

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE VII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

APRIL 1, 2022

Maybe the Real Spring Was the Friends We Broke Along the Way

STUDENT RETURNS FROM SPRING BREAK ENLIGHTENED

Like, so wise now

By Mr. Lannon '22

SELF UNDERSTANDING DEPT.

(WITHIN AND WITHOUT) As classes resume, students and faculty alike are noting a marked change in Shangree La '22. “She looks so content, like she’s just gliding through life now,” Meta Tate '24 remarked, after La floated past him, a couple inches off the ground. “You can really tell when someone has things figured out, and I feel blessed by her very essence.”

Rehearsal came to a standstill in every room of the Schambach Center as La graced the music department with her proximity. “It felt like all the parts found utter harmony in her presence. The moment she left, the orchestra went off key, as though our muse were hidden from us,” Orchestra Director Tru Thuithin reflected. “I feel lost in her absence, as though the sun of my inspiration will always be a little warped, never quite as bright.”

When cornered about the secret to her

transformation, La reminisced, “I spent all semester dreaming about catching some sun in Saint Thomas and melting into the beach as I drank piña coladas and sunbathed the days away. Well, my mom said my grades weren’t good enough for that, so I got a spray tan and a chunky margarita mix instead.”

Tanne Thyselke, the tanning parlor La visited, is currently being investigated for illegal levels of radiation. Recent customers report repelling magnets, floating a few inches off the ground, and even being blocked by Fifty Cent on Spotify, accompanied by the message, “Coins might not be magnetic, but you repel me.”

La’s suitemates reported an orangish glow from her room at night. “I thought there was something on fire, but the light wasn’t quite the right color. It looked a little too fake and a little too orange. I didn’t know fruit could be renamed, but I think I’m going to start calling my oranges and clementines Shangree’s,” Jerry Slound '23 reported.

Confronted with a slew of strong opinions, La offered words of wisdom: “I think the real change,” she recited, “is the friends we made along the way.”

STUDENT BEGINS MOVEMENT TO BURN DOWN FOJO

“If you can’t serve me warm eggs, I’ll warm them up myself!”

By Ms. Adler '24

LAST STRAW DEPT.

(THE BURNT HUSK OF FOJO) When Terry Barton '24 ordered eggs at Fojo only to have them served to her ice-cold, she decided that enough was enough. Fed up after weeks and weeks of paying for expensive coffee that amounted to little more than water with food coloring, Barton declared war. The next day, she began a movement to burn down every single Fojo establishment on campus— including that secret one in the basement of Rogers Estate.

Unsurprisingly, this movement gained a lot of traction with a large portion of the student body. Posters with slogans like, “Fojo? More like FOpus (get it? Like Faux-Opus? Haha lol)” and “Fojo needs to Gojo” have been popping up around campus faster than cases of post-spring-break herpes (he promised he wasn’t going to hang out with his high school girlfriend!).

When questioned why students didn’t just go to Commons or McEwen for coffee if they could not afford Fojo’s high prices, Paul Keller '25 responded, “Oh, I can definitely afford it. It’s the principle of the thing that we’re protesting! If I wanted five dollar gross coffee, I’d just take daddy’s private jet into New York City and get it there. That’s what I’ve been doing these last few weeks.”

Reporters at *The Duel* have reached out for a comment from Fojo management. They have claimed that they are not worried about these protests bringing down their profit margin. “These are the facts,” John Orr '23, student manager of SCCTojo, said, “no matter what Terry says, she’s not going to get enough students willing to give up their chai latte fix to do any real damage to our business. And besides, if they try to take a lighter to our kitchen, the mold and mildew will snuff it out before a fire can even start!”

ROOT HALL GETS A ROOT CANAL

Root Hall Gets a Root Canal

By Ms. Adler '24

CONSTRUCTIVE DENTISTRY DEPT.

(ROOT HALL)This week, students started noticing that Root Hall has been under construction for an unknown period of time. When they questioned the administration about this shocking turn of events, they were calmly informed that Root is undergoing a “Root Canal,” which, similar to the tooth-treatment the name invokes, is a process of removing the harmful bacteria from the building and filling in the holes.

“I didn’t even realize that the building was in that bad a shape,” George Stephenson '24 said, “I mean, yeah, I found three dead possums in room 104, but honestly that’s really far down from how it was last year!”

The Root Canal process has received a lot of pushback from students, most notably from an

on-campus animal conservation club, who worry that the new spackle the construction workers are applying will suffocate the mice in the walls. The architectural society on campus has other concerns.

“It’s not humane! Everyone knows that root canals are painful and dangerous procedures. Who’s considering the Root Hall’s feelings? What about Root’s pain? Sure, she’s old, and worn down, but does that mean we should submit her to this torment? This school’s faculty has no respect for the comfort of the lives on campus! And by lives I mean buildings.” Emily Roebling '22, president of the organization, cried.

Despite this public outcry, faculty have informed the student body that the Root Canal will continue. While aware that pursuing this path causes a great controversy, a leading member of the staff, who asked not to be named, said, “They can’t care about it that much, as much as they put up a fuss about it. After all, it’s taken them this long to notice that Root’s under construction at all!”

In this issue:

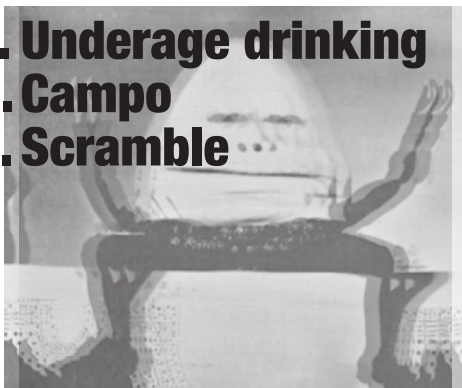
CLASS AND CHARTER REVEAL



CAB reveals: It’s a weeb! See, “I thought the announcement said ‘anime,’” pg. 1980

Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. Underage drinking
2. Campo
3. Scramble

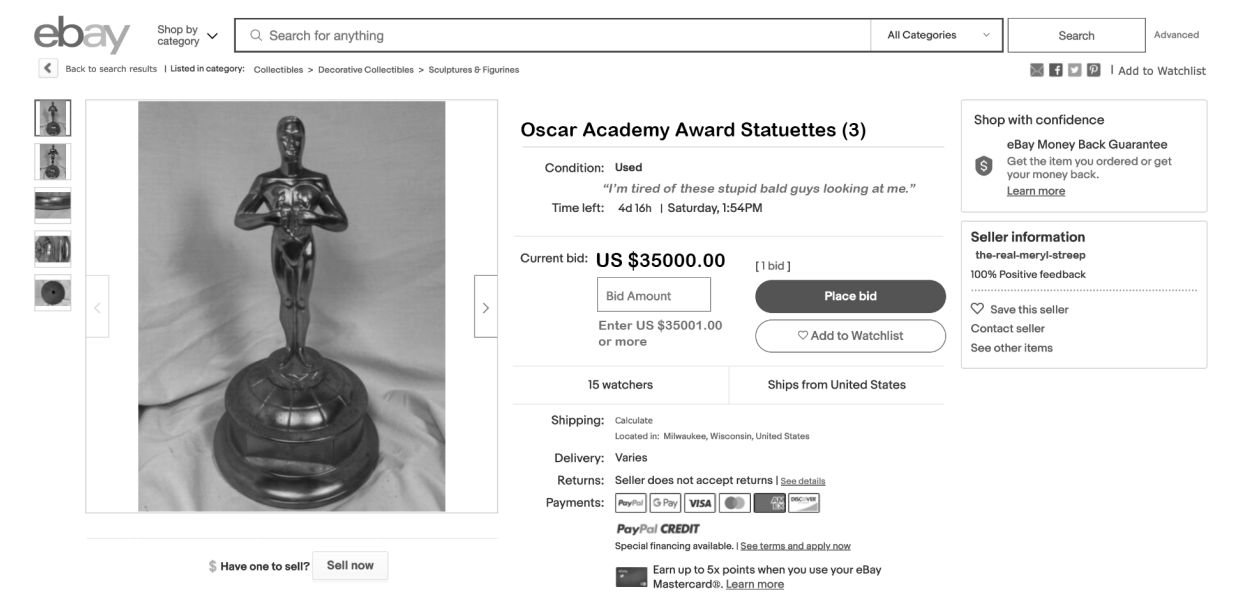


APRIL FOOL'S FORECAST	12:00 AM	5:30 PM	11:59 PM
	 High probability your roommate didn't grow out of the warm water prank	 75% chance your positive test is an April Fool's	 “The assignment due today is a joke, right?”

Dear members of the Duel Observer,

Let’s buy an Oscar.

The Duel has yet again received no acclaim for our ground-breaking journalistic efforts this awards season. Some may say that this is because the Oscars are only for movies, but I believe that it’s because the Academy is afraid of how they would ever award any other production if ours was allowed to compete. BUT! As we have learned from many of the most famous people of our time, where sheer talent fails, money can prevail. For the low, low price of (at least) \$35,000, we could buy one of Meryl Streep’s Oscars! Sure, this eBay listing might be a bit less than reputable, but the seller is “the-real-meryl-streep.” Would someone really go on the internet and lie about something like that? I think having a piece of Meryl Streep’s fame in the Duel Observer headquarters (location of Duel Observer headquarters pending approval) will allow us to finally rally and buy out The Onion as we have always dreamed of doing. Certainly, such a purchase would be nowhere near as physically impressive and terrifying as The Daily Bull’s newly-revealed exact replica of the Madame Tussauds wax model of Nic Cage. However, it would be far easier to have an Oscar at the club fair than a life-sized replica of Nic Cage. This is our chance to really draw in new people, much like a corpse flower drawing in flies but hopefully less stinky. Please respond as soon as possible; I don’t want to get bid-sniped.



Found on the desk of Mr. Hern ’24

SHOCKING NEW FILES REVEAL WIPPMAN’S DESCENT INTO CRIMINAL MADNESS He’s not the villain Hamilton deserves, nor the one it needs right now

By Ms. Miller ’22
Office of Off-Campus Study, Gotham Program
(WE KNEW THE BALD HEAD WAS A BAD SIGN) A group of students selected for the prestigious Hamilton Program in Gotham had the opportunity this semester to restore original documents from the desks of America’s founding daddies. They stumbled upon quite the surprise this week when they uncovered the childhood diaries of Hamilton’s very own President David Wippman. “I don’t really know what I was expecting,” Robin Wayne ’23 said, “but the diaries’ contents seem to indicate a troubled background, almost like a villain origin story.” Excerpts of young Wippman’s diaries contain such lines as “January 25, 1965. Dear Diary, Woke up bald again. Father says I was born this way. I know, but all babies are born without hair or teeth. I have my teeth. When will I get hair?” and “April 14, 1971. Dear Diary, Asked Selina to the prom. Thought I had a good chance since we’re lab partners and she let me meet her cat once. She asked if I could get Bruce to ask her instead. ‘He’s so dreamy,’ she said. ‘So mysterious, and would you look at that hair!’ I hate him, Diary. I’m going to make that handsome fucker wish he’d never transferred to Gotham High!” “These sentiments can perhaps give us insight into why he is the way he is,” Professor Riddler, who oversees

the program, mused. “Maybe he downplays the rampant racism and sexual misconduct on campus not because he’s a moderate milquetoast, but because he’s preoccupied planning something else. I wonder what it could be!” The Duel notes that Professor Riddler seemed less concerned and more gleefully curious about this, but will not comment further. The project also uncovered notes from Wippman’s sessions with his childhood psychiatrist, Dr. Quinzel, who wrote things like “September 19, 1959. Dear God, this kid has problems,” “May 10, 1963. Troubling obsessive tendencies and delusions of grandeur,” and “November 1, 1967. Disturbing thought patterns in patient continue. Says he wants to go to law school and then run a college.” Unfortunately, the notes stop mid-year, as Dr. Quinzel abruptly left her job for uncited reasons. “I think the President’s villain side may be about to take over,” Jo Kerr ’24 said. “When I went to his open office hours to ask for his comment on the childhood diaries, he stepped out for a moment, so naturally I did some snooping. I found a Party City Indiana Jones whip and Zorro mask in his desk. At first I closed the drawer, not wanting to get into personal stuff, but then I noticed the page torn from his manifestation journal that said ‘The Bat Man is back. Now let’s see him deal with the Wipp Man.’ Now I think the whip and mask were entirely professional.”

Friday Five: Things That Broke By Ms. Miller ’22

This Friday, here’s my list of five things that broke. I could fix them. <3

- 5. Spring. I do have to give this one some real estate, as spring did indeed recently break. Have you seen all this snow? Clearly, spring is broken.
- 4. Chris Rock’s jaw. Will wins the Oscar for “Best Slap!” It’s a thing. Just ask my theater professor from high school, who was consistently unimpressed with my stage-slapping efforts and made me practice on a classmate over and over and over ad nauseam. Thank goodness it didn’t awaken anything!
- 3. My water. JK. I’m infertile. Made you look. ;)
- 2. Your heart. Aww, did that hit home? Do you need to talk? That’s pathetic. Your feelings aren’t valid. Shut the fuck up and take up breakfast drinking like the rest of us.
- 1. The Commons slushie machine. The McDonald’s ice cream machine of this campus. Please fix it. I miss Commons slushies so much. Seriously. You’re doing this (lack of slushies) to an infertile woman? In International Women’s Month (this was written in March)? You sick bastards. Don’t you know I’m eating for one? Bring back the raspberry mango or so help me God. I was a Girl Scout and I am not opposed to taking matters and a screwdriver into my own hands. I am vengeance.

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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.

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