SPAC COFFEEHOUSE NOW SPONSORED BY FOLGERS
Allows only commercial jingle tributes

FARM PARTY ONLY
SUSTAINABLE PARTY MODEL
Never actually ends
By Ms. Suder ’18
ECON MAJORS FINALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO
STUDY DEPT.
(A DITCH BEHIND THE SOCCER FIELD)
Last weekend’s community farm rager caught the attention of campus economics students and grounds keepers alike when it remarkably succeeded in going on for seventy-two straight hours, due to a clever adjustment of the central principle of party longevity. Given Fraternity’s Law—“The length of a party is directly related to the amount of beer at said party,” just provide enough beer to last forever, and no one will have any reason to leave.

Eddie Parker ’16, the self-proclaimed head farman of the entire operation, publicized his dirt-and-keystone stained manifesto by posting a crumpled printout to McEwen’s feedback board. It reads: “The central economic boundary of scarcity—in this case, too many people brawling over too little beer—has always been one of the only limits on literal all-party-all-the-time-don at every college campus ever. However, we, the clever, innovating members of the community farm applied our teamwork expertise to recreate the (college) party model. Every at tendee is to arrive with their own beer (nicked from other frat parties), effectively negating the pressure of scarcity on this particular system. Also, if you’re gonna bring Bud Light, you might as well not come at all.”

“I can’t believe they thought of this bring-your-own-booz-boozef bust thing before we did,” Garrison Portage ’19 said, having been interviewed in the middle of an Econ 101 crowd. “We ran out of alcohol on, like, the first stop. Because there was only one stop. Because I was the only one participating in the crawl. What I mean is, I wish I had paid enough attention in class to come up with the idea of making people bring me beer.”

“Wait, so Parker actually ran with that bullshit, pseudo-economics manifesto?” Jennie Dell ’16 said after observing a path of smashed pumpkins trailing behind the Co-op. “Damn. I didn’t think he had the gourds.”

Intending to bring order to the carbonation-fueled bacchanal, Campo arrived at the pitched tent above the farm plot that was housing the event on Tuesday afternoon, pushing aside clad-Co-op members stumbling around and tripping on radishes. However, officers were reportedly turned away from the party because they failed to pay the twelve-pack entry price. This upcoming weekend, DII will be trying to replicate this party’s success, but nobody has their hopes up. Sources report the brotherhood has been working on a hay-to-beer conversion device.

NEIL deGRASSE TYSON POETRY
READINGS SCHEDULED FOR SPRING
Nothing says liberal arts education quite like this
By Ms. Whitmer ’18
RED STAR BLUE STAR DEPT.
(THE COSMOS) Neil deGrasse Tyson, American astrophysicist and poet, will appear as the 2016 Ham lton College Saccrodotte Great Names Speaker this spring.

Interim Senior Associate Dean of Students Lisa Magnuselli led the selection committee for the event. “Initially, we were wary about bringing in a scientist for a poetry reading,” she commented. “But after we read Tyson’s satirical poem on the emotional turmoil he experienced during the controversy surrounding Pluto’s planetary status, we knew this was the right decision.”

After the College’s announcement, Creative Writing concentrator Beauregard LaRou ’16 commented, “Yeah, I’ve read his stuff. It’s pretty widely anthologized. As in, over-rated.”

Tyson published his first collection of poems, A Constellation of Exploding Stars and Other Works, in 2011. At the time, his assistant released a statement regarding Tyson’s career shift, explaining, “Neil is in the process of soul-searching, and right now, isolating himself on a private island designed to look like the surface of Neptune. Ohh’ing into the universe is really what he needs.”

Tyson has since rented his island to colleague Bill Nye and published several pieces in the National Anthology for Starving Artists (NASA).

When asked if she would be attending the reading, Physics and Literature double major Abigail Clarkson ’18 replied with a definitive “yes.”

“Neil has been an inspiration to me ever since I went to that planetarium he’s in charge of on a class field trip,” she explained. “The bus left without me, so I actually got to hang out there for a couple days. I feel like what he’s doing really embodies the open curriculum we have at Hamilton. I hope he reads his poem ‘Save the Brother’—and I mean really reads his poem ‘Save the Brother’—at the event.”

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SPRING CONCERT QUESTIONNAIRE ONLY LISTS
CAB HEAD’S BAND
Campus community agrees it wants T-Pain
By Ms. Warren ’18
(SUBTITLE SELF-PROMOTION DEPT.
(MY.HAMILT.EDU/SURVEY-MANAGER)
Despite hoping to see at least one culturally rele vant musical group on CAB’s Spring concert ques tionnaire, students were bitterly disappointed last Wednesday. Eager to vote for their favorite affordable indie rock act, members of the campus community opened the all-campus email to find that all eleven options were CAB Concert Coordinator Josh Bendelow ’17’s own band, Gluten-Free Deserts.

“What really stagneres me is that people voted any way,” CAB co-chair Emily Fitz ’16 said. “I could have salvaged this by sending out the real email, but 987 people voted to bring Gluten-Free Deserts to campus.”

All four members of Gluten-Free Deserts are of course, already on campus, where they live, yak, and commit petty arson.

Bendelow, whose devotion to the bass guitar is second only to allergy-concious confections, said he was trying to appeal to the broadest demographic possible. “I want the hot girl in my econ class to see me play but I also want the hot girl in American Lit to see me play,” he said. “They hang out with different groups, so it’s really important that I get a gig like the Spring Concert to bridge that gap.”

“I trusted Josh to do this one thing,” Fitz fumed. “I search central New York for edgy yet inoffensive come bands. If there is a hip band coming anywhere near our geographical location, my phone gets a notification. It’s going to get cold soon and this campus needs a constant stream of wholesome stimuli or we’re going to start eating each other in the hour from 4 to 5 PM when Com mons is closed.”

Dodge comparisons to the Great Vance Joy Bum mer of 2014, Fitz and the rest of the CAB e-board are facing their disgruntled classmates everywhere they go.

“I was pretty disappointed by the selection,” Marissa Gomez ’19 said. “Didn’t Tufts get Ke$ha last year? What the hell?”

When asked for comment, Bendelow shrugged. “Hey, man, the people have spoken,” he said. “And the people want Gluten-Free Deserts.”

In this issue: Culture: That thing we don’t get
HAVOC DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT SUPPORTS TEAM IMPACT

PUPPY PROPHET’S HARD TRUTH OF THE WEEK

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

November 6, 2015

THE DUEL OBSERVER
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In this issue: Culture: That thing we don’t get
CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: Fun Facts or Foul Acts?

I used to live in the dark. I thought the fun facts printed in a certain student publication printed on beige paper were just that—fun. Harmless, interesting tidbits you could bring up at a Bundy party or White House Correspondent’s Dinner to seem smart. But then I discovered they were part of a secret Colgate plot to lower Hamilton test scores. The fun facts are nothing but lies. I was walking by KJ when I heard voices coming from a study room. This wasn’t unusual, except one of the voices sounded very sinister. So of course I had to investigate. I discovered the editor of a fact-based, of-the-times, single-sheet, student paper that comes out on Tuesdays. He was talking to someone I didn’t recognize. I heard some pretty suspicious stuff, like “those simple fools,” “our blatant lies,” and “man, we are so sinister.” The one thing they kept mentioning was fun facts—specifically the ones often found on tables in the dining halls. Just to be safe, I snapped a picture.

That night, I pulled the picture out of my box of photos of people in KJ study rooms and ran it through my homemade facial recognition software, which is definitely more elaborate than just a reverse image search. I discovered that the other person in the room was none other than the Dean of Collegiate Espionage at Colgate! I’ll say this much for Colgate—they believe in transparency. The website was surprisingly forthcoming about their sabotage programs.

According to the website, Colgate has done extensive neurological studies determining how many finite points of data a single brain can hold. The Topical is a direct weaponization of this information, with the added bonus of burdening your lunch with knowledge. The Topical is the reason you’ll never be a doctor.

One of our student publications is under Colgate’s thumb, pumping our heads full of made up information. Facts I thought were fun were actually a ploy to lower the test scores of Hamilton students with the added bonus of burdening your lunch with knowledge. The Topical is the reason you’ll never be a doctor.

The upcoming Wet Hot American Summer party is actually the most patriotic event of the year. Wet Hot American Summer is about being obnoxious as shit, which is a concept America practically invented. America, just like a frat boy at Wet Hot American Summer, rolls in wearing the red, white, and blue with its middle finger up. America is a drunk, entitled asshole who will try to grind on you in invented. America, just like a frat boy at Wet Hot American Summer, rolls in wearing the red, white, and blue with its middle finger up. America is a drunk, entitled asshole who will try to grind on you

How American is Wet Hot American Summer?

By Mr. Burns ‘17

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Wet Hot American Summer is also an exercise in nostalgia for a time that never really existed. We think we remember summer camp as the time when we discovered ourselves or maybe where we fingered Sally Johnson on the paddleboats while maintaining direct eye contact with our camp counselor [Editor’s note: I’m still holding a torch for you Sally. Please respond to my friend request]. Summer camp is kind of like AA in that the friendships forged work better in our imaginations rather than in real life. But really, we spent most of our summer camp experiences being hopelessly bored and trying to figure out what the fuck you need a lanyard for. It’s kind of like how America still believes that there was a time when life didn’t suck—i.e., the 1950s where no one ever got divorced, or when Jesus’s better brother Ronald Reagan was king. It’s all lies—the hollowness at the center of a life in the work force and the specter of death still haunted us all back then too.

Wet Hot American Summer is an example of how capitalism is slowly throttling us all. The administration is just allowing us the illusion of freedom, the illusion of “fun,” to distract us from our mounting stress levels. As you choke on the shitty generic beer in Bundy, just remember you are also sucking on the administration’s corrupt teat. Face it—you are on society’s assembly line, a sheep raised for slaughter. The only way we will ever truly live is to tear the whole fucker down.