

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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

APRIL 14, 2017

WE PRINT FRONT *AND* BACK @thetopical

STUDENT GETS OFF-CAMPUS HOUSING BY DATING PROFESSOR

Thinking of getting a dog together

By Ms. Dickmeyer '19

INTIMATE HUMAN RESOURCES DEPT.

(A MODEST ONE-FAMILY HOME IN CLINTON) While the student body has a collective mental breakdown over where it will be living next year, Sally Cummings '19 knows exactly where she will be.

For the past month, Cummings has been living down the hill with Professor of Psychology Ken Strand. “When he asked me to move in after four weeks of dating, I was so excited!” she said. “Not only do I get to see him way more often, but now all my friends are soooo jealous! My bedroom is larger than twelve square feet, and my thermostat actually works!”

Students from all over campus were upset to hear that their peer was allowed off-campus hous-

ing when they were not.

“My best options for housing are a loud-ass suite with a tiny-ass kitchen, a perfectly fine single but in Bundy, or a double in a room with no air conditioning and broken lamps— and none of those come with a free boyfriend,” Ida Best '19 said.

News of Cummings' residential relationship with Strand has led to a surge of professors being asked to Opus lunch dates by students, packed office hours, and near-perfect class attendance.

“All of a sudden I have students batting their eyelashes at me and actually laughing at my jokes, and I can't figure out why,” Professor of Economics Pete Johnson said.

When Travis Hill heard about Cummings' special housing situation, he shrugged and said, “There's not really anything I can do about it. Sure, the fact that a tenured professor thinks it's appropriate to date a student has its own ethical issues, but figuring out how to get off-campus housing out of it? That's just smart thinking.”

sound of thousands of tiny feet on cotton sheets. “I'm not working with the bedbugs! I swear!”

Shortly after the announcement, the entire men's lacrosse team released a statement that it was willing to testify before the committee in exchange for immunity from all charges, and itch relief cream.

“We have a variety of simple tests,” Professor of Criminology and HUAC member Martina Dies said. “For example, if someone is covered in bedbugs, they float. So if we throw you in Little Pond and you drown, that means you were clean!”

The *Duel Observer* would like to state for the record that it does not have bedbugs, and anyone who says otherwise must have bedbugs themselves.



THAT ONE GUY IS SOMEHOW GOING TO GRADUATE

Prevalent theory is goat sacrifice

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

MAKE-A-WISH DEPT.

(SWADDLED IN A HAMMOCK) The campus community was shocked this week to learn that that one senior guy (you know the one) is actually going to graduate.

Reports had been swirling since early October that That Guy was several credits short of graduation, and were met with little to no surprise from his fellow students.

“I was honestly more shocked to hear that he was going to graduate than I was to hear that he wasn't,” Alicia Moors '18, who sits next to That Guy in philosophy, commented. “I don't think I've ever seen him look at the board. I can't even confirm that he knows how to read.”

Many students confessed that they did not know That Guy's name, or him personally, but confirmed that they “knew of him.” One student referred to him as a “legend,” but then elaborated, “I didn't know that he actually went here, though.”

“I've seen him do many things,” Tony Darren '17, That Guy's suitemate, said, “including invent both skateboard tricks and sex positions. But I've never seen him do work, discuss class, or allude to being a student in any way.”

When asked what That Guy's major is, Darren shrugged, and then elaborated that a shrug was the response he got from That Guy every time he asked the same question.

“We had bets going on about how many years That Guy would be a ‘super senior,’” tenured professor William Wilcox said, “but no one bet that he would graduate on time. The odds were just so bad. I had him for a class one time and his attendance was so poor I thought he just died.”

When reached for comment, That Guy simply shrugged and commented, “stuff works out,” a statement that was met with agitation by many of his fellow seniors.

“This can't be legit,” Monica Smart '17 said. “I worked my ass off to complete all my requirements for my major and I barely slipped by. Meanwhile, last time I talked to That Guy, he asked me if rocks can feel pain and then referred to this school as ‘Hamilshire University.’ I bet his advisor just fudged the paperwork to get rid of him.”

When reached for comment via phone, That Guy's advisor pretended to be an answering machine and hung up.

PRESIDENT MCWIPPETHY PROMISES TO EXPOSE BED-BUGS WHEREVER THEY HIDE Better dead than bed

By Mr. Letai '19

THE BED SCARE DEPT.

(STOLEN FROM THE PLOT OF *THE AMERICANS*) In light of recent events, President McWippthy has declared his intention to root out the bedbugs infesting Hamilton's campus.

“We have a list of fifty-seven beds that are confirmed to contain bedbugs,” he announced gravely. “This includes beds in the rooms of the Dean of Students, every men's lacrosse player, and the pen where the alligators in the Science Center sleep. A specter is haunting Hamilton. The specter of bedbugs.”

In this announcement, McWippthy also established a new strategic planning board known as the Hamilton Unhygienic Activities Committee, or HUAC. The Committee is responsible for hunting down bedbugs and bedbug sympathizers.

The announcement has prompted some hysteria, as HUAC agents have been seizing students and faculty for questioning.

“They're out to get me, I know it,” Alger Hissman '18 said from behind a barricade of pizza boxes, speaking over what may or may not have been the

In this issue: Student Assembly is relevant.

“Throne of Ass” Autographing Session



Guess who was first in line?

See “genuine horror,” pg. 69

Hamilton Alum of the Week: Toby from *The Office* '85



MAJOR: PENCIL
PUSHING

SENIOR QUOTE:

“I WAS ALSO ON
THE NEWSROOM”

FUN FACT: HE

SMILED ONCE, IN

HIS CHILDHOOD.

ANTAGONICK FORECAST	7:30 P.M.	7:55 P.M.	8:45 P.M.
	Low probability of subtlety	100% you are sitting in the splash zone	High probability Trump tweets about it the next day

WEIRDLY AGGRESSIVE SNAPCHATS FROM @HAMILTONCOLLEGE:



Screenshotted by Mr. Fergusson ’20

STUDENT ASSEMBLY MINUTES

1. Call to Order
 - Attendance
 - Present
 - Jack Spencer ’19
 - Keith Toboggan ’20
 - Doogie Howser M.D. ’82
 - General Mills ’18
 - The Teletubbies Sun Baby ’18
 - Chiquita Banana
 - Absent
 - All four sharks from “Street Sharks”
2. New Business
 - Martin’s Way to be renamed “Doug’s Struttin’ Space.”
 - Jack Spencer Martin has had his time. Let the reign of Doug begin.
 - General Mills Yes, let us stretch our collective gams across Doug’s glorious path.
 - Keith Toboggan All hail Doug! All hail Doug!
 - Jack Spencer Shut up, Keith, before I slit your throat.
3. Risky Business
 - A high school senior’s parents are leaving for a weekend and warn him that not a single item can be out of place. So, what does he do? Hires a prostitute, dances in his underwear to Bob Seger, and finally has sex on a train in this ’80’s classic.
 - Jack Spencer Tom Cruise at his best.
4. Funding

Organization	Items/Services Requested	Amount Requested	Amount Recommended	Resubmit
Hamilton Cutlery society	FORKS	\$25,000	\$100,000	Idk

- Teletubbies Sun Baby My god, do they know how to pick out a good fork.
5. Public Comment Period
 - Jack Spencer Not a single person showed up. Not one. Not even the weirdo in a khaki jacket came to give his stupid opinion.
6. Conversation about how SA promotes diversity and inclusion
 - Chiquita Banana I think that because we are all fictional characters, brand names, or pieces of fruit, a conversation about diversity would be a little asinine. How can we possibly make any meaningful statement about inclusion when our most diverse members, the four street sharks from “Street Sharks,” aren’t even present?
 - Jack Spencer Then we will save it for another day. This meeting is adjourned, sound of gavel banging sound of gavel banging.

Transcribed by Mr. Paull ’20

FACE OFF: IS SPRING REALLY HERE?

It’s Spring!
Daisy McDonald ’20

The past few weeks of weather have been an epic tug-of-war between Winter and Spring. It’s been difficult to cope with my severe climatic trust issues. I was hurt by the constant back-and-forth— literally hurt, as in, the wind chill froze my esophagus. But I think it’s safe to say that Spring has officially put Winter out of business, like Radioshack.

There are fucking flowers blooming along Mar-tin’s Way! Foxes, deer, ducks, and squirrels are awake to compete for dominance again. If that wasn’t enough to convince me, I’ve felt like a new person. I’ve taken out my shades, my skin is clearing up, and I’m so energetic I think I can finally drop my coke habit.

Sure, hauling out my summer clothes and completely changing my color palette was a bit of a pain, but I’m willing to do anything to be scantily clad and let the sun thaw my frozen heart.

Winter Is Luring Us Into A False Sense of Security to Kill Us All!
Katherine Snowden ’17

Let me first say that Winter is a frigid bitch. A clever, frigid bitch. I’ve studied her closely these past few years at Hamilton and I can tell this whole “spring” thing is one her many tricks. Winter is just around the corner, watching and waiting. Ready to send one of her powerful winds straight up our floral sundresses.

Those flowers on Martin’s Way are 100% fake, planted by the frozen demon to lull us into a false sense of security. Winter bribed the Sun, too. I can’t say how exactly, but I just know she did. At this point, I wouldn’t be surprised if she dragged the birds by their tiny talons from the South for good measure.

Everyone looks cute now in their crop tops and American Flag booty shorts, but don’t expect me to join you fools. I’ll happily keep my full parka, gloves, Long Johns, and ski pants.

“You’re crazy,” they say.

“Winter isn’t a woman, or sentient,” they mock.

“I don’t think wearing that many layers in 70 degree weather is safe. You’re literally suffering from heat stroke,” they chide.

Soon Winter will reveal its heinous face through this “spring” facade, and I’ll be skiing on your corpses.

Listen, I don’t control the weather. I’m just telling it like it is.

Internally debated by Ms. Hammer ’20

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