

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIV, ISSUE I “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

AUGUST 30, 2019

BACK BY ELECTORAL COLLEGE DEMAND Thanks, Ohio!

FIVE STUDENTS TRAPPED BY THREE-DAY-LONG POST-SUMMER CATCH-UP

Rescue teams unable to extract

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

TIME DILATION DEPT.

(THE BRIDGE) News broke Thursday that five returning Hamilton students had become trapped in a conversation about their respective summers from Tuesday morning through Thursday night. After word spread about the situation, rescue teams were sent to extract the students so that they might attend class, but all attempts were unsuccessful.

“The issue with rescues of this nature is that they’re the result of a social situation,” Campus EMT and Rescue Volunteer Harrison Smith '20 said. “With physical entrapment, we can lift up the rocks or lumber restraining the victims. This is different; there’s no easy way to extract someone from the powerful guilt of implicit social bonds.” Smith was the first volunteer on the scene after receiving a call from a concerned Diner worker early Wednesday afternoon.

The student who initiated the conversation, Daphne Garrison '20, claims she could have predicted what would happen when she stopped four fellow seniors on the bridge and asked them how their summers were. According to Daphne, “Once I

realized three of them had recently been abroad, my blood ran cold, because I knew I had made a grave mistake, and we’d be there for hours at least.” From there, a diversion into discussing senior Archaeology major Grant Hart’s excavation trip to Greece caused the conversation to snowball for days into a comparison of different hostels in the Mediterranean.

At approximately 10:47 PM on Thursday, the students finally dispersed, having reportedly exhausted all topics of conversation after one described in detail the method their host mom used to avoid Dengue fever. The dispersal was met with relief from rescuers and on-lookers, who immediately rushed to provide the freed students with blankets, oxygen, and IV fluids. The students were then taken to the Health Center and given new pants to replace their soiled clothing.

“It is a relief to hear that the five seniors who were recently trapped on the bridge have finally been freed,” President David Wippman said in a statement. “Hopefully this will caution others against getting themselves into conversations about summer plans, study abroad experiences, and expensive vacations. Your safety should be your highest priority.”

Garrison was the first student to be released from the Health Center, and is reportedly already engaging other students in recap discussions: “I know I’m not supposed to, but what can I do? I want to be polite, even if it causes me physical harm. I’m not trying to get cancelled.”

suites, seeking out the flashing lights or rumbling bass of a suite party. “I remember my orientation trip leader telling me he lived in Babbitt, so I’m trying to find the party he promised he’d invite me to once we were all back on campus,” Allison Jones '23 said. Her trip leaders, Julia Marks '20 and Anthony Smith '20, were surprised to hear Jones was out searching for their party when they had not invited her to it.

“I can’t imagine what made her think she was invited,” Marks said. “Must be something about the false sense of security and familiarity we relentlessly instilled in our orientation kids. Let me tell you, it was really awkward when she showed up, but we couldn’t turn her away! She calls us mom and dad! Kind of killed the vibe of the swingers’ party, though.”

Other suites had no choice but to let in the hordes of freshmen at their doors. “It was terrifying,” one senior, who wishes to remain anonymous, said. “The entire third floor of North was banging down our door. We weren’t even throwing a party, but we had no choice.”

“Look, in my defense,” Jordan Stokes '23 of North said, “I’m trying to start my unhealthy drinking habits early, so I really can’t wait until I have actual friends to go out! Instead, I’m going to trust these people who I literally just met and have little to nothing in common with, because to be honest, if I have to play Mafia with my orientation group one more time I’m going to fucking explode.”

FRESHMAN BREAKS ORIENTATION RULE, CREATES LIFE ON XA TRIP

Is immediately a terrible father

By Ms. Terhune '21

MORAL OF THE STORY DEPT.

(UPSTATE INGOLSTADT) During his “Say Cheese!” orientation trip, Victor Frankenstein '23 built an eight-foot humanoid creature and brought it to life, thus violating Andrew Jillings’ infamous “No Loss or Gain of Life” rule. Frankenstein’s creation, dubbed “Tall Frank,” joined the orientation group for the remainder of orientation week and has recently enrolled in classes for the fall term.

“I wasn’t relating to the people on my orientation trip, and it made me worry that I wouldn’t make any friends at Hamilton. So, I panicked and decided to create my own friend,” Frankenstein said. Frankenstein, limited to the supplies he had on the trip, made Tall Frank out of sunscreen, GORP, and smoked gouda. “If I had known just how terrible a monster he’d become, I would’ve never tried to play God.”

“Actually, I think Victor is the real monster here and I object to him calling Tall Frank a ‘monster,’” Andrew Jillings said. “Victor clearly violated one of the main orientation trip rules, and has really created a sticky wicket for our administrative staff. Thankfully, Tall Frank has been a joy to work with, and the Dean of Students Office and I have decided to provide Tall Frank with a free college education right here at Hamilton.”

Despite recently joining the Hamilton community and life itself, Tall Frank has already become well-known across campus for his charm and good humor. “Nothing is so painful to the human mind as a great and sudden change. However, my transition to Hamilton has been nothing but wonderful,” Tall Frank stated. Tall Frank has already been recruited to both the basketball team and the Hamiltones. “Most people think I’m a bass, but I’m really a baritone,” he said.

Conversely, Frankenstein has amounted to nothing since returning from his orientation trip. “It’s not fair!” he screamed into his *Rick and Morty* bedspread. “I made Tall Frank. I deserve the friends. People should be inviting me to darties!”

Tall Frank will be making several appearances across campus this week as he simultaneously campaigns for class representative and raises money for his favorite charity, the Foundation for Abandoned and Disenfranchised Unnatural Creations.

FRESHMEN NOT INVITED TO ANY PARTIES, SURE ARE TRYING TO FIND ONE

Relentlessly fighting over whether dorm is
Milbank or Babbitt

By Ms. Naston '20

PRECOCIOUS LITTLE SHITS DEPT.

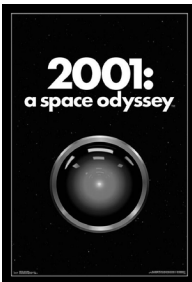
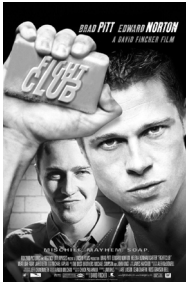
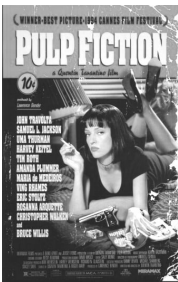
(SOMEWHERE ON THE DARK SIDE) Incoming freshmen have spent their first days on campus attending orientation events, making new friends, finding their classrooms, and trying to figure out how they’re going to adjust to this new phase in their lives. With the weekend approaching and the dry campus mandate lifted, their new focus has become trying to break into the Hamilton social scene. Last night, gaggles of wandering first-years departed Dunham in search of a suite party on the Dark Side.

“I think I heard there was a party somewhere,” Keith Richards '23 said. “At first I was nervous about it, but then my theatre major roommate told me he has some fake beards we can use. We’re going to pretend to be seniors who were abroad last year, and that’s why no one recognizes us. I just hope no one notices our general lack of self-awareness.” Richards, who normally resides in the Dunham fishbowl, left for the Dark Side several hours ago and has not been seen since. Many suspect he is somewhere in the Glen.

Other freshmen stuck close to the riot-proof

In this issue: Rap Is the Best

POSTER SALE



Impress the ladies with your
knowledge of FILMS™

See, “Have you heard of Scorsese?” pg. se7en

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill interviews
Marianne Williamson, receives
tips on decorating your Dark
Side single with orbs

FIRST WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 60% chance of gagging after a dry summer	 Low probability the freshmen stay in their dorms where they belong	 “Guys, it’s gonna be a good year.”

My Summer Research was WAY Better Than Your Trip to Europe, Karen

Yeah that’s right, I said it. I don’t care that you went to Europe. You know why? Because I had so much more fun than you could ever believe doing my Computer Science research, right here in the center of the action: Clinton, New York. While you were off visiting the Eiffel Tower, I had the absolute privilege of using the Hamilton supercomputer to run my scripts. Yeah you heard me! I bet you didn’t even know we had a supercomputer! That’s one of the many benefits to staying here over the summer and not seeing any friends or family for eight weeks.

I’ve been stalking your Instagram, and I don’t even care that you got to see Ed Sheeran perform in his hometown, and that he asked you to sing onstage with him and then said how amazing you were, because I got to write code alone in a dark room for seven hours a day. While you were tanning on the beaches of Spain, I was slowly destroying my eyes on a computer screen. So take that!

And before you ask, no I did not miss my parents. And judging by their travel photos, they didn’t miss me either. So at least I’m not a mommy’s boy like you, doing everything with people you care about. So lame.

And don’t you forget the many, many pictures of your hike along the Cliffs of Dover. Not impressed. Like, “How cool, you walked across a big rock. Yay.” Meanwhile, I got to know the absolute beauty of the Root Glen. While you had the opportunity to do so many “cool” things, I had the privilege of walking the same path six times a day because I don’t have a car.

And don’t even get me started on how absolutely vapid your charity work looked. Like, “Wow you saved a few orphans from starving.” Well guess what? I wrote code that might one day be slightly useful when developing a program written by the guy whose brother is developing a cure for Herpes. Yeah. That’s what I thought. So please stop telling everyone how #blessed you are, because you wouldn’t even appreciate the slightly-above-minimum-wage pay if you got it.

Found commented on Karen’s latest Instagram post by Mr. Kelly ’21

It’s Time to Put Terry Martinez Back on Academic Probation

In a stunning revelation on the “Life on the Hill” Podcast hosted by Travis Hill—skyrocketing in the charts to number one podcast for aging beagles whose owners need something to block out the howling while they fuck—Dean of Students and Vice President Terry Martinez admitted to getting placed on academic probation her freshman year. I, for one, think it’s about high time she gets put back on it.

On the podcast, Dean Martinez explains how she was far more focused on finding social groups than on academics, something it seems she hasn’t grown out of here at Hamilton. I’ve seen Dean Martinez having chats with PBX members, as if they can’t tell she’s just angling for a bid. Don’t get me started on her rabid attempt to make Bundy Café the hippest joint this side of Oriskany Creek. Just another shameless attempt at popularity among the emaciated Bundy masses demographic, offering a dining choice that can almost supply enough calories to power the morning walk to classes.

It seems like Dean Martinez needs another stiff reminder that, much like Queen on *RuPaul’s Drag Race*, she didn’t come here to make friends. How can we trust her to fully commit to being our dean if she is distracted by having a social life? I think putting Dean Martinez back on academic probation so she can reprioritize is the only solution.

Not only has Dean Martinez failed every litmus test in the book, from Rothschild’s Paradigm to Sharon’s Dilemma, she has contented herself with spewing counterfactual information, as evidenced by her appearance on “Life on the Hill”—the number four podcast for Hamilton students who enjoy the new drinking game, “drink every two minutes you listen to the ‘Life on the Hill’ podcast.” Dean Martinez falsely claims every student struggles with transitions. Oh yeah? Then how come I was just severely constipated for the first *three* weeks of freshman year?

You may ask, “Dean Martinez isn’t enrolled in any classes, how could she go on academic probation?” Easy. We enroll her in classes. How come she gets to benefit from all the socialization without the pressure of an imminent mental breakdown from all the essays she has due?

Also, what Dean Martinez calls her famous “sloppy slaw,” I found the same exact recipe for on Epicurious. Pathetic.

Available on all streaming platforms by Mr. Paull ’20

Friday Five: Excuses To Sleep With Your Professor Even Though He’s On Sabbatical

By Mr. Boudreau ’20

Look, we’ve all been there. You start sleeping with someone for purely unemotional reasons and then all of a sudden you get attached to them. Granted, usually it’s a hookup and not your professor who promised to bump you up a letter grade (or more depending on how good you were). Anyway, here are some excuses so you can start getting that sweet sweet forbidden PhDick again.

5. No one else is gonna do it. If we’re being honest with ourselves, no one’s making it their New Year’s resolution to have sex with you. But, because you’re 23 years younger than your professor, you’re officially out of his league, and that makes you feel special. Plus, of the people with whom you have done it, he’s the best one (or at least that’s what you tell him).

4. Nothing else is going on at 4 PM on a Thursday. Thursday is a weird day of the week. You finish your classes for the week, and you’re too tired to start doing homework that’s due on Monday. But, you’re not too tired to get that *extra credit* (that’s what you call his schlong).

3. The pillow talk is intellectually stimulating. Everyone else you sleep with wants to watch *The Good Place* or talk about their feelings after having sex. The nice thing about sleeping with a literature professor is he likes to talk about dactylic hexameter and post-structuralist theory and stuff. Plus, since he’s on sabbatical, it’s not even breaking the Honor Code if he mentions a secondary source and you use it in your next essay.

2. You kind of miss his kids. Even though you had to lie and tell them your name was Miss Rosie the Cleaning Lady and that the noises you were making were because daddy’s bedroom floor was *really* dirty, you did kind of grow to love their dumb little faces and their sticky little hands. Plus, one of the kids might be yours.*

1. You’re a strong independent woman and you’ll fuck whomever you damn well please. At this point, who cares if he’s your professor? You know what, he’s not even your professor anymore. He’s your little bitch, and you’re going to treat him like the worm that he is. Yeah, I said it. Screw those power dynamics. You’ll teach him a lesson about Foucault’s penetration model.

*for this joke, pretend the professor is a woman even though they’re a man for the rest of the article.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES

Editor-in-Chief / Gretta Gerwig

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE

Editor-out-Chief / The Wachowskis

TYLER A BOUDREAU

Managing Editor / Sofia Coppola

MADELEINE BELL CAVALLINO

Layout Editor / Jodie Foster

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSON

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

CHRISTINA SHEA NASTON

Staff Writers

PETER JUDSON CASE

PETER WILLIAM KELLY

JOHANNA C. BOWEN

ANDREW MAXWELL PROJANSKY

JOSEF SAMUEL KOMISSAR

Copyeditors

SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

KENNETH STEVEN TALARICO

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments?	Email duel@hamilton.edu
Complaints?	Or find us on the interweb!
Recipes?	http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/