

SA INVESTS THOUSANDS INTO TOILET PAPER R & D

How many plies is too many plies?

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 RELUCTANT 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 One And Only Love Of My Goddamn Life unceremoniously dumped me five months ago to pursue her dreams as a cabaret dancer. Only then did I realize that the concept of 'love' is a way for society to mitigate the stigma of overt sexual desires against the fact that endorphin-facilitated feelings of attachment 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, toeing 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."

don't know why he changed it." Idell's friend Anita Jobe '17 said. "There's no way he's actually applied anywhere. Also, I'm pretty sure his middle name starts with an E."

Idell's mother, however, was more enthusiastic. "I'm so glad he's finally maturing! It took long enough," She said, packing his racecar-themed bedding into a box labeled "Never Again."

Rochester called it "moving in the right direction," but was skeptical of the endeavor. "Sure, he changed the name. That's a crucial first step, I'll give him that. But he didn't even take down the photos of himself shotgunning Natty Ice at the DIK party. I don't know, I just think that when it comes to cleaning up your profile, maybe your name is less important than the picture of a stranger's tramp stamp from when you left your Facebook account signed in at the Apple store."

"I thought about actually sending out a resume or two to make the entire act more believable. But then I figured: why bother?" Idell said. "I feel like this is a good first step. Maybe over the summer I'll look at some suits in a shop window and pretend I have somewhere to wear them."

2014 GRAD STILL WONDERING WHICH CLUB IS BEST FOR HER

Says she'll probably know soon though

By Mr. Witonsky '17

INTERNAL AFFAIRS DEPT.

(THE UNKNOWNABLE OUTSIDE WORLD) Despite having spent four years on the Hill trying to find herself, recent Hamilton graduate Dory Hoapfal still wonders which club would have been best for her.

"I don't know if I'll ever know the person I could have been in college. A debater, perhaps. An athlete with default friends. Maybe an arrogant, sex-addicted trumpet-player. Better yet, a writer, just like everyone else with access to a keyboard and a news-feed feeding them ideas. I had all the requisite skills," Hoapfal rambled in a Skype interview.

Luckily for those still on the Hill, student-run organizations come together each semester to put on the Organization Fair. During the fair, students can network booths to learn about which social groups they may be interested in pledging the rest of their years to—if they're not already associated with one, or two, or twelve.

When asked to elaborate on her plight, Ms. Hoapfal began foaming at the mouth and apologizing for not making herself clear, a mind-frame she blamed on her world-class education. "I was always kind of skeptical, a result, I think, of paying attention in classrooms since kindergarten and realizing how ideologically-fraught everything is, y'know? How could I commit myself towards one thing? I've never had to before, and everything's been...great."

During her time at Hamilton, Hoapfal joined twenty-two clubs, a typical number for most students, but none of them "turned [her] crank," and she decided all the socializing was "at times stressful and at times 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 life. Everything else is going quite well. Award-winning novel, lots of supporters and detractors, clothed and fed, live indoors mostly, explosive Twitter and secret Pinterest...Y'know just like everyone else alive in 2010. Shit."

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 changed his name on Facebook, to the relief of his parents and concerned adults in his life. Originally "Blazin' Ben Idell," the 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

In this issue: Depressing Food

MR. HAMILTON TALENT PORTION BECOMES OFF-BROADWAY RENDITION OF HAMILTON






See "Time to get some pistols and a doctor on site," pg. 1804

WHIPPMAN'S WITTICISMS

Real advice from someone we barely know



"The best remedy for the sniffles is a swift battery of birch boughs—or Zicam."

FEBFEST FORECAST	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY
	Local Beverage Tasting	Late Night Breakfast	Rocky Horror Party
			
	Low probability a taste is enough to get you through the week.	95% chance this is totally different than Diner B.	"You can wear them... but please don't stretch the lace out."



’Snot the weather for love.

ECON MAJOR’S COLOR-BY-NUMBER

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L
1	New Keynesian aggregate demand-p rice adjustment model											
2	Parameters											
3	a	220	220	220	220	220	220	220	220	220	220	220
4	b	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9	0.9
5	e	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
6	d	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000	2000
7	g	525	525	525	525	525	525	525	525	525	525	525
8	m	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1
9	n	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500	500
10	k	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583	0.1583
11	h	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000	1000
12	s	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5	0.5
13	f	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
14	Policy variables											
15	G	1200	1250	1200	1200	1200	1200	1200	1200	1200	1200	1200
16	T _f	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
17	t	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3	0.3
18	mgth	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%
19	M	900	900	900	900	900	900	900	900	900	900	900
20	Solution											
21	Y ^P	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6	6000.6
22	.s	0.0%	0.0%	1.2%	0.0%	-0.6%	-0.6%	-0.3%	0.0%	0.2%	0.1%	0.1%
23	T	1800.2	1817.5	1791.3	1791.4	1796.0	1800.5	1802.6	1802.4	1801.1	1800.0	1799.5
24	C	4000.4	4036.7	3981.7	3981.9	3991.6	4001.0	4005.4	4005.0	4002.4	4000.0	3999.0
25	I	900.2	881.9	889.1	889.2	895.0	900.6	903.2	903.0	901.4	900.0	899.4
26	G	1200.0	1250.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0	1200.0
27	X	-100.0	-110.3	-99.8	-99.8	-99.9	-100.0	-100.1	-100.0	-100.0	-100.0	-100.0
28	Y	6000.6	6058.3	5970.9	5971.3	5986.6	6001.6	6008.6	6007.9	6003.7	6000.0	5998.5
29	R	5.0%	5.9%	5.5%	5.5%	5.3%	5.0%	4.8%	4.9%	4.9%	5.0%	5.0%
30	P	1.00	1.00	1.01	1.01	1.01	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
31	Time	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
32	Other variables											
33	Unempl	4.50%	1.61%	5.98%	5.96%	5.20%	4.45%	4.10%	4.13%	4.34%	4.53%	4.61%
34	GDP gap	0.00%	0.96%	-0.49%	-0.49%	-0.23%	0.02%	0.13%	0.12%	0.05%	-0.01%	-0.04%

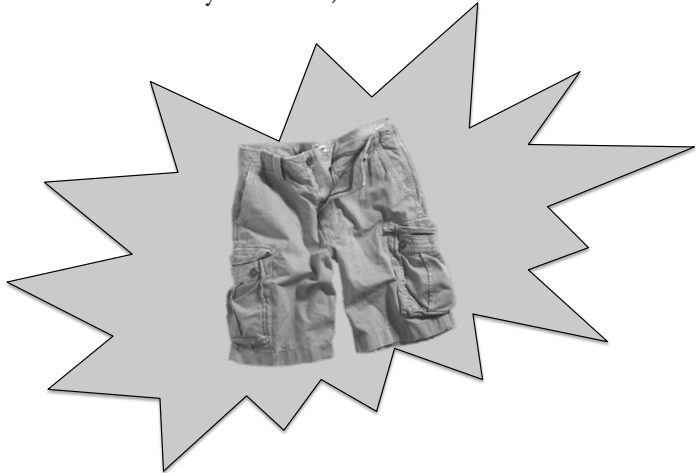
> 0: Green < 0: Gold 0: Silver Letter: Create your own

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 plumbers 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 spitting your consumerist, anti-free trade, forest massacring pseudo-morality right back in your non-PETA-certified moisturized face, and you all just call him crazy and turn your heaters up and murder twelve million geese for your goddamned jackets. I guess we’ll see who’s crazy when you’re all watching polar bear cubs burst into flames in a few years. God, where have all the truth-tellers gone.

By Amanda Belicroix ’18



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 last few days I’ve based my entire existence on temperature alone, and he’s just out there not giving any amount of fucks in his jangling cargo shorts. I missed a class last week because I saw a kid becoming a snow drift as he attempted to cross campus. Yet Gerald just seems quietly content with this Sisyphean winter-hellscape, making his merry way to-and-fro like some unbreakable snow sprite. His roommate told me he hasn’t said a word in days, just hums Beach Boys songs and smiles at a blank wall, occasionally yelling “Surfs up!” to no one in particular. I really hope spring gets here soon so he’ll snap out of it, I really need him to start selling me weed again.

By Daniel Plivmeier ’19

FRIDAY FIVE: GROUPS WE WISH WOULD THROW FEBFEST EVENTS

By Mx. Collins ’19

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

5. **Hamilton Monarchists 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 it all 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 can 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. Spectators 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-biting game of King of the Hill (Delusions of Grandeur Edition).
3. **Club Ento:** 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. Nets will be provided for wrangling your dinner.
2. **JStew and the Admins:** The most famous rap/hip-hop/dubstep/country musical group on campus, this group features the musical genius of the one, the only, Joan Hinde “The OGeezy 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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