

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE VII "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

OCTOBER 10, 2014

## DAD? Dad!?!?!?

### FRESHMAN WHO FORGOT TO BRING TOWEL TO SHOWER IN AUGUST STILL TRAPPED IN MIDDLE STALL

Getting pretty goddamn pruney

By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

CLEANLINESS DEPT.

(SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM) Since forgetting to bring his towel with him to the bathroom on August 30, Dennis Mallard '18 has been unable to leave the middle stall of the second floor bathroom in North.

The freshman, used to a private bathroom right across the hall from his bedroom, failed to consider what he would cover himself in post-shower and came to the bathroom with only some pomegranate-scented body scrub and the clothes he was wearing.

"I can still remember that moment when I turned off the shower, reached for my terrycloth, and felt only air," Mallard said. "My heart just dropped. I thought, 'How am I ever going to get out of here?'" He shuddered, either due to the ghost of that memory or the two-inches of cold, murky water in which he stood - the drain had clogged with hair and hu-

man byproduct weeks back. "And it's not like I could ask for help. I mean, I want to be known on campus, but not for this," he said, gesturing to his sickly and pruned torso.

Rather than face an embarrassing and chilly walk ten feet down the hall, Mallard stood, dripping, for hours while he contemplated his next move. When asked why he didn't merely put on the clothes he wore to the bathroom, Mallard sighed. "I didn't think of that until I'd already eaten them for sustenance three weeks in," he said.

Since then, Mallard has been carefully rationing out his pomegranate body wash while he waits for help. "It's the most fruit I've eaten in years," he said, slurping some of pungent gel out of his wrinkled palm. "And it is all-natural."

Mallard's hallmates are not fazed by the middle stall's continued occupancy. "Yeah, I heard him sobbing in there once," his roommate Mark Bedell '18 said. "But I'll gladly give up one shower stall for a dingle."

As the interview wrapped up, Mallard whispered from behind the curtain, asking whether he might borrow this reporter's sweater to tie around his waist. Unfortunately, it was cashmere, and only on very rare occasions do I let my cashmere touch a freshman's junk.

### STUDENT USES YIK YAK TO AVOID REAL LIFE SOCIAL INTERACTION

Yik Yak on track to put the Spectator out of business as campus news source

By Ms. Wilson '15

YAKKIN' DEPT.

(THE CLOUD) While many students experience large changes in social dynamics upon coming to college, Julie Jones '18 may have them all beat: the freshman has successfully transferred her entire social life to Yik Yak.

Jones downloaded the app, and her whole life changed. "Now instead of having no friends, I instantly had hundreds of besties! I went 0 to 100 real fast, at least in terms of my Yakarma," Jones elaborated. "Getting an upvote is the equivalent of getting an 'lolol' from one of my high school biddies. It makes me feel warm and fuzzy inside."

Soon after, Jones realized she didn't even need to leave her room to have a thriving social life. "I know where the crazy parties are, exactly what time the calc test is, and where every girl wearing a sundress is on campus at a given instant. I mean, what other campus news do you need?" Jones said. She explained that she uses other forms of social media to keep herself looking fun and fresh. "I'm

really more of a 'stay in and watch *Will and Grace* reruns in my footie pajamas with a bottle of pinot noir' kinda girl, but it just looks lame," Jones said.

Jones starts her night out by using WiGo to indicate she is 'going out.' Then she puts a Snapchat story picture up that includes a shotglass in it somehow, and completes the social media trifecta with a few tweets and yaks about how much fun she's having. "Sometimes, if I'm feeling extra crazy, I borrow one of my roommate's dresses and insta' a selfie," Jones said, lounging on her bed in sweatpants, bunny slippers, and an Armani cocktail dress.

When other students were asked about Jones, they reported that they had heard much about this elusive party animal, but never actually seen her before. "Yo, I hear that girl is crazy!" fellow freshman Ryan Peters '18 said. "Like apparently one night she destroyed five shots in five minutes, I saw the empty shot glasses on her snapchat story. Everybody's always talking about her on Yik Yak."

Word about Jones's wild partying spread all the way to upper classmen. "She keeps tapping me on WiGo, but I've never actually seen her out. She must be invited to parties that are even too exclusive for me!" TIT president Emma Mark '15 exclaimed.

The social media terrain Jones has yet to conquer, however, is Friendsy. When asked about this final frontier, Jones rolled her eyes. "I'm not that desperate."

### IM SOCCER ALL-STARS TO PLAY BAYERN MUNICH

Bayern players don't even have homework

By Mr. Riopelle '17

ATHLETIC DEPT.

(TURF FIELD) As of Wednesday, soon-to-be trampled flyers have appeared all over Beinecke, advertising the upcoming international soccer friendly between the Hamilton's own Intramural B-League All-Stars and Germany's Bundesliga champions, Bayern Munich. The match is scheduled for December 7th, which spawned a number of accusations against Hamilton for choosing a date when the snowy weather might favor the home team.

"Favor us?" All-stars forward Hillary Buckfield '17 said. "I'm from Florida! Who hatched this whole harebrained scheme, anyway?"

Athletic Director and harebrained scheme-hatcher Dave Thompson expressed nothing but confidence in the All-Stars. "We carefully selected these players based on their records of showing up to games, their will to win at the cost of fun, and their possession of cleats," he said. "A few of them even have shin guards. This is as real a team as we're going to get."

Bayern Head Coach Pep Guardiola is reportedly feeling the heat. He has apparently sunk his team into strategy and training. "From our reports, this All-Star team is the real deal, not like those Major League Soccer upstarts," Guardiola said. "We might drop from our normal 3-4-3 into a more defense 4-4-2 formation, but that would preclude running a False Nine strategy on offense," he said. "We just don't know what to hit these guys with."

Brian Hedgeford '16, renowned for his irrational competitiveness on the IM field, has been threatened into captaining the All-Stars. When asked how he planned to counter the tactics of the team that many consider to be the best in the history of soccer, he confidently replied, "WTF? You mean *that* Bayern Munich? I thought that was just their IM name!" The interview was cut short as Hedgeford excused himself, waddling oddly to the bathroom, presumably to strategize.

Whatever the outcome of the match, Director Thompson is confident it will put Hamilton IM sports on the international map. "Hey," he said as he sent out seven advertisement emails to the campus. "Bad publicity is still publicity, right?"



Don't worry, they're all on steroids.

### In this issue: Find the marriage crisis!

#### ROCK SWING FINALLY GETS ITS SHIT TOGETHER



See "Guys, I just needed a little time to sort some things out," pg. self-help.

#### OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



"I'm actually kinda into dudes."

— Georgia O'Keeffe

FAMILY WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Going  High probability I'm sorry, Dad.	Going  98% chance Mom finds it 'not quite as pretty as Williams.'	Gone  "Sorry bud, watching the game with Felix."





## APPLICATION FOR INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDY

Dean Reynolds and the Office of the Dean of Students:

When I enrolled at Hamilton College, I had no idea what I wanted to study; the College's open curriculum seemed nonthreatening to my freshly-turned-18 self, who was terrified of committing to a career and uncertain of ever having the ability to engage in a productive future. I've always had a wide variety of interests—triangular rock collecting, squid watching, mountaintop mural painting, and competitive salad tossing to name a few—and maybe that was the root of my confusion. After enjoying the freedom of the open curriculum at this fine institution, I have come to terms with the fact that my passions exist on a wide spectrum of departments. That is why I am applying for an interdisciplinary study. My goal is to create a concentration that combines Philosophy, Language Studies, and Theater. I would call it "PhLangheater." Or "Unemployment."

I have found that I am simply unwilling to decide on a single concentration. My bursting inner creativity would be stifled. With this self-created interdisciplinary concentration, however, I will allow myself to stave off the looming threat of financial and social responsibility that comes with landing a stable career. I consistently find myself in a state of dread when any of my peers mention life after Hamilton. With my Unemployment major, however, those worries will be quickly alleviated.

The education plan for my intended major combines the most important aspects of each department of study. I will take every abstract thinking course the Philosophy department offers to strengthen the circular arguments I will undoubtedly make to myself regarding the universe's chaos and meaninglessness while I suffer through my numerous existential crises. Focusing on Language Studies will ensure that I can greet people in a multitude of foreign languages, yet be unable to hold more than a basic conversation in any one of them. And engagement with Theatre Arts will hone my abilities to pretend to care when my successful friends tell me about receiving the Nobel Prize or being elected to the Senate (showoffs). My senior project will be an intensive study of Pig Latin, describing precisely how pigs achieve the impressive skill of learning to speak Latin while also holding secret societies amongst themselves where they perform various Shakespearean plays while we humans sleep.

I just feel that becoming a productive member of society is nothing more than self-torture and will ultimately lead to nothing more than building a lucrative career, engaging with a quickly evolving society, and dying alone in the sauna of a private country club. My Unemployment major will guarantee that I enjoy all the benefits of a \$240,000 education while gaining none of its career-building benefits. The future is dim, but the glow of the TV while I play Super Smash Bros. in my parents' basement is bright.

Sincerely,

Sir Illiamway Akespeareshay XVII

Delivered by Ms. Suder '18

## IT'S A HARD-KNOCK LIFE, FOR ME: AN ADDRESS ON DIVERSITY

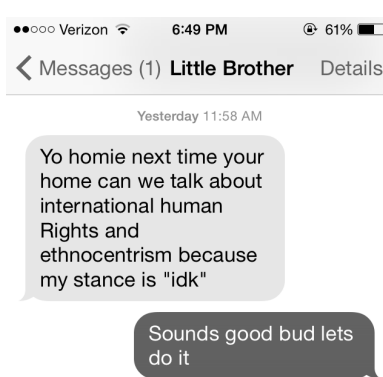
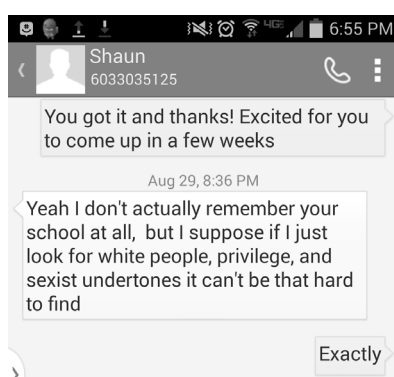
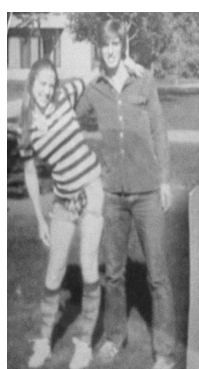
President Stewart, Dean Thompson, teachers, staff, and, of course, my fellow students of Hamilton College: I am here to educate you about diversity.

Now, many of you look at me and you think, 'Who is this dashing fellow wearing a Burberry suit? What can he say about hardship?' My name is Dillinger Morris, and let me tell you, being born better than so, so many people has its own struggles. Something you lesser people wouldn't understand. My estate is located in Greenwich, Connecticut, and, certainly, it was nice to have a pillow maid to fluff the pillows, and the in-house masseuse, Joan, to rub me down after a long day of dressage, etc. etc. etc. I could go on all day.

But these privileges never came without their toils. Sometimes Joan would rub me too hard, or Esteban, the pillow fluffer, would have to miss work because of his sick child. Have you ever felt the unyielding rigidity of an unfluffed pillow? The humanity! Imagine that you didn't go to public school, and maybe your pesticide-ridden, non-organically fed brains could comprehend.

So, I want you all to know, whether you came from a hovel or a shanty, that you couldn't possibly comprehend how hard my life has been. Why do you all think I have it easy? It's because you've never had to have your chef use your American Express Centurion Card instead of a girolle while scraping Tête de Moine into chanterelle mushroom shaped rosettes. Every day I hear about "the patriarchy" this and "privilege" that, but my bravery shows that you poor souls can deal with your insignificant suffering, too. Drowning in student debt? Just have your parents pay for it. You can't leave your dead end job? Just have Daddy's law firm make you partner. The solutions to all of your problems are so simple. Not knowing what shadbelly to wear to the horse ballet tournament in Lyon, now that's what I call hardship.

Recorded by Mr. Hartel '18



## JUNIOR TRIES TO REASSEMBLE FRIDAY NIGHT USING SOCIAL MEDIA

Last Saturday night, Josh Butler '16 had a little too much to drink. To distract himself from his hangover, he attempted to reconstruct the night using evidence from his Internet history.

**11:00:** Yik Yak about there being no nightlife at Hamilton received ten thousand upvotes.

**11:06:** Tweeted "going to try to take it easier this weekend"

**11:07:** Tweeted "nah jk"

**11:30:** Tweeted "Why hasn't anyone combined beer and liquor into one drink? lulz scientists #science"

**11:25:** Tweeted "RIP Robin Williams. Sorry this is late."

**11:30:** Connected with high school gym teacher on LinkedIn.

**11:45:** Wrote on Facebook "I can't believe I just ate that."

**11:50:** Googled "how to tell if you're druuuuuukkkkk ow I mean how to avoid walking into walls"

**11:55:** Searched for whether tomatoes were real on Bing.

**12:14:** Posted a picture vomit to Instagram, captioned "Why is my puke purple? #purplepuke #ebola #comeat-meISIS"

**12:23:** Made a Vine of self screaming "Wingardium Leviosa" at squirrels

**12:24:** Made a Vine of self screaming, "Bring back Vine!"

**12:26:** Tweeted to friend "I'm going to eat the diner"

**12:30:** Posted a blurry picture of someone else's penis to Snapchat.

**12:31:** Posted a blurry picture of his penis to Snapchat.

**12:45:** Made a Pinterest board of just lamps.

**12:50:** Tweeted "Alexander Hamilton and the aliens knew about 9/11."

**1:00:** Posted a video to Youtube of self mistaking the Diner jukebox for a large Nutella milkshake.

**1:17:** Roommate tweeted "Josh came home drunk again and told me that he found plastic in his shake. Roommate is so weird."

**1:25:** Yakked about how Hamilton nightlife sucks.

Found scrawled on a KJ whiteboard in crayon by Mr. Burns '17

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