

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVIII, ISSUE XI "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself." NOVEMBER 11, 2016

...well, fuck.

COLLEGE JUST WISHES THERE WAS SOMETHING IT COULD HAVE DONE

"What do you mean, 'by the people'?"

By Mr. Baize '18

PARTICIPATORY GOVERNMENT DEPT.

(AMERICA THE GREAT-AGAIN) In the wake of President Donald Trump's unlikely, and to many, horrifying election as leader of the free world, students across the college, particularly those who opposed this choice, expressed how they wish they could have done something—anything—to stop his tyrannical rise to power.

"This is a catastrophe. Here comes this demagogue, just totally sabotaging our political process, and there's absolutely nothing we can do about it," Mia Coupa '17, who is not registered to vote, reported. "If there was something I could have done, I totally would have spent the time, energy, and, if needed, money to do it. No question."

Other students point to His Grace, Our Presidentissimo Trump's election as a failure of our larger system of government.

"It's a real shame that it can happen like this," Ino Ramos '18 said. "What we really need is a system

that chooses leaders based on what people prefer. Hopefully, that system would include opportunities for civilian involvement like volunteering, publicly supporting a candidate, and ultimately, having a say in the final decision. Man, wouldn't that be nice."

The election of our new Lord of the Fifty States, Protector of the Realm, and Builder of the Wall™ has also sparked murmurings of student discontent across campus. These have given rise to the idea of campaigning to bring about change, a concept wholly new to college campuses, and which is beginning to be known under the name "activism." At press time, this has materialized as the furious ripping up of on-campus publications the students disagree with, after which all involved concluded that their job here was done.

Preliminary reports indicate that the years to come will bring with them more heated discussions involving the U.S. citizenry in the political process, but many remain doubtful as to how such a system is even possible, and what that might look like. Government Professor Jay Madsen, speaking from self-imposed post-election exile, said that "in theory it's probably doable. But in practice, I'm honestly not sure it's something we even want to do. Sounds like it could result in some pretty crazy shit."

concert is to black out for the exact amount of time that the music was playing. But all of a sudden CAB gets the idea to bring an enjoyable band to campus? And I thought the Cubs winning the World Series was a stretch."

"CAB knew we weren't planning on being coherent for this. Nobody even remembers last year's fall concert! They could've gotten away without having any band and nobody would notice," Perry N. Oyt '19 said. "Actually, now that I think about it, I don't think there was a band said. Maybe that's how ticket prices are so cheap! That's it! They didn't hire any band at all!"

The administration has shown its approval of CAB's choice.

"We've worked extensively with the Campus Activities Board to reduce alcohol consumption," Director of Student Activities Niznik explained. "We thought that bringing in a group that students would actually enjoy might help reduce the net cases of alcohol poisoning. Also, I'm sick of dealing with shit music. This year the Mowgli's, next year Prince!"

FRESHMAN WHO WATCHED THREE EPISODES OF NARCOS DEEMS SELF FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON CAMPUS DRUG INVESTIGATION

Also claims to have studied *Orange Is The New Black*

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

DEPT. OF ENTERPRISING ASSHOLES (DEA)

(THE BUSHES OUTSIDE FERGUSON)

In the wake of the news that a drug investigation is taking place at Hamilton, freshman Charles Caper '20 has named himself the foremost authority on the investigation after a push notification from Nancy Thompson's email interrupted his viewing of the fourth episode of *Narcos*.

"Believe me, I know exactly what's going on. There's nothing that goes on on this campus that I don't know about," Caper said while attempting to remove the tag from a *Breaking Bad* t-shirt. "I am the El Chapo of El Clintono. This investigation is only the beginning. The beginning of what? Exactly."

When asked for specific pieces of information on the investigation, Caper pulled a whiteboard from behind his dresser. "I wanted a corkboard with string and stuff," he explained, "but they didn't have one at Cram and Scram." The whiteboard featured phrases like, "Broken window," "Dog involved???" and "FBI = FIB."

A graph in the bottom-left hand corner of the whiteboard seemed to show a correlation between bovine-related crimes in the area and birth control prescriptions. When prompted to explain his findings, Caper responded, "That's on a need-to-know basis, and the only person who needs to know is Lady Liberty."

"I don't really get why he's getting super into this," hallmate Angela Manchester '20 said. "I also don't get where he's coming from. Like, is he trying to be a narc or is he trying to be a kingpin? I don't think he really knows how drug investigations work."

Manchester's roommate, Ginger Jodphurs '20, disagreed: "He's watched *three* and a *half* episodes of *Narcos*. He's gotta be an expert. I mean, I haven't watched it, but I assume it's very accurate."

Caper's actions extend beyond his living quarters. Students have reported seeing him walking around Ferguson Hall at odd hours, putting on/taking off sunglasses seemingly at random, and interrupting conversations about the investigation by humming the *Narcos* theme song.

"Look, I don't care if he thinks he's Burt goddamn Macklin," Manchester said. "I just wish he would stop leaving conversations by whispering, 'snitches get stitches,' and then jumping into a bush."

CAMPUS UNSURE HOW TO HANDLE CONCERT IT ACTUALLY WANTS TO SEE

"Wait, my ears aren't bleeding?"




Existential Crisis Dept.

By Mx. Collins '19

(PANIC! -ING AT THE PREGAME) Students were shocked in October when the Campus Activities Board announced that this semester's concert would feature The Mowgli's, an indie rock sextet with some level of mainstream popularity. This shock and excitement has slowly grown into anxiety as the date of the concert approaches. Students have begun to question how to approach a concert that does not make them want to puncture their eardrums to stop the suffering.

"Normal protocol is as follows: pregame with whatever substance you desire to the point where you can just barely stand, go to the show, sneak drinks from your flask during the show, meet each band member individually and tell them how they saved your life, then pass out on Dunham Green," Mary J. Toker '17 explained. "You either don't know or don't like the band, so the only way to stand the

In this issue: not a bang, but a whimper

WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Mostly Cloudy  Highs in the mid-40's. 40% chance of showers.	Mostly Sunny  Highs in the lower 40's.	Mostly Sunny  Highs in the lower 50's.

UNLIMITED TIME OFFER:
TRAVEL FREE TO YOUR HAPPY PLACE



See "You deserve the break," pg. <3

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.



"Blame your Dad."

HAMILTON COLLEGE COURSE CATALOGUE 2016-2017

PE COURSE ADDITIONS:

PE 121-01 Gentle Crouching MW 9:00-9:50 A.M.

Gentle Crouching is for those students who are not acquainted with the Master of the Stairs but are looking for a more intense workout than a mere mild crouch. Crouching will take place in various locations including, but not limited to, muddy fields, trenches, and small to medium sized puddles.

PE 3.14-01 Indoor Kid Activities TR 9:00-9:50 A.M.

This class is specifically designed to cater to those who "don't get out much." Cardio will consist of heart-racing games of *Settlers of Catan* and debating which toupee from *Star Trek* looked the best on Shatner.

PE 069-01 Pervy Coach WF 9:00-9:50 A.M.

In this course, students will be looked up and down by a moustached man in aviator sunglasses, an unmarked baseball cap, and tight blue nylon shorts through which the outline of his penis will be clearly visible. Upon the students' successful completion of assigned activities the coach will lower his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose and say, "Oh yeah...that's nice!"

PE 237-01 Wishing Dad Hadn't Left M-F 12:00 A.M.—12:00 P.M.

Students will get their exercise from throwing a baseball to the space Dad used to be, walking over and retrieving it themselves, and then repeating the process. Dad will occasionally send a birthday card with your name misspelled, which will warrant a 15 minute water break.

PE 420-01 Getting Baked and Playing Hacky Sack (whenever you got time)

Take the edge off and come sack a little of the hack, mi amigo. No pressure to show up or anything like that, we know you are just here to fulfill your PE requirement. Kudos if you can beat the high score.

Stapled inside the catalogue by Mr. Paull '20

REJECTED

WATTAGE ARTICLE: MUSIC SHOULD REMIND US OF OUR OWN MORTALITY

By Frederick Hauer '19

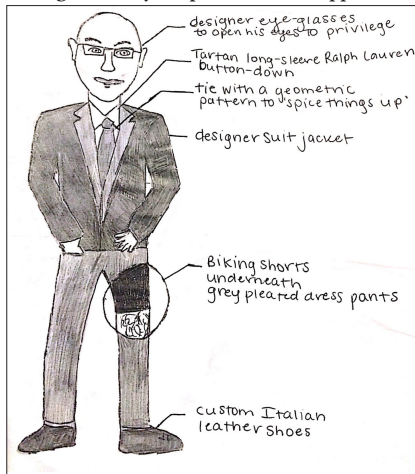
There's something that is sorely lacking in the musical community and the party scene: awareness of our own mortality. We've all heard the songs about partying for eternity and never dying—stuff like "We Can't Stop" by Miley Cyrus, "Live Forever" by the Band Perry, and "We're Literally Immortal: This is Not a Metaphor" by the Denialists. Quite frankly, it's monotonous.

I prefer dancing to songs with plenty of existential dread. My ideal turn up tune is one that confronts the dark secret at the heart of human existence: that it is fleeting and impermanent. I want to party to a song with a refrain of "Life is meaningless and we all die someday / so make the most of what we have today / because you could be struck by lightning at any moment."

Instead of a song that tells me I can dance forever, why not a song that tells me I can dance for a reasonable amount of time, but acknowledges the risk of exhaustion and dehydration if I continue past that? I don't want "Let's love forever / don't stop partying ever." I want "I'll love you for a while / but you know life can get in the way sometimes / plus heart disease runs in my family."

REJECTED

Signature Style: Spotted: Dave Wippman



By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

I think the campus community would be well served by songs that ceaselessly remind us of our own looming mortality. A song that tells us "I feel your heart beating / it reminds me life is fleeting / and that I haven't checked the brake fluid in my car recently" doesn't sweep the realities of life under the rug. It forces us to face the dark truths we pretend not to know. That's what the weekend is all about.

If you're still not on board, just keep in mind that fatalist pop is the best music to get drunk to. Just the other day I had a great time listening to my favorite song, "The Party Won't Stop as Long as this Tumor is Benign." Think about it: what more powerful motivator to drink is there besides the crushing despair of mortality?

Recovered from the Student Media Office's wastebasket by Mr. Letai '19

KEEP WORKING

A Real Editorial by Brian Burns '17

My heart is broken for this country and I can't write satire this morning. Bear with me. -bb, 11/9/16

First, you wake up in the morning, head beating from a hangover, and you cry.

You cry for the people you love. You cry for your LGBTQ friends, who will live in a world with a Vice President who believes their identities can be electroshocked out of them. You cry for your Muslim friends, who will now feel increased danger whenever they wear a hijab. You cry for your Latino friends, the so-called "rapists" that Trump wants to deport. You cry for your African-American friends, who Trump would have denied real estate in the '70s, back before this racist was our national nightmare. You cry for the disabled, mocked as weak. You cry for all minorities who will continue to be seen as the "other."

You cry for the sons who will grow up believing "locker room talk" is how men talk. You cry for the daughters, who will be the real victims. You cry for the young girls who hoped to see a woman and a role model inaugurated as president but will now see a serial abuser. You cry for the planet that has just received a death sentence from a climate change denier.

Then you start to blame. You blame the Trump supporters trying to recreate an America that was never there to begin with. You blame the media for underestimating the rise of a demagogue right here in the U.S. You blame the kid who voted for Gary Johnson. But most of all, you blame yourself for not yelling loud enough, for not voting hard enough. But then you look at the map and realize it wouldn't have made a difference. Then you wonder whether you ever really knew this country at all.

And then when you're done crying and blaming, you realize you have to live in this world, this world that seems more and more like a parallel reality to the good one. You try to pierce the veil, look for a sign that this is a temporary deviation from a righteous arc. But for now, you're in a straightjacket in a padded room, watching this ill-advised storyline from the universe play out like a slow motion train derailment.

The truth is there is no coping with Donald Trump being President, not really. For four years, there will always be an anxiety you will carry around like a pet on a leash. A hairy ball of feelings telling you that you know how fast America can turn. You imagine that it will begin with the insults at rallies, and what once was unspeakable can now be said out loud. Then the calls to lock up the opposition turn to literal chains. Soon, it's not just Hillary—it's the journalists, it's anyone who is deemed worthy of Trump's vengeance. Then the deportations will come, as promised. Then one day, your neighbors might be gone. Another day, a man might come to your door.

The truth is that there may be a day in Trump's America when you can't even write this column. When free speech is a thing of the past. But not yet. For now, you put your head down, and get to work.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS

Editor-in-Chief/ Sadness

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO

Editor-out-Chief/ Darkness

DIANA SARAH SUDER

Comma Consultant/ Rain Cloud

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE

Managing Editor/ Ugh

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

JAKOB MARTIN KRAFT

Staff Writers

KIRSTY RITA WARREN

LAURA DEANNE WHITMER

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

AARON CURTIS COLLINS

IAN ULYSSES BAIZE

Contributors

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

Copyeditors

MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

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