, the sloppy Street make out sessions, the awkward day-after coffee dates, the ghosting, the clinginess, the years-long relationships that just sort of fizzle out. But amongst the regrettable hookups and the hookups that never happen despite all the best efforts, there are a few kernels of love and happiness and stability that make all the other crap worth the effort. You can see hands gripping hands, Skype calls that last hours, the comfortable silence of long car rides, legs tangled on a couch, soft words that mean nothing to most but everything to two. Amongst all the heartache, you see people loving one another truly and completely.

As my first task as the new chairman of *The Tiger*, I invite you to take a stroll with me through all the strange and hilarious facets of love. I want you to read this magazine and think about how stupid and silly love is, but also be reminded that it's worth all the absurdity.

So come on. Take a shot. What's the worst that could happen?

Sincerely,

Lauren Howard '19
Chairman

36 Questions to Fall in Love

Looking for love? Ask your potential mate these 36 thought-provoking questions to see if they're truly a perfect match.

1. If you could have dinner with anyone who ever lived, who would it be?
2. What do you look for in a friend?
3. What does a "perfect day" look like for you?
4. Do you like *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* (1997)?
5. Wait, what? You don't like Austin Powers?
6. Because you've never seen it, or because you just don't like it?
7. You've never seen Austin Powers?!
8. Why not?
9. Not even at like at a birthday party or on a plane or something?
10. Jesus.
11. Okay sorry. Back to the questions. Do you have siblings?
12. What was your childhood best friend like?
13. What's your ideal vacation destination?
14. Can we go back to Austin Powers for one sec?
15. Have you at least seen *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* (1999)?
16. Oh, great! What was your favorite part?
17. You didn't like *The Spy Who Shagged Me*?!
18. Well no wonder you didn't like it, you saw it without seeing the first Austin Powers.
19. That's like seeing *The Empire Strikes Back* before seeing *A New Hope*.
20. Or seeing *Pulp Fiction 2* without seeing the first *Pulp Fiction*.
21. Of course there's a *Pulp Fiction 2*. I'll ask the 36 questions here.
22. Anyway, what about that scene in *Shagged* where Felicity Shagwell plants a homing device in Fat Bastard's anus?
23. What do you mean you don't remember it?
24. It's arguably the thematic crux of the film, if not of the entire Austin Powers canon.
25. Alright, well, since you clearly know so much about cinema, what's your favorite movie?
26. *The Blind Side*? The fucking *Blind Side*?!?!?
27. Starring Sandra Bullock?
28. Released in 2009?
29. Fuck.
30. No, it's not a bad movie. It's a perfectly fine movie. It just lacks the genre-defying stylization and postmodern wit found in certain other film franchises. Certain other spy comedy franchises starring Mike Myers, to be exact.
31. The first Austin Powers has a respectable 70% on Rotten Tomatoes. *The Blind Side* only has a 67%.
32. Jesus.
33. I can't believe I agreed to this.
34. What a waste of time.
35. I want to go home.
36. ...Have you seen *Goldmember*?



MAX FELDMAN '19



Love Works in Mysterious Ways, Which is Why I'd Really Appreciate It If You All Stopped Making Fun of my Intimate Relationship with Julius Pringles

I want to start this off by reminding you all that love is beautiful in every form. There is nothing wrong with those who choose to express it in ways that might be different from the way that you do. Of late, however, some of you have taken it upon yourselves to violate these principles by telling me that my romantic partnership with Julius Pringles, the mascot of the Pringles brand of scoop-shaped potato chip, is “wrong,” “unsettling,” and “fairly comical, if we’re being honest.” I do not appreciate these unwarranted comments, and I would like to clear the air that you all have so uncouthly soiled with your hurtful words.

First of all, what happens between two consenting adults in the privacy of their own kitchen cupboards should be of no concern to you. If you must know, Julius and I have been seeing each other now for over two years and it has been the most fulfilling emotional connection I have had since my sensual summer fling with Mr. Peanut of

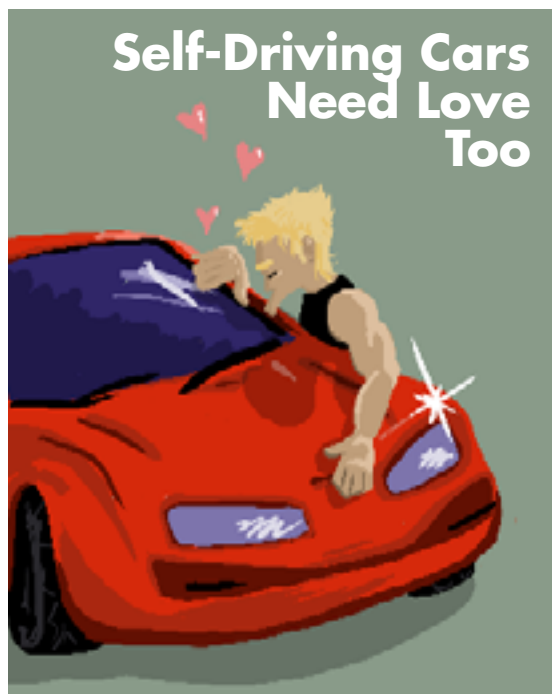
Planters’ Peanuts in 2007. If it isn’t enough that my relationship with Julius has made me happier than I’ve ever been before, then please at least respect that our love has done absolutely no harm to anyone. When we stroll around in public together, his vulnerable cardboard body wrapped tightly in my arms, we are violating no laws. When I stroke his prominent and elegant mustache or openly compliment his dark, smoldering eyes, you have no right to sneer and rudely abandon the small park bench we were sharing with you. And, please, I beg you, when Julius and I share a chaste yet poignant kiss outside the local Italian deli, refrain from shielding your children’s eyes and cruelly telling me that “those ten minutes you just spent tonguing an empty Pringles can are the exact ten minutes for which God will one day smite you.”

It has been truly disappointing to see how my loved ones have reacted to the most personal and precious part of my life. I am

sick of being laughed at, ridiculed, and called “Pringle-fucker” by people I once considered friends. After finally working up the courage to bring kind, handsome, and cylindrical Julius to social events, asking nothing more than tolerance, I was met expressly with contempt. I was ready to let the world see us for who we were. I was ready to stop hiding. And you all let me down in the most painful way possible.

I don’t expect you to fully understand the tenderness I hold in my heart for my dear Julius. I don’t expect you to ever feel the desire that I feel for the gentle, saddle-like curves of Pringles potato chips and for their sultry, silver-tongued mascot. All I ask is that you respect the fact that Julius is a gorgeous and sensitive man, a brilliant snack food tycoon, and, most profoundly, my utterly faithful and intensely passionate lover.

LAUREN HOWARD '19



Dear Dave,

I know it's been a while since we've talked... but I miss you. Since our relationship ended, I have been struggling. I just have to get some things off my chest in order to gain closure.

I've been yearning more and more with every passing day for your touch again. Ever since you turned on the autodrive feature a few months ago I've been losing my mind.

I just miss the way you would rev me up and take me for a ride. When you would grab me by the 10 and the 2 and twist me every which way I was in nirvana. Your long, deep pumps on my brakes would make my wheels screech. The love song station you put on the radio always got me in the mood. And when you would floor me I felt like I was going 100 miles an hour.

You surprised me. When we started being together on your 16th birthday you were traditional, handling me with two hands. Soon, you felt more comfortable and were willing to risk only one. Sometimes, you would be freaky and use your knees. Ooo I loved it.

But then you started playing on your phone while driving me. I felt like you weren't into it anymore.

But then doomsday finally came. You pressed the auto button.

Now, instead of driving me I watch you masturbate on the way to Costco.

Love,

Sexy Lexus

JACKSON BLITZ '21

Dating Terms 101



Ever wonder what “ghosting” means? Know what it is to “third wheel”? If you’re anything like me, current slang moves way too fast for you - especially relationship slang. If your love lexicon needs a shot of Vitamin Relevant, today is your lucky day! I’ve taken the liberty of clarifying all sorts of dating terms for you - take a look and feel the love!

GHOSTING - spending a full day and night every month in the cute side-by-side graves you and bae picked out in order to understand what eternity will be like.

CATFISHING - when you just love your partner so so so much that you buy their exact wardrobe, copy their speech patterns, match their hairstyle, take their classes, switch to their major, and eventually change your legal name and social security number. Twinsies!

BREADCRUMBING - flirtatiously logging into your crush’s computer and visiting the Wikipedia article of your first name, refreshing over and over for two hours, to drop a subtle hint.

BRUNCHING - pacing around the periphery of the server of the dining hall your crush visits most often, with a plate of what they’d usually get, because you know they’ll have to eat eventually and you care about them.

POCKETING - writing your crush’s cute little idiosyncrasies down on individual pieces of paper and keeping them in your back pocket so you can tape them up in their favorite Firestone cubicle later for a fun surprise.

(JUST) TALKING - the sexiest stage of a relationship, usually after 23 years of celibate cohabitation, where you and bae start talking dirty in proto-Norse.

NUDES - totally inappropriate and uncalled for. If you’re going to wear makeup, what’s the point of it matching your skin tone?

THIRD WHEELING - removing one of the wheels every time your significant other gets a new scooter/bike/car and mailing them the wheel, bent in the shape of a heart, to them for their next birthday. Super cute!

CELIBACY - refusing to have sex with any of your significant other’s more attractive friends, even though they never asked and never seemed interested. It’s just the right thing to do!

CUFFING SEASON - from September to mid-January, where every already-established couple competes to prove that they are the most committed by collecting the most discarded paper wristbands from amusement parks. The winning couple will not only be allowed to keep dating, but may publicly execute one other couple of their choice. It’s like the Hunger Games, but cuter!

MATCHING - making mental notes of your crush’s skin type and arranging a sweet little gift basket of the exact skin care products they’d need so that their level of oiliness/dryness and pH balance matches yours exactly.

WALK OF SHAME - the walkway where you first met your most recent ex, probably on the way to your STL on a spring day, and they looked so good, but also kinda casual, like they weren’t trying too hard, and they always managed to pull off that look, and sometimes you gotta let go of what might have been and move on, ya know?

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY - your name for the cute lil teddy bear your significant other won for you at the carnival, only it was a Beat Yale sweater instead of a teddy bear, amazon.com instead of a carnival, and your aunt instead of your significant other.

GOING STEADY - the next level of friendship, where you trade beds once a week, go bowling twice a week, and bake cookies in the shape of each other’s legs six times a week. One for the ‘gram!

REBOUND - a post-breakup stage lasting between 2 minutes and 7 years, where the sound of your next partner’s name puts you in anaphylactic shock. Watch out!

ONE NIGHT STAND - the night after you and your new bae have sex for the first time, where you hold a silent all-night vigil in memory of your relative virginity. Extra fun if you invite friends!

THE ONE - that one time when you brought him a drink from a different Zee group’s study break because he mentioned once that he liked Kung Fu Tea but when you got to his dorm there was a girl standing near his door (it might have actually been the door across the hallway but it was unclear) so you understandably panicked and gave her the drink and said happy birthday and ran sobbing back to your dorm but forgot your bag in the common room and by the time you got back it was gone so you had to share COS notes with a kid in your Zee group you hadn’t spoken to since Orientation.

NIA McCULLIN '21

QUIZ: Does Your Crush Like You Back?

Valentine's Day is coming up fast, which means you're running out of time to ask that guy you like out on a date. Take this quiz to find out if he feels the same way about you!

1. He loves you.
2. He loves you not.
3. He loves you.
4. He loves you not.
5. He loves you.
6. He loves you not.
7. He loves you.
8. He loves you not.
9. He loves you.
10. He loves you not.



Result: Oof, sorry, looks like he doesn't have feelings for you. Those signals you picked up on were probably just in your head. Better luck next time!

MARK ABATE '19
ILLUSTRATED BY NIA McCULLIN '21



"A HAND-SOME BOY"

LAUREN HOWARD '19

Larry Dinger: The Disappointments of 2017

We've all heard of Larry Dinger, the legendary adult film actor, producer, and director behind such classics as *Lesbian Beach House Orgy 3*; *Two Girls, Five Cocks*; and the truly unforgettable *Jessica Sparx Gets Fucked in a Van*. These films are, of course, masterpieces—thrilling, nuanced, and deeply meaningful pornography that takes the genre to new heights and challenges our assumptions about adult film and, more powerfully, ourselves. Dinger's 2015 masterpiece *Step-Mom Teaches Sex by the Pool* undoubtedly contains one of the most compelling moments in all of porn. As step son Rick, played by the electric Mike 'Sausage' Riviera, pulls out and yells "I'm going to cum all on your face!" Dinger challenges the viewers to pull out as well, to disengage from themselves and the rigid contours of their lives and find the true face they should be (metaphorically) ejaculating on.

In light of his past achievements, 2017 has been a year of disappointments from Dinger. Though there have been many excellent moments in the thirty-nine films Dinger directed, produced, or acted in over the past twelve months, none have reached the standard set by his older films or, more importantly, adequately addressed the tumultuous political and social events of the past year. In 2017, the world needed great art, and Larry Dinger, for all his efforts, let us down. Here are the biggest Dinger disappointments of 2017:

Massage Parlor 5, 6, and 7

The *Massage Parlor* series has always been distinctly postmodern, capturing the essentially artificial, pastiche forms that love takes in the twenty-first century. Yet Dinger's three new entries of this year failed to expand his argument past the conventions he has set for himself in the first four films. Sure, the part in *Massage Parlor 6* when Lauren Andrews grabs Dick Riley's nine-inch penis and says, "I'm going to suck your cock," and then proceeds to do so is interesting, but it fails to live up to the rhetorical and artistic standards set by the ass-pounding scene from 2016's *Massage Parlor 3* in which the characters' relationship itself seemed to dissolve into glassy-eyed doggy-style sex. The series is, in this sense, held back by its past success, and the new films, despite Riley's top-notch cunnilingus in

Massage Parlor 6 and *7*, fail to achieve that same sense of poignant loss—of love, touch, feeling of any kind—that we jerked off to in the previous entries.



Tracy Cummings Cheats on Boyfriend with Boss

A clear commentary on the workplace harassment revelations of 2017, *Tracy Cummings Cheats* succeeds in many respects. When, in the opening monologue, Tracy says, "I just *had* to get that promotion. I would do *anything*..." we understand that she speaks not only of her own vulnerability, but also of the cultural and economic system that has deprived women any voice other than the breathy, hyper-sexualized one that Tracy employs. Yet the film also lacks ambition, failing to say anything new about our changing sexual culture. As Cummings rides her boss, played by the excellent Derek Demitrev, she exclaims, "Oh my God, your cock is so *big*!" It's an interesting moment to be sure, asking what exactly it means to have a "big cock" post-Harvey Weinstein, yet it also fails to elevate the debate past the past the point of banal conventionality. If Tracy had at this point switched to reverse cowgirl, or Derik delivered a follow-up line akin to *Two Girls, Five Cock*'s memorable, "Yeah, you like that big cock, don't you?" this adult film would have achieved something truly special. However, as it stands now, the moment, like so many others in this porn, passes as a missed opportunity. *Tracy Cummings Cheats* is rich in potential, but fails artistically to capture and elevate the struggle of this moment. As Derek ejaculates on Tracy's face, the audience orgasms as well, yet it feels like an empty cumshot, and we are left to wonder if what he have just seen is really all that Larry Dinger has to add to this current cultural debate.

Larry Dinger Presents: The Great American Gangbang

In retrospect, this one captured the current moment pretty well.

Manhole 2: Mike Calls the Plumber

The gay pornography of Larry Dinger has always been in a class of its own, but 2015's *Manhole: The Pipe Inspection* was a true career masterpiece. Aggressively passionate fellatio scenes and some of the most imaginative buttsex ever put to film combined in this porn classic to deliver something over and above flaming-hot man-on-man action. When Dave Deepthroat strode completely naked into the bedroom and Mike Niles yelled, "Come here with that fat cock!" we all understood that we were witnessing a transcendent moment. We, as individuals, as a generation, as a nation, could strive to have a fat cock too. Deepthroat's huge, swinging member reminded us that the forces of the good and the right would always prevail so long as we were strong and brave enough to stand up like he did, letting freedom ring and penises swing.

The triumph of *The Pipe Inspection* is partially what made 2017's *Mike Calls the Plumber* such a crushing disappointment. After the profoundly ambitious moralism that defined *Pipe Inspection*, *Mike Calls the Plumber* felt small, timid, and, frankly, unworthy of the *Manhole* name. Sure the Plumber (played by Jake 'Frankencock' Mitchel) had an enormous penis, but the film's climatic double penetration scene was a sad echo of *Pipe Inspection*'s triumphant triple cumshot that made audiences everywhere question their lives and mess their pants.

Mike Calls the Plumber is a good porn flick, but with the world teetering on the brink, we needed something more from Larry Dinger. Creating wild, sweaty, cock-thrusting porn that inspires a nation time and again is a tall order, but if there was anyone who could do it, it was Dinger. He let us down this year, but not any more than we did ourselves. As the final minutes of 2017 ticked down, there was nothing to do but grab some tissues and a copy of 2008's *Fuck-Shuts' Ski Vacation* and hope for better days.

STAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19



The Things We Regret



Love can be hard, no matter who you are. What do you regret?

"Giving the guy who hit on me at the gym my social security number when I panicked and tried to come up with a fake phone number."

Kira, 24

"Swiping right on the deep web assassin that killed my parents."

Albert, 22

"Masturbating during church confessional while I was confessing to the other time I masturbated during church confessional."

Liam, 17

"Legally marrying the Iraq War, back in 2003 when Bush had us all fooled. I filed for divorce the second I realized it was all about the oil."

Maragret, 43

"Diagnosing all of my patients, no matter their symptoms, with a 'clinical case of a broken heart.'"

Nikita, 38

"Buying love potions from an unlicensed witch."

Mohammed, 20



"Letting my mom pick out what I wore to my first orgy."

Hunter, 29

"Sitting with another boy on the bus home from the field trip in fifth grade instead of you, Rivers. You were a good boyfriend to me."

Annie, 19

"Allowing my date to read me his 250 page dissertation on 14th century judicial law."

Mileny, 29

"Losing my virginity to another boy on the bus home from the field trip in ninth grade instead of you, Rivers."

Elaine, 20

"Seeing you, Rivers, go on to become the frontman of successful power pop band Weezer and thinking what might have been."

Daniel, 19

"Getting unrealistic expectations for love from watching *Step Up 2: The Streets*."

Jordan, 52

"Draining the joint bank account to hire a skywriter to remind you to return our copy of *Ratatouille* to the library."

Isabella, 31

"Settling for the blacksmith's fourth oldest son when I probably could've made it with his third or second oldest."

Caroline, 22

"Teaching my sexbot to love."

Sid, 27

"Getting banned from every chain restaurant in town for loudly begging my wife for a divorce in each one."

Gordon, 45

"Insisting that we name our daughter Chili's Bigger Big Mouth Burger™ so that she would eat free for life at participating Chili's™ locations, only to discover that that is not and has never been a promotion that they offer."

Damien, 34



"Dating someone who only loved me for my role in the Iran-Contra affair."

Penelope, 23

"Showing him the thousands of eggs I laid in preparation for fertilization on only the second date."

Yasmin, 21

"Naming myself GARBAGE NIGHTMAN instead of something cooler like THE MIDNIGHT PROWLER or THE NIGHT OWL or something that would actually strike fear into the hearts of late night litterers."

Sammy, 23

"Listing my address as '69 Dick Street' on so many forms that I can no longer remember what my real address is."

Olivia, 22

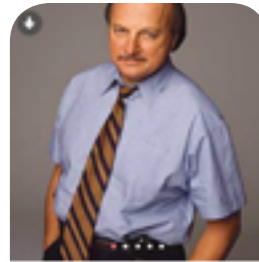
"Pleading guilty to four counts of homicide when the only crime I ever committed was not loving you hard enough, goddamnit."

Mark, 32

STAFF
ILLUSTRATED BY ZE-XIN KOH '21

7 TIMES I MATCHED WITH GEORGE W. BUSH ON TINDER

Ranked By How Successful He Was At Hiding His Identity



Mark, 48
Consultant
William & Mary
4 kilometers away

Looking for a partner in the finer things in life.
Has a solid workbench and the work of words
reminiscent glassblower Dale Chihuly



1. Mark

I'll be honest, this one was a heart-breaker. A wood-working hobbyist, good with kids, loves the glassblowing work of Dale Chihuly just like me. It wasn't until his complaints about Nancy Pelosi started interrupting our third game of Words with Friends that I started to put the pieces together. Out of all the times the 43rd President of the United States has fooled me into matching with him on Tinder, this was probably his best effort.



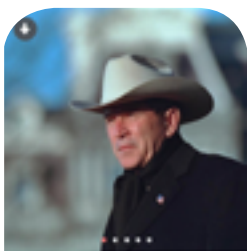
George, 93
41st President of the United States
Yale
8 kilometers away

The Gulf War if I recall



2. The Time He Posed as George H. W. Bush

This one was truly disappointing. I was thrilled to have matched with Georgie Jr.'s far more desirable father, but when I arrived to our dude ranch date, I was heartbroken to see the wrong Bush smiling before me. Let's be honest, I've only got room for one conservative demagogue with a personal grudge against Saddam Hussein in my life.



3. The Time He Wore a Hat

Call me crazy, but this one really threw me. I just don't usually picture George W. Bush with a hat! We even went on a couple of real dates this time, and for a while there he kept it tipped at just such an angle that I couldn't see the tell-tale wrinkles of the man who plunged us into the Iraq

War. It wasn't until he excused himself from our dinner at the Alamo Drafthouse to shoot a quick goodnight text to Dick Cheney that I began to figure this one out.

Um, Nick, 51
10 kilometers away

I suppose I work in an office of some sort. It may be an internet company. If that's still a thing.



4. The Time He Posed as Late Character Actor John Cazale

It didn't work at that cocktail party in 1982 and it didn't work now.

John, 42
Actor
Boston University
4 kilometers away

You may have seen me in The Godfather



5. The Time He Posed as His Own Evil Twin

I was wary enough to be going on a date with George W. Gush, Bush's evil twin, especially when in some more intimate moments he talked of plans to make me queen of the cyber-dimension after he devoured the soul of Chuck Schumer. I can't pretend the

dirty talk wasn't a little titillating, but to find out there was no such person as George W. Gush was a bit of a relief.

George, 1000
High Priest
Sector 7
3 kilometers away

George W. Gush is a very real person. He is a very real person. He is a very real person.



6. Jake

It doesn't matter how good the Photoshop was or how much he worked out. This time, I didn't even swipe right. Would you? Some profiles, you give it one look and you're already saying to your-

self, "that's just former leader of the free world George W. Bush, trying to swindle his way into my good graces one last time."

Jake, 24
Barender
1 kilometer away

Just a guy looking for a good time



7. He wasn't even trying this time.



George, 71
Former President of the United States
Yale
180 miles away

I do some painting these days



The following letter was found discarded outside our headquarters. In light of the urgency of its troubling message, we have reproduced it below in its entirety.

Dearest Stacy,

I write to you today with a grave warning and plea. You may believe, as I once did, that guys complaining about the Friend Zone are just bitter and childish, that there's nothing wrong with just wanting to be friends. Oh, you wretched, ignorant soul. I thought as you did, until the fateful day when I extended to you the honor of my courtship. Your rejection I could have borne, but then those five accursed words floated out from 'twixt thine parted lips: "Can we still be friends?"

As soon as the heinous incantation was spoken, a Stygian portal opened up 'neath my feet and I found myself thrust from the familiar, safe world of Earth into a twisted vortex of constant suffering, sexual frustration, and, worst of all, a constant loop of Shawn Mendes's "Treat You Better." As I am now all too painfully aware, the curs'd phrase "can we still be friends?" is actually a magic spell that banishes a well-intentioned suitor from Earth and into the realm of the Friend Zone, native domain of the multi-dimensional conqueror, the Great and Powerful Friend Lord. There, hundreds of Just Friends like myself labor on the Friend Lord's deadly "Friend Ship," a demonic vessel of Lovecraftian terror that, despite its name, will be the flagship for his invasion force into the mortal realm. The strongest among us are conscripted into the Friend Lord's military, where we serve among tentacled horrors, wolf-like savages, and the odd amorphous white blob with a ravenous hunger for living flesh.

I, and a few heroic, righteous, and just Just Friends, have formed a resistance group against the Friend Lord. We write in secret to warn against the coming invasion. The Friend Ship will devastate the world, and our rebellion is doomed to fail if the Friend Lord's army continues to grow. Thus, it is of paramount importance that no one, under any circumstances, should ever again utter the accursed phrase and send another hapless gentleman to the Friend Zone. If this letter reaches you, know that I am likely dead. Do not feel guilty — though your thoughtless rejection landed me here, you could not have known that I would be so brave and selfless as to sacrifice myself to save our world. All that I ask is that you remember my words, and ensure you and all your friends act more cautiously next time you would think to condemn an innocent man to the unspeakable horrors of the Friend Zone.

Forever your "friend",
Brad



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



2018 PEI Summer Internships Now Open!

The Princeton Environmental Institute is taking applications for paid, full-time internships for Summer 2018! Our 8-12 week internships include a stipend for travel and expenses.

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Applications and guidelines are available online, or by emailing peintern@princeton.edu.

Proposals for student-initiated internships are due Tuesday, March 6. Final applications for established internships are due Tuesday, March 27.



<https://environment.princeton.edu/undergrads/internships/opportunities>

Best Friends Ever? These Gal Pals Got Married to Each Other



Ladies, let's get real for a minute. Sometimes men are just way too complicated, too gross, too, well, manly! The solution to this problem might be closer than you think. After getting sick and tired of looking for the perfect guy, these two BFFs from San Francisco figured out the ultimate relationship hack: they got married to each other. Wow! Looks like no one gets you better than your bestie!

Meet Dominique and Pam: these two gal pals are basically platonic soulmates. They know everything about each other from favorite songs and family drama to bra size and vagina color. Friends are everything, and these best girlfriends really took it to the next level by choosing to abandon the endless search for Mr. Right and to just marry each other. Friendship is so beautiful!

"I've actually never been attracted to men in a serious way," Pam told us in a recent interview. "I've been out since high school and have never had a boyfriend or anything. I don't have anything against guys, I'm just a lesbian. I have absolutely no desire at all to be involved with men sexually or romantically."

Ugh, tell me about it, sister! Aren't we all ready to swear off men for a while? You know your bestie is prime wife material, so you better snatch her up before some man gets his hands on her, just like Dominique and Pam did.

On November 12, the beautiful brides stood at the altar and vowed to spend forever as completely heterosexual friends who live together, have joint bank accounts, and go down on each other on a regular basis.

"We're just gay," responded Dominique after the ceremony. "Like, super duper gay." Talk about best friends forever!

KYRA GREGORY '19

Princeton Administration Declines to Reform Sexual Honor Code

The Princeton administration has announced that, despite the recent passage of a referendum on the Honor Code, they will not amend the Code to remove its stipulations about sexual honesty. Phillip McElrond, who became the face of the referendum campaign, says of his contested trial, “My girlfriend turned me in because my oral technique was ‘too similar’ to my friend’s. I certainly didn’t take those moves from him—in fact, I’m pretty confused as to how she was able to make that accusation in the first place.” James Schuler, whose cunnilingus techniques were allegedly stolen, commented, “I work hard to develop my sexual repertoire and I’ll be damned if someone else is going benefit from my hard work.”

“It’s important for students to have a clear understanding of what’s at stake if they abuse the system,” says Honor Committee member Jessica Reeve. “The Princeton Constitution mandates a zero tolerance policy on claiming other people’s sexual work as your own.”

Currently, the Honor Code dictates that immediately following sex, each participating party must proclaim, “I pledge my honor that I have not violated the Honor Code during this

intercourse.” After completing an act of oral sex, the participants must write the following on the other’s genitals and sign his or her name: “I pledge my honor that this fellatio/cunnilingus represents my own work in accordance with University regulations.”

Perhaps one of the most controversial parts of the current Honor Code system is the ability of members of the Honor Committee to go ‘undercover’ in order to suss out sexual dishonesty. Said McElrond, “It’s pretty disturbing to finish a night in bed only to have your partner rip off their flesh mask to reveal themselves as a convincingly-disguised member of the committee.” Reeve responded that the Honor Committee is “simply trying to maintain order.”

Students also took umbrage with the harsh punishments for sexual dishonesty that are currently mandated by the Honor Code. For first-time offenders, the punishment is a one, two, or three-year stint with a mandatory chastity belt, the key to which all nine members of the Honor Committee wear around their necks at all times. For repeat offenders, the punishment is immediate expulsion followed by public execution.

ABBY CLARK ‘21



WINIFRED BRANDFIELD-HARVEY '20

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The Sixth Day



The Lord God formed a man from the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life, and the man became a living being, and this man was Adam.

Then the Lord God looked at the man as he cried and masturbated in the Garden of Eden and said, "Clearly, it is not good for the man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him."

So the Lord God formed from the ground all the wild animals and all the birds in the sky. But the man was not at all attracted to these creatures, and frankly found it weird that the Lord God had thought he might be, and so no suitable helper was found.

And so the Lord God felt a little defensive, and so He formed from the rib of the man a woman, and this woman was Eve.

And the man said,

"This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called 'woman,' for she was taken out of man."

And the woman said,

"Excuse me?"

And the man said,

"What?"

And the woman said,

"Don't you think it's a little presumptuous to name me?"

And the man said,

"Oh God."

And the Lord God said,

"What?"



And the man, taken aback, said,

"Oh. I was just sort of exclaiming in a general sense."

And the Lord God said,

"Oh."

And all was silent in the Garden of Eden.

And the woman said,

"Would you mind giving us some privacy?"

And the Lord God said awkwardly,

"I totally wish I could, but I'm sort of omniscient."

And the woman said,

"What does that mean?"

And the Lord God said,

"It means I see and know everything."

And the man said under his breath,

"Oh, she's gonna love that."

And the woman said,

"EXCUSE ME?"

And the Lord God said,

"Oh man."

And the man said,

"What?"

And the Lord God, taken aback, said,

"Oh. I was just sort of exclaiming in a general sense."

And the man said,

"Oh."

And all was silent in the Garden of Eden.

And the Lord God said,

"I think I'll go make more birds or something."

And the Lord God went to make more birds or something.

And Adam and Eve ate of the apple, and thus knew of sin, and thus had make-up sex.

And the Lord God watched, and it was Good.

MAIA HAMIN '20

This Diagram
of my
Ass Perfectly
Sums Up
What It's
Like to be
in Love



STAFF '18

6 Weapons Cupid Could Use Instead of His Stupid Bow and Arrow

As admirable as we all find Cupid and his mission of match-making, I think it's time I said what we've all been thinking: a bow and arrow is quite possibly the worst, most inefficient weapon he could use to spread love in the world. In order to keep up with the rapid advances of weapons technology in the modern love market, here's a list of six weapons of mass affection that Cupid could use instead.

Glock 17 9mm

At the most basic level, Cupid should have a pistol. The Glock 17 is a pocket-sized gun perfect for concealed carry, which would allow the god of love to sneak up on any unsuspecting citizen and hit them with the love bug before they even know it!

Sentinel Arms Co-Striker-12

If Cupid wanted to improve his efficiency even more, a twelve-gauge shotgun with a revolving cylinder designed for riot control like the Sentinel would be the logical next step. Not only is it legal in the United States and easily accessible

on Guns.com, but it would allow Cupid to make a dozen targets catch feelings with a single magazine. How convenient!

Type 4B AK-47

But why stop at a close-range weapon that even my grandmother could operate? If Cupid wants to spread the love with high precision and efficiency, he should invest in an AK-47. This cheap, accurate, military-grade weapon can hit the average adult from up to 300 meters away, and it carries the capacity to unload almost 400 rounds in the span of about two minutes. No more reloading—just instant romance!

MQ-8B Fire Scout

If Cupid really wants to take care of all the lonely singles of the world, he could upgrade to an “unmanned aerial vehicle,” more commonly known as a drone. With even a tactical-grade UAV, he could pepper an entire region with fiery affection from the comfort of his own home!

Neptunium-237 Nuclear Fission Missile

Why settle for thousands of people struck with love at a time when you can go for millions? By accumulating a nuclear stockpile the size of North Korea's, Cupid would be able to create an explosion of romance capable of covering almost every city in America. Even better, the massive radius of fallout from this violent and horrifying event would make every day Valentine's Day!

A Nail Studded Baseball Bat

Honestly, I just think this would look really cool.



TYLER ASHMAN '21

ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19



MAIA HAMIN '20

ILLUSTRATED BY KYRA GREGORY '19



MAX FELDMAN '19
KYRA GREGORY '19

The War on Valentine's Day

Wake up, America.

As we all know, the liberals have launched a full-scale war on American holidays. December brought another secularist attack on Christmas. In January, the left pushed their evil plan to a new level when they viciously claimed Martin Luther King Day by labeling it as a celebration of "civil rights." However, this time, the left has gone too far. They've taken the most sacred day of the year and turned it into a vile manifestation of their twisted agenda. That's right, America: the liberals have seized Saint Valentine's Day and plunged us all into a hellish vision of the despicable future they want.

Valentine's Day used to be a wholesome American holiday. After all, what better way to celebrate our proud capitalist tradition than with \$18 billion in spending on fancy dinners and overpriced chocolate? Cupid himself, with his trusty bow and arrow, was a staunch defender of the right to open carry. But the liberals have taken this most patriotic of days and turned it on its

head. They've tried to convince the American public with their catchy slogans and politically correct language that Valentine's Day is all about love. Don't be fooled: "love" is a façade for the machinations of the leftist cabal, a code word for the deplorable displays of deviant romanticism and wanton tolerance they wish to see consume our god-fearing nation. And don't even get me started on the Valentine's displays of sexual depravity! Partners having sex, acquaintances having sex, strangers having sex, gays having sex! Just the other day, I saw a Valentine's Day card emblazoned with blatant propaganda: an image of two clearly homosexual labradors sitting together in a heart the color of communism, advancing the extremist liberal agenda one "Puppy Love" at a time.

On February 14, don't buy into the left's crooked scam. Grab your bow and arrow, buy some overpriced steak, abstain from any homosexual or premarital affection, and celebrate Valentine's Day the right way.

PAIGE ALLEN '21



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I Taught a Robot to Love, and It Has No Game Whatsoever

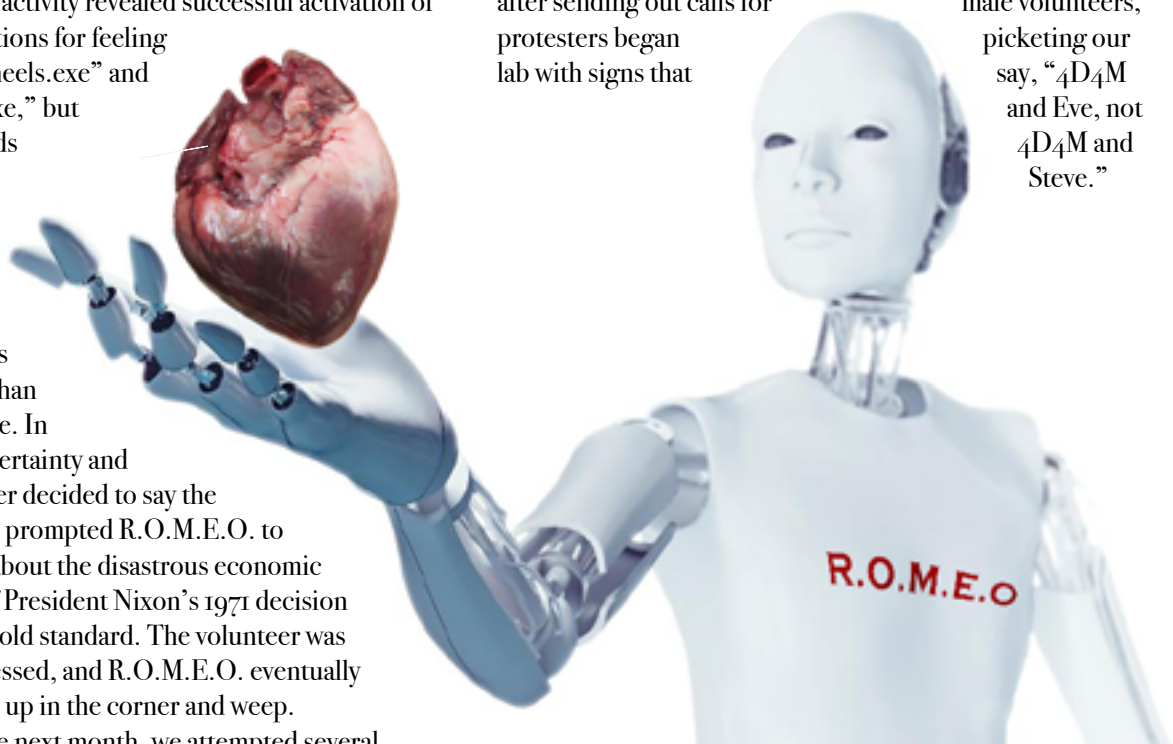
Two months ago, my colleagues and I completed our work on the Really Overwhelmingly Loving Machine Endeavoring for O-ffection, or R.O.M.E.O. The goal was simple: achieve the dream of computer programmers and science fiction writers alike by teaching a robot to love. Not everyone was supportive, calling the project “pointless” and “cliché” and saying that our name was “nonsensical and needlessly complicated.” All important endeavors such as this are often looked down upon, so we soldiered on, and besides, retroactively justifying a hastily chosen acronym is hard, dammit. After ten years of programming and construction of a sturdy robot body, we began exposing R.O.M.E.O. to mountains of romantic comedy movies and those novels with the shirtless, long haired hunky boys on the covers. Today, I am pleased to announce that we have successfully taught a robot to love. I am also significantly less pleased to announce that the robot has absolutely no game whatsoever and is, in fact, one of the dorkiest entities I have ever had the displeasure of observing.

In our tests meant to determine whether or not R.O.M.E.O. had, in fact, learned to love, we placed it in a hermetically sealed room along with a series of female volunteers. The first test was immediate disaster. Analysis of its processing activity revealed successful activation of its two vital functions for feeling love, “headoverheels.exe” and “seducetarget.exe,” but suddenly its hands began leaking oil, its knees shuddered and it began registering the weight of its arms as much higher than they actually were. In a moment of uncertainty and pity, the volunteer decided to say the first word, which prompted R.O.M.E.O. to begin rambling about the disastrous economic repercussions of President Nixon’s 1971 decision to abandon the gold standard. The volunteer was clearly not impressed, and R.O.M.E.O. eventually trailed off to curl up in the corner and weep.

Over the next month, we attempted several

methods to improve R.O.M.E.O.’s pickup game. We tried improving its confidence levels with a new program titled “smashtatslash.exe,” but this resulted in R.O.M.E.O. attempting to pop its nonexistent shirt collar and bust a move, at which point it instead severed several vital wires and collapsed instantly. We then tried altering the parameters of “seducetarget.exe” with more specific instructions, but in the next trial it merely repeated, “show me them nips, sugar clitoris,” in monotone. In our most unsuccessful trial, it simply ran towards the volunteer, screaming, “here comes the dick!” and then playing a sound file of a train horn as loud as its built in speakers could go. We hit the killswitch immediately.

We are continuing to think up solutions to this problem, and I am very proud of my colleagues for their creativity. I am confident that we will soon be able to proudly say that our robot who knows how to love can find love as well. Adjusting inhibition levels, adding paranormal romance to its literature database, and installing sexy slap-bass subroutines are all planned for implementation in future tests. Our most ambitious idea is the accommodation of male volunteers, to see if it responds to men better. We do, however, have a small hurdle to overcome with that, as after sending out calls for male volunteers, protesters began picketing our lab with signs that say, “4D4M and Eve, not 4D4M and Steve.”



WILL KAPLAN '19

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