

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

AUGUST 29, 2014

Hi, We're The Duel Observer And your tuition pays for this shit.

UTICA MAKES MILLIONTH DOLLAR

Invests in monorail

By Mr. Spinney '16

WHAT'S BIG, GREY, AND SAD ALL OVER DEPT. (CONSTRUCTION SITE, DOWNTOWN UTICA) On Monday, Utica celebrated its millionth dollar of city revenue with a groundbreaking ceremony. The city has decided to take advantage of its burgeoning economy by building a monorail that will take people all over Utica. Though some believe this large purchase is ill-advised, Utica Mayor Oscar Hernandez thinks differently.

“It’s a big, futuristic train!” Hernandez said. “Who doesn’t love the future and trains?”

Apparently, residents of Utica don’t. Many community members have come forth with views opposing the Mayor’s. They refer to struggling businesses, massive numbers of foreclosures, and condemned buildings as problems more worthy of investment than a new transit system. “We already have a transit system,” one Utican remarked. “It’s called the roads. And by the way, those are broken

too.” The man then stepped to cross the street but unexpectedly fell into a pothole seven feet deep where he was found dead from malnutrition and dehydration days later.

Despite the initial pushback, when the new transit system is finished, it will ride high above the streets and give passengers a magnificent view of the bustling city. Making stops throughout the city, the monorail is proposed to be a convenient and exciting way for residents to get around. When asked if he would enjoy the rooftop views available from the train, one boy on the street said, “I’ve been up on our roof before. All I saw was pigeon shit.”

With Hamilton back in session, many students are anxious to visit Utica and explore the city’s vibrant and eclectic culture. Many have stated the monorail will add ease and excitement to their travels around the city, describing driving there as “boring” and “much harder when I don’t have a chauffeur.” One freshman was even overheard asking, “Is it like the one in Disney World?” Sure kid, if Disney World actually showed you its struggling immigrant population.

“Yo, Bensonator! Isn’t it actually called ELS? I heard that the building was chartered under the condition that it permanently retain the Emerson name in its title. I mean, I understand that its technical title is ‘Sadove Student Center at Emerson Hall,’ but aren’t we just cheaply exploiting a loophole in a fairly clean-cut contract, dudeman?”

Benson blinked and proceeded with a rather weary description of Diner B.

Russell’s frustration is common among the Class of 2018, who under the stipulations of the FYE program must wear fluorescent yellow lanyards, fanny-packs, and oversized t-shirts reading, “Help me, I am lost!” Of no additional aid are their assigned peer mentors, who, according to an annotated student handbook, teach the newcomers such valuable skills as “wiping your anus from front to back” and “manipulating a fork and knife without stabbing oneself in the face.”

Despite Russell’s impatience for the administrative coddling, he and the rest of freshman class can take solace in the fact that the best four years of their lives are indeed ahead of them, even if they in many ways resemble the first four years of their lives.

HAMILTON TO ACQUIRE SUNY IT Joanie finishes *The Fountainhead*, announces “You’re next, Utica College”

By Ms. Chappell '15

OBJECTIVISM DEPT.

(GALT’S GULTCH) In a surprising move last week, President Joan Hinde Stewart announced that Hamilton will absorb its neighbor, SUNY IT. When asked what prompted this decision, Joanie set down *Atlas Shrugged* and gestured to her “Rearden Steel” t-shirt.

“It’s time the gifted ones be allowed to reach their full potential. How can the best succeed when we’re forced to cater to the mediocre masses?”

Students at SUNY IT are disappointingly ungrateful for the gift that Hamilton has given them. Refusing to accept their marginal position on this earth, they whine about humans’ innate value and insist that they, too, are unique. Hamiltonians are confident that they will see reason.

“Soon they’ll recognize that there is no ‘we,’ only ‘I,’” Ellen Greenspan '16 insisted. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have an afternoon of hate-fucking to which I must return.”

Inspired by the coming merger, the administration further announced that it will be tearing down all pre-1970 architecture and replacing it with more of the concrete bunkers that hipsters and felons call home.

“A building is only as beautiful as it is functional!” project director Harry Roark bellowed from the roof of Babbitt, smiling in triumph as the cornices on Root Hall crumbled to dust.

Some on the exulted hilltop are less enthusiastic about the coming merger.

“I’m from Maine— we’re not supposed to read this kind of thing,” Sam Cumberland '18 said, holding out his complimentary copy of *We the Living*. “If my parents find out that I’m taking a seminar on capitalism, they won’t let me go back to the cooperative fiber festival next summer.”

However, the vast majority of students applaud Joanie’s agenda.

“I always knew I was special,” Arthur Parkinson '15 said, as his house elf huddled at its master’s feet. “It’s nice to finally be recognized for the pureblood that I am.”



“Sheeple aren’t people.”

FRESHMAN HOPES CALLING SADOVE “ELS” STILL COOL INDICATOR OF SENIORITY

It isn’t

By Mr. Lanman '15

ACCLIMATION DEPT.

(THE COOL TABLE) Now that the First Year Experience (FYE) has effectively extinguished any hope of the incoming class pursuing its unspoken modus operandi (not being freshmen), and now stuck in that sour post-AA, pre-Jan, pre-pledge limbo of pan-hierarchical insignificance, many freshmen have begun to sweat over the question of how to dig oneself out of the hole of Hamilton naiveté.

Jack Russell '18 thought he had the solution.

“My brother graduated back in '09,” he explained. “He told me everything: Skenandoa is Psi U, Sadove is ELS, and if a girl doesn’t swoon her pants off when you chat her up in the beer line, she’s a chilly [REDACTED].”

Fed up with the assumption that he has a thing or two to learn about the College, Russell called out to his orientation leader, Ron Benson '16, as they passed Sadove on one of several campus tours.

In this issue: A lack of Johns </3

CRAM AND SCRAM LINE NOW CONSIDERED ABROAD EXPERIENCE



See “My travel blog,” pg. wordpress

OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



“aklsdjfiowejrs8dlfjzior
aw2pacisaliveiahed”

LANYARD FORECAST	ORIENTATION	1ST WEEK	2ND WEEK
	Swingin'	Hangin'	Bangin'
High probability your parents are doing it right now.	“Buff & Blue: autoerotic asphyxiation.”	98% chance slightly damp, in the trash.	

Do you feel an abyss inside of you that can only be filled by comedy? Do you want to? Come write for the Duel Observer!

Sunday, 8/31 - 8 pm - KJ 101

Questions? Look for these smiling faces around campus.



A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear students,

As some of you know, on July 28th, *Money Magazine* released their rankings of best colleges. Usually on these lists we exist in a privileged position among the Top 50. Unfortunately this year we were ranked at a relatively abysmal 101. First and foremost, I would like to remind students not to be discouraged by being placed among brutish and poorly named institutions, such as Louisiana University for the Development of Alligators and Other Amphibious Reptiles, and the College of Tom and Dick sans Harry. Just remember, we officially do not believe that silly rating systems such as this one, the *U.S. News* annual list, and our sports teams' NESCAC rankings really matter. What matters is how the students feel about the College, and I am confident that you all love this place 110%.

That being said, the administration and I personally believe that the qualities that *Money Magazine* rated us by—educational quality, affordability and alumni earnings—possess merit. Since we think the college is predominantly populated by students, the overall improvement should be collaborative and originate from the students. We have compiled this helpful list of topics for you to work on.

- First, please practice restraint when offered alcoholic beverages. Over the course of several bottles of centennial wine, the Board of Trustees and I decided that students will achieve higher educational standards if they were all dry. So please stop. Now.
- Second, (and we personally believe that this will help improve Hamilton's standing the most) when considering future majors, please abstain from the "liberal arts" majors. If the student body collectively became STEM and Economics students, our alumni earnings will skyrocket. Don't think of it as selling out; think of it as buying yourself a future!
- Finally, where affordability is concerned, the trustees and I have decided that this is an area that cannot be compromised for something as silly as rankings. 60 grand stays. Fuck y'all.

Having stated that, just remember that this is all optional, because we officially do not believe in external news corporations ranking us, especially if said business is called "*Money Magazine*."

I sincerely hope you all have a wonderful year, and that the incoming freshmen truly learn what makes this college special.

Your President,

Joan Hinde Stewart

Discovered by Mr. Wesley '16 while opening his mailbox for the first time

FRIDAY FIVE: ADDITIONAL AMENDMENTS TO THE NEW LAWS OF HAMILTON COLLEGE

By Ms. Wilson '15

A word from the Administration: Recently, an email went out detailing changes to the rules that govern our fine institution. We realize that people were slightly enraged given the lack of student input and the potentially dangerous implications of these rules. Therefore, we've added these amendments (without any student input) and hope that they will demonstrate that we have the students' interest at heart.

5. **Penance:** Freshmen will have to pass a breathalyzer test in order to enter their dorm. If they fail, they must sleep in the Chapel and pray to whatever they believe in for forgiveness of their sins.
4. **Beverage Container Displays:** Only displays of Coke bottles will be permitted in residence halls. While we understand this is no more sanitary than alcohol, they have a contract with the school. Therefore, it is okay. Oh, and five points for anyone caught drinking Pepsi.
3. **Proper Identification:** The pub will now be accepting fake IDs (Yes, your dad's expired ID with your picture pasted on the front now works!) or bribes in the form of Cider Mill doughnuts and Opus hummus. We won't let that damn Don guy at the Rok steal anymore of our business!
2. **Sadove Gatherings:** While we believe that alcohol causes a lot of problems on campus, we haven't really seen any issues from cocaine or prescription drugs. So Sadove basement is now available for hard drugs-only parties—students caught with alcohol or marijuana will be immediately expelled.
1. **First-Year Housing ONLY:** A fire-breathing dragon named Albert will now guard the freshman dorms. If any upperclassmen even try to enter and spread their contagious bad influence on the poor innocent freshmen, they will be burninated.

THREE MONTHS TO ENLIGHTENMENT: LOCKED IN MY SUMMER STORAGE UNIT

I awoke to the musty pitch-dark and what I would come to realize was the scent of spilled Aveda Men's shampoo. I pushed myself up, and the empty, shotgunned beer cans on my chest clanged on the wooden floor. Most of the previous night was lost to me, but it wasn't hard to deduce how things had ended.

I had locked myself in my summer storage unit.

After an hour of my trying to escape, the plywood door remained firmly on its hinges. Clearly, my muscles had atrophied while I was unconscious. With no way out, it wasn't long before my wits started to fray under the heat, hunger, and silence. I began making small talk with my mini-fridge and discussing the geopolitical climate with a desk lamp. I acted as arbiter when a box of Ticonderoga #2s complained about the stapler encroaching on its corner of the office supplies bin.

I had gone well and truly mad.

And then, one day, my coffee maker fell over. I went to give my friend a hand up, but then I felt something in the air, moving between the coffee maker and the wadded up bedding in the corner. In that moment, the pod's feng shui was perfect. I relaxed and let the energy flow through me, and I felt my madness fall away.

I wasn't friends with the coffee maker. No, I *was* the coffee maker, just as I was the fridge, and the beanbag chair, and the steadily growing patch of mold in the corner. And if I was these things, well, what does dark solitude matter to mold?

When the storage manager opened my door in late August, I saw the outside world clearly for the first time. I was one with the sky. I was one with the grass. And I was one with the sunlight streaming into the unit and revealing the giant crack in my TV's screen. Dammit.



"And this!"

Found posted to the wall in Opus by Mr. Riopelle '17



"I pooped in this."

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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