

THE DUEL OBSERVER

NOELANI STEVENSON GOLDEN ISSUE

“Ha! Gay.”

YEAR 3000

CONGRATULATIONS, NOELANI! You’ll be forever in our cold, dead hearts

ADMINISTRATION TO CUT COSTS BY INSTALLING SINGLE MONOLITHIC BLUE LIGHT Did Zarathustra speak that too?

By Mx. Stevenson '19

VERTICAL MOBILITY DEPT.

(ATOP THE CHAPEL SPIRE) This past Monday, Campus Safety and the Dean of Students’ Office released a statement detailing the purported installation of a new, state-of-the-art emergency alert system, which was later revealed to be just one oversized blue light box visible from every location on campus. The enormous new light will be mounted above the Chapel’s iconic writing quill weathervane.

“The quill is, of course, emblematic of Hamilton College’s dedication to literary and academic excellence, so it seems only right that we equate our devotion to the safety and well-being of our students with that,” Dean of Students Terry Martinez said. When questioned about the logistical difficulties involved in reaching said light, however, Martinez demurred, mumbling something about “pulling

yourself up by the bootstraps” and “crampons.”

The new beacon will reportedly be constructed using materials reclaimed from the smaller, now-defunct blue lights around campus. “It’s a great way to reduce both costs and energy consumption,” Head of Campus Safety Frank Coots said. “It’s obviously far more economical to maintain one light-house-grade bulb than...three small ones? Wait, we only have three of these things on campus? Oh, Jesus Christ, please don’t tell Ashley Place.”

Students had mixed reactions to the safety update. “I thought the whole point of blue lights was that they’re easily accessible from anywhere,” Skye Danielsson '18 said. “I mean, sure, it’s definitely easier to find the chapel than that one secluded corner of Root parking lot, but its unique three-story architecture isn’t doing it any favors. Also, the light pollution will be terrible for the squirrels.”

The Roleplaying Club, meanwhile, released its own statement regarding the installation, saying that they were very grateful for the new prop, but were still waiting for Martin’s Way to be renamed the Great East Road, and also that Diner was out of onion rings.

will come through with a nice, nurturing surrogate, ideally in the financial or business sector, who has fond memories of their own time as a hungry fresh-out-of-school pup and is ready to help another one out,” Wolfgang said when asked what exactly he was hoping to achieve by seeking out to the bosoms of more developed Hamilton graduates.

Ben Winckelmann '08, a middle management executive at a well-established technologies firm, expressed his interest in and support for Wolfgang’s teat pursuit. “I think it’s great that he sees the Alumni Network as something he can feed off of,” Winckelmann said. “He’s showing definite drive here, and I think that most students in their senior spring are lacking in that areola. I mean area.”

When pressed, however, Winckelmann admitted that he would not be willing to bare his own breast for Wolfgang, as he’s concerned about chafing.

Wolfgang is nonetheless undeterred. “I’m going to milk this for all it’s worth,” he said, before excusing himself to go retrieve the laminated copy of his thesis from the Print Shop to teethe on.

STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON FINALLY HITS PUBERTY

Resounding “clang” as metal balls drop

By Ms. Stevenson '19

BAR MITZVAH DEPT.

(OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL) This past Tuesday, students were shocked to discover that the campus’s iconic bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton has finally hit puberty. According to eyewitness accounts, Alex’s formerly smooth green face now sports a nasty little dirt ’stache and he has begun to emit an odor reminiscent of stale corn chips. In addition to the apparent physical changes, students also report a marked change in Alex’s attitude, including newly terrible posture and a habit of muttering profanities at passerby in a heavily cracking voice.

Many faculty and staff have expressed their bitter-sweet amusement at the transformation. “It’s a tough age for any kid—much less a bronze statue of someone who’s been dead since 1804,” Chaplain John Maguire said as he discreetly placed a copy of *The Body Book for Boys* on the marble plinth. “We hope that he knows he has our full support and can come to us with any questions or concerns he may have about such things as peer pressure, ‘vaping,’ or inexplicable erections.”

Among students, however, the budding of Alexander’s manhood has been received rather less favorably.

“Like, good for him and all, but I’m honestly horrified,” Outing Club Treasurer Griffin Clancy '18 said. “I mean, my boys and I have climbed all over that thing to take tasteful nudes at least twice a semester since I first got here. And now we all find out that he’s just barely a teenager? Isn’t that, like, statue-tory? Wow, sorry, that was bad. Oh my god, I need to go take a shower.”

Kirkland resident Melody Hansen '20 added, “I never used to bother closing my shades, but now, I have to. It just feels awkward knowing he’s out there all teenage dreaming.”

No word yet on if the miasma of Axe body spray clouding the area will be permanent.



“It’s not a phase, Mom.
I really *am* metal.”

In this issue: Love.

NOELANI’S LIFE FORECAST

1 YEAR OUT

13 YEARS OUT

69 YEARS OUT

Wiser Woman

Wisest Woman

God

THE STUDENT
HAS BECOME
THE MASTER

THE DUEL OBSERVER

LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“Worm”

A talk by someone who
always knows what’s going on

ELIHU ROOT’S 200TH BIRTHDAY

By: Giovanni Townsend, Clinton Elementary 5rd Grade

Elihu Root was born on a dark and stormy night in 1492 to a math teacher and a balloon artist in a small town in the Swiss Alps. As he was birthed, his mother cried out in pain, “ELI-HIHOOO,” a call that was heard echoing over the craggy peaks by neighboring goatherds, thus naming the child and inventing the tradition of yodeling at the same time.

Root grew up roaming the surrounding coniferous forests. One day, at age eight, Eliho was eating ice cream while frolicking through the wilderness when he tripped and spilled his frozen dessert on a fallen pinecone. He ate it nonetheless and found himself enjoying the crunchy texture; thus he created the ice cream cone.

Ululate travelled to America at age sixteen. The young immigrant quickly found work at the Home Depot flagship store and joined their notoriously poor beer league softball team in an effort to learn the customs of his new land. It turned out that he was a natural at shortstop and almost single-handedly turned the team around, drawing large crowds to each game, who would cheer “Root, Root, Root for the Home Depot team!” The chant remains a part of the American sports tradition today.

Aloha was known for his active imagination, even as an adult, and owned a large collection of stuffed animal puppets with whom he would put on elaborate plays. His favorite was reportedly a large bear named Rosie Velt.

Hallelujah took the profits amassed from his puppet shows and used them to travel to South America. He was disappointed to find that he could not travel directly from Costa Rica to Columbia for his preferred morning coffee, so he took the leftover funds and replaced the country of Panama with a large waterway. This initial work with water later led to his discovery of waterboarding, which is not to be confused with surfing.

Lalelilolu Root was a very influential and important man and it is good that his work is being recognized more and more.

Picked up off the playground by Mr. Stevenson ’19



DIARY OF A DARK SIDE DISAPPEARANCE And If You Gaze Long Into Babbitt, Babbitt Will Also Gaze Into You

Day 1: They told me there was a party here. There is always a party. You can hear them whispering at the fringes of the scattered packs of wandering freshmen. I hear them approaching from far away, marked by the faint jingle of keys. I step into the shadows; I fear being ensnared in the grimy lengths of their lanyards. The sound gets closer. There is always a party.

Day 2: Just take a left, they said. It’s not that hard. Go to Door 6 and take a left. There is always something blocking my way. Door 6 does not exist. The walls look impassive, but I feel their eyes upon me. They will not let me take a left. The four yellow posts stand guard like apocalyptic horsemen. Door 6 is laughing.

Day 3: I pass a red solo cup as I walk. I pass another, and another. They are red on white like blood on bone. The red solo cups begin to pass me. They are gathering, red on white. I look away, but I cannot escape their crinkling.

Day 4: I feel like a newborn creature in a zoo. I am in a glass cage, and I see the vague faces of those who peer in. They sense my naiveté. I am vulnerable. I hear the throb of their music like my fading pulse. But I am not in a cage. You are all in the cages, locked behind panes of glass. I am alone. The Kennedy Center arches in spirals around me like the rings of the Inferno. The pavement is wet.

Day 5: The buildings are identical concrete monoliths, like the tombstones of forgotten giants, leviathans once called Milbank and Babbitt in the old tongue. The wind whistles around their corners. The wind howls around their corners. The wind screams around their corners. It’s not just the wind that’s screaming. It might be that frat guy on Dunham second floor again. I don’t look back. I don’t want to know.

Day 6: The buildings snap and stretch into tesseracts. The staircases exist in a hyper-dimension. Numbers warp and cease to have meaning. The staircases climb on infinitely, passing pockets of humanity seeking solace behind doors that are no longer marked. Perhaps they never were. I see everyone, and no one. The windows are mirrors. The staircases lead nowhere. MC Escher is restless in his grave.

Day 7: They tell me there is a party here. There is always a party.

Ms. Stevenson ’19

Friday Five: Unidentifiable McEwen Mushes

By Ms. 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 Swimsuit 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!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

WRITER
NOLAN
HOCKEY BRO
GREEK GOD
DAD
SMELLS NICE
HEDGEHOG
NORSE GOD
THE REALEST
PERSON WHO TERRIFIES TODDLERS
GLUTEN-FREE



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