

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVIII, ISSUE X “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” NOVEMBER 12, 2021

“Don’t you have a portable charger?” says asshole

STUDENT ASSEMBLY VOTES TO DISSOLVE

Who woulda’ thunk it?

By Mr. Piazza ’24

ANARCHY DEPT.

(A FULLY FUNCTIONING DEMOCRACY)

After the election of Joe Mancock ’25 to the Student Assembly Vice Presidency Monday night, nobody knew what to expect. Mancock seemed to have run an aggressive write-in campaign, garnering a whole twenty-five votes—twice the votes of any other candidate and enough to secure him the vice-presidency, despite his general unpopularity.

In an attempt to resolve what he saw as a crisis, current SA President, Alex Gentrification ’23, called a meeting with the intent to invalidate the election results. “I mean, one, I hate the guy, and two, all the ballots cast for him include a curse word. Also, like, half of them are fake. We clearly need an independent election committee hired by me and paid by me to review all the ballots,” Gentrification said in his opening statement to the Assembly.

REGISTRAR URGES US KIDS TO SIGN UP FOR FREE TIME

Manage your time ... or let time manage you.

By Mr. Li ’24

TIME VARIANCE AUTHORITY, CLINTON DEPT.

(REGISTRAR’S OFFICE) On the heels of the first snowfall in Clinton comes course registration, a time when Hamilton students trade the temporary highs of impulse enrollments for night-long study sessions at a future date. But “cry no more,” says the Registrar after announcing a new, campus-wide course titled “Free Time.” The Registrar’s Office unveiled the new offering, COLEG-999, with a Hamiltonian sensibility: via an email free of a subject line and punctuation, which simply reads, “register for free time kids you know you need it.”

“What is this course about, and why did we open it?” the Registrar asked rhetorically when *The Duel* reached out for clarification. “Well, let me begin by demystifying a terrible stereotype circulating on campus that suggests all Hamilton students are uptight over-achievers who don’t know how to have fun. That stereotype is true. Fully aware of your grave reality (not mine—thank god), we designed this course so that everyone will be required to take time off, and I mean actual time off. Eat. Sleep. Party. Have sex with strangers. Repeat. None of that reading-for-pleasure shit. What

However, the meeting didn’t go as Gentrification planned and quickly devolved into topics beyond Mancock. “He didn’t even show up, despite the carrier pigeon we sent to notify him,” Secretary of SA, Jason McAss ’24 reported.

But once Roger Hannafords ’22 stood up in front of the room of seven people things really began to spiral: “I’m really glad everyone showed up today. I have spoken with members of the community, and I think the Assembly needs to broach this subject as soon as possible. Regardless of the existence, or quality of Joe Mancock, I hereby propose a vote to dissolve the Student Assembly and give over our only real power, to distribute club funding, to the ghost of Samuel Kirkland,” Hannafords said in an impassioned speech. “It reminded me of that scene from *Braveheart*,” Alice Axehead ’24 told *The Duel*.

In a unanimous vote the Assembly passed Hannafords Resolution. Not a single student could be coerced into giving their opinion on this issue to *The Duel*. Variations of “I couldn’t give a single fuck,” were the only responses received.

do you know from a book?” (At this point, the Registrar went on a tangent about the sorry state of student parties, how she is never invited to them, and puffed tear-inducing green smoke right into the Editorial Board’s eyes, necessitating an evacuation.)

Student response to the announcement has been mixed. High school valedictorian and horny virgin Christian Goodman ’25 radiated with excitement after reading an illegal copy of the syllabus that lists getting enough rest, having friends, gaining a positive outlook on life, starting a new hobby, pondering the meaning of life under a starlit sky, and just doing whatever the fuck you want as course topics. “Including actual fucking! I’m so pumped,” Goodman screamed into a non-existent camera while attempting to download Jodel, which he refers to as “Commons for hookups.”

Other students were less enthusiastic. “Oh great. A free time class. How will I turn down going to my annoying friend’s events now?” mumbled Jackson Jackman ’22. Holly Newman ’24 also shared reservations about the course: “Yeah, you know, I am thinking of taking Free Time, but it conflicts with my other classes. Bummer.”

In any case, students will have plenty of yet unstructured time to mull over their decision before breakfast, lunch, dinner and recess registration opens next week.

HAMILTON ANNOUNCES NEW M.R.S. DEGREE PROGRAM

Finally, hope.

By Ms. Miller ’22

RING BY SPRING DEPT.

(YES, OF COURSE, DARLING, WHATEVER YOU SAY) Students and faculty gathered Monday to celebrate Hamilton’s newly offered M.R.S. degree. “We are pleased to announce the Home Economics Department’s ‘Manifesting Rich Spouses’ Program,” Professor Dale Cobe said as he welcomed guests over tea sandwiches prepared by M.R.S. program hopefuls. “In response to student concern about life after Hamilton, we created a course of study that will prepare senior female students to be matched with eligible male Economics concentrators.”

“When I applied to Hamilton, I was thinking of concentrating in Art and being the one in a million to actually make a living,” Mary Sue [last name pending until matched] ’25 said, chuckling at her naïveté. “I didn’t know we even HAD a Home Economics department! After almost a full semester here, I see the value in starting an all-American nuclear family with a man whose daddy’s money means we’ll never have to worry.” “Absolutely,” agreed Mary Ann [last name pending until matched] ’24, a latecomer to the program. “I know I’ll have to play catch-up because I wasted a year of fertility studying Neuroscience, but I’m confident I’ll pass my M.R.S. requirements with flying colors—pastels, of course!”

The Board of Trustees boasts near unanimous support for the M.R.S. degree program. “It’s a sign Hamilton’s going in the right direction,” Trustee Walter Eberhart ’66 rasped. “If my first wife had been properly trained, my first few years at Goldman Sachs would have gone much more smoothly. I had to get after her for not cutting the crusts off my sandwiches several times.” Only one member appeared to hold reservations: “I don’t know how I feel about the fact that they divided the Economics Department into Economics (for men) and Home Economics (for women) without telling us—ouch, hey!” Bobbie Markowe K’78, sole Kirkland alumna on the Board, managed before Eberhart spilled coffee on her amid unprovoked insistences that it was an accident.

“It’s like a finishing school,” Mary Meeplease [last name pending until matched] ’24 said. “But not that sort of finishing—no reasonable, civilized lady expects that.”

In this issue: or we could do party in the usa. if that’s more iconic

	7:30 PM	7:38 PM	9:30 PM
PAN CAN JAM			
	Pelican Jam	80% chance that song was really good until you recognized it	“Wait, ‘can’ is short for <i>what</i> ?”

A CAPPELLA AT THE WELLIN



I mean, everytime *I* talk to an Art History major I hope they sing. See, “No instruments? Well I guess it’s still technically music.” pg. 800

Weekly Campus Construction Update

One fish, two fish, red fish, fuck you
I’m breaking the outlets

OSHA Violation Count:
Can only go up from here



Friday Five: Jobs Less Hellish Than SA Representative

By Mr. Chivily ’23

Listen, being a Student Assembly representative is pretty difficult. Between defaming their fellow peers, engaging in petty feuds with the administration, and being total tools, holding a position on Student Assembly is hellish. So, instead of running in an election nobody cares about and resigning after a week, here are five alternative jobs decidedly less hellish than SA Representative.

5. Econ 100 TA. Truly, what a terrible job it is, to be a TA for an Introduction to Economics class. You’re dealing with forty freshmen and one sad junior whose parents forced him to switch majors from Art to Econ. Look over there, it’s those Econ bros who watched *Billions* and are convinced that they can short Kodak stock. Most students are on their phones and are only here because their attendance is required. Oh look, you’re on your phone too!

4. A Campo Officer working the Saturday night shift. You retired at the age of 45 from the Utica Police Department and wanted a part-time job for a little extra money. A small liberal arts college couldn’t be that bad on a Saturday night... Wrong! Whether it’s some little snitch calling a noise complaint on the totally rad party next door or a drunkard forgetting their key to their room at 3:00 AM, it seems like you just can’t catch a break. You thought you could have a quiet evening watching *Blue Bloods* and listening to the emergency radio-scanner, but those darn kids have ruined your plans.

3. Maintenance worker in Bundy. The labor shortage has led to this. You are assigned to clean-up Bundy, and you know what they say about Bundy: it’s down the Hill. Working here involves cleaning the bathrooms. As you finish putting on your hazmat suit, you step into a noxious wasteland. After slaying a vomit-cum monster and scaring away a couple having sex in a bathtub, you’re finally done, but at the cost of your sanity.

2. The Duel Observer copyeditor. This is arguably the worst job on campus. You have the Sisyphean tasks of removing double-spaces and Phillip Chivily’s terrible jokes. You could have been a copyeditor for *The Spectator*, but you were told that *The Duel Observer* had much better journalistic standards. Well you’re here. Get back to work, wagie, this “Friday Five” better be impeccable.

1. A servant of Beelzebub, Lord of the Flyers. One of the Seven Demon Lords is now a Visiting Government Professor! And you’re serving him! He’s a reasonable overlord, only demanding your soul. You were already planning to do this anyway to get into a good law school. Sure, his views on democracy and vaccinations are sketchy, but at least he’ll get you an internship for Anthony Brindisi’s next campaign as Sanitation Commissioner for Utica. So why attend hour-long meetings, have sleepless nights, and ruin your self-esteem as a Student Assembly representative when you can serve a Dark Lord?

Sexy Six: Reasons Chuck E. Cheese ’77 belongs to the streets

By Mr. Lum ’22

You may have seen this Hamilton alumnus-turned-dirty-party-rat out on the roads recently and thought to yourself: “how did such a dapper young man-rodent end up where he is now?” If you are shocked, disgusted, and deeply saddened by this news, just know that you’re not alone. Thousands have been left questioning how our favorite fuzzy friend fell from grace so catastrophically. Though the answers were once thought lost to time, new research has unveiled convincing evidence that could inch us ever closer to the truth. Here, we examine six of these factors in excruciating detail.

6. The Adopt-A-Highway Program. Long story short, Chuck E. Cheese was trying to adopt an interstate in Utica and there was a little mix-up at the highway foster care. A half-mile stretch of I-790 across from Applebee’s is now the legal guardian of our beloved rat. But watch out, ladies. No one can hold this boy down forever.

5. Too little parking. Oh wow, you drove your very own suped up Chuck E. Cheese to school at the beginning of the semester and now you have nowhere to park him? No shit. Pull him up to a curb somewhere and quit complaining. I have a 2009 Honda CR-V and you don’t hear me saying, “I don’t even go to this school, and he brought me here in a large suitcase against my will.” There aren’t enough parking spots for any of us, pretty boy, so someone please tell Campo that vehicles are destined for the streets.

4. Eviction. He lived in New Hartford for many years. He was practically broke, surviving off of nothing but cheese and playing games all day. Cheap prizes were his only form of income. One month he didn’t have enough Chuck E. tokens to pay his rent and was evicted by Spirit Halloween. He’s been a roamer ever since. A lone ranger. He’s been considering hitching a ride down to his cousins in the NYC subway system, but that’s not the life he’s meant to live. He belongs to the streets, not the tracks.

3. That fashionable outfit. Purple hat with the letter “C” on it in yellow? Check. Purple shirt with the letter “C” on it in yellow? Chuck. Green shorts and nothing else? nut. You can’t be looking that SCRUMPTIOUS and not take the ‘fit for a little stroll down the old boulevard (if you know what I’m saying).

2. Your dead gerbil. Yes, Hermothy Flufferbutts (rest his precious, furry soul). Your parents shielded you from any notion of death for the first twelve innocent years of your life. The duck that you saw at the park when you were nine that was floating upside down on the water? Yeah...birds don’t sleep like that. You think your grandpa really just suddenly moved to Florida and left you and your entire family and never talked to any of you again? That actually did happen, and we’re not quite sure why but we thought this was a good time to let you know. Anyway, when Hermothy died your parents decided it was finally time to explain death to you, and in doing so they aggressively yossed Mr. Cheese into traffic as an example. But then you were traumatized because you thought that that was what they did to Hermothy too and then they didn’t have the heart to tell you that he just choked on a carrot. Such a fatass, Hermothy. They asked me to come clean on their behalf and they hope that one day you’ll be able to drive a car without having flashbacks.

1. He got out the house! Indeedly, he do really be.

Fuck It Four: Fire Code Violations

By Ms. Kapphahn ’23 and Ms. Yanco ’25

Here’s the report on the weirdest shit found in this semester’s fire checks last week. Would’ve written more, but gotta go keep the wife entertained.

4. A shrine to interim Dean Monica Inzer. Kinda seems like a waste of closet space. I mean, I get the love for Inzer. I might’ve muttered a thank-you prayer after she accepted my dumbass kid to this school at the ripe age of twenty-eight with community college credits, two felonies, and a Beanie Baby collection, but the candles are a fire hazard. Plus, we judged your collection, and they smelled like Keystone Lites and the downfall of Greek life, so I guess someone got dropped during rush.

3. Sleeping too damn cute. We’re supposed to knock real loud and announce ourselves, even though we come by when kids are in class, which we did, but there was this one kid sleepin’ so hard they didn’t wake up. We shoulda just come back later, but they were just so damn cute we snapped a photo of us spooning to share on the Dark Web, gave ‘em a lil’ kiss on the forehead, and turned the light out. Failed the inspection, though.

2. A whole Christmas tree. Yeah, I’m Jewish. So, imagine my surprise when there’s a whole fuckin’ Christmas tree in the corner of the room. Gotta give it to the Christians, they do hit the nail on the head making statements. This baby must’ve been 11-feet tall; the star was in the waffle ceiling. Thing seemed pretty combustible, but guess what? These motherfuckers used battery-powered lights, so we can’t bust ‘em for it. We’ll get ya next time.

1. A sex swing. Saw the incoming class of freshmen this year and thought they’d never get any action. I mean, did you see how many of those fuckers are from “just outside of Boston?” Well, lo and behold, a kinky little freshman had a fuzzy pink sex swing all hung up. I’m all for experimenting, but this horn-dog hung it on the water pipe too close to the sprinkler. I brought the wife over during my break to give it a test run (that’s our seventh kid coming right up!). I finally convinced her to burn the divorce papers, too. Cleaned up the mess best I could using the kid’s towel, and slipped some bills with a note asking ‘em to leave it up for confiscation under their pillow.

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