

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 24, 2015

CONGRATULATIONS, BEN!

You could have done something useful with your time; thank you for not

RESLIFE REVEALS HOUSING RUN BY TANTRUM-PRONE DEMIGOD

Prepares annual sacrifice of Wertimite

By Mr. Wesley '16

February 6, 2015

LAST CHANCE AT SALVATION DEPT.

(ELIHU ROOT HOUSE) Finally acknowledging that they have less than one iota of control over the campus housing, ResLife admitted that the housing process is actually run by a supernatural being of inconceivable power, with a much more conceivable, and short, temper.

When confronted about this development, Director of Supernatural Relations in ResLife Geraldine Butler said, “Yeah, uhh, back in 1988 I was called in to deal with the angry spirit of Kirkland who hadn’t gotten the memo that Kirkland was gone. To calm her down, we helped her file the paper work necessary to officially change her name to Abezithibod the Feared.”

Since then, the Omnipotent Spirit that supersedes time and space has been relatively calm, but has been known grow angry whenever someone doesn’t bend to her will. The most recent fit began when DIK pledges

ventured too far into the Glen in search of the mythical hobo hut full of PBR.

“Trespassing on her territory really pissed her off, especially after two of the pledges she ate gave her indigestion,” Butler commented. “In the past, she would just send some more shitty weather our way to blow off steam, but honestly, the last time the Great Divine One was this angry, we had to get rid of Greek housing.

“Our best guess is if we sacrifice a student, we might be able to keep the dark side dorms intact. We originally considered picking the sacrifice via a *Hunger Games*-style lottery, but since Wertimer is basically the leper colony of campus and full of freshmen, we decided to just take a kid from there.”

According to Jeff Dougie, Hamilton’s claims adjuster for any deity related damages, even if this does work, Abezithibod will probably rise up, rain hell fire upon the campus for three years, and get rid of some good senior housing. But the real problem will be that once she’s done using her powers to redo the layout of all the remaining buildings, all available housing will be sub-free triples, and everyone will be placed with at least one roommate who is totally okay walking around ass naked. Especially when you have people over.

applications I’ve sent in was an auto-reply telling me that my GPA was too low. Oh, in addition to having common courtesy, her boss even made a joke about how his legal consulting firm was in need of legal consulting to make her feel better. What a great guy.”

The following Monday, she received more bad news in the form of a letter from the Registrar. Apparently, she hadn’t signed the add form for one of the courses she had taken back in freshman year. Since it was the intro class for her major, all of her other courses were invalidated due to a lack of pre-reqs. As a result, she has to stay at Hamilton and retake all the courses for her major. However, since this was caught so late, Res Life refused to add her to the lottery and instead paired her with three incoming freshmen in Dunham.

The last piece of unfortunate news came on Thursday morning when, after a night of drowning her sorrows, she awoke to find that she had fallen asleep in the shower, blocked the drain, and flooded her Skenendoa single.

When reached for comment, Benoit said, “Well at least it can’t get any worse.” The imminent fart that manifested in her bowels half-way through chemistry the next morning begged to differ.

Eventually, the voice shut up and I was able to leave.”

The next day, while working on a Science Center computer, Bert was trying to figure out under which department he should save his research on the brain structure of good, bad, and moderately disfigured cowboys. During his extensive search, Bert reportedly discovered a folder named GeminiSpaceProgram. His curiosity piqued, Bert opened the folder and discovered that Hamilton College is actually an amalgamation of all of Samuel Kirkland’s childhood drawings. Additionally, he also found that he could watch and control students through a program that looked a lot like The Sims.

Bert’s suitemate, Jane Kohnstam '15, added, “I was astonished when Chris showed me the game, but it was like fucking hilarious. I discovered that if I move my his dresser

TOPICAL STAFF CONFIRMED TO BE YAHOO NEWS REJECTS Makes sense

By Mr. Wesley '16

November 13, 2015

CAMPUS PAPER LITTERING DEPT.

(THE SITUATION ROOM) In a turn of events that surprised no one, a recent AP investigation of The Topical revealed that the campus “fun facts” publication is simply an amalgamation of rejected Yahoo News articles. The investigation was triggered by a brilliant piece of investigative journalism published last week which surmised that The Topical was actually a malicious entity out to corrupt our minds. The investigation findings, released this morning, stated that The Topical not only printed articles so poor they were rejected by Yahoo, but was reportedly contemplating running their insipid, psuedo-journalistic, masturbatory drivel twice a week to take advantage of as many articles as possible.

The news was widely received with shrugs. Some were even surprised that the investigation was even necessary.

“I always thought they were thieves. Personally, I had a theory they were ripping off CNBC tweets,” Stan Smith '16 said. “Honestly, this might be more reassuring.”

When reached for comment, Seymour Yahoo, heir to the admittedly mediocre Yahoo! Kingdom, said, “All of us over here are just kind of embarrassed. We really didn’t think anyone would rifle through our trash, especially because we shredded all of that tripe in the first place. Fuck it, I’m going to go get drunk and write some answers for high schoolers to copy on their biology finals.”

The investigation revealed that it could have been worse. Among the many, many, many Yahoo articles yet to be released by the coffee stain of a paper were several original, and thus unreadable, pieces: “Knittin’ Kitten,” “Sports the Dinosaurs May have Played,” and “Fork or Spoon: What’s your spirit utensil?”

When contacted for comment, the Topical responded with a broken link to a BuzzFeed article that did not at all relate to the situation.

in front of his bed, he becomes incapable of sleeping.”

In unrelated news, Campo had to forcibly detain a student when the student refused to stop shouting and gesticulating wildly at his dresser for blocking his bed.

“It was a little freaky at first, because I started noticing everyone walking into walls repeatedly, freshmen swarming parties randomly, and sophomores expressing their opinions of least relevance,” Bert stated. “But after a while I began to play with it. For example, I made one of my close friends go running on the treadmill for a couple hours while wearing Crocs and a wool suit. I also used the game to show a freshman couple how making out can cause them to spontaneously become pregnant.”

At last report, Bert caused a mass gathering of the streaking team by deleting every fourth shower at 8 am.

GRADUATING SENIOR WITH JOB LINED UP ASKS “WHAT COULD GO WRONG?”

Finds out

By Mr. Wesley '16

April 24, 2015

FOOT IN MOUTH DEPT.

(CAREER CENTER) Currently living through what has been called “a series of more than unfortunate events,” Michelle Benoit '15 has realized how painful existence can be. According to eyewitness testimony, her woes began at a party last weekend when she drunkenly exclaimed, “What could go wrong?” She then immediately received a phone call which reduced her to tears.

Her close friend Arnold Nelson '15 explained what happened. “Her boss called her up to let her know that his company was not actually a legal firm, but just one big Ponzi scheme. They had recently found out that they were being investigated, so they felt that she deserved a call to let her know what happened.”

“At least she heard from them,” friend Jessica Veele '15 said. “The only response from the thirty-three job

SENIOR THESIS RESEARCHER DISCOVERS HAMILTON COLLEGE IS ONE BIG GAME OF THE SIMS “So that’s why I am so awkward at making out”

By Mr. Wesley '16

October 11, 2013

PIXELATED JUNK DEPT.

(DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE SCIENCE CENTER) Last week, self-declared socio-economical linguistic engineering major, Chris Bert '14, discovered that Hamilton is actually just a game of The Sims.

“I first noticed something strange when I was exploring the basement of the Science Center. I discovered I couldn’t stop walking into a glass wall. Like it really hurt to walk into the wall, but at the same time, there was just this voice that told me to keep walking.

In this issue: All the times you saved our asses

My Emerson Grant Presentation: “Chanting ‘Cage Match’ and Seeing What Happens”

Dear friends, family, and my otolaryngologist,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research on shouting “cage match” and seeing what happens.

This research was driven by an experience last spring when I accidentally drank half a bottle of José Cuervo and then fell on a plate of “space brownies,” eating them all. Some-time between then and twelve subsequent *Adventure Time*-induced giggle fits, I distinctly remember walking into my common room to make some ramen. All my suitemates were chanting “cage match” at two ants fighting over a bread crumb. Those two words—“cage match”—resonated in my head. It made me wonder, what would happen if I went to a random location and just chanted “cage match?”

After a lengthy application process [*Editor’s Note: He literally stuck a sticky note on Joanie’s door*] I secured an Emerson Grant to further investigate this phenomenon. I began my research earnestly, chanting “cage match” at any large gathering I could find. My screams

NOT GIVING A FUCK: THE SECRET THAT COLLEGE ADMINISTRATORS HATE!

-Or-

WHEN I STILL CARED: A LOOK BACK ON THE SEMESTER

As I sit here, sipping from a water bottle of pure vodka in my Monday morning class surrounded by a group of adoring groupies friends, I wonder how I, an Econ major, could ever be this successful. For example, the beginning of this semester absolutely blew chunks. Three of my four professors were so insane that they made Heath Ledger’s Joker seem like Mr. Rogers. One professor had to be sued by the college to come back, another was pretty much two drinks away from a complete mental breakdown, and the third regularly jumped up on her desk and screamed about how we’re all earthworms.

The best part was that I listened to them and did what they said without asking any questions. For example, the litigated professor said that if we attended her daughter’s recital, we would get an extra point on the next exam. So, of course, I attended, applauded loudly, and even offered to drive her daughter to her lessons, so that she can become the next great virtuoso. Inside, however, I was miserable and desperately looking for a way out that didn’t require becoming my professor’s slave. It was then that I discovered how to not give a fuck and changed my life.

You see, this entire time, the mistake I made was caring. When I stopped giving a fuck, everything became clear. I mean this entire college has deluded itself. Everyone cares so much about classes and tests, but in actuality, I was the smart one for not caring. Not giving a fuck allowed me to stop putting up with professors who demand that you “play their game.” It helped me realize that my lack of understanding was really due to the professor and not to my work ethic. It allowed me to stop caring about my GPA, because my intelligence cannot be defined by a number.

When I stopped giving two shits, I gained the power of drinking during the week. With it came a plethora of great characteristics, such as increased charisma and self-confidence, the alcohol tolerance of a DIK bro, and the romantic game of that quiet guy in the corner who somehow goes home with a different girl every night, even on the weekdays. So I honestly encourage y’all to take advantage of this knowledge and just stop giving a fuck. It changed my life, and it will change yours.

Edited by Mr. Wesley ’16
November 7, 2014

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear students,

As some of you know, on July 28th, *Money Magazine* released their rankings of best colleges. Usually on these lists we exist in a privileged position among the Top 50. Unfortunately this year we were ranked at a relatively abysmal 101. First and foremost, I would like to remind students not to be discouraged by being placed among brutish and poorly named institutions, such as Louisiana University for the Development of Alligators and Other Amphibious Reptiles, and the College of Tom and Dick sans Harry. Just remember, we officially do not believe that silly rating systems such as this one, the *U.S. News* annual list, and our sports teams’ NESCAC rankings really matter. What matters is how the students feel about the College, and I am confident that you all love this place 110%.

That being said, the administration and I personally believe that the qualities that *Money Magazine* rated us by—educational quality, affordability and alumni earnings—possess merit. Since we think the college is predominantly populated by students, the overall improvement should be collaborative and originate from the students. We have compiled this helpful list of topics for you to work on.

- First, please practice restraint when offered alcoholic beverages. Over the course of several bottles of centennial wine, the Board of Trustees and I decided that students will achieve higher educational standards if they were all dry. So please stop. Now.
- Second, (and we personally believe that this will help improve Hamilton’s standing the most) when considering future majors, please abstain from the “liberal arts” majors. If the student body collectively became STEM and Economics students, our alumni earnings will skyrocket. Don’t think of it as selling out; think of it as buying yourself a future!
- Finally, where affordability is concerned, the trustees and I have decided that this is an area that cannot be compromised for something as silly as rankings. 60 grand stays. Fuck y’all.

Having stated that, just remember that this is all optional, because we officially do not believe in external news corporations ranking us, especially if said business is called “*Money Magazine*.”

I sincerely hope you all have a wonderful year, and that the incoming freshmen truly learn what makes this college special.

Your President,

Joan Hinde Stewart

Discovered by Mr. Wesley ’16 while opening his mailbox for the first time
August 29, 2014

elicited a variety of responses. Shouting next to a playground resulted in countless small children screaming and running away as well as a brief overnight stay at the Kirkland Sheriff’s office. Chanting “cage match” at a nearby center for the deaf resulted in no reaction at all. Back on campus, the Chemistry faculty at their meeting didn’t understand what a cage match was and asked me, “What is a cage match?” Similarly, repeating the procedure at the Philosophy Faculty Meeting elicited, “But what *is* a cage match?” as well as an hour-long discussion on the metaphysical essence of a “cage match.”

There are many more gripping reports featuring the Clinton Church, the Utica back ally crew, and those cows over the hill. Using what’s left of my grant after all that weed living costs, I have prepared a report on my summer spent chanting “cage match” in various areas. I will present this in the outdoor amphitheater on Monday, November 10th at 4:10 pm. There will be snacks, boxing gloves, and throat lozenges provided.

Sincerely,

Holden Stradlader ’16
Overheard by Mr. Wesley ’16
May 1, 2015



DEAR MISS CREANT: Shitty advice from a shitty person

Dear Miss Creant,

I might be getting a bad grade in my Chemistry class because the professor does a poor job teaching. Who should I approach about this?

Currently Applying to Med Schools

Dear Currently Applying to Med School,

What you have to do is make clear to the professor that you’re the alpha. Call the professor a douchenozzle in the middle of class, write “No” on your test, mix baking soda and vinegar in his office. Trust me, I’m also pre-med. I mean, it’s not like my chances go up if I happen to get bumped in class rank.

Dear Miss Creant,

I’m worried that my friend has joined a cult. He keeps coming back at odd hours of the night, I think his clothes have blood on them and he mentioned something about meeting the High Priest. What should I say to him?

Worried Friend

Dear Worried Friend,

Rejoice! You don’t have to worry – your friend is merely pledging our secret frat DIK. You know which secret sorority has close ties with DIK? TIT. You also know which secret sorority I have been trying to get into since my fourth application to work at Opus was rejected? TIT. So why don’t you get your friend in touch with me once he’s met the “High Priest” and we can discuss how he’s gonna get me into TIT.

Dear Miss Creant,

I have a crush on this girl, but I don’t know how to approach her. What should I do?

Permanently Single

Dear Permanently Single,

I’m so honored you have a crush on me! If you want to earn my heart you will first have to send me chocolates under the name “secret admirer.” Also pack them in dry ice. Can’t have them melting. Next, at the masquerade party my suite is throwing next week bring a rose and tango with me when “Cool for the Summer” plays. Lastly, find me two weeks later and kiss me in the rain (there better be rain). Looking forward to our future romance!

Compiled by Mr. Wesley ’16
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THE DUEL OBSERVER

BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY
Senior Staff Writer/
The Topical’s Worst Nightmare

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