THE DUEL OBSERVER VOLUME XXX, ISSUE XI "KNOWE Thyself, Not Be Thyself." NOVEMBER 10, 2017

DAVID WIPPMAN FUCKING SHREDS BOTH PARTS OF "SUMMER NIGHTS" AT IMF CONCERT

Alumnus Three Years Out Can't Stop Identifying as a Lightsider

Keeps asking where the "Commons of Manhattan" is

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

Alumni Inreach Dept.

(A COFFEE SHOP THAT ISN'T OPUS) Despite having graduated from Hamilton in 2014, alumnus Scotty Harper is reportedly continuing to identify himself as a Lightsider while living in New York City and working as an accountant.

"I don't actually know what 'Lightside' means, but Scotty calls himself that all the time," Jessica Ambell, the receptionist at Harper's accounting firm, said. "He called me that one time too because I was wearing a sleeveless fleece, and I thought it was a race thing, so I brought it up to HR.... That took a while to sort out."

Other people in Harper's life have confirmed that he strictly defines himself as a Lightsider, despite living in a two-bedroom with his long-term girlfriend in a normal metropolitan society that doesn't divide itself into two arbitrary groups.

Melanie Forest, Harper's girlfriend, commented, "I found it kind of endearing at first. He called me his

CROW BOY STARTS ANTHRO-POLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR HUMAN WATCHING

Definitely not a front for BKE

By Mr. Letai '19

Birdbrained Ideas Dept.

(THE AVIARY) Crow Boy, a boy raised by crows in the aviary discovered last year, has founded the newest student organization: Anthropological Society. The club's mission statement is "to study the appearance and habits of people from across campus. We will go peoplewatching, and learn a thing or two about people too."

In a budget proposal which was described by witnesses as being written in "chicken scratch," the club has requested money from Student Assembly for "binoculars and telephoto lenses" for observing humans, and "human food" for attracting human subjects. Originally, the club asked for "human seed" instead of food, but the request was changed after the vial of white substance they received was deemend ineffective. "Darkside Princess" because I was drinking coffee when he met me. We met at a coffee shop."

Forest confirmed that Harper still identifies Pabst Blue Ribbon as his beverage of choice, refers to his local Planet Fitness as "Blood," and yells "Roll Conts" while stalled in traffic.

Harper maintains that there is no issue with him continuing to identify as a Lightsider. "It's not about *where* you are," he said, while writing out a rent check, "It's about *who* you are. I'm always going to be a Vineyard Vines-wearing, Carn-living boy at heart, even though I'm twenty-five and thinking about starting a family."

Harper is not the only alum to continue to live with the Darkside/Lightside dichotomy: reports have surfaced in recent months of graduates from as far back as 2008 living in a makeshift "Darkside" in the heart of Brooklyn. According to one anonymous source, this faux-darkside is comprised of several apartments in a four-block radius owned by former Hamilton students, each named after a different darkside dorm.

Said one resident of the "Babbitt" apartment, "When I toured it with my wife, it reminded me of smoking weed next to Minor field, and I had to move in. It also has a great guest room in case my in-laws come over, and plenty of room for my three little ones to play. Pretty dope."

Phastida '18 said. "I was walking down Martin's Way, and all of a sudden I saw a plate of brownies just sitting there on the ground. So of course I dug in. Then I noticed a dude with a bunch of birds sitting in a tree taking pictures of me. I figured there was just something weird in the brownies, but I guess it was just bait for the club."

Others are less enthusiastic about the club. Cordelia Nathan '19 complained about the members' arrival at Student Assembly, recalling that "This crow kid and his birds just barged in to the meeting. There was poop everywhere. I just hope it was all from the birds."

"At first I thought it was cool," Club member Colin Marabou '21 said. "But then we got to the 'mating habits' part, and it got weird. We waited in a tree outside Babbitt for someone to get busy in front of a window for three hours."

According to Marabou, after a couple did in fact copulate in full view of the Anthropological Society, they only did so for a few minutes before noticing their audience. "They looked out the window and stared at us for a second, then invited us in. I was too nervous, but Crow Boy went in. And let me tell you—high school health class did not prepare me for this. I never knew feathers could do that."

STUDENT TO INTRODUCE BODY PILLOW TO FAMILY OVER THANKSGIVING Still better than being single By Mr. Paull '20 WEEB DEPT.

(NEW HARTFORD BED BATH & BEYOND) In an unprecedented act of bravery, Brandon Potash '19 decided that he would introduce his girlfriend of two semesters to his parents during Thanksgiving break. The decision comes as a shock to those close to Potash, seeing as his girlfriend is a 5'3" body pillow with the image of an underage anime girl with massive tits on it.

"I decided it was time to stop hiding my love," Potash said, caressing the pillow's face. "Kiyokochan and I have been dating for two years now and intend to have a traditional Japanese wedding one day. And yes, I know what you are thinking: her tits *are* massive.We do everything normal couples do. We go get food at commons, I drool on her in my sleep, and we even have sex. I made a little hole in her and put my old 'love rag' in so she stays nice and clean."

Potash had until recently been keeping his relationship with the body pillow a relative secret, but now can be seen carrying it around with him all over campus.

"It was weird. He showed up one day to class with that pillow girl and said, 'I hope you don't mind, but I brought my girlfriend Kiyoko-chan. She is really eager to learn.' I let him keep the thing in class because it *does* have massive tits," Professor of Upholstery Miles Jacoby said.

When asked if he told his parents that his girlfriend is actually a body pillow, Potash seemed confused. "You wouldn't tell your parents the race of your girlfriend or if she was blind. So why would you tell them that your girlfriend was actually an anime girl printed onto a body pillow? And I think they will be happy for me once they see her massive tits," Potash added.

However, Potash decided not to bring Kiyoko

So far, the club has met with mixed reactions from the campus community.

"They're really contributing to student life" Ron

to his home for Thanksgiving after all because he broke up with her shortly before getting on the Boston shuttle. He decided to end it after he saw another body pillow online with even bigger tits.

In this issue: goddamn this publication is a nerd who needs to get laid FRESHMAN BUFFERS EXCITED FOR

9 P.M.
11 P.M.
1 A.M.

9 P.M.
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"Wait, how many is a cotillion?" See "Not that kind of coming out," pg. 1846 Choose Your Own Adventure! Issue 11: That's not how evolution works. You're getting a C in Bio 102. A. Actually, you're getting a D because you're a shark and exist below C level. Dead end for that shitty pun.

B. Go to your professor's office hours to raise your grade. *See issue 6* **C**. Move into the pool even though it's fresh water. *See issue 7*

THE UPCOMING JITNEY SCHEDULE, AS DIVINED BY LEFTOVER MCEWEN MEAT SCRAPS

<u>MONDAY</u>

The unidentifiable meat chunks from last Tuesday strongly suggest leaving later in the day to avoid traffic.

Pickup times: 9:47 p.m., 10:47 p.m., 11:58 p.m., 11:59 p.m.

TUESDAY

The sad, charred pieces of inedible bacon remind us all that we can die unloved. Start 30 minutes behind schedule to offer time for reflection.

Pickup times: 4:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m.

<u>WEDNESDAY</u>

Half of this "meat" is tofu. Truth is hard to come by these days. Take the proposed pickup times and forget them because they are untrustworthy.

Pickup times: 8:33 a.m., 12:04 p.m., 4:16 p.m.

THURSDAY

This particular batch of meat chunks gave the entire dark side dysentery. Satan is amongst us.

Pickup times: 6:66 a.m., 6:66 p.m.

FRIDAY

The expired taco meat smells of Dunham's first floor and serves as a reminder that, in the words of Depeche Mode, "Words are very unnecessary / they can only cause harm."

Pickup times: $[\rightarrow \downarrow] \rightarrow] \downarrow] \cap [\land : ::] \cup \cup$

<u>SATURDAY</u>

The leftover smoked meats tell us that we should relax.

Pickup times: 4:20 a.m., 4:20 p.m.

<u>SUNDAY</u>

Everything is normal. The Jitney is running according to schedule.

Pickup times: _____

Found on the back door of Sadove by Ms. Terhune '21

From: dfernand@hamilton.edu To: dwippman@hamilton.edu

Subject: Yesterday's Lunch

President Wippman,

Hi, my name is Devin Fernandez. We ate lunch together yesterday at Commons. I wanted to apologize for the behavior of my classmates. I don't know why they were drunk at noon. I hope you can get those vomit stains out of your shirt. Anyway, my friends and I would like to make it up to you, so we would like to invite you to eat dinner with us at McEwen tomorrow at 6.

Hope to see you there, Devin Fernandez

From: dfernand@hamilton.edu To: dwippman@hamilton.edu

Subject: McEwen Dinner

Dear President Wippman,

Hey, it's Devin again. Thanks so much coming to dinner last night. I'm sorry that all of my friends stood us up, but I thought it was a nice dinner regardless! I've been thinking about the advice you gave me about my relationship with Brittaneigh, and I think you're right, it's time to end things with her. Besides, I've had my eyes on someone new for a while anyway.

Best wishes,

Devin Fernandez

From: <u>dfernand@hamilton.edu</u> To: <u>dwippman@hamilton.edu</u> Subject: Magical Night

Dear David,

I can't stop thinking about last night. There I was, sitting in the corner all alone at a Babbitt party, and you came along to make my night. I had so much fun dancing with you. I can't believe we stayed up all night talking! I hope we can do it again soon.

Sincerely, Devin

Friday Five: Lies To Tell Your Family Over Thanksgiving Dinner by Ms. Bowen '21

You've been enduring the classic "You've grown so much!" at family dinners since the dawn of time, but as you mature, so do your relatives' interrogations. Here's a fresh take on how to reinvent yourself over the holiday.

5. Your grades are great! No one needs to know how many times you've cried in the 24hour reading room's bathroom or the number of tears that stained your most recent lab report. As far as they know, you're in perfect mental health, on the path to a career in god knows what.

4. You're not minoring in Middle East and Islamic Studies! Instead, replace the mention of Islam, your grandmother's greatest fear, with something she can't understand, like economics. She knows that she has been personally victimized by one of these two things, but she's guessing incorrectly.

3. You're not a vegan! Your great-uncle who overcooks the turkey "to perfection" every year will only be slightly disheartened if you play off your veganism as a weak stomach. For a convincing twist, modify a story from the time you projectile vomited at Diner B to fit the situation and proceed to describe it in vivid detail.

2. You're a Lightsider! Or, if that's too farfetched, you are dating a WASP who takes you to their College Republican meetings. Also, the reason you won't be visiting this summer is because you'll be busy sailing with their family on the Vineyard.

1. You're straight! The companion you brought with you is your roommate who lives too far away to go home for break. They can't be from California though, this would make it too obvious. Maybe try saying they're from Europe so as to explain their NARPness and affinity for physical affection.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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From: <u>dfernand@hamilton.edu</u> To: <u>dwippman@hamilton.edu</u> Subject: OMG!

Dear David,

Thank you so much for the flowers! How did you know I loved orchids? You are such a gentleman. Anyway, I've been thinking about it, and since you're always doing things for me, I've decided to do something for you. Meet me in the Babbitt Pavilion at midnight tonight and I'll give you a surprise ;) Love Devin <3

From: <u>dwippman@hamilton.edu</u> To: <u>dfernand@hamilton.edu</u> Subject: Re: OMG!

Devin,

Thank you for the kind emails, but I'm afraid I'm not quite sure what you're talking about. I recall having an unpleasant lunch at Commons with you, but I don't remember any of the other events to which you are referring. Perhaps you have mistaken another kindly bald man for me. I have already contacted Campus Safety to inform them of the imposter.

Sincerely,

David Wippman

PS: However, I was hoping that you could still give me that "surprise" you were talking about. See you at midnight ;)

Bcc'd to Mr. Boudreau '20

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