

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIX, ISSUE I “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 20, 2017

## IT’S JANUARY 20TH, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS Happy 50th birthday, Stacey Dash!

### SENIOR ART HISTORY MAJOR PULLS ART HEIST FOR THESIS

Easier than making original content

By Mr. Letai ’19

OCEAN’S 2017 DEPT.

(THE VAULT) Senior Art History major Danielle O’Shea ’17 recently announced her senior thesis: a daring art heist from the Wellin museum.

“I spent a while thinking about what I wanted my crowning achievement at Hamilton to be,” O’Shea said. “Eventually I realized that the best way to give back to the college was to take from it.”

When asked how exactly the heist would benefit Hamilton College, O’Shea was vague. “Maybe publicity or something? I don’t worry about the little details. I worry about the important stuff, like whether my getaway driver will be willing to do ninety through the crosswalk on Martin’s Way.”

O’Shea’s advisor, Professor Stewart Gardner, admitted he was initially skeptical of the project. “When Dani told me she wanted to assemble a crack team of thieves, each with a different specialty, to perpetrate a complex theft from the Wellin Museum, I asked the obvious question—who’s going to be the comic relief?” Gardener said. “But my worries were laid to rest when she told me about her friend who’s an expert in

both pyrotechnics and knock-knock jokes.”

The friend, Chemistry major Vince Perugia ’17, has been sighted around campus wearing black turtle-necks and asking about the exact chemical composition of the museum.

Other members of the team include dance major Lina Caldwell ’17, who described her role as “Jumping through the laser grid. Does the Wellin have lasers? I hope not.”

In response to O’Shea’s announcement, the Wellin has instituted new security measures. The museum administrators have hired more guards, added cameras in the bathrooms, and replaced the decorative padlock on the front door with one that actually functions as a padlock.

“We’ve identified and hidden the most valuable paintings in our collection—the ones we believe the thieves will be targeting,” Museum Director Tess Ryan said. “This includes such student pieces as ‘The Last Diner B,’ ‘The Persistence of Finals,’ and ‘Wippman Gothic.’”

Sources say O’Shea has been observed trying on various spandex catsuits and practicing her incognito British accent. When asked when the heist would take place, O’Shea said that was between her, her team, and her zipline supplier.

### SENIOR DECIDES TO BURN ALL BRIDGES, LITERALLY

Not a misanthrope, just a pyromaniac

By Mr. Burns ’17

PLAYING THE FIDDLE DEPT.

(ROAST HAM) As his last semester at Hamilton begins, Desmond Tiller ’17 has found a new hobby to distract him from the stress of his job search: burning all of Hamilton College’s bridges. In the process of making it increasingly difficult to move around campus, Tiller has found that he has lost all his friends.

“Like most pyromaniacs and amateur serial killers, he started small by burning the bridges in the glen,” Tiller’s former friend Gabrielle Brand ’17 said. “The only ones who noticed this were hikers like myself who said, ‘Huh, that’s weird’ and turned around. I personally thought it was an unreasonably large beaver who chomped through the bridge.” Unfortunately, when Brand told college officials about her “unreasonably large beaver” theory, she was told that only the health center handles such issues.

In the meantime, Tiller pulled off the greatest arson Hamilton has seen since a group of renegade crows burned down 3994 to make their own aviary: setting

the bridge on Martin’s Way on fire.

“Originally, we thought it was a protest against the protest signs on Martin’s Way,” Brand said, who broke her legs after she failed to look up from her smart phone and notice the lack of bridge. “But then we all remembered that Desmond smiled weirdly and giggled when we let him light the hookah sophomore year, and we universally agreed it was him.”

“It really sucks!” Tyson Mitchell ’18 said. “Now to get to the Diner from my dorm, I have to walk on the slim sidewalk on Green Apple Way. I can’t awkwardly interact with people I sorta-kind-a-know anymore!”

Tiller has now been ostracized by his friends and professors almost as badly as when he wrote that inflammatory op-ed sophomore year. However, when reached for comment, the firebrand merely shrugged.

“I’m never going to see these people ever again anyway! I’m graduating in May!” he said, while burning copies of his resume for fun.

When told that he can still be arrested for arson, Tiller set off the fire alarm as a distraction and ran away. However, his friends all agree that he’ll be back to make more people hate him during senior week.

### JAN STUDENT REVEALED TO BE THE SECOND COMING OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON

She’s only 19 but her mind is older

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

RELIGIOUS STUDIES DEPT.

(ONE OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES) The College was surprised to discover this week that January admission student Alexandria Hampton, originally discarded and ignored like all other Jans, is actually the resurrected soul of Hamilton College’s namesake and Founding Father Alexander Hamilton.

Research has revealed the Hampton had a childhood not unlike the first Secretary of the Treasury. She grew up in the Caribbean, and after dealing with many tragedies, including an absent father, the death of her mother, and having to listen to Bob Marley for years, she eventually benefitted from the generosity of her neighbors and received a series of donations to travel to the United States to receive an education.

“That’s pretty interesting,” Thatcher Farbstein ’18 said, before promptly forgetting everything about Hampton and going on with his life.

“No, we didn’t *just* accept her because she is the second coming of Hamilton,” admissions officer Cassandra Jenkins said, “We were genuinely impressed by Alexandria’s academic record. She really is a great writer. You should read her application essay, ‘The Federalist Papers.’”

*The Duel Observer* contacted Columbia University, formerly King’s College, where Alexander Hamilton received his education, to inquire about Hampton’s application. Columbia responded, “While we admire Hampton’s ambition and eloquence, her transcript was not very impressive, and we don’t pander to every single thing related to Alexander Hamilton like some *other* institutions.”

Hearing this, Hamilton Admissions officer Jenkins replied, “Hey!”

Asked for comment, Alexandria Hampton said, “I have the unique ability to bring change to this school and to America.” However, research also showed that she’s just another economics major, so we’ll see about that.

### In this issue: Jan Jamz

#### Due to budget cuts



the administration couldn’t afford snow.

See “Can only make it actually rain,” pg. 22° F

#### Hamilton Alum of the Week: Vin Diesel, Class of ’90



**MAJOR:** CREATIVE WRITING, FRENCH  
**SENIOR QUOTE:** “HAMILTON IS MI FAMILIA.”  
**FUN FACT:** MEMBER OF NOW-DEFUNCT ACAPELLA GROUP, “THE MUMBLERS”

FORECAST: JANS’ FIRST WEEKEND

FUN



100% chance of groovy club meetings!

FRIENDS



Welcome to the #Hamilly...

FIERY BAPTISM



“ONE OF US. ONE OF US. ONE OF US.”



An Open Letter to the Guy at the Gym Who Did One Set of Curls and Then Left

It was gym love at first gym sight.

You swept into the fitness center like a summer breeze, body glistening with what I could only assume was an ample amount of Vaseline. You stopped to tell the student behind the glass about how intense your pre-workout was, and that you had the craziest protein shifts. In that moment, I knew that I wanted to be the one to take protein shifts with you. You wore only the finest gym attire, a Nike t-shirt with the sleeves torn off and the phrase “Eat. Lift. Sleep. Repeat.” splashed across the front. The tight Adidas joggers made your gluteus maximae look like two Honey Baked Hams.

But that was all just an illusion.

Before you got started on your workout, you generously informed this guy on the squat rack that his form was entirely wrong. “How are you going to make gains if you squat like a toddler looking for frogs in the backyard, you jabroni,” you yelled at this poor soul. If only I had known that *you* were the jabroni when you walked in. You finally started your work out by grabbing two thirty pound dumbbells and shouting “do the curls to get the girls” in the mirror. You did one set of ten and then left the fitness center.

I was blinded by your confidence and swagger when you came in, and I couldn’t see that you were just another guy who liked to pretend he lifts. As you left I noticed that those glorious buttocks were just Kimmy K brand silicon pads and that your calves were tiny, meaning you always skipped leg day. I was crushed. I built you up as an Adonis of the gym, only to realize you were just a false prophet. All I could do was silently sob as I bench pressed the sorrow away.

Sadly recalled while calf raising by Mr. Paull ’20

FACE OFF: REAL INTERNATIONAL STUDENT, OR JAN WHO PICKED UP AN ACCENT?

Real UK Student

by Reginald ‘Reggie’ Pennyman ’18

I’ve noticed since arriving stateside that this campus has a penchant for debate. Our most recent victim is the jolly Jan student by the name of Samuel Riley. Is he really a Brit? Or something more sinister... an upstart Jan with a deplorable accent? Blimey! I’m happy to put my proverbial pence in, or however that American saying goes, in defense of the intelligent young chap who has appeared on campus amongst the hoard of Jans. Firstly, I cite my own origins as a means of identifying the true UK International students on campus. I have even developed a test based on several criteria: (a) tea consumption, (b) emotional constipation via ‘stiff upper lip’, and (c) discomfort at hearing Dick Van Dyke’s rendition of ‘Bert’ in the motion picture *Mary Poppins*.

The first two items were certainly evident as I observed him over my cup of tea in the dining halls this past week, and the final item was confirmed by projecting the film in question directly into his window from my little perch in the quad for approximately 48 hours. I observed once more and confirmed my suspicions. His distress at the inaccurate portrayal was expressed by his frantic slamming of the window and periodic screams of frustration.

I could finally approach him, as I now knew him to be one of my own brethren. ‘Isn’t it all just charming? Nothing compared to our Motherland, no?’ I inquired after signalling him over with a curt nod. He grumbled an intelligible reply. Further confirmation of emotional constipation!

‘There’s just something about the colonies’, I declared. That finally aroused a more enthusiastic response, in the form of direct eye contact.



Jan Who Picked Up An Accent

by Lauren Handel ’18

Listen, he’s a Jan. Probably trying to get a social life going, and nothing universally stimulates the minds (and loins) of college students than a British accent. He could say “wet fart” and sound profound. But I’m onto his game. I’ve seen him chugging tea in the dining halls. It isn’t like he’s enjoying it. His eyes are all shifty and he’s totally burnt his tongue, but he just keeps going. Like his reputation depends on it.

If I had to guess how many people in the UK hear “Hamilton” and think of us, not the musical, I’d say it’s close to about 5. And those 5 always seem to say, “Fuck it, I want to live in the middle of nowhere New York where there’s snow up to my ass in winter and pissy squirrels to deal with the rest of the time,” and apply for fall semester or as Jans. Seeing that there was an extra “Brit” in the count definitely set off some red flags. I caught the new kid using “y’all” and I’m pretty sure it wasn’t to assimilate into the culture.

I tried asking him about home and he totally dodged the questions talking about how “There’s just something about the colonies,” like who the fuck says that? Wait, *Reggie* said that? The guy’s from Connecticut, we went to the same high school for Christ’s sakes!

Interpreted by Sharon Hammer ’20

PHILOSOPHY FINAL: PROVE THAT YOU’RE HUMAN

*Assignment: Alas, proving your humanity is not as simple as clicking a box on a captcha that states, “I am not a robot.” Prove to me that you’re a human and not evil robots masquerading as students so you can assimilate me into your evil hive mind.*

In this paper, I will argue that I am human by proving that I am not a robot. As Descartes said, “I think, therefore I am not a robot.” I am not an evil robot because 1) I am not metal 2) I am not, nor have I ever been, part of a hive mind, and 3) I dropped my Opus mocha latte with extra foam and it made me mad, so I have emotions.

To prove point 1) I go to the gym three times a week on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during which I sweat an ungodly amount. I leave puddles around the dumbbells and my butt print is permanently stained onto the machines. If I were metal, I could not sweat as much as I do. Therefore, I am not made of metal.

For point 2) The only time I have ever felt that my actions were being controlled by something other than myself was after three all-nighters in a row during finals week last semester and my friend had to guide me from the dark side to Bundy. Otherwise, I can safely state that all of my stupid and dangerous decisions came from my own mind, and a robot couldn’t make that claim.

Point 3) proves that I am 15.15% more emotional than the average human, because when I dropped my latte I couldn’t stop crying for 45 minutes. My mood goes up and down. When I see a dog of any kind on campus I immediately feel intense joy and jump. When I see my ex-boyfriend on campus I feel nostalgic and the urge to run him over with a golf cart.

In conclusion, it is not possible for me to be a robot because I have skin that sweats excessively, I usually make my own decisions (which may or may not be good ones), and I possess emotions, which vary depending on the context and day. Therefore, I am a human. [PROGRAM END.]

Discovered clutched in a robot’s hand by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

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