

MR. HAMILTON LEAVES CAMPUS TO FOCUS ON PRESIDENTIAL BID IN IOWA

SQUARE MAGAZINE PUBLISHES FIRST ISSUE

Campus politely stifles yawn

By Mr. Letai '19

GEOMETRY DEPT.

(UNDER THE NAPKIN BASKET) Hamilton's newest publication, *Square Magazine*, published its first issue this week, garnering general indifference from the campus. The publication, which bills itself as Hamilton's "First Publication That No One Asked For" focuses on off-campus culture and activities.

Hannah Talbot '20, the writer of "Two-For-One Cereal: A Very Special Trip to Hannaford," an article in the *Square's* first issue, said that the publication aims "to provide a look at all the things that most people don't think about because they think it's 'boring' or 'fuckin' lame.'"

In addition to the cover story, an exposé on the recent interior redesign of Nola's, the first issue of the *Square* currently features pieces such as "How to Have Fun for Cheap at Home Goods," "Core Life Eatery: Chicken Broth or Word Salad?" and "The Top 20 Boards in the

Village Green Gazebo: Ranked!" Marlene Marnie '19, the *Square's* editor-in-chief, said that she hopes these articles will "show people what kind of fascinating activities there are off the hill. Anything to stave off the crushing ennui, right guys?"

While funded by Hamilton's Media Board, the *Square* also gains extra revenue by featuring advertisements, which promote local businesses such as Printwhistle's Premium Pocket Protectors and the Clinton Area Lint Roller Merchants' Association.

Marnie explained that *Square* plans to host a student cabaret at the Mattress Express in New Hartford, where students can showcase their yo-yo tricks, recorder solos, and ability to juggle one ball at a time. "It's a great venue for people to showcase skills that would otherwise get them laughed out of SPAC," Caldwell said. "Of course we'll have Taj there, too! We thought about trying a new restaurant, but why mess with what works? Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to decide on the cover art for our next issue. I'm totally stuck between between this off-white rectangle or this ecru quadrilateral."

expecting."

"Please help me!" Mandy Petai '20 added, enunciating from center ice and smiling broadly with her body positioned at a three-quarter angle to the viewer. "I don't know how to skate, and I am very afraid!"

"They're really...they're, uh, they're really trying out there," team captain Ian Pelletier '19 said as the thespians continued to pathetically baby-deer it around the rink. "It's great to, uh, see...I'm so sorry. Can you excuse me for a moment?" Pelletier promptly put himself into the penalty box, where he doubled over in hysterical laughter for a five minute major.

Head coach Bob Pendergast also expressed amusement. "They're really hanging in there," he said. "I wonder what's going to make them quit. Bag skate? Putting 'Seasons of Love' on the speakers, only to have it be *Glee* cover? We'll see."

"Here, take my resumé!" Petai shrieked back, grabbing on to the stick of a passing player to be dragged to safety.

Meanwhile, Mallace noticed his hair had become eleven inches longer and greasy, a fact he attributed to his "method acting."

STUDENT ASSEMBLY TREASURER SEEKS ASYLUM IN STUDENT ACTIVITIES

“What more do you want from me, Hamilton Aquaponics?!”

By Ms. Cavallino '21

FINANCE DEPT.

(SADOVE CONFERENCE ROOM) Exactly twenty-eight minutes after Student Activities made the club budgets for the semester public, Student Assembly Treasurer Bilius Riker '21 began preparations for making a new identity. "I figure I have about three hours maximum before I start receiving horse head packages at the Mail Center from people who wanted more funding," Riker told other SA members. "It was nice knowing all of you."

As a mob of students armed with BIC lighters and Commons forks descended upon Sadove Student Center, Riker barricaded himself in the Student Activities Office. "Fuck, they're coming faster than I expected! Keep them away from me!" he shouted through the glass door.

Members of several financially-slighted clubs made public statements. "We, as a society, think that we really need funding for a life-size cardboard cutout of Samuel L. Jackson, a hot air balloon, fifty boxes of latex gloves, and fifty boxes of vinyl gloves for those of us who are allergic to latex," Russell Lennox '20, President of RANG, said. "Just the necessities, y'know? And we think communication with the Treasurer via threats of bodily harm is the way to ensure our financial future." He then brandished his light-saber bought last term in what was meant to be a menacing way, almost decapitating his Vice President.

Riker had stacked chairs along the glass window and door of the Student Activities Office, but as it was not yet 4:00 PM the door did not lock. "I'm only one man! They can try to take me down, but they won't take down the values of this student government!" It should be noted that at this point most of the belligerent club leaders had left the area, but Riker refused to leave, instead securing the chairs more firmly and humming songs from *Les Misérables*.

THEATRE MAJORS ACCIDENTALLY TRY OUT FOR HOCKEY TEAM

“You don’t have cold feet, do you?”

By Mx. Stevenson '19

GRITTY DEPT.

(ATHLETIC TRAINER'S OFFICE) Due to an unfortunate bureaucratic slip-up, members of the Hamilton College Theatre Department attempting to get their first break in the film industry as extras in the upcoming film *Odd Man Rush* found themselves on thin ice, in the midst of tryouts for the Varsity Men's Hockey team. While most of the Theatre majors had little to no knowledge about or ability to play ice hockey, they insisted that the show must go on.

"A bunch of us wanted to get involved with the movie after seeing the emails because we thought, hey, networking opportunity," Tyler Mallace '19 explained, clinging to the boards. "When we responded, they were like, cool, just show up at the rink, so we did, but I think there was a miscommunication somewhere, because this is not the tryout we were

In this issue: WATCH OUT! She doesn't know how to stop!

SENIOR PORTRAITS BEHIND SCHEDULE



Running out of paint, canvas, patience
See “Oh no! I blinked!” pg. 19

THE DUEL OBSERVER LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“Rise and Grind:
Achieve Your Goals by
Starting Early”
A talk by the Snow Plows

NESCAC FORECAST	2:00PM	3:00PM	4:00PM
	90% chance we can finally change the Commons lightbulbs	Low probability Puck ever delivers his monologue	“Wait, are we even playing in this game?”

Obituaries from the Hill

The Feb Fest Ice Sculpture - had its life cut short on February 15 after a long battle with changing weather and delinquent kids. Created on February 12, the statue was born into a world of student depression and shotgunning; it may be for the best that it has passed on. It enjoyed the lights Beinecke had to shine on it and whenever someone in the WHCL booth played “Ice Ice Baby.” It will not be remembered.



The Commons Ice Cream Machine - did not deserve to go so soon. While it is unknown when the machine was born, the town held a candlelit vigil in its honor. It enjoyed when people spilled mini M&M’s on it and when people talked gossip about Becky from Econ 166. Its final words were “My battery is low and it’s getting warm.”



The Opus 1 Oven - was a cherished member of the Dark Side community. All across Dark Side, there is already a deficit of stress eating and ways to win over friends. Its favorite thing was to hear people loudly complain about there being no chocolate chip cookies, and to see the spoiled brats who go to Opus enough that the baristas have their order memorized.



My Drug Dealer Who Was Kicked Off Campus - was very important to me personally. Like most people on this campus, I’m dependent on my drugs to get through the cold season, and this guy had the hard shit I needed. I’m not going to include a photo of him because while I may be professional, I’m not a fucking snitch. We’ll all be awaiting your return, dear friend.



Found etched on one of the cemetery graves by Mr. Projansky ’21

CONSPIRACY OF THE WEEK: DAVID WIPPMAN IS *TRUMAN SHOW* CREATOR Lives in giant moon and everything

I was re-watching *The Truman Show* for the umpteenth time when it hit me—the lanky exterior, the striking blue eyes, the patina of effervescence just covering an otherwise uncompromising and analytical interior...something was up. Facial recognition software affirmed my suspicions: President David Wippman and Christof, the creator of *The Truman Show*, are the same man.

And the uncanny parallels don’t end there. Have you ever wondered why there’s a webcam outside of McEwen? In your dorm room? In your shower??

A camera crew would be obtrusive; it would arouse suspicion, but through the careful placement of webcams and CAB photographers, not to mention the fact that our whereabouts are known at all times as long as we are connected to the Wi-Fi, our lives are made public and we live blissfully unaware, believing we have privacy.

Truman Burbank’s realization was born out of a feeling of difference and isolation, but the Hamilton College ‘*Truman Show*’ has no actors, and is rather a chronicle of our daily lives. We are all Truman.

How is this funded, you ask? DWipp learned from his failures in the original *Truman Show*. The corporate sponsorship was a chink in the armor. Hamilton College’s own reality show is funded exclusively through student tuition and the *Because Hamilton* campaign, in which the loyal viewers of the show donate money for its continuation.

Your parents cried when they sent you to college not because they were sad that you were leaving, but because they knew they were giving you up. Truman was the first child to be legally adopted by a corporation, and we are the next two-thousand. Your weekly phone calls with your parents? Scripted and contractually bound.

So Free Truman, Free Hamilton, and if I disappear after this article is published, you will know why.

In case I don’t see you... good afternoon, good evening, and good night.

Broadcast received in the dead of night by Ms. Tzamouranis ’22

Friday Five: Things That Aren’t Personalities

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

Look, we all came to college wanting to redefine our identities. But, if I’m being honest, some of you guys didn’t do a very good job. This is a list of things that don’t count as defining personality traits, and it’s definitely NOT targeted toward specific people.

5. Listening to podcasts. If you’re the type of person who says the phrase, “Actually, I was just listening to a pod-cast about that,” then I have two words for you: SHUT THEFUCKUP. I don’t know what’s worse, when you try to relate some obscure anecdote or when you think I want to hear about “Stuff You Should Know.” Here’s some stuff you should know: I don’t care. And don’t even think about telling me about your own podcast.

4. Being in a relationship. If there’s one thing I can’t stand, it’s people in happy relationships. Just because you support each other and hang out all the time and are re-ally cute together, it doesn’t mean that I should care. And please know this, if you tell me about your sex life, I’m going to cut your genitalia off with a plastic knife from Diner. Don’t get a boyf, get a life!

3. Watching Netflix. “Oh man, I didn’t think I liked you, but then you referenced *Parks and Rec* and then we became friends,” said no one ever. Seriously, if you spend your Fri-day nights binging, then I might need to purge you from my life. I just don’t want to hear about what happened on this season of *Bojack* (because I’m still on season two and I don’t want spoilers).

2. Being an alcoholic. Everyone knows Hamilton Col-lege has a big drinking culture. As such, I really don’t give a corkscrew dick about how much you can drink. Furthermore, if I walk into your suite and I see some fucking poster called “The Periodic Table of Mixed Drinks,” I will literally kick you in your alcohol-toler-ant liver. If I wanted to hear funny stories about getting blackout drunk, I’d just watch John Mulaney on Netflix.

1. Being a well-rounded person. We get it Brenda. You’re on the Dean’s List, you volunteer on the week-ends, and you swim every day. That doesn’t mean shit. Oh, you also write poetry and bake brownies for your friends? Get over yourself. Sure, I genuinely enjoy spending time with you and I don’t know how I’m going to survive when you go abroad next semester, but, like, stop pretending that makes you a good or interesting person.

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