

FOLLOW HCSASSEMBLY ON SNAPCHAT
All the excitement of C-SPAN, minus the constitutional backing

CHILL ANTHROPOLOGY
PROFESSOR STILL ACCEPTING
FALL FINAL PROJECTS

Waiting for Course Evaluations as well

By Ms. Alatalo '18

EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING IT DEPT.

(SOCIALLY CONSTRUCTED SPACE-TIME) Up-holding a policy controversial among Hamilton students, parents, and administration, Professor Cottard of the Anthropology Department is still accepting final projects for the Fall 2015 semester. The decision to accept alarmingly late projects was inspired by his own recent research completed this past summer.

“I discovered that deadlines are merely a social construct, and many cultures don’t even recognize them,” Cottard explained. “I could not in good faith continue to support such arbitrary notions in my classroom.” The professor has reportedly also stopped recognizing such concepts as “administrative emails,” “parents wanting to know where their kids’ grades are,” and “pending termination of your position.”

Despite the lax submission policy, many students of the class, Twitter and Tyrants, “a course examining how digitized messages are quickly becoming the backbone of

society, and the destruction you will cause if you don’t stop looking at your phone in class,” have already handed something in. Cottard reportedly received a 3,000 page packet of printed screenshots of every Tinder message sent and Google search posited by a student’s suitemates and a roll of 35mm film scrawled with the message “Memories are obsolete and art is dead.” The professor declined to tell the students what grade they have earned, “because I don’t want to teach students to beat themselves up over something as arbitrary as institutional judgement.”

As word of the course’s loose expectations spread, many students expressed interest in it, flooding the Registrar with add requests and filling a 56-spot waitlist. However, currently enrolled members of the course warn that it may not be as easy as it seems.

“At first, it was great! I realized I could sleep through finals week and gloat as my friends struggled to post essays to Blackboard on time,” Mariana Gomez ’17 said. “But then it was two weeks into winter break, and I realized my project would be expected to be better since I took more time to do it. I still haven’t finished it, and live in a constant state of anxiety knowing the longer I wait the less of a chance I have to meet expectations, but it’s cool, I’ll probably just pull an all-nighter before graduation.”

more conceptual lessons. “Week two is when students gain a real understanding of the reality of business. We help them come to terms with the realization that the pursuit of materialistic success is endless and will never result in true spiritual happiness. Additionally, we address how to deal with the guilt that comes with profiteering off the suffering of your fellow man.”

The intensive two-week program is offered over winter break to Economics majors in their senior year. While it is a brief window, the habits learned during Bump Start stick with students for a lifetime. Maxwell Fisher ’16, one of the twelve students selected to take part in Bump Start’s debut year, remarked that contrary to his expectations, he is going into his last semester with the fervor of a freshman. “Imagine you spent two weeks in a sauna conversing with John Wayne, a fourth dimensional being, and the last three Dalai Lamas, and they just dispensed all this energy to you in the form of knowledge and you just soaked it all up and now it’s in you and you have them in you and you are powerful. Extremely powerful. That’s what Bump Start is all about, basically.”

When asked about the exorbitant budget for the program, Goldman said with a snort, “We may have blown it, but we didn’t spend it all.”

STUDENTS HOLD ROOMMATE
AGREEMENT RENEWAL
CEREMONY

Hope room will be heated by divine intervention

By Mr. Letai '19

ALL PRAISE TO THE DORM GODS DEPT.

(UPON THE ALTAR OF COHABITATION)

After returning from break during which they both promptly forgot all the respecting-shared-living-standards they had built up over the first semester, students Bill Jackson ’18 and Fred Ferguson ’18 decided to formally renew their roommate agreement. Rather than the cursory once-over and fistbump for which many of their peers settled, Jackson and Ferguson decided to stage a pious ceremony.

“We began by placing the contract we signed in September at the center of... well, a pentagram, but the fun kind. As per the Satanist Bible, we then joined hands and, using a sacred knife smuggled out of McEwen, mingled our blood and let it drip on to the accursed parchment,” Ferguson said while rinsing black bile from a washcloth.

“I think the ceremony has really brought us closer,” Jackson said. “Now I feel an unbreakable bond with Fred, almost as if the Eldritch gods have bound our souls in an unholy union of fire and brimstone. Maybe he’ll stop leaving his dirty clothes on the floor now.”

Ferguson was similarly enthusiastic. “We have given the Dark Lords a gift to ensure a bountiful semester,” Ferguson said, gesturing to a carefully constructed ziggurat of ramen noodles and empty coffee cups. “You wouldn’t believe what I had to go through to get a religious exemption from campo for a burnt offering.”

The roommates plan to maintain a small shrine in their closet, where it can be shielded from direct sunlight and the ever-watchful eye of “God,” honoring their commitment to living with each other.

“We hope we can inspire other roommates to have renewal ceremonies,” Jackson said. “It’s really a beautiful thing. Especially if it can make your roommate stop watching videos without headphones at 2 AM because his free will is a fragile illusion that you now control. You know, hypothetically.”

ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
KICKS OFF “BUMP START”
PROGRAM

Participants reach new high

By Mr. Lunn '18

LET IT SNOW DEPT.

(BUNDY DINING HALL BATHROOM STALL) Snow on the ground, wildlife lifeless, trees beaten bare by the wind—it’s nearly spring at Hamilton. As a result, the polluted campus air is cluttered with talk of the ever elusive summer internship. While, in theory, securing an internship means getting career related experience and a taste of the real world, often students find that their time is spent performing obtuse tasks that seem to have no relation to their chosen profession. To counteract this, the Economics Department has launched Bump Start, a program aimed at providing their majors with experiences that legitimately reflect life in the world of economics, finance, business, and reading housing contracts 80 pages at a time.

Professor Oliver Goldman, Bump Start’s founder, tells us that the program consists of two distinct phases. “The first week is spent practicing tangible skills such as navigating cubicles, juggling calls on a headset, and learning the ins-and-outs of the industry’s most advanced copy machines.” The second week is devoted to

In this issue: Motivation, or the chemical equivalent

EXISTENTIALISM SEMINAR CANCELLED
AFTER FIRST CLASS




See “All agree ‘Why bother?’” pg. 42

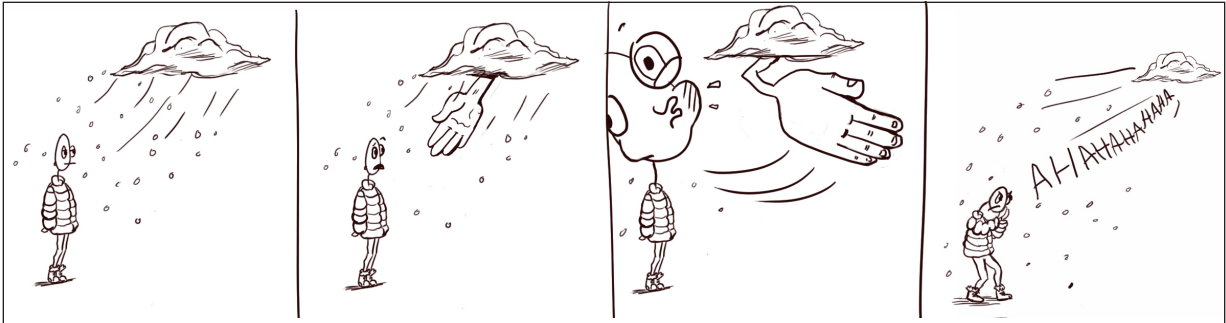
WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS

Real advice from someone we barely know



“All successful people have two qualities: a passion for knowledge, and a healthy crop of succulents.”

BEEKEEPING CLUB FORECAST	EXPECTATIONS	REALITY	AFTERMATH
	Smoke	Them	Out
			
	High probability artisanal honey leads to sweet, sweet victory.	80% chance Women’s Studies Dept. names bees greatest feminists.	“WASPs are feeling the sting of jealousy.”



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LEAVE

By Jimmy Marshall

When your favorite brah-for-life left the nation to go galavanting in the goddamn Spanish countryside for “study” “abroad,” your fall semester inevitably fell into a web of disaster and shame. Now that your beloved roommate is back, it’s finally fucking time to enumerate your grievances and let him know how his months of “self-discovery” and “independence” and “el club” screwed with your personal well-being here on the Hill.

- You spent many nights alone in your new dingle’s megabed, adrift on not one but two Twin XL mattresses. Like a toddler on a hillside, you rolled so freely and often awoke on the floor or smooshed up against the radiator. Practically in the radiator.
- You had representatives from all food groups chilling up against said radiator. You and your dearest dude had been on a sweet health kick. Sometime in November, though, the spinach you bought in August had transcended physical state from solid to plasma.
- There was that miscommunication with Hot Dave at the Farm Party.
- If your bro hadn’t been siesta-ing overseas, those fateful Twitter direct messages never would’ve been sent.
- It was extra stressful because some people don’t even get notifications for Twitter direct messages!! And Hot Dave is a consistent once-every-three-weeks-ish tweeter, so you were on eggshells for quite some time.
- Plus, you never would’ve “smoothed over” a sweaty, awkward silence in an internship interview with tiny finger guns.
- Or let your weirdness seep out on that HOC trip. With the insidious chicken parm burps and periodic sleep-yelling.
- Or offer the campo officers following up on a noise complaint: “a lil jello shot and a j.”
- Remember when you couldn’t stop quoting *Freaks and Geeks*? But like, mostly just Bill?
- Most people don’t really remember that show and it was a super confusing bit and needed to stop ASAP. This shit wouldn’t fly if your roommate were around/not playing futbol all the live-long day with his cool homestay brothers.

Found in the Twitter drafts of Ms. Bodzas ’16

HOW TO FIND THE KEYS YOU LOST LAST NIGHT

A Concise Guide

1. Wake up disoriented with no memory of the fateful evening, devastated to find that your dorm key is, in fact, missing. Even though you went through the trouble of having it surgically attached to your body after *last* time.
2. Retrace your steps. Very tricky. Use pencil first, then go over with pen once you’re certain you’ve got it right.
3. Utilize state dependent memory: Get smashed. Look at Bernie Sanders memes. Listen to shitty pop music. You know what I mean. You still won’t be able to find your keys, but it’ll be a hell of a lot more fun.
4. Text every person you’ve ever hooked up with. One of them is bound to have it. If they don’t, text your ex. Always a good idea when you’re suffering from the hangover blues.
5. Ask your roommate if you can borrow their key, because you definitely didn’t lose your key again and you really aren’t trying to make an illegal copy hoping nobody notices.
6. If you don’t have a roommate, ask the puppy that you’ve inevitably locked in your room because you’re a responsible adult and totally can handle taking care of a small pet, Mom!
7. DJ Khaled has the key to success. Take his key and smash it hopelessly into your lock repeatedly until someone down the hall tells you to stop.
8. Have an existential crisis: Falling down the rabbit hole of self-contemplation, self-reservation, and self-flagellation. Maybe you’ll find the key in Wonderland, or get your head cut off.
9. Cry, call campo while crying, get your lock replaced while the maintenance guy watches you cry uncomfortably, get a new key, get out of paying the \$25 replacement cost because the lady at the hillcard office can’t handle your pathetic sobs of disillusionment with the institution of private property.
10. Call your parents. Not about the lock. Let’s face it, they’re dying to hear about how you partied so hard last Saturday that you woke up the following Wednesday on the roof of the Marriot two towns over with a cyberkinetic arm coming out of your forehead and banana peels hanging from your ears.
11. Reach deep into your pockets, defeated. Pull out your old key. Hooray! You’ve found it!

Found between the bed and the radiator of Mx. Collins ’19

FRIDAY FIVE: RESOLUTIONS THAT WILL FAIL BY FEBRUARY

By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

New year, new me amiright? Think again, scmeeb.

5. **Less diner:** This is a popular resolution among the Conts, but we know after a few weeks of late-night studying and diner B dashes, even the most resilient of students find their willpower lacking. It’s impossible to ignore the greasy aroma that wafts around campus from the lovely Howard Diner. Give in. You are weak.
4. **Make a gym routine—and stick to it:** Hey, I’m not doubting your fantastic ability to make unrealistic goals and schedules and format them all pretty. What I am doubting is the likelihood that you’ll follow that schedule for more than nine days. But hey, at least those new Nikes can be used for some sweet Insta pics.
3. **Spend less money at Opus:** As your classes require fewer late-nights earlier in the semester than they will later on, you’ve convinced yourself that the Seattle’s Best coffee from Commons/McEwen will suffice for the morning and afternoon caffeine craving. However, come mid-semester cram sessions and the sultry beckoning of dirty chai aroma, you’ll find yourself buying \$381 worth of milk, honey, and espresso a week.
2. **Actually do the reading:** You’re buying those pricey books for a reason, right? You think, “If I just organize my time right I should be able to do the reading no problem!” Then it will be 11 PM and you’ll open up your giant philosophy book for class at 9 AM and think “do we even need to do the reading to make it by?” and, by the time 6 AM rolls around, you’ll have looked it up on Sparknotes or asked a friend before dashing to class. Come your midterm test or paper, you won’t understand shit. It’s because you didn’t do the reading, plebian.
1. **Participate in clubs!:** Hamilton students are great at feigning interest in many different clubs, signing up for the listserv, then ignoring the emails into oblivion and complaining about them. Think about how interesting the Scandinavian Club sounded during the activities fair in the Fall! Oh, what’s that? You just wanted the free candy and t-shirts at the booth? That’s fair, I’d do the same thing. Don’t worry about it; you can try again next year.

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