Self-Proclaimed Activist Still Persisting With Anti-V-Day Vigil

Won't just cry under the covers alone like the rest of us

By Ms. Suder '18

Commodification of Human Emotion Dept.

(ENCROACHING ON THE EDGES OF OUR RE-LUCTANT ATTENTION) Even though Valentine's Day has come and gone, some have still not recovered from the stinging loneliness that the holiday can induce in those who are single and think they shouldn't be. None, however, have made quite as loud a statement as Rick Carlsburg '17, who started his "I Hate Valentine's Day And So Should You" vigil last Saturday and is still going strong.

"I took a vow of figurative silence to protest this shallow, commercialized holiday, hoping to show my peers that we need to break free of the system and not let social conventions of 'affection' and 'human connection' take over our lives," Carlsburg explained, looking at his black-taffeta-and-melted-Godiva-draped shrine, then putting two fingers to his lips and closing his eyes in a gesture of said figurative silence.

"Like every effective member of a revolutionary movement, I have a good reason for my activism: the fact that endorphin-facilitated feelings of attraction to a sexual partner are overwhelmingly desirable, given the fact that our evolutionary history hinged on successful reproduction," Carlsburg said, then turned away to mutter under his breath, "she still loves me she still loves me she'll come back soon you'll see you'll see."

"Ricky's shrine is kinda starting to weird me out," roommate William Chen '17 said, toting the fondue-soaked drapery away from his desk. "It takes up almost all of the space in our room and, seriously, it was hard enough to navigate through our piles of laundry without also having to step around a 6-foot-tall pyramid of deflated heart-shaped balloons and the stuffing of his ex's old ripped-up mattress. Also, he said that the elk heart he strung from the ceiling was just a plastic 'accurate representation of my soul,' but I'm starting to think it's real, because it's rotting, and the neighbors can smell it."

Student Changes Facebook Name To Convince People He Has Potential Employers

Hopes it will look dignified or something

By Mr. Letai '19

Illusion of Career Outcomes Dept.

(THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY) Communications major Ben Idell '17 recently (THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY) Communications major Ben Idell '17 recently changed his name on Facebook, to the relief of his parents and concerned adults in his life. Originally "Blazin' Ben Idell," his name on his profile now reads "Benjamin K. Idell." He hopes that by changing his name, he will convince his friends that he cares about the opinion of an employer viewing his profile.

"It was a pretty big decision," Idell said, lounging on a beanbag chair in his dorm. "You know how you're only allowed to change your name on Facebook a certain number of times? I had to think about it a while because I wasn't sure I wanted to give up the alliteration. It took a lot of drug-induced inspiration to come up with that swanky nickname. I told myself I wouldn't cry."

Reactions to Idell's decision have been mixed. "I thought about actually sending out a resume and putting his new name on it, but I decided all the socializing was 'at times stressful and pointless, since it was never what I was looking for, which, incidentally and apropos, I'm still trying to figure out, despite the skills I actually have and aren't just pre-fabricated, generic delusions."

While she has yet to locate which club would have been the ideal fit for her at Hamilton, Hoapfal remains positive. "I think I'll figure it out soon. College is something you continue to learn from your entire lifetime. Everything else is going quite well. Award-winning novel, lots of supporters and detractors, clothed and fed, live indoors mostly, exploitive Twitter and secret Pinterest..."
Sneak the weather for love.

**ECON Major’s Color-By-Number**

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**Parameters**

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**Other variables**

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**Gold**

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**Silver**

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**Letter**

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**Face-off: Kid Wearing Shorts Outside Eco-Activist, or Utterly Unaware**

**Eco-Activist:**

Are you all blind?? This whole planet is going down the shitter and nobody is doing anything, just like the plunbers after I flushed all those gone-to-soon gerbils! The only gleam of global-empathy alive on this campus is Gerald Martin ’19, who has been selflessly sacrificing his own body to enlighten you ignorant, capitalist porkers. Every day he is out there in our veritable tundra preaching through his thigh-high shorts the imminent danger Al Gore alerted us to A FUCKING DECADE AGO. Those shorts are capitalist porkers. Every day he is out there in our veritable tundra preaching through his thigh-high shorts the imminent danger Al Gore alerted us to A FUCKING DECADE AGO. Those shorts are capitalist porkers.

**Unaware:**

I honestly just want to make sure he’s okay. I’ll see Gerald walking across campus, smiling, completely unfazed by the icicles dangling from his frail, circuitous leg hair. Does he know about wind chill? These snow drifts this campus has to offer accompanied by a bed of the finest deep-ocean red seaweed. Nets will be provided for wrangling your dinner.

By Amanda Bellcroix ’18

**Friday Five: Groups We Wish Would Throw Feb Fest Events**

By Ms. Collins’ 19

Here’s a few ideas as to what could propell this year’s Feb Fest from “satisfactory” to “almost worth leaving bed for.”

5. **Hamilton Monarchs Society:** Picture this: You approach the Dunham green. You shield your eyes from the blindingly dull sunlight to take in an inflatable castle reaching for the heavens. You enter. In the center of all it sits the man himself, king above all monarchs, Lord Regent Athanasius Aquinas Plantagenet ’17 (founder, president, and dictator). Whizzing past go some towering jocks with beer cans swords, riding stick ponies. The snow jousting has begun. Prepare for 5 hours of pillaging, siege, and the Black Plague. Also featuring a real-life witch burning.

4. **History Club:** Inspired by one of Western history’s greatest hits, the Great Schism Redux would provide our cozy community with some desperately needed toppling of central power and grand proclamations of deity-anointed superiority. Sceptators are invited to bring their own slow-roasted cabbage while settling down to cheer on three historians dressed as pontiffs challenging each other to a nail-bitting game of King of the Hill (Delusions of Grandeur Edition).

3. **Club Eats:** What’s better than eating, dead grasshoppers? Eating live grasshoppers. In the snow. This fine dining event features a direct view of the finest snowdrifts this campus has to offer accompanied by a meal of ants, moths, and stinkbugs all crawling over a bed of the finest deep-ocean red seaweed. Nett be provided for wrangling your dinner.

2. **JStew and the Admins:** The most famous rap/hiphop/dubstep/country musical group on campus, this group features the musical genius of the one, the only Joan Hinde “The Og星级 Steezy” Stewart. Their sick beats would shake the entire campus, even reaching the forsaken down in Wally-J. We’d be psyched to feel the fire of Steezy’s killer mix tape “Prez 4 Lyfe” ring throughout the Annex and pound us into that sweet beer-soaked floor.

1. **The Duel Observer:** Back due to popular demand, the one-and-only staff of the Duel Observer, ready to interact with you in person (autographs cost extra): Sundays at 6 in KJ 101. You won’t be disappointed. Come join the chilliest crew on the hizzle.

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