

WE SAW YOU PASS BY OUR CLUB FAIR TABLE  
Feel that? That’s chemistry;-)

TERRIFYING DORM LOUNGE  
INDUCES PRE-TRAUMATIC  
STRESS DISORDER

Still not as traumatizing as tuition

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

FREAKY SHIT DEPT.

(RIGHT BEHIND YOU) For most freshmen at Hamilton, the lounge in their dorm is a free social space, intended for hanging out, studying, or preparing meals. The dream of such a space was shattered, however, for the students who moved into North Hall a few weeks ago: the North lounge has been deemed so outdated and foreboding as to cause residents to recall traumatic events that have not actually happened to them.

Erica Jodhpur ’20 was first to vocalize concern over these non-experiences. “I walked into the lounge on the first day and felt this weird rush of images and information when I saw the grimy wood panelling,” she stated. “I turned to my roomie and I was like, dude, I think I got murdered here.”

When polled, fifty-two percent of North Hall residents claimed to have gained memories of traumatic experiences in the lounge—a windowless room in the dormitory’s basement—that had not yet taken place. Over eighty-eight percent of residents rated the lounge’s condition “sub-par,” and one anonymous

student commented that the area was “dank, but not in a good way.”

In addition to Jodhpur’s vision of being murdered, residents have reported that the lounge has given them memories of being strangled, non-lethally stabbed, lethally stabbed, broken up with, and uncomfortably hit on by a distant relative.

Dr. Wolfenstein in Hamilton College’s Freaky Shit Department is attributing the residents’ issues to an ailment he has temporarily titled “Pre-Traumatic Stress Disorder.” Wolfenstein theorizes that, due to the generally ominous nature of the lounge, the residents’ brains are simply making educated guesses about what could happen there, which are manifesting as false memories. “It’s just like Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder,” Wolfenstein explained, “but with more room for possibility.”

The residents of North have taken to avoiding the lounge, opting instead to lurk in Commons or wash their clothes in a nearby stream. There is no word yet on whether or not the Administration will address the condition of the lounge, but a memo was put out to residents that treatment for their stress will not be covered under the school’s health plan.

Chatham Bells ’20, doesn’t much care about how much it costs: “I just want to make popcorn without feeling like I’m interrupting *The Blair Witch Project*.”

When asked if she had possibly made a mistake in signing up for all these clubs, Brigham responded, “Yeah, probably, but it would be super rude of me to have taken all their free stuff and then not have gone to meetings, so this is my own fault. There’s only 15 more weeks in the semester, so that means I only have 30 more choir rehearsals, 15 more Knitting Club meetings, 45 more long-distance runs, 15 more challah baking sessions, and 15 more Conspiracy Club meetings.

“At least I got all these t-shirts though. I haven’t needed to do laundry in a month. Plus, there’s 30 more I haven’t even worn yet,” she said, peeling off the chrysalis of sweat-encrusted linen.



“My schedule is as full as my closet.”

COMM. OFFICE DESPERATE TO  
PLACATE THIEL DETRACTORS

Some investments can’t be returned

By Ms. Alatalo ’18

PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPT.

(SHREDDED REMAINS OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT) Amid backlash from a small but passionately verbose contingent of Twitter users, the Communications Office has sought to publicly distance itself from its chosen 2016 Commencement speaker, venture capitalist and founder of Paypal Peter Thiel. Thiel has recently come under media fire for, among other things, helping fund the lawsuit that bankrupted online magazine *Gawker*.

“We couldn’t have predicted he would take action outside of the College’s value for the freedom of expression,” Communications Office head Cindy Leon stated. When reminded that Thiel’s views have been criticized since at least 2009, when he said in an article, “I was born in the wrong decade; I wish I lived in 1910 when women still couldn’t vote,” she responded, “Well, we couldn’t have predicted anyone would *find out*.”

As part of an aggressive PR push to show Thiel in more flattering lighting, a recent edition of the Hamilton alumni magazine featured a piece titled “Peter Thiel: He’s just like us!” The two-page spread consisted of photos of Thiel lounging on a yacht with a golden retriever and the subheadline, “He too has a deep-rooted fear of death that only the blood of the young can quench!”

Unfortunately for the Communications office, many of the loudest Twitter critics stated the article served only to prove that once again, the College has forgotten its student population consists of more than upper middle class white New England residents.

Unconfirmed rumors allege the College may also be stepping on First Amendment rights in its attempt to clean up its image by censoring student media publications. Karen Riems ’18, Editor-in-Chief of conspiracy theory rag the *Illuminator*, said “[quotation redacted].”

“[Quotation redacted],” she stated further.

The last step in the Communications Offices endeavors to spruce up the College’s reputation for selecting public speakers involved expunging all articles mentioning Thiel’s Commencement address from the College website. All searches for “Thiel,” “Commencement 2016 speaker,” and “libertarian vampire” now lead to a full-page banner stating, “REMEMBER THAT TIME WE INVITED SECRETARY OF STATE AND FIRST FEMALE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON TO CAMPUS???” with links to Clinton’s 2010 Great Names address.

FRESHMAN SIGNS UP FOR  
EVERY CLUB, GOES TO EVERY  
MEETING

She wants it all

By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19



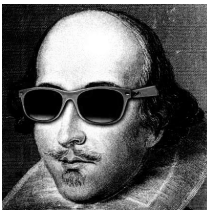
OVERACHIEVERS ANONYMOUS DEPT.

(SADOVE THIRD FLOOR) Like many members of her class, Selena Brigham ’20 attended the Campus Life Open House. Unlike other members of her class, she signed up for literally every club.

“I realized I probably didn’t need to sign up for everything,” Brigham admitted. “But I’ve always been told that college is about trying new things.” So far, Brigham has attended every meeting for every club with a ListServ. Clutching her sixth cup of coffee for the day, she stated, “I haven’t slept in three days!”

After her classes she went to HAAND and then Running club, then Archery Club, then Choir, then the Emerson Literary Society, and finally started her homework around 2 AM. “I’m pretty excited for next week though, I think I’ll get a break on Tuesday around 3 PM for a whole fifteen minutes!”

In this issue: Shade

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST FORECAST	ACT I	ACT II	ACT III
	Loving	Labouring	Losing
	 15% chance iambic pentameter makes sense when you’re wasted.	 High probability Pit Bull interlude totally fits with soliloquy.	 “Wherefore art thou such a bitch?”

DO YOU WANT TO GET PAID? DO YOU WANT TO EARN MONEY? WE’LL PAY YOU. CASH DOLLARS. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. WE WILL GIVE YOU REAL LIFE MONEY. YOU CAN MAKE IT RAIN DOLLARS (REAL MINIMUM WAGE DOLLARS) IF YOU MAKE CAMPUS RAIN WITH BLUE PAPER. ALL WE’RE ASKING FOR IS YOUR DIGNITY. IN EXCHANGE FOR COLD, HARD CASH. DIRECT DEPOSIT, BABY. email bpburns to be our new (paid) distributor

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM

You might want to call her back.



“Honestly, Susan, I don’t know where I went wrong raising him—oops, sorry, son...wrong number.”



# CAMPUS THROUGH THE EYES OF A BAKED FRESHMAN

*Marius Juan '20 wanted to record his first experience trying to get the first bit of the full college experience. Little did he know of the epic journey which would soon follow.*

**8:53 PM** I’ve eaten one edible pink-frosted cupcake I bought from my friend Sarah, but I don’t even feel anything is this supposed to do something? I think I’ll have another. Or three.

**9:30 PM** I’m not even high... are these supposed to- I can’t feel my hands.

**10:00 PM** I’ve been trying to get out of my dorm room for the past half hour but I really am having a hard time reaching the handle. I just want to go to the party in Bundy. Is that too much to ask?

**10:05 PM** Oh wait it’s open I wonder how long it’s been like that. Hold it together Marius you’ve got a long night ahead of you.

**10:15 PM** I made it to Bundy but now I’m really hungry when does Diner B open? I could go for three plates of hash browns right now.

**10:16 PM** Isn’t the word “Freshman” kind of sexist I mean why can’t it just be Freshperson? But also what’s so fresh about us anyway are we just new or are we actually just supposed to be really rude? Why can’t we just be people?

**10:30 PM** So my friend just handed me a breath mint but it tasted kind of funny i don’t know what’s going on but I think I want to go on a walk.

**10:45 PM** So apparently that was not a breath mint because I’m currently surrounded by a pack of fuscia velociraptors saying something or other about an orientation hike but they’re speaking in German and I honestly have no clue how I got here. Also the Al Ham statue is currently trying to discuss the pros and cons of trickle-down economics and I’m becoming mighty uncomfortable because he keeps using technical terms and I’ve literally only had my first day of Micro.

**11:30 PM** Alexander Hamilton stop trying to climb the Chapel you are a statue you are supposed to be still.

**11:35 PM** I just figured out that we don’t walk on our hands because they’re too small but they are still feet and they just want to be loved too.

**12:15 PM** I’ve made it back to Major but the trees are trying to dance since when do trees dance what the fuck was that breath mint and why did I have so many brownies.

Found in a ceiling cube by Mx. Collins ’19

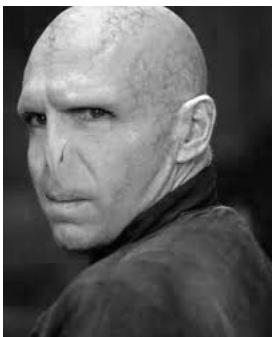
## REJECTED RED WEATHER<sup>Applications</sup>

THESE ARE THE KINDS OF POEMS THAT PROVE YOU SHOULDN’T BE JUDGING ANYONE ELSE’S WORK.

I.  
Shining dome of light,  
So round and so knowledge filled  
Our head, our Weepman

II.  
The orbs in the sky  
Cannot compare to our Whip  
Very Very Bald

III.  
This earth is round  
Everlasting and naked  
Like the crown of Witt



### THE MASCOT

A tale, in verse, of Continental horror, brought to  
Edwin Albert Woe  
in a laudanum-induced reverie

Once upon a midnight bleary, while I stumbled, drunk and weary,  
To the nearest toilet, therein bile and booze from mouth to pour—  
Suddenly, as I kneeled heaving, I detected someone breathing—  
Breathing, as though polyester o’er his mouth the breather wore.  
“Tis some freshman fool,” I muttered, “or a drunken sophomore;  
Only this and nothing more.”

Saying thus, I finished spewing, and, perceiving gastral stewing,  
Took my perch upon the privy to perform my bowel-y chore;  
But, as I did my ablutions, still I heard the respirations  
Of the stranger whose conspicuous panting I’d discerned before;  
Nothing else I heard, no retching, not a moan or groan or roar—  
Only breaths, and nothing more.

“Odd,” I thought, and bending o’er—exacerbating my hangover—  
I began to scan the bathroom from behind the toilet door.  
Yet no feet could I distinguish, no knees bent in drunken anguish;  
Not a trace of man or beast was stood upon the bathroom floor.  
“Must be hearing things,” I said, “or it’s the pipes—I’ll just ignore.  
Just the pipes, and nothing more.”

Then, to my alarm and panic, feet appeared, in boots titanic,  
Standing ominously just behind the flimsy toilet door;  
And the breathing, thought imagined, magnified, grew more impassioned,  
’Til two giant fabric hands reached ’round and, with a monstrous roar,  
Ripped from insubstantial hinges my protective toilet door—  
Ripped, and threw it on the floor.

Staring up in abject terror, I beheld a costume-wearer—  
Horrible and pasty was the giant, staring head he wore.  
Polyester hands reached for me—Death loomed o’er the lavatory—  
And, as in the shadow of his tricorne Alex spilled my gore,  
“What has doomed me to a school with mascots shit as this?” I swore.

Quoth the Mascot, “Common Core.”

Submitted with misplaced hope by Mr. Kraft ’17 and Ms. Hammer ’20

## FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS FOR POINT SYSTEM CHANGES

By Mr. Paull ’20

*Many of you may have seen the changes in the point system and thought “...cool, but why.” Well, after some in depth investigation, I have uncovered the reasons for these changes and have put them into a handy list for easy digestion. Enjoy!*

- Intentionally serving alcohol to minors —1-3 points (was 2-6):** At a recent conference of regional colleges, those alcoholics over at Colgate peer pressured the good folks here at Hamilton into reducing the penalty for serving alcohol to underage students. I know we all like the reduction in points, but I think we can agree that bullying is never the answer.
- Weapons—6-10 points (was 3-10):** Listen, I love doing sick knife tricks as much as the next guy. Nothing gets my rocks off quite like playing a game of Russian Roulette. But, weapons can really hurt someone. I always thought that when I stabbed people in the leg that they were screaming with joy, but I now realize getting stabbed is quite a painful ordeal. The points were upped because they came to the same conclusion as me: that getting mortally wounded can really ruin someone’s day.
- Possession of alcohol under 21—1 point (was 2):** I have to take personal credit for this one guys. At the outset of the year I requested that I be allowed to get absolutely trashed in order to combat my crippling loneliness. Surprisingly, they lowered the points just for me, and all I can say is...Daddy got his juice!
- Streaking—2 points (was 6):** I don’t know if any of you guys have ever tried to catch a fully lubed up stalker, but it is wicked tough. After chasing so many oiled up dudes with their dongers flapping in the wind, the school has decided to say “ah, fuck it” and lower the points.
- Marijuana use and/or possession—2 points (was 3-6):** Ever since America’s sweetheart Malia Obama was caught taking a puff on a blunt of the Devil’s Lettuce at Lollapalooza, attitudes have really changed about the ganj. If the daughter of the President of the United States of America can smoke a fatty without getting in trouble, then why should that dude Greg who is always listening to Bob Marley and trying to master the hacky sack get so many points? Greg just wants to feel one with the earth and relax.

### THE DUEL OBSERVER

BRIAN PATRICK BURNS  
*Editor-in-Chief/ 3994 (R.I.P.)*

RACHEL MARIE ALATALO  
*Editor-out-Chief/ List Rooftop Garden*

DIANA SARAH SUDER  
*Comma Consultant/ KJ Catacombs*

STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE  
*Managing Editor/ Dungeon Under the Diner*

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN  
*The Boss*

**Senior Staff Writers**  
JAKOB MARTIN KRAFT

**Staff Writers**  
LAURA DEANNE WHITMER  
KIRSTY RITA WARREN  
AARON CURTIS COLLINS  
ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER  
ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

**Contributors**  
JOJO S. RINEHART-JONES  
SHARON ALEXANDRA HAMMER  
GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

**Copyeditors**  
IAN ULYSSE BAIZE  
MATTHEW HORN LEBOWITZ

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email <a href="mailto:duel@hamilton.edu">duel@hamilton.edu</a>
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	<a href="http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/">http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/</a>