

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVII, ISSUE VIII "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

APRIL 1, 2016

"HAMILY THANKS" EXPOSED AS PYRAMID SCHEME OF HOLLOW GRATITUDE

LIBRARY REARRANGES THIRD FLOOR DESKS TO PROMOTE COMMUNITY OF SILENCE

Now everyone will feel like a family. A really really unloving family

By Ms. Warren '18

FAMILIAL STRIFE DEPT.

(BURKE THIRD FLOOR) Burke Library staff used the recent two week break to rearrange the third floor, promoting an environment akin to dinner with an icy, emotionally distant family.

"The large dining room table-style setting is conducive to productivity and quiet desperation. Students are kept silent and on-task by the overpowering sense that they are a grave disappointment to everyone around them. Eye contact is discouraged, as are dreams," said Library Coordinator Aimee Fischer, adding that she is very pleased with the changes she has seen thus far.

According to the Burke website, "The third floor is now shrouded with curtains, maternal stand-ins hover disapprovingly, paternal stand-ins are conspicuously absent and dour family portraits cover the walls."

"We're all about promoting a community of dysfunction," Fischer said. "The more crippling the self-

doubt, the quieter students are, and that's exactly what we like to hear—or rather, not hear."

To advertise the new layout, Burke Library is hosting a Don't Speak About It event next Wednesday. Asked whether they plan on attending, students studying on the third floor squeaked, fidgeted and looked hurriedly back down at their books.

"Students have complained that the sounds of food wrappers or chewing are really disruptive on the third floor," Fischer said. "So now if anyone brings food, we have a staff member ready to look them up and down and ask if they really need those peanut M&M's. Just like your Aunt Mary Helen would do."

"Facilitating dialogues is so important. In fact, it is central to what we as a college strive to foster," Fischer said. "But keep that shit on the first floor."

Students on the third floor declined to comment, but Lucy Pearson '17 from the second floor voiced her concerns about the arrangement. "I was just up there to go to the Rare Books Room when someone's uncle walked up to me, demanded to know my major and then asked what I'm planning to do with a philosophy degree. Then he talked for 17 minutes straight about how glad he is both his kids majored in engineering and have six-figure starting salaries.

FRESHMEN FINDS STELLAR ROLE MODEL IN SENIOR TAKING SAME GYM CLASS

And not in the awkward 'I may be hitting on you' kind of way

By Mr. Dickinson '18

DUE TOMORROW, DO TOMORROW DEPT.

(STEBEN FIELD PRESS BOX) In an unseen turn of events, an impressionable freshmen discovered a new role model in a senior taking her gym class, trying to squeeze in his last graduation requirement. "You know, I really didn't think I'd be getting much out of a required phys-ed class," the mis-enchanted Dorothy Valentine '19 says, "but Mac is teaching me more than any class ever could. With graduation teetering on passing this class, the prospect of entering the real world in two months, and being the only one allowed to consume alcohol in the class, he has yet to show any signs of anxiety or realization of his situation. What a scholar."

Reportedly, the calm demeanor and care-free attitude of said senior has inspired the hopes of many underclassmen: "They say that gym classes are required by the end of sophomore year," stated an uncomfortable Michael Flagg '19, "Which definitely makes me feel better about saving

my QSR and three Writing Intensive classes for next year."

"This really isn't as easy as it looks," explains Mac Adelpio '16. "In reality, I came to the first class more baked than a Betty Crocker special to convince the teacher I had asthma, and it only escalated from there. Now I owe the Andorran government

\$5000 for whale tranquilizers. All that I've learned from this class so far is that if I'm going to start something, I'll have to commit to it."

Coach Trebek reached out with a statement, "Hamilton is a hard institution to survive, and we don't make it any easier with our aesthetically demanding gym requirements. It just warms my heart to see these kids putting their heart into these fleeting moments of physical exhilaration. And I make a pretty penny off these loser potheads."



"We'll come for you with the fury of a thousand martens."

SOPHOMORE STILL DATING HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART GIVEN MEDAL OF HONOR

Would pin it over his heart, but it's taken

By Ms. Alatalo '18

COMMITMENT NON-ISSUES DEPT.

(DEEP IN HIS LOVER'S EYES) In a heartfelt ceremony this past Sunday, Sam Martinez '18 was awarded the Hamilton Medal of Honor for staying together with his high school sweetheart, Max Clearwater, through Spring Break, making theirs officially the longest-held relationship since Thomas Marshall '54 and Sarah Donner in 1952.

Martinez's roommate, Winston Miller '18, was initially doubtful of the relationship's success. "When he first asked me if he could have the room to himself for the weekend since his boyfriend was visiting, I thought he was making it up. I couldn't believe someone would actually want to date a boy with a 10-gallon terrarium for his pet rocks, until it was Friday night and they promptly shut the door in my face."

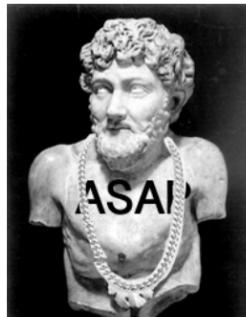
Veterans of other post-high school relationships have expressed admiration for Martinez and Clearwater. "Props to him, really," Marissa Romano '18 said. "I've seen how hard it can get: the pain of your heart being metaphorically left in your hometown, the fights over an emoji's specific connotations, the appeal of the endless hookups available to you until the moment you're actually single. I mean, sure, having someone who knows you better than anyone on this campus of strangers desperate for connections is nice and all, but sometimes you get du- you decide it's not for you. No, I'm not bitter. I'm not crying, either."

Martinez expressed profound gratitude in his acceptance speech. "I'm truly honored. The only thing that could make this better would be if Max were here to see it," he said, pointing to his iPhone 6S screen, where Clearwater waved from Facetime.

While many have criticized Martinez for not leaving himself open to the college experience, others were more understanding. "Sure, a lot of us call him a stick in the mud who's terrified of change," Christine Kasparian '17 said. "But really, deep down, we're all just jealous that he found someone who wasn't completely repulsed by him and was smart enough to cling to them while the rest of us are constantly crushed by the cold reality of loneliness inherent in the human condition. Plus, have you seen Max's ass?"

In this issue: More whales

AESOP FERG ABOUT TO DROP SOME SICK FABLES



See "Uses convoluted metaphors to explain how dope having money is," pg. 4:02

WHIPPMAN'S WITTICISMS Real advice from someone we barely know



"My grandmother always used to keep a stick of butter in the fridge for times like these."

APRIL FOOLS FORECAST	11 A.M.	2 P.M.	5 P.M.
	Laughing	Cringing	Crying
Low probability faking your death gets you out of that essay.	80% chance the Commons menu makes you giggle.	"Mom, why did you just say 'April Fools' after 'I love you?'"	



OPEN LETTER FROM EVENT STAFF:

I write today to address the campus community about a pressing issue that recurs each weekend. But first, what I would like to say is this: I too am a student. I am not a hard-ass who is going to call campo every time you sneak alcohol into a party. My problem is not that you try to bring your Smirnoff Ice into every History Club mixer, my problem is that you are so bad at it.

I don't want to get you in trouble. That ranks somewhere on my priorities list between discussing Donald Trump's hands and inviting Nancy Thomson for an Event Staff ride along. What I care about here is you being safe; I don't really care how much you drink as long as you get through your adventures of drunken debauchery without any lasting physical injuries. Anything psychological is probably on you.

My job is actually to call the EMTs when it's necessary. The other parts are more like babysitting: a frustrating underpaid part-time job where I have to deal with screaming children and try really hard to get someone else to clean up the puke.

So, to get back to my point, I personally don't give a shit if you want to bring your Smirnoff Ice into the party. I get it; sometimes the half keg and three cases of Budweiser just aren't cutting it. But if I may suggest, for your personal consideration, an alternative to walking directly past my seat with the Svedka: Don't do that.

Instead, stand four to six feet outside the entrance doors with one to three of your friends and chug it there. Seriously, what is so special about inside versus outside? Guys, let me let you in on a secret: I give no shits. I'm sitting in a party on a Friday night, watching the flipping juggling club make a congo line to another song with too much bass and thinking about how I'll have to go ask the couple in the bathroom to have sex somewhere else. This is my job. I don't honestly care about your handle, but if you drink the boozier outside to begin with, I don't have to politely ask you to take the boozier outside.

Synchronized eyeroll,

Event Staff

Found crumpled up in the Hub by Ms. Granoff '18

THE DUEL OBSERVER

COLLIN JOSEPH SPINNEY
Editor-in-Chief/ A\$AP Punctual

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS
Editor-out-Chief/ A\$AP Brightside

DIANA SARAH SUDER
Managing Editor/ A\$AP Cicada

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE
Comma Consultant/ A\$AP Oxford

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO
Layout Editor/ A\$AP Ennuie

CHARLOTTE HINIKER SIMONS
Artiste/ A\$AP Bowler Hat

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

BENJAMIN KUMAR WESLEY

Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN
LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

Contributors

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

EMILY GRANOFF

BRIAN JOHN DICKINSON

Copyeditors

IAN ULYSSE BAIZE

MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

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FACE OFF: FRIDGE COVERED IN MOLD—FURRY FRIEND OR DISGUSTING ABOMINATION?

New bestie!

By Tara Pedaser '19

This is the most exciting thing that's happened to me all year. I go home for Spring Break, dejected and lonely, spending two weeks quietly burying my feet in the soil of mom's vegetable garden, wishing for a friend. But when I come back to my Major double, I find that my roommate's minifridge, which she was only using to store stolen cheese sandwiches from Commons anyway, has grown enough fur to qualify as a purebred labradoodle! Don't tell the RA. Scruff Muffin and I are going to have so much fun together. I'm sure his discolored rotting plastic shell will look just fine after I apply a few tasteful Insta filters. I'm so glad that the perfect best friend has finally grown into my life! Now I won't have to cry alone in my bed at night because Scruff Muffin will be there to comfort me with his comfy spongy layers of moldy purple *friendship!*



Someone call the poison control squad

By Marianne Rice '19

This is absolutely disgusting. All I did was leave some cheese sandwiches in my minifridge for two weeks. That's not that long, right? That shouldn't be long enough for the bread to grow long tendrils of orange and purple fur. And yet, somehow this \$15 Ham and Scram piece of shit has somehow managed to become the second-most revolting appliance on this entire campus, right behind TIT's communal push-up bra. What's even worse, my weird-ass roommate is totally convinced that this crime against nature is her new best friend or something. This hunk of 1980's plastic clearly has black mold growing over the trays and houses ten new species of fungus, but she won't let me throw it away because she's started calling it Muffy and carrying it around campus with her. She posts pictures of this shit on Instagram and clings to it in her sleep. In her BED. It smells like DEATH. Is it too late in the year to request a housing reassignment? I'm pretty sure the entire second floor of Major should be quarantined before this school suffers an outbreak of the bubonic plague.

Desanitized by Ms. Suder '18

SPRING BREAK DIK EXPENSE REPORT

This spring break was a busy one for DIK, an esteemed Greek organizations dedicated to philanthropy, academic excellence, and spending trustees' money. Even though they were supposed to be hauling beached whales in Maui, DIK instead spent spring break drunkenly harassing island locals. Grand total spent: \$12,296.88 (not including housing, transportation, or anything actually important). Hamilton College is very proud of the volunteer work our Greek organizations are doing, making the world a better place one drunk, beached whale at a time.

Date	Expense Description	Expense Amount
3/13/2016	Black tie affair at local luau	\$220.14
3/14/2016	Matching flip-flops and sunglasses for all 40 members of DIK	\$235.00
	Alcohol, Drinks, Pizza, Snacks for "whale hauling"	\$110.00
	Giant Inflatable Bouncy Castle to help whales	\$300.00
3/15/2016	3 tons of krill, pink industrial hemp dye, disposable razors, twine	\$197.69
3/16/2016	Fish net, duct tape, cucumbers, 10 tons of sand	\$444.44
3/17/2016	10 bottles of ibuprofen	\$75.00
3/18/2016	Hotel damage	\$120.00
	Maui Police Department	\$80.00
3/19/2016	6-legged Cambodian Cow	Free
3/21/2016	Painter to do portraits of all 40 members (acrylic paint, brushes, stools, royal velveteen robes)	\$10,000
3/22/2016	Canoe rental, pool noodles	\$116.00
3/23/2016	8 tubes of hemorrhoid cream, cucumbers, 4 boxes of XL Trojan condoms	\$42.50
	4 copies of "Mein Kampf", Lighter Fluid, charcoal, hot dogs	\$112.50
3/24/2016	Apology cards for every member of the local community	\$300.00

Found hidden in Ryan Davis' desk by Ms. Dickmeyer '19