

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE IV

*"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."*

SEPTEMBER 19, 2014

## STUDENT LITERALLY SUFFOCATES ON UPPER MIDDLE CLASS VALUES Last words: "This is problematic"

### GHOSTS OF ALUMNI PAST DECLARE, "STOP NAMING DINING HALLS AFTER US!"

**They're back from the dead and wondering where the Pepsi went**

By Mr. Burns '17

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO DEPT.

(THE SPECTRAL PLANE) Worried that their lasting legacies will be of dry chicken and stale rice, the ghosts of Hamilton College alumni Robert McEwen and Alexander Soper have requested that their names be stripped from Hamilton's dining halls. They delivered this message via a gentle breeze onto President Joan Hinde Stewart.

The final straw for the two came last week when the mashed potatoes in McEwen were slightly more starchy than usual and Commons ran out of sriracha on the same day.

"Do you know how many times a day I've heard the phrase 'McEwen sucks today' tossed around?" the ghost of McEwen said on his way to haunting the orchestra by banging on the drums at inappropriate times. "Just because I'm dead doesn't mean words don't still hurt."

McEwen has stepped up his haunting game in protest. The enraged spirit of the one-time trustee of

Kirkland College has taken to removing chairs from tables and using telekinesis to stop the soda machines from working whenever someone so much as insults the soup.

"I can't have my name on this food. I mean, gluten-free? Back in my day, we didn't even know what gluten was. I'm not sure gluten even exists now," Soper said while enjoying his morning ectoplasm in a coffee mug he stole from his own hall. "How do you think it feels to get outshined by the Diner every weekend? It's embarrassing."

"At least you're open on weekends," McEwen said somberly, joining him by passing through a brick wall. "And at least the college you originally worked at still exists."

The two expressed jealousy of other Hamilton alumni who have their names on college buildings.

"The Root family gets every fucking building on campus, and Little has a pub, which is nice for a ghost like me who lived through Prohibition," Soper said. "And what do I get? I get to be made fun of by petty mortals for not having enough forks. Seriously, where the fuck do all the forks go?"

After interviewing McEwen and Soper, the author of this article decided to launch a new investigation into the question of why he was suddenly able to talk to the dead. He soon came to the realization that he had been a ghost all along.

his hand down. I just can't handle that level of naked. Seriously! That's, like, next-level naked."

Marcus is not the first person to complain about this issue, which is something of a sticking point for many pairs of roommates. "I don't know how to tell my roommate that seeing his dick out just makes me kind of nervous for him," Jack Dores '18 said.

The stories don't end there. Another freshman, Josie Constanza '18, said, "One night I woke up and my roommate was rifling through her closet, which is right by my bed, naked from the waist up. I didn't know what to do about how intently her areolas stared at me, so I just closed my eyes again."

As a result of the complaints of several RAs who don't want to have to talk to students about "limiting their exposure," the updated roommate contract for the 2015-2016 school year will include an extensive nudity measure.

"I know it's uncomfortable to say exactly how long you can be expected to look at genitalia, especially if, like most of the freshman class, you've just

See "Grin and Bare It" continued on back page.

### CROSS COUNTRY TEAM RUNS AWAY Anything to avoid a race

By Ms. Wilson '15

ATHLETIC DEPT.

(UP IN THE WOODS) Last weekend the varsity men's and women's cross country teams arrived at the Giant Middle-of-Nowhere Mountain Invitational to compete in their five kilometer race against the notorious Big Boulder College team.

"We were really excited at first!" Captain Shayna Johnson '15 explained. "We'd never been to Giant Middle-of-Nowhere Mountain, and it was going to be our first time competing against Big Boulder!"

Sentiments changed once the team got off the bus.

"Well, we started doing our warm up, you know, running slowly to prepare to run fast," Johnson recalled. Then, the men's captain Lou was like, 'Why the fuck are we gonna do this?'"

Captain of the men's team, Lou Archer '15, downed a swig of his post-race drink of choice, a Gatorade, protein powder, and Patron combo, and added, "Yeah, I just realized that we are literally putting our bodies through hell for no apparent reason. Why do people even do this racing thing? What is the purpose of competing against thy neighbor? What is the purpose of running fast? What is the purpose of life?"

His teammate, Ryan Gump '17, known for abilities to put down twenty McDonalds Big Macs in one sitting without gaining an ounce of fat, chimed in, "We realized its just society trying to put us in chains...or in Saucony sneakers."

Members of the opposing team, Big Boulder, were shocked by the Hamilton team's decision not to compete in the race.

"They must be insane not to put themselves through the exhilarating feeling that your lungs are on fire while racing. And what about that wonderfully refreshing thought that you may never walk again the next day!" Big Boulder runner, Ian Inkle '16 said. "I mean, our course isn't even that hard. There are only seven giant hills, a mud pit, a river crossing, the occasional rockslide, and that one bit with the rabid dogs chasing you."

The Big Boulder coach was equally thrown. "We even went out and bought a chocolate chip cookie for the winner," he said. "Who wouldn't go through that tiny bit of work for the chance of winning a cookie?"

The Hamilton team simply veered away from the course during the warm up jog and ran the 200 miles back to Hamilton by the time Commons closed for dinner.

### FRESHMAN CLEARLY JUST GONNA GET NAKED IN FRONT OF NEW ROOMMATE LIKE IT'S NO BIG DEAL

**Reveals the most private of parts**

By Ms. Raezer '18

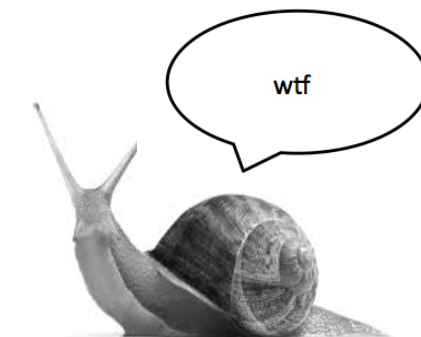
THE POINT OF NO RETURN DEPT.

(THE DIRTY D) This weekend, the entire campus was lit up with activity. Every residence hall was full of freshmen gussied up to wander around in search of parties. For Natalie Marcus '18, a great night was ruined by an incident with her roommate that is going to make for some really awkward Sunday brunches.

"I was just trying to put on my eyeshadow like a normal human being when – bam, bush," she said. "It wouldn't have been an issue if she'd pulled on some underwear or something, but she kept rifling around in her drawers for, like, twenty minutes." Marcus had to pause and cover her face before continuing. "It's not even like she'd just come back from the shower. She just actively took all of her clothes off and stood in a pile of her own weird, period-stained underwear while she looked for a pair she could feasibly let a guy stick

### In this issue: A lack of climate change

#### SLOW FOOD STILL WAITING





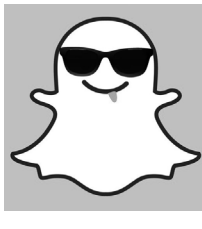
See "We ordered like an hour ago," pg.....

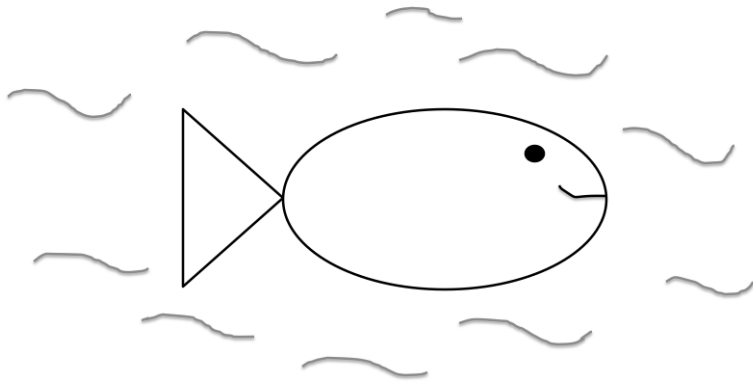
#### OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



**"Come on guys, this is pretty tasteless."**

— Joan Rivers

	IN	OUT	PASSÉ
iPHONE 6 FORECAST	Screen 	Already 	Cracked 
	20% chance dick seems bigger on the large screen.	High probability your Zune is finally ironic.	"Tweeting Snapchats is the new Facebook."



“If I could speak, I still wouldn’t validate you.”

## GRIN AND BARE IT

Continued from “Freshman Clearly Just...”

met your roommate, but it’s important to establish boundaries,” Meredith Bonham, campus sexual boundaries expert, stated. “Yes, roommates must complete every part of the roommate agreement. For

a healthy roommate relationship, it’s important to get everything out in the open – whether to take shoes off in the doorway or just how much scrotum is appropriate for a Wednesday afternoon.”

## PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS: WHCL SHOWS

Tidings, schoolchildren. It is I, your humble captain and academician, Phineas P. Wurterbottom. With grim gravity and profound disquiet, I write to declaim the state of that bygone, provincial medium of—oh, and I cringe as it is written—student radio.

Per my solemn Sunday ritual, I donned my walking boots and made for the Kirkland Glen, hewing fast into the unkempt savagery. I found myself deep in the dark, searching for revelations I myself did not entirely believe in. The moment was then upon me! An ivory scroll rode the wind. A verification of deliverance? No, it was only a a dirty Excel document, into which cruel nature had carved its louche glyphs. And lo! My poor monocled eye discerned WHCL’s fall programming schedule.



I reeled and swooned. I had entered the Cavern of Misery and lost my way. These so-called programs are a fountain of sin. I direct my scorn first to the wretched program entitled, “The Screaming Ultraviolet Vibezone.” I was certain that my midnight meetings with one Mr. “Tricky Dick” Nixon spelled the last of those dirty hippies, but alas.

Woe indeed, for the Excel sheet was shot through with pastels denoting vile beats: Hip-Hop, Rock & Roll, Jazz! Primitive screeching out of the atavistic ooze! Argh! Courage friends, above this ravenous mob there yet stands tall a fortress of virtue: “Classically Composed,” a safe haven for those with pure sensibilities for the European maestros.

’Twas but a brief reprieve before I descended back to bedlam. I confronted the musical apocalypse without a proper proofing, the combined forces of meandering morals and screeches from “Swiggity Swag,” “Flow of the Day,” and “Gentleman’s Hour” (my eyes clouded over, I could no longer perceive) overpowered me. The day grows dark, this rough beast loomed and grinned over the limpid, heaving wreck of music, and I have faded.

Mr. Witonsky ’17 coaxed this report from the clutching and scared hands of Mr. Wurterbottom’s “meek, slavish, slovenly” amanuensis.

## RESIDENCE HALL HEATING AVOIDANCE: A TIMELINE

*The Administration for Facilities and Planning has informed the student body of an informal initiative to preserve heat within residence halls, allowing energy and resources to be saved by pushing off the date at which boilers need be turned on. A series of emails have documented the progress of the initiative.*

**Sun, Sept 14:** “Maintaining the integrity of the external building envelope by keeping windows and doors closed is the single most important item in conserving heating energy. Every day we can avoid turning on a heating system, we save a scarce resource from being used, and we reduce our impact on our planet.”

**Thurs, Oct 2:** “As the days and nights become colder, we advise students to dress in layers in their residence halls and common rooms. Extra blankets to sleep under may be purchased at the Bookstore or, if needed, borrowed from a local homeless shelter. Thank you for your cooperation in our goal to waste as little energy on our earth-friendly campus as possible.”

**Wed, Nov 19:** “Student complaints of incessant shivering and ‘I can see my breath while lying in bed’ have been noted, but as long as no internal mechanical damage has been sustained to plumbing systems of residence halls, urgent action cannot be justified.”

**Thurs, Dec 4:** “We would like to commend student ingenuity for wearing thick winter jackets, longjohns, and woolen animal inspired hat-scarf-combos at all times, hand-knitted from the beard trimmings of co-op members.”

**Sat, Jan 17:** “Advice for students: unblock the antiquated fireplaces in your common rooms and burn any extra furniture leftover in the basements of your dorms. In addition, the reference books in the library have been lying around untouched for at least forty years, so you can burn those too, I guess. No one will notice.”

**Tues, March 24:** “Due to frozen water pipes, Administration has considered turning on the heat. However, since the majority of the student body has taken to spending the nights huddled together in the library with horses borrowed from the Hunt and Dressage club, the faculty has collectively decided that our valued students are clever enough to survive a few more weeks. Spring is right around the corner!”

Compiled by Ms. Suder ’18

## FRIDAY FIVE: MASS E-MAILS YOU CANNOT SEND

By Mr. Wesley ’16

*The ever-helpful Duel has compiled a list of emails you should really probably not send out to the student listserv. Learn from our mistakes.*

5. **Rager in Rogers:** Any emails dictating potential activities that are against the campus rules of Hamilton College will not be tolerated. Also, no party in Rodgers is worth walking to unless it’s some real Project X style debauchery, complete with MDMA filled garden gnomes.
4. **Streaking Team Meeting:** Any emails planning or encouraging blatantly illegal activities will not be tolerated as such emails are a liability, and the planning of such events is illegal. Also we would like to remind everyone that streaking is a felony in all 50 states with the exception of a remote Inuit village in Alaska, where the average summer temperature doesn’t even break 20.
3. **Diner Offers Free Milkshakes:** Please do not use the mass email service to spread blatant fallacies. Everyone knows that the first person to find out about free Diner Milkshakes would keep reordering until the surrounding five townships had run out of milk. No one is that altruistic.
2. **Hamilton’s Wine Cellar Open to Students:** This email should not be sent for a couple reasons. First, it will create a mad rush to wherever our wine cellar is. Second, and more importantly, I want everyone to absolutely know that the fifth cobblestone below the bench in the old well next to Buttrick does not in any way open the wine cellar. I’m serious y’all. My continued ability to get drunk for free relies on that fact.
1. **Write for the Duel:** ’Cause screw those unfunny assfarts. That’s why.

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