

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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

SEPTEMBER 18, 2015

YIK YAK HOSTS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE Ends in shit emoji slinging

STUDENT CLUB EXPLOITS SA LOOPHOLE TO BUY BOOZE

Every eboard on campus wishes they had thought of it first

By Ms. Suder '18

(SPEAKEASY UNDER ROOT HALL) Student Assembly, after the tragic and oft-mourned outcome of the Great Beer Keg Races of '84, created a hard-and-fast rule that school-funded student organizations cannot use SA funds to buy alcohol, regardless of the age of the members. This meant that all the proxy clubs created by Rugby to provide a cover for their archaic, rum-drenched rituals had to come to an end, a disappointment to most students and a few hip professors.

However, the devilishly clever weirdo gamers social-rejects professional actors of Dramatic Renditions of Ancient and Modern History Club found a loophole: Instead of spending SA dollars directly, it's actually possible to use those funds to fund a fundraiser to raise funds and use those funds to buy booze. With funding,

"Honestly, we didn't that would work. You would have thought they would've thought of something like that," Robert Cranshaw '17 said. "On the bright side," he continued, "we did give half of all booze consumed to St. Jude's Children's Hospital. You know, for moral support."

COMMONS CAT BURGLAR STRIKES AGAIN

Student body rallies in support of this beloved rascalion

By Mr. Collins '19

PATRIOT ACT ACCORDANCE DEPT.

(REPURPOSED BOMB SHELTER BENEATH COMMONS) The Commons Cat Burglar recently committed their most daring heist, making off with a chair, a Campo officer's hot pink running jeggings (right off of his legs) and all of the forks. Campus Safety was left bewildered and with little place to turn in their investigation. Many are wondering who could be behind all of these robberies, and why they are leaving behind cats.

"Like bro, this dude came out of nowhere wearing these bright pink yoga pant things over his face and a chair lifted over his head. And he wouldn't stop meowing. It was so totally weird and shit, man," Jonathan Buckley '18 stated. He then gestured toward the chokolately pawprints all over the milk dispenser.

Campus Safety, concerned about what might be next, decided to redouble their efforts in the investi-

To the astoundment of the campus community, DRoAaMHC's successful blunderellys and gaufrette bake sale created enough revenue for the club to buy up Absolut's entire inventory and also invest the remaining cash in domestic crude oil stocks. However, the newly acquired miscellaneous bottles of Jameson whiskey and radioactive absinthe were not consumed but rather used as props in elaborate renditions of Prohibition-era ragtime concerts.

"I can't believe that they found that loophole," said Dean Nancy Thompson as she shoved empty bottles of Jim Bean bourbon under her desk. "We take violations of funding policy very seriously and absolutely do not tolerate the misuse of institutional dollars. But as long as this mishap doesn't end up exposing the whiskey fermentation facility underneath List, we can just issue a stern reprimand and let this one slide."



"Chemistry equipment."

gation. They requested aid from their NSA contacts to monitor all of the phone and internet traffic, focusing on words related to cats or burglary. As of yet there have been no conclusive ends, just a lot of porn.

"We are quite alarmed with how easily these thefts have been carried out. He replaced the balcony with an all gender litter box. We weren't even sure that bathroom existed, and we've worked here for a decade! We're thinking we have a damn Red on our hands," patriotic Campus Safety officer Chet Jones said. "God, I hate Colgate."

Campus Safety is still flailing for leads and finding the student population quiet as a mouse. Meanwhile, McEwen, for fear of becoming the next dining hall to fall victim to the feline felon, has constructed a barricade of shiny objects by the door in an attempt to distract them before any real damage can be done. Strangely, Opus has been left unscratched by the matter, though workers have been seen stockpiling Meow Mix in the Science Center. We're not saying anything, but their worst dishes do come on Mondays.

REAL PROGRAM INITIATES PHASE 2: GLASS-WALLED UTOPIAN SOCIETY

The new city upon a hill

By Mr. Letai '19

TOMORROW, TODAY! DEPT.

(YA FICTION REGION OF UPSTATE NEW YORK) The Hamilton administration recently announced that the REAL program will soon enter the second phase of its ultimate plan: construction of a gleaming, transparent citadel of hope. The sixty-four freshman in the REAL program will move from the top two floors of South residence hall to a parcel of land west of Hamilton, where construction has already begun on a massive transparent dome. The dome and the buildings within are slated for completion in January. Those running the program hope the domed city will protect the REAL students from the unwashed masses outside. They will be provided with everything they need to survive, including a dining hall open past 8 o'clock.

"These kids represent the elite of Hamilton society," President Stewart explained. "They should be ideally suited to this next step."

The students will live under close observation in the dome until graduation, at which point they will have the option to return to the outside world. It is hoped that by that point they will have achieved enlightenment, free from the draining influence of their fellow Hamilton students.

When questioned about how the students will survive, Stewart said that she was in negotiations with Bon Apétit to arrange in-dome catering, but hoped they would "ascend beyond the need for things like food."




"We're giving the kids blueprints for a guided breeding and artificial evolution program. If everything goes according to plan, the class of 2036 will be an entirely different, superior species," President Stewart elaborated.

The plan is not without its critics, who have described it as "bizarre," "downright Orwellian," and "why people don't take liberal arts seriously."

REAL student Ava Tankala '19 said, "I just checked the box because it seemed interesting. I guess I should have read those forms."

Stewart disregarded these complaints, saying that "The REAL Program is about Hamilton's core values. If you think our aesthetic discernment is good now, just wait until you see a generation that was bred to have tiger eyes."

In this issue: Cats with sacks on racks

OFF-THE-HILL CHALLENGE FORECAST	12 P.M.	2 P.M.	4 P.M.
	 "Vintage"	 "Local"	 "Hand-made"
	Low probability artisanal cheeses make it through afternoon heat.	85% chance one-eyed shopkeeper sold you an ancient cursed amulet.	"I'm so glad my loan to buy Cider Mill donuts was approved."

SONIC VIBRATIONS FORGETS MECHANICAL RESONANCE, ANNEX COLLAPSES



See "Still better than Chiansmokers," pg. 7.

PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH OF THE WEEK



Climate change is real.

But go ahead, run your fan all day.



DIARY OF A DARK SIDE DISAPPEARANCE And If You Gaze Long Into Babbitt, Babbitt Will Also Gaze Into You

Day 1: They told me there was a party here. There is always a party. You can hear them whispering at the fringes of the scattered packs of wandering freshmen. I hear them approaching from far away, marked by the faint jingle of keys. I step into the shadows; I fear being ensnared in the grimy lengths of their lanyards. The sound gets closer. There is always a party.

Day 2: Just take a left, they said. It's not that hard. Go to Door 6 and take a left. There is always something blocking my way. Door 6 does not exist. The walls look impassive, but I feel their eyes upon me. They will not let me take a left. The four yellow posts stand guard like apocalyptic horsemen. Door 6 is laughing.

Day 3: I pass a red solo cup as I walk. I pass another, and another. They are red on white like blood on bone. The red solo cups begin to pass me. They are gathering, red on white. I look away, but I cannot escape their crinkling.

Day 4: I feel like a newborn creature in a zoo. I am in a glass cage, and I see the vague faces of those who peer in. They sense my naiveté. I am vulnerable. I hear the throb of their music like my fading pulse. But I am not in a cage. You are all in the cages, locked behind panes of glass. I am alone. The Kennedy Center arches in spirals around me like the rings of the Inferno. The pavement is wet.

Day 5: The buildings are identical concrete monoliths, like the tombstones of forgotten giants, leviathans once called Milbank and Babbitt in the old tongue. The wind whistles around their corners. The wind howls around their corners. The wind screams around their corners. It's not just the wind that's screaming. It might be that frat guy on Dunham second floor again. I don't look back. I don't want to know.

Day 6: The buildings snap and stretch into tesseract. The staircases exist in a hyper-dimension. Numbers warp and cease to have meaning. The staircases climb on infinitely, passing pockets of humanity seeking solace behind doors that are no longer marked. Perhaps they never were. I see everyone, and no one. The windows are mirrors. The staircases lead nowhere. MC Escher is restless in his grave.

Day 7: They tell me there is a party here. There is always a party.

Ms. Stevenson '19

FACE-OFF: FASHION FORWARD OUTFIT OR LAUNDRY DAY?

Fashion Forward

By Amber Pivoforova '16

What one may see as a simple throw-on outfit, I recognize as an artistic statement. Those \$10 sweatpants from IKEA with a bacon stain represent the overdone student—gray, wrinkled and in desperate need of ironing just like their motivation and energy.

That white shirt with holes? Clearly, it represents the white capitalist hell that we all live under. The holes, of course, are a metaphor for the way we've been pushed into the ground as slaves to the system.

Clothes are so much more than articles of fabric that people put on because they're lazy and forgot to do laundry. One time, I was walking to the art center and saw this girl in a sports bra and basketball shorts and flip-flops. Maybe she had just returned from comfortable studying, but little does she know she's really communicating to people that ball is life.

These outfits are really pushing the boundaries of fashion. Mismatched, beer-soaked socks and last year's Class & Charter day shirt are ushering in a new style known as *chic effortless*. Soon, our art will be spread across magazines and inspire on runways. Look out, Jean Paul Gaultier and Anna Wintour, we're here to claim your glory.

Laundry Day

By Tim Blair '16

Um...well...I really don't know why this is even a topic? My roommate told me to write about this because I didn't wash my clothes and he complained about the smell.

The truth is that I wasn't able to use my dorm's washing and drying machine because someone was about to put his clothes in the last one and I—well, I tackled him. I got put on a two-week probation from doing laundry. So I figured I could test how long I could go without washing my clothes. I mean, I conserved water, so points for that, right?

I wore the same shirt and shorts for a week (and underwear) and it felt really good.

People didn't really talk to me, but it was okay since I didn't have to wait in line at Commons, and all my professors told me I could opt out of class.

Oh, come on! Don't act like you haven't had to go to class wearing nothing but a bathrobe and Hamilton flip-flops. I'm just trying to get a degree, and maybe I prefer doing that in an unwashed blanket toga than nothing at all. I'm only human.

Also, I was saving that stain for later; I really like bacon.

FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS TO BELIEVE YOUR ROOMMATE'S STUDY GROUP IS A CULT

By Ms. Whitmer '18

- 5. He seems pretty into blood.** Your roommate has been writing a lot of dining service suggestion cards asking Bon Appétit to serve more baby lamb's blood dipping sauce with their potato chips. He fills out at least one comment card at every meal. No one cares that much about potato chips.
- 4. He likes the forest a bit too much.** He always comes back to your room from his study group with shrunken chipmunk carcasses, which he lines up on top of his dresser. Plus, he tracks dirt all over your floor like he's been trekking through the Glen, not sitting in an armchair in the KJ atrium. Which is where he says he's been, but you watched him walk right by the building on the Martin's Way webcam after he left your room last night.
- 3. He whispers creepy shit while he sleeps.** Two nights ago, you heard him say, "I will murder the lambs for you, Satan. You are my master in all things devilish and divine." He repeated this phrase six hundred and sixty-six times. You are not imagining this. Do not ignore this sign.
- 2. That asshat is stealing your food.** He's is always taking your snacks to share with his study group. When you came back to your room after class last Thursday, your Cheez-Its were completely gone, and the crumbs were arranged in a pentagram on the floor in front of your desk. At least you thought it was a pentagram, but one of his chipmunks seemed to have eaten about half of the crumbs from beyond the grave, so you can't be completely sure.
- 1. His textbook gave you a skin disease??!** The only "textbook" that your roommate every takes with him is called Glimpsing Satan through the Bloodstained Mirror of Death. You tried to look through it while he was taking a shower this morning, but you blacked out before you could read anything. And now there's a rash on your hands that's been oozing green liquid for over an hour.

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