

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXII, ISSUE XII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

NOVEMBER 30, 2018

NEW HEALTH CENTER ACTUALLY JUST PAINTING ON SIDE OF PUB Road Runners still receive quality care

WITH CAMEO IN DAVID WIPPMAN’S HOLIDAY VIDEO, DANNY TREJO LOOPS HAMILTON INTO *MACHETE* UNIVERSE “You just fucked with the wrong Hamiltonian”

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

NEW FRANCHISE DEPARTMENT

(ORGANIZATION OF SUPER SPIES) This past week, David Wippman shocked the campus community by releasing a holiday greeting video featuring a cameo appearance by actor Danny Trejo, who was in character as the eponymous protagonist of the *Machete* franchise.

In the video, David Wippman stands behind a table laden with a Thanksgiving feast, alongside a menorah and a Christmas tree. He wishes the Hamilton community happy holidays before Danny Trejo enters as Machete and severs his head. Machete lifts David Wippman’s severed head and wishes the community, “A happy fucking new year.”

“I jumped out of my chair when I saw it,” Erica Jodhpur ’20 said. “I started screaming, but then I was like... Is that Danny Trejo? As soon

as I recognized him, I was on board. I mean, I’m still confused as shit, but I’m fully on board.”

Further investigation revealed that the stunt was part of the recent administration’s push to raise brand awareness and increase revenue. As a result, Hamilton struck a deal with 20th Century Fox to cross-promote Hamilton in the next installment of the *Machete* films, *Machete Gets Schooled*. The administration has also tied the video into the #BecauseHamilton campaign, releasing promotional #BecauseHamiltonKills posters on Instagram.

Response to the video has been mixed.

“Look, I don’t care about the on-screen violence, terrible special effects, or blatant selling out,” Professor of Cinema Studies Garrett Gerber said. “My concern is the implications this has for our universe. Machete was originally a character in *Spy Kids* before he was given his own franchise—a franchise we are now a part of. Do you know how terrible it looks on a college visit to be a part of the film series that brought Thumb-Thumbs into the world? Another liberal arts college brought to its knees by irresponsible worldbuilding.”

stick it in and then go back to writing their lectures?”

“I mean, hey, it makes sense,” Jeremy Bose ’20 said. “We’ve all been wondering why our last essay was late to be graded. It all makes sense now! She’s busy doing the horizontal tango, and I respect it. I’d wanna do the same in her place. It just puts a lot into context, like that one time she cancelled class. I mean, sure there was a blizzard, but more importantly...”

Some students responded in anger. “I pay \$70,000 a year for this school!” Christine Andrews ’19 shouted, protesting in front of Root Hall. “I don’t give Hamilton my dollars so my professors can spend their time leading normal, healthy lives. I need them to answer questions, send me notes when I ditch lecture, and grant me extensions when I’m too lazy to do work. Ban the babies! Ban the babies!”

Since hearing of the commotion, Professor Cahill has decided to stop bringing her kids into class, afraid breastfeeding will cause an existential crisis.

HONOR CODE REPLACED BY HAMMURABI’S CODE

And you already signed a piece of paper agreeing to it
By Mr. Boudreau ’20

LEX TALIONIS DEPT.

(ANCIENT BABYLON) The Honor Court officially announced this week that the Hamilton College Honor Code, the agreement all students sign promising to not get caught cheating, has been replaced by the infamous Ancient Mesopotamian code of laws created by the sixth Babylonian king Hammurabi. The change has generated mixed reactions amongst the student population.

“It’s medieval! I got caught copying another student’s test, and they cut out my left eye,” an eye-patch-wearing Kevin Wendell ’21 said. “I can’t believe I have to go through the rest of my life looking like a pirate just because I had to look at Brian’s paper to figure out the atomic weight of cobalt.”

Other students have had a more positive reaction to the announcement. “You’re saying if I get caught cheating again, all they’re going to do is cut off one of my limbs? That’s way better than going through all those educational sanctions and tutorials,” sixth-year senior Greta Kingstaff ’17 said, just before having her tongue cut off for cheating on an oral presentation.

Representatives from the Hammurabi Court are pleased with the results of the new code. “Violations have decreased by about ninety-nine percent,” Class of 2021 Court representative Hannah Cortez said. “I guess once students see a classmate with a bloody stump where their hand used to be, they realize just how severe of a crime it is to ask a classmate for help on an assignment without explicit permission from their professor.”

Others have found some foundational flaws in the new system. “Hammurabi’s Code is inherently classist. Like, if a rich student cheats, they just make him pay a fine, but if a student with a lot of financial aid cheats, he gets his nose chopped off,” pre-law Sociology major Jeremy Porter ’20 said. “Actually, now that I say it, that’s not so far off from the old honor code.”

“I don’t really care if people are getting maimed,” Barry Renoir ’19 said. “I’m just looking forward to the email at the end of the semester where they recap all of the infractions.”

PROFESSOR WITH BABY HAS TOTALLY HAD SEX

Teachers have lives too?

By Mr. Projansky ’21

INFANT CARE DEPT.

(THIRD FLOOR OF ROOT HALL) Students walking into their LIT 202 class were speechless after seeing their professor’s baby crawling around on the floor. After recovering from the shock of the baby’s existence, a few members of the class shared their thoughts.

“I just... Oh my God, Professor Cahill fucks,” James Catz ’20 said. “Like, not even like once in a blue moon... I mean she has a baby, man. That’s like, an indicator of an actual consistent sex life... How am I supposed to look at her the same? My superior, someone who teaches me important life lessons, gets consistent dick! Wild!”

“I can’t imagine going to office hours ever again; I just have so many questions,” Katie Portland ’21 stated. “Who? When? How? How does that even work with teachers? Do they just

In this issue: Going to events on the condition of drunkenness

YULE BALL ON SATURDAY



The real crime of Grindelwald? The fact that these snacks are going straight to my thighs!
See “J.K. Rowling can’t retcon my muffin top,” pg. 133

LIGHTING OF THE VILLAGE FORECAST	7:30 P.M.	8 P.M.	8:30 P.M.
	Low probability this cures your seasonal depression	65% chance you rescue Joan Hinde Stewart from the Upside Down	“David Wippman’s newborn Jesus costume is... medically accurate.”

BOOKSTORE DEAL

20% off your purchase if you go to my thesis presentation. It’s about, like, the media. Pretty cool right?

A FRESHMAN REFLECTS ON THEIR FIRST SEMESTER: It’s Hard to Live Down Getting Diarrhea During the Swim Test.

I can’t believe my first semester at college is drawing to a close. Between getting used to the rigorous academic schedule, complex social life, and having to do my own laundry (lol, I’ve always been a Mommy’s boy), it’s been such a whirlwind. However, I haven’t really gone through the true college experience, since I shit myself during the swim test and no one will let me forget it.

I guess I should explain how it happened. First off, I was really nervous coming to college, as I had never gone more than a month without sleeping in my mom’s bed. I was really starting to miss my mom, so I decided to make one of my family’s traditional meals, which is five or six microwaved bean and cheese burritos. This primed the pump for a day that would that define my semester.

And so there I was at the swim test, stomach churning with the previous night’s contents, unaware that midnight was about to hit in Brown Town. When I got to the second lap, everything went wrong. My trunks’ mesh had found its way into my spaghetti house, and the tickling loosened my sphincter, which resulted in the involuntary release of watery fecal matter. That one moment sealed my fate.

During my orientation trip everyone kept reminding me that I had soiled myself so publically. One of my crueler peers somehow managed to get his hands on a pair of Depends adult diapers and offered them to me. It didn’t help that all the other kids circled round me and chanted “soggy bottom” over and over again until I started to cry and nearly shit myself from stress.

I thought it would be better once I got back to campus, but no. People were equally hellbent on tormenting me in classes. On the first day of my German class, a guy leaned over and whispered, “Did you know that diarrhea is German for ‘the gravy?’” No Brian, die Soße is German for “the gravy,” you are just being mean.

My semester has been absolutely ruined by a small accident. I have so much more to offer the community than just being the butt of a joke. For example, I love to crochet, I’m a fantastic Easy-Bake Oven cook, and I haven’t pissed my pants since my high school graduation.

Hastily cleaned up by Mr. Paull ’20

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: BOOKSTORE CLEARING SPACE TO SELL ORGANS

I noticed last week that the bookstore is sending exponentially more emails advertising their Black Friday and Cyber Monday deals, even extending Cyber Monday to a whole Cyber Week. At first, I thought they were just giving us broke students a break, but then I realized that they would never sell anything at actual market value without an ulterior motive. I spent some time looking into why they would want to give us reasonable deals, and I’ve come up with the only reasonable solution: they need to clear shop to make room for the organ trade.

The more I think about it, the more it makes sense. Textbooks. School supplies and food at jacked up prices. Apparel that is only available at the bookstore. What do all these share? They’re more expensive than almost anything else. Anything except organs. It’s not a huge profit difference, but the bookstore will take every penny (and organ) they can squeeze out of students. In fact, I’m certain they have already begun discretely harvesting organs. I know I had both my kidneys before break, and now I don’t. You might want to check to make sure you still have yours. If not, don’t be too concerned. You’ll be able to buy a new one next semester instead of one of your textbooks for just a few more dollars.

At first, I was skeptical of this myself. I didn’t want to believe it. So, I did some more digging, and I can’t help but be convinced. Think about it: what do “Black Friday” and the “Black Market” have in common? Yup, they both have the letter ‘a’ twice. CYBER Monday? We all know the organ trade is organized through the dark web, ON THE INTERNET. You can’t deny the truth.

The administration is trying to cover it up, but I see right through them. Sure, the workers have always been friendly, but not so friendly that you wouldn’t notice the precise incision made into your abdomen while checking out. And WHCL has been experimenting with increasingly loud events. Just wait until the music is loud enough to drown out the sound of organs being harvested in the same building.

Any day now, we’ll see the bookstore inexplicably full of bathtubs and coolers of ice “for display only” instead of racks of sweaters. I recommend sleeping with a lead blanket and avoiding the bookstore within an hour of sundown.



Don’t even get me started on the new health center.

Found iced in a bathtub by Mr. Komissar ’22

Friday Five: Ways My Girlfriend Used Harmful Stereotypes to Hide Her Pregnancy

By Mr. Case ’21

5. Wore Blackface to a Party So She’d Be Kicked Out Before Anyone Offered Her a Drink. I thought it was pretty strange when my girlfriend took two and a half hours to get ready to go out, only to emerge from the bathroom with her face covered with paper towels. When we got to my friend’s birthday party in Babbitt she took off the towels to reveal that she had meticulously covered her whole face in shoe polish. She got about five feet into the suite before the music stopped and the host told her to leave and never come back.

4. Explained Her Morning Sickness by Claiming She Was Trying Out an “Irishman on a Tuesday” Character. I was shocked and alarmed when I woke up to the sound of my girlfriend vomiting into her trash can. At first I just assumed she had the flu, but I grew suspicious when she started yelling about “her lucky charms” and how “we had Johnny in the White House, you can’t stop a mick with ambition” in a half-slurred accent between dry heaves. When I asked if she was okay, she insisted that she was trying out a new character and asked me for notes on her performance.

3. Claimed That Her Mood Swings Were Caused by “Becoming Gay.” I have been with my girlfriend for two and a half years, and not once has she cried in front of me. So when she broke down while watching *The Blind Side*, it was surprising. As soon as she saw that I had noticed her crying, she started coming out to me as fast as she could, saying “I’m sorry but the truth is I’m just a big homo who gets all emotional,” which seemed abrupt to say the least.

2. Peed on a Twix Bar and Said, “It’s positive for loooov-ing chocolate, am I right ladies?” One night I was hanging out with her and saw a used pregnancy test in the trash, so I asked her if she thought that she might be pregnant. She went absolutely ballistic after that, sprinting to the vending machines and returning with half of an unwrapped Twix bar which she threw on the floor, squatted over, and profusely urinated on, all the while screaming about how she was “just a hysterical woman who wants her chocolate, who’s with me girls?!” At this point, I knew she was hiding something.

1. Wore A Headdress and “War Paint” to Distract Us From Her Attempts to Serve Our Newborn at My Family’s Thanksgiving. I figured that bringing my girlfriend to Thanksgiving would be a nice way for her to meet my family. But I was appalled when we all sat down at the table and noticed that the turkey had been replaced by a softly cooing infant. My horror only grew when my girlfriend came crashing into the dining room in terribly offensive Native American getup, yelling “Look at me, look at me, look at me while you eat.” My grandfather threw a plate at her head, knocking her out cold, while my grandmother grabbed my son off of the platter and soothed him. My mom still wants me to marry her, which concerns me.

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ANDREW ANTHONY LETAI

Editor-in-Chief/ Eragon

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES

Layout Editor/ The Golden Compass

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE

Managing Editor/ The Mortal Instruments

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

NOELANI MARIA STEVENSON

ANDREA MARIE DICKMEYER

ERIN C. COLLINS

Staff Writers

ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSON

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

TYLER A BOUDREAU

PETER JUDSON CASE

PETER WILLIAM KELLY

JOHANNA C. BOWEN

Contributors

ANDREW MAXWELL PROJANSKY

JOSEF S. KOMISSAR

Copyeditors

CLAIRE NICHOLSON

SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

KENNETH STEVEN TALARICO

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