

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVI, ISSUE III "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

SEPTEMBER 11, 2015

## DECODE FOR FREE COMMUNICATION THESIS IDEA: She Townfall df Olue Batire

### ADMINISTRATION USES ENDOWMENT TO THROW THE WORST PARTY EVER

First Year Experience program envious of its success

By Ms. Suder '18

TRAGIC MISUNDERSTANDINGS DEPT.

(BEER-DRENCHED ANNEX) In an effort to stimulate student involvement in wholesome social events on campus, the administration decided to use a significant portion of the college's endowment to throw a wild end-of-summer bash (with proper adult supervision, of course).

"We just had all this money," President Joan Hinde Stewart said, picking silver dollars out of her caviar panini. "Tuition dollars are flowing in constantly and we were running out of places to store it all. It was stuffed into walk-in freezers, bathroom drains, and the condom-thin walls of Dunham.

"Eventually, someone bothered to ask why we needed to squirrel away all this money, and by golly, that was a good question. I mean, it's not like we could spend it on improving the food quality of the dining halls, installing air conditioning systems in the dorms, or anything crazy like that."

One of the hip, happenin' old white people working

### DRUNKEN FRESHMEN CREATE SMALL, INDEPENDENT PARTY STATE ON DUNHAM GREEN

Main exports include pilfered beer, vomit, and property damage

By Mr. Sedwick '19

NATIONHOOD AND DRINKING GOOD DEPT.

(DUNHAM-GREEN BROMILTON) It is not uncommon on a Friday or Saturday night to see herds of freshmen in search of a party wandering up and down Martin's Way. However, some freshmen, tired of being thrown out of parties by upperclassmen, seem to have taken this a step further and have established their own autonomous state for partying on the Dunham Green.

"We just wanted our own place to drink and party, man." Ragnor Lodbrok '19, leader of this new state, said. "We established Bromilton so that no bro goes un-inebriated." President Lodbrok leadership position comes from having been able to provide the most alcohol on the night of the founding. Here in Bromilton, the drinking age has been lowered to ten and marijuana is not just legal, but mandatory when offered to

at the Dean's office had the groundbreaking epiphany that college students enjoy parties, and so a dedicated task force was formed to take on the responsibility of planning the most exciting, wild, community-media-palatable get-together this campus has ever seen.

And it was indeed a thrilling success.

"The only drinks they had were Capri Sun juice boxes, and if you tried to drink one, you'd get points for having an open container," student Jamie Ruboni '17 said.

"It was like family game night with less cocaine."

Students were also treated to an uninflated bouncy house, thousands of dollars worth of Listerine strips, and a clown whose act consisted of making eerily accurate sea animal noises.

"Why didn't they use all that money to buy more forks?" Everett Singleton '16 said, exasperated, trying to eat oily Commons pizza with two spoons and a plastic bendy straw.

you. When an administrative representative visited the fledgling nation, he had no choice but to accept some of Mr. Lodbrok presidential kush.

Secretary of Transportation of Liquor (he can use his older brother's car) Brandon Greene '19 said, "We sent and email to all UN countries asking to be recognized as an official state, but so far only the alcohol appreciating nations Russia and Ireland have granted our request."

Administration claims that the group of students setting up an independent state on campus are not the same group that they admitted this year.

"We certainly wouldn't have admitted a bunch of drunken baffoons," Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer asked. "We read all of their admissions essays. How could such a philanthropic, mature, and down-to-earth student body be capable of invading our school just so that they can party? I don't believe it. Look! That guy can't be a freshman!" she exclaimed, pointing at a twenty-two-year-old first year hockey player.

What will become of Bromilton? Will it flounder, or will it flourish? Will that ugly brown patch in the middle of Dunham Green ever grow back? Only time will tell.



Party foul.

### GOVERNMENT DEPT. CALLS CHEMISTRY DEPT. IMMEDIATE THREAT

Says sanctions have been useless

By Mr. Wesley '16

COMMUNICATION DEPT.

(THE SITUATION ROOM UNDER THE POND) Hamilton's worst fears were proven true last week as the Government Department announced that radical extremist "nerds" from the chemistry department took Opus 2 workers hostage and threatened to release the until-now-mythical Compound X. The crisis reportedly came to a head last weekend when a Chemistry and Government major got into a fight over which Opus muffin was the best.

Government major Justin Young '16 explains what happened. "Yeah so I was at a freshmanless suite party on the dark side, when this Chem major just came up to me and started screaming at me about how my choice of lemon poppy seed muffin supports the corn lobby, and that the only real ethical muffin is the pistachio muffin. It was really bizzare, especially because he then told me that he was gonna declare war on all the 'non-beaker bearers' on campus."

However, soon after the Government Department reported the hostage situation, doubts were raised over the veracity of Justin's story. "Justin's story doesn't sound believable. For example, what suite party is freshmanless this early in the semester? And why does a senior remember his weekend?" Psychology Professor Jeffery Ponoy says.

"Compound X is totally a real thing and is the most dangerous threat this campus has faced since Joan Hinde Stewart's '05 croissant binge," Government Department Head Colin Rove countered.

"It's a clear, odorless gas the department has been developing incognito for thirty years. We thought it was a myth, but trust us, we're going to run this gulli—great nation someday."

Biology major Andrew Christie '17 said this "I honestly don't know what the Government Department is going on about. Like I literally just bought a fig mango dragonfruit goat cheese wrap with hummus and kale served on a bed of banana leaves from Opus 2 people. They're definitely still here."

Since Professor Ponoy's and Andrew's comments have gone public, the Govt. Department has not returned any calls, and Justin Young seems to have disappeared.

### In this issue: Same shit, different toilet

#### SOUTHERN OLD TIME JAM TRIES TO PRESERVE ANTEBELLUM SOUTH



See "Doesn't go well on toast," pg. 1860

#### PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH OF THE WEEK



You are more bacteria than human cells.

And it shows.

#### ROCK WALL LATE NITE FORECAST

9 P.M.

Belay



90% chance they play "Free Falling" just when you start.

11 P.M.

Climb



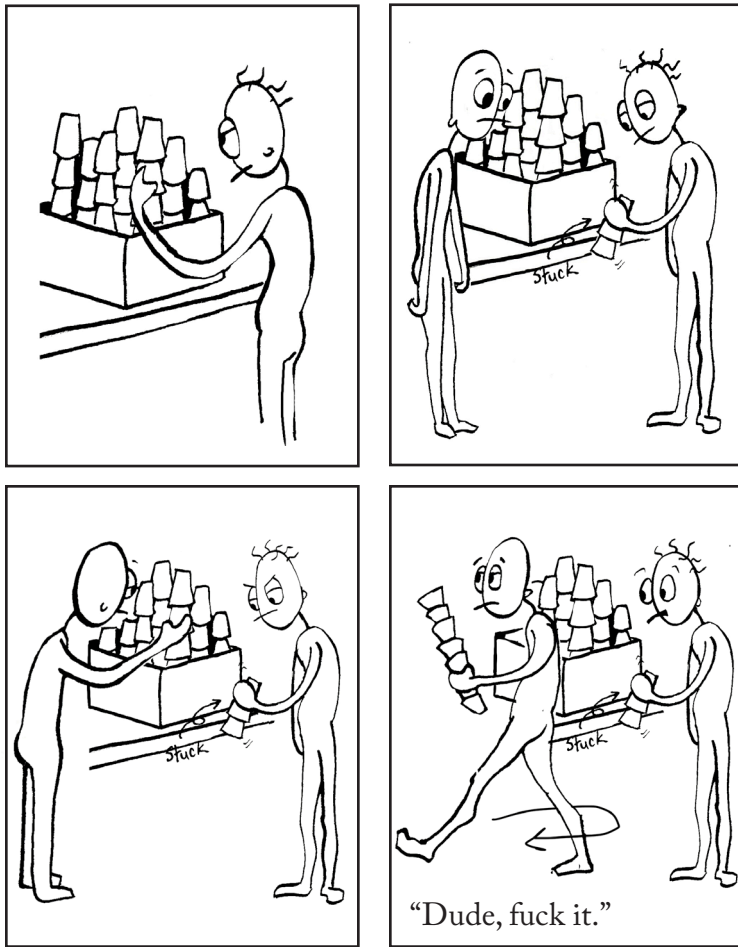
Low probability that harness goes with those shoes.

1 A.M.

Summit



"Mom?" \*hiccup\*  
"I made it to the top." \*vomiting noise\*



## OPEN LETTER: WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

So walking out from Keehn last week I almost died. What the hell was that smell? Well, since you're asking, it was the unmistakable stench of shit. At first, I figured my drunk roommate tried to wash her month-old laundry and missed the machine again, or even because the wind carrying the smell of Colgate's standards all the way over to us lucky Conts on the Hill. I tried to hold my breath as long as I could, but I couldn't walk all the way from the dark side to the light side without having to put on my haz-mat suit that I had fortunately saved from Halloween last year. I had to steal someone's razor scooter to get across even quicker, but it didn't seem to make much of a difference. I almost fucking died. My eyes were watering. I was coughing and I even ate shit in the middle of Martin's Way, forcing swarms of students to step over me. Someone stole the scooter I stole. Everyone else was so busy trying not to die that they didn't stop to help, and I lost consciousness.

The next thing I remember is waking up in a bathroom. The smell was poison. The massive cloud of shit literally infected everyone's brains, from the art kids (who have been spotted all over campus drawing pictures of excrement, toilets, plungers, and even Febreze bottles) to the chefs at Commons serving what seems like diaper tacos. Students are beginning to walk around expressionless, gazes straight ahead, dark purple circles under their eyes.

I was so scared and disgusted I even asked President Stewart about the smell and she actually said to me, "Don't worry. Just enjoy the smell. Calms you, doesn't it?" It seems to me like she's been infected, too, but she actually likes the smell. Well, fellow Conts, obviously something doesn't smell right, so don't act like the shit don't stink.

Your nose-dead friend,

Suzie Stevens '19

Sniffed out by Ms. Dickmeyer '19

## Poems By Possessions: A Fire Alarm's Lament

In the silence of the night  
When Major's dark and quiet-like  
With baby students sleeping tight,  
'Tis then I start my rant.

My glorious war-cry rings out proud!  
The students lose what sleep they've found  
And my alarm ne'er stops its sound;  
They can't escape my chant.

Did someone leave the toaster on?  
Or -God Forbid -is that a bong?  
Campo doesn't know what's wrong.  
"Defective?" Yeah, fat chance.

A freshmen cries, "No, not again!  
Our sixth alarm. It's five a.m.  
That's it - I'm moving to the glen!"  
Well, fuck you too, freshmen.

## FRIDAY FIVE: SUPERPOWERS FRESHMAN GAINED WHILST DRUNK THIS WEEKEND

By Ms. Granoff '18

Arrival upon our fair campus can cause strange reactions in freshmen, akin to being bitten by a debauched super spider or falling into a vat of grain alcohol. Effects include:

5. **Invincibility.** The newly inebriated freshman immediately gains the power not only to leap tall buildings in a single bound, but also to do much stupider and less useful things. Dancing the tango on a wobbly suite table, dropping kegs on one another like anvils, such things are a breeze for the drunken freshman. These superhuman feats are favorites, particularly among the EMTs, who tend to be busy the first weekends back with upperclassmen who do not have the durability to survive unscathed HOC's annual Midnight Welcome Back Kirkland Glen Cartwheel Fest.
4. **Camouflage.** Recently minted freshmen blend seamlessly into campus social life, indistinguishable from other groups roaming around on Saturday night but for the fact that they travel in packs twenty times as large and everyone is vaguely suspicious that they are spies for campo. Or they would be suspicious, if not for the neon blue AA 2019 shirts. These freshmen have no need of aesthetic discernment with this ability to blend in already under their belts.
3. **Imperviousness to any and all rejection.** It doesn't matter if it's a polite rejection in Klingon, a gesture to a skywritten "NO, AND PLEASE GET AWAY," or even someone trying to auto-asphyxiate their way out of a conversation, their resilience and determination are truly awe-inspiring.
2. **Sex stealth.** Once they have gotten past the imperviousness (or perhaps found it unnecessary) freshmen are so stealthy that they can have sex in the KJ water feature, leaving no one the wiser. Definitely no one noticed. They were as quiet as a Soviet submarine. Those people cutting through definitely didn't hear any splashing. And that was NOT a janitor deciding they don't get paid enough for this shit.
1. **Perfect self-awareness.** No matter what else the upperclassmen may make fun of them for, they know that the freshmen are always super-duper careful about how much they drink. You go kids, always listening to those orientation speeches about the four-drink rule! Those four drinks being, of course, a corpse reviver #2, a couple pitchers of moonshine, and a Molotov cocktail. Your livers will thank you someday!

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