

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 Fraternicus' 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 farmhand 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-dom 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 attendee 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-booze thing before we did," Garrison Portage '19 said, having been interviewed in the middle of an Econ 101 crawl. "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 plaid-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, DIK will try 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
READING 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 Hamilton College Sacerdote Great Names Speaker this spring.

Interim Senior Associate Dean of Students Lisa Magnarelli 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 acrostic 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, overrated."

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. Ohm'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 '13 Ways of Looking at a Black Hole.'"

Biology major Hugh Donovan '18, another Tyson fan, commented, "Wait, this dude's a scientist? I thought all his references to outer space were just, like, metaphors and shit."

SPRING CONCERT
QUESTIONNAIRE ONLY LISTS
CAB HEAD'S BAND

Campus community agrees it wants T-Pain

Ms. Warren '18

"SUBTLE" SELF-PROMOTION DEPT.

(MY.HAMILTON.EDU/SURVEY-MANAGER)

Despite hoping to see at least one culturally relevant musical group on CAB's Spring Concert questionnaire, 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 staggers me is that people voted anyway," 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-conscious confectionaries, 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 comedians. 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 Commons is closed."

Dodging comparisons to the Great Vance Joy Bummer 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



See "So appropriate it hurts," pg. one-two

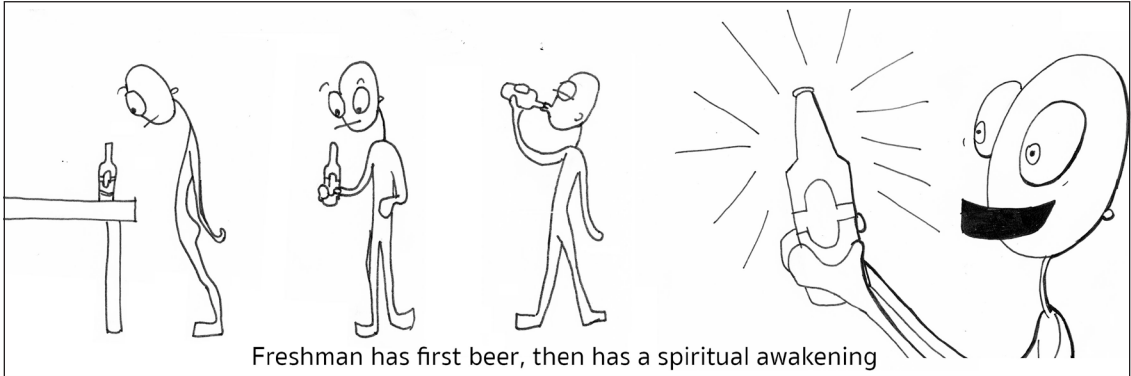
PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH
OF THE WEEK



Doesn't this warm weather feel nice?
The average world temperature is rising.

MAINSTAGE OPENING FORECAST

ACT I	ACT II	ACT IV
Better	than	Movie
High probability lead role played by professor's shih tzu.	75% chance the candelabra does a striptease.	"I'm all for audience participation, but I can't get the fur out of my mouth."



CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: FUN FACTS OR FOUL ACTS?

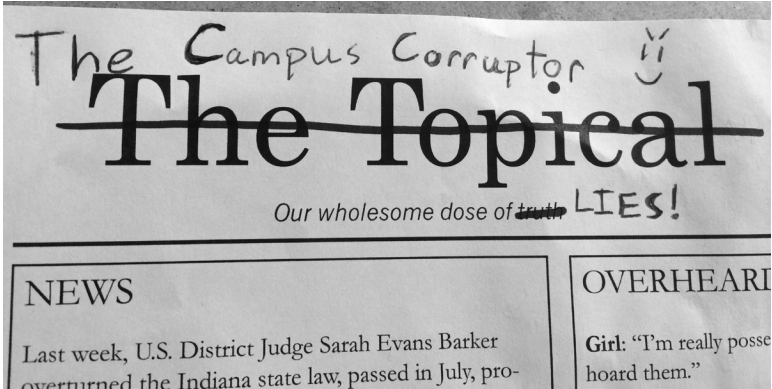
I used to live in the dark. I thought the fun facts printed in a certain student publication printed on beige paper were just that—fun. Harmless, interesting tidbits you could bring up at a Bundy party or White House Correspondents’ Dinner to seem smart. But then I discovered they were part of a secret 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 become 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 and plunge our ranking. It’s all a trick. Stay away from the facts, no matter how fun they may seem.



See? Proof.
Found scrawled on a copy of the Daily Bull by Mr. Letai '19

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL

How American is Wet Hot American Summer?

By Mr. Burns '17

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 like he doesn’t understand the concept of personal boundaries—just ask Iraq, Vietnam, or literally any other country in the world. America might do some property damage while he’s there—he might rip a thermostat out of the wall, or create a vacuum of power that leads to the rise of the Islamic State. And Event Staff is just like the U.N.—meaning, they will do nothing.

Wet Hot American Summer is also an exercise in nostalgia for a time that never really existed. We all *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 student debt. 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.

FRIDAY FIVE: BEST NEW WHCL SHOWS FOR HIPSTERS

By Mx. Collins '19

- 5. This Week on NPR on WHCL This Week:** Why listen to a talk show about current events when you could listen to a talk show about a talk show about current events? One of the most unique shows, DJ Sophie Stickated '16 interjects her opinions about the opinions about current events. Tune in for maximum redundancy redundancy.
- 4. May the Farce be with You:** DJ’s Lucy Airstriider '17 and Annie King '17 bring a unique show that plays on the popular George Lucas series. They play only songs that are farces of other songs, and that have to do with *Star Wars*. This show is probably not the one you are looking for, unless you want to hear Weird Al’s “The Saga Begins” on loop for sixty straight minutes, since he’s the only person actually bold enough to make so many intergalactic spoofs.
- 3. Guilty Pleasures:** This is the show you’ll love to listen to “ironically.” All of those “unoriginal” songs that you absolutely “hate,” such as Bieber’s “Baby” or Swift’s “Bad Blood,” play on this show. You’ll “definitely never listen to this” show because it “isn’t unique or indie enough.” You know what? Fuck you. We already know this is your favorite music.
- 2. Sandwich Talk:** Jack Zogheb '19’s masterpiece of food talk takes place on Wednesdays at 6:00 PM. The hero you’re looking for, he never has to have a sub for his show. He’s currently working on a way to broadcast the physical sandwiches into your face. Don’t want to listen? What’s eating you?
- 1. The Good Vibrations of Breaking Wind:** In this brand new, ground-breaking, award winning show, the DJ passes gas on air for two straight hours. Puffer Frump '18, a.k.a. DJ Booty-Belch hits listeners with wave after wave of passed gas. The quality and magnitude of this anal audio is impeccable. You’ll be guaranteed to be the only one listening.

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