

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXI, ISSUE IX “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 6, 2018

OUR NEW MANAGING EDITOR IS SOME GUY NAMED GREG RASPUTIN

He seems chill.

ADMINISTRATION TO INVEST \$1,000,000 IN WAYS STUDENTS CAN HANDLE THEIR OWN MENTAL HEALTH SITUATION

Increases tuition to cover costs

By Mr. Paull '20

STUDENT LIFE DEPT.

(UNDER THE RUG) Last week, the Administration unveiled a new high-budget plan to combat the distressingly poor mental health of their students. The solution: let the students take care of it themselves.

“We have put in \$1,000,000 to combat all the students’ silly little mental boo-boos, as we like to call them,” new Dean of Mental Health Silvia Ratched said while covering her ears to ignore a student flailing in the KJ water feature and yelling incomprehensibly.

“We are going to be erecting a whiteboard on the Dunham Green that has a spectrum of :) to :(on it, and we encourage all students to put a little tick mark on it to show us how they are feeling,” Ratched said. “We have also ordered one VHS copy of *Good Will Hunting* for students to watch at

their own discretion. It is important to hear Robin Williams tell them, ‘It’s not your fault.’ Man, why did that guy stop making movies? He was hilarious.”

Students have expressed frustration that even when they do try to advocate for themselves, their efforts go unheard.

“So, Dean Ratched rounded up a bunch of me and my friends, locked us in Sadove Basement, threw a hundred dollar bill on the ground, and said, ‘talk about how you all can pull yourselves up by the bootstraps and fix your broken brains,” Jennifer Nguyen ’18 said. “We came back to her with a list of things both students and the administration could do. All she said was that they would form a discussion panel to discuss the results of the students’ discussion, and to then discuss what future discussion need to be held based off that discussion.”

“Believe me, we hear the students’ plight loud and clear. Even just one sophomore crying out for help is incredibly loud. I mean, we have 2,000 students. It’s hard not to hear their whining,” Ratched said. “Mental health is really just a numbers game. That’s why we will be admitting up to 1,000 more students per year, so that one anguished voice isn’t quite so loud.”

CARN STUDENT BELIEVED IN THE PURPLE LIGHT

Reports being borne back ceaselessly into high school

By Ms. Granoff '18

OPTOMETRY DEPT.

(SCCT GREENHOUSE) Upon his return from spring break, John Gatz '18 looked out the window of his room in Carnegie residence hall and was greeted by the sight of a purple light emanating from the Science Center. Friends report that he was immediately captivated by the purple light, and began to become distracted from the increasingly extravagant parties they were throwing that week.

“We’ve been throwing all these ragers in our room since we got back. Huge ones, with like miniature elephants and silent fireworks—you know, so campo won’t notice, but we still get to live on the edge with that whole ‘fire code’ thing—but he just stares out the window at that damn purple light,” Gatz’s roommate, Jordan Buchanan ’18, reported.

“Yeah, we really haven’t wanted to let him out of our sight,” Nicholas Carrow ’18, another roommate, agreed. “He’s not, like, sad or anything.

He just keeps serenading whoever happens to be walking past our window, which sometimes does happen to be my Modern Algebra professor, and then declares that instead of actually taking our midterms we’re having huge-ass parties again. It’s as if he thinks that the purple light is going to show up and do a keg stand.”

At their most recent party, fellow student Myrtle Wilson ’18 was hit by a bright yellow 1929 Ford Model A, which no one was expecting on the third floor of Carn. Gatz responded by unfurling his cleverly concealed bedsheet rope he had prepared presumably for just such an occasion and dashed toward the Science Center, which is of course the logical choice when one’s friend has been hit by a mysterious car.

Gatz has yet to return since enthusiastically setting off on his investigations, and student speculation has been rampant. Theories include that the light was cast by aliens luring him into their ship, or by Norm the friendly Science Center tortoise who only wanted a friend. Others point out that these theories are ridiculous on their face, pointing out that the light is in fact the grow light in the greenhouse.

RESLIFE INTRODUCES CROW-OP Frats of a feather block together

By Mr. Letai '19

ORNITHOLOGY DEPT.

(THE CROW AVIARY) In the wake of this week’s housing lottery for the Woolcott Co-Op, ResLife has announced a new housing option for next year: The Crow-Op. Located inside the Crow Aviary on the north side of campus, the Crow-Op will involve a co-operative meal plan designed by Club Ento. Space is somewhat limited, so only ten students will be allowed to live in the Crow-Op, and two dozen crows will be relocated to the Rogers Estate.

Due to budget constraints, unlike the Co-Op, the Crow-Op will not receive any funding to buy food for their meals. However, administrators say they are confident students will manage to feed themselves. “Students in the Crow-Op can forage for leftover birdseed, beg for scraps along Martin’s Way, or even hunt squirrels and possums,” Assistant Dean of Residential Life Travis Hill said. “They’re an excellent source of protein, after all.” When asked if the aviary’s new residents would disrupt the school’s research, Place said, “It was this or we move some kids off campus, and we’re not that desperate yet.”

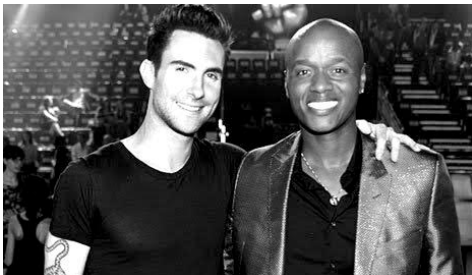
Brett Nathan ’18, President of the owl-themed fraternity STRIG, announced that STRIG would attempt to fill the Crow-Op. “It really vibes with our aesthetic, you know?” Nathan said. “Where else on campus can I roost in the rafters and read Edgar Allen Poe to a crow who I will later devour for sustenance? Plus, it’s so close to North lot.” Nathan scoffed at concerns that owls and crows represent fundamentally incompatible ideologies, citing the fact that both species have wings and are goth as hell.

As of Thursday, 26 out of 27 students signed up for the Crow-Op lottery are members of STRIG. The remaining student is Crow Boy ’19, who said that he has “been feeling really homesick lately.” All students signed up were unbothered by reports that Crow-Op residents would be tagged for the purposes of studying their mating habits.

In this issue: Sideshow Bob Steps on Rakes [10 Hours]

CAB ACOUSTIC COFFEEHOUSE

He’s the one who’s not Adam Levine.



See “It’s pronounced colon,” pg. 1

Hamilton Kama Sutra

SEX TIP OF THE WEEK:

Take a tip from the Town Hall and try every sex position you’ve ever heard of in fifteen minutes—but first, force your partner to recite everything they like about you.

ENTO BUG HUNT FORECAST	11 A.M.	2 P.M.	12 A.M.
	High probability there are no jelly beans	“I don’t like the crispy bits.”	100% chance the ants in your stomach are crawling back up

FACE OFF: CONDOLEEZZA RICE v. MCEWEN RICE COOKER



“We’re in a new world. We’re in a world in which the possibility of terrorism, married up with technology, could make us very, very sorry that we didn’t act.” - Condoleezza Rice

“ssssssssSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHSSSSSSssS” - McEwen Rice Cooker

IN DEFENCE OF CONDOLEEZZA

By Connor Serf Uhteev ’18

My girl Condoleezza (we’re definitely BFFs) is a strong woman who clearly out-matches an inanimate object. She is very knowledgeable on global security, having been a Secretary of State to the greatest president of all time, THE George DUBYA Bush. So, not only will she win the Common Ground debate against Susan Rice, but she’s clearly better than any rice cooker ever could be. Could a rice cooker successfully serve on the board of directors at Chevron? No! Could a rice cooker navigate the intricacies of handling terrorism in a post-9/11 era? Definitely not! Could a rice cooker make an appearance on *30 Rock* and have a classical piano duel with Alec Baldwin? Actually, that sounds probable, but WHATEVER, it is no metric of the greatness of Condoleezza “Muthafuck-in Warrior Princess” Rice. In conclusion, fuck whatever that steam machine is doing. Rice has this in the bag!

YOU’RE GONNA NEED SOME RICE FOR THIS BURN

By Bailey Dull ’20

The Mcewen rice cooker is far superior to Condoleezza Rice. Here’s why:

- Doesn’t give a shit about whether or not LGBT+ people get married
- Doesn’t care about guns
- Makes hella food, which could easily solve world hunger
- Loves everyone equally
- Is red
- Is hot as hell
- Would let you immigrate
- Would actually beat Alec Baldwin in a classical piano duel
- Can be nicknamed “Riceboi” without getting offended
- Hasn’t been charged with war crimes

In conclusion, Riceboi is best boi.

Collected for Gov. credit by Ms. Collins ’19

MAJOR CONFUSION - EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A CAMPUS SAFETY OFFICER

9:27 pm - We received a tip about a “major party” happening on the Dark Side, so I hopped in my cruiser and drove to check out the usual spots.

9:45 pm - I haven’t found the party. I can hear loud music coming from the Dark Side, but it’s not coming from Babbitt, Milbank, Minor, McIntosh, Root, or Keehn. KJ is filled with losers doing homework, and List is haunted, so I checked out the Glen, and all I found were a couple of chill stoners who offered me a hit.

10:24 pm - I’ve walked through every suite and still haven’t found this damn party. I managed to break up a couple casual hang-outs along the way though, so at least I’ve done my duty to keep this campus safe. I decided to reward myself by going back to the Glen and getting another hit from the stoners.

10:50 pm - I’ve parked in the middle of the Dark Side Quad. Now I’m stopping anyone that walks by and asking them if they’ve heard about the “major party,” and these punks keep asking me why I don’t check it out for myself. I just gave them points for not complying with a college official, though. That’ll show them.

11:20 pm - It finally dawned on me that if I follow the sound of the music, it will lead me to the party. I’ll admit I was a little too high to be thinking straight. So, I followed the sound of “Blame It” by Jamie Foxx to this strange building on the far side of the quad, and much to my surprise, I found this residence hall called Major! I never knew this place existed!

11:56 pm - I found the “Major party” and it turns out there were just some giggling freshman playing Cards Against Humanity and listening to music loudly. I played a couple rounds of Cards with them. I even won “_____, high five, bro!” with “Pacman uncontrollably guzzling cum.” Anyway, I didn’t even have to tell them to turn the music down, because they all had to get bed before midnight. I still gave them points for indecent behavior, but I can’t help but be impressed by such a wholesome bunch of kids.

12:18 am - We received another tip about a “minor party,” but I think I’m just going to let it slide. I don’t want to waste my time on something insignificant.

Found inside an idling Campo car by Mr. Boudreau ’20

Friday Five: Unidentifiable McEwen Mushes

By Mx. Stevenson ’19

A favorite dining hall of the dietarily impaired, The Green Café at McEwen Hall specializes in vegetarian, vegan, and asbestos-free cuisine. While its cereal selection may be hit or miss, the one thing in which McEwen never disappoints is its reliable, soylent green-esque, semi-liquid foodstuffs.

5. Lukewarm fruit and oat mush. This texture adventure heralds the arrival of fall on Hamilton’s campus. A combination of rock-hard and overripe fruits and a sprinkle of oats reminiscent of my shredder’s contents, this distemperate mush can only be improved with a scoop of ice cream.

4. “Beef” mush. Variably marketed as “chop steak,” “cowboy steak,” or “turkey,” this squishy, earth-toned patty of animal protein is saltier than your ex when she caught you in the bathroom with the Swim-suit Issue. Try it with ketchup.

3. Root vegetable mush. Is it sweet potato? Is it squash? Cooked carrots? Orange Boobah’s lobotomy waste? Wait, no, what the fuck, it’s mashed pumpkin. What the fuck.

2. Brown and white chilled dessert mush. An esteemed specialty of the chef pâtissiere, this pseudo-trifle is lovingly handcrafted from local sweet whipped cream, chocolate syrup, and the desiccated corpses of leftover fudge brownies from last week. Pairs well with a nice hot mug of Fogbuster and an insulin shot.

1. Chicken riggies. Central New York’s signature food/cryptid is typically a dish of pasta, hot peppers, and chicken cooked in a tomato cream sauce, but at McEwen, this comforting classic becomes a non-Newtonian mush, simultaneously crunchy and fall-apart tender, with the bonus application of burnt-on cheese. Nothing like a steaming lump of riggies to make you taste that local economic depression!

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RACHEL MARIE ALATALO
Editor-in-Chief/ Stabbing

ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI
Editor-out-Chief/ Poison by cake

DIANA SARAH SUDER
Managing Editor/ Poison by wine

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES
Layout Editor/ Three gunshots

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE
Managing-Editor-in-Training/ Thrown in a river

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

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EMILY GRANOFF

IAN ULYSSES BAIZE

Staff Writers

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

ERIN C. COLLINS

ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSSON

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

NOELANI MARIA STEVENSON

TYLER A BOUDREAU

Copyeditors

CLAIRE NICHOLSON

SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

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