

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXX, ISSUE I "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

AUGUST 25, 2017

THIS ISSUE ALSO AVAILABLE IN LANYARD SIZE

REFLECTION OF ECLIPSE ON THEATER BUILDING CREATES DEADLY LASER

Student: "Neat."

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

DUNHAM REUNIFICATION DEPT.

(KENNEDY CRATER) In the wake of the historic North American solar eclipse, the administration is scrambling to repair the damage caused by rays of the eclipse refracting off of the Kennedy Center's concave surface, creating a laser beam that split the campus in two.

While many students chose to spend the eclipse at Hamilton's observatory, those that went about their business as usual noticed a large scorch mark beginning to form in the Kennedy Center Amphitheater, which progressed into a fiery beam of light that caused the Little Pond to boil tumultuously and several nearby bicycles to warp into pretzel-like masses. The laser, now the width of a Commons date table, proceeded to cross College Hill Road and split Dunham Residence Hall in half with its powerful beam before disappearing with the eclipse.

Students of the Theatre Department were particularly enthused about the laser. "We *theatre artists* have been looking for some demonstrable form of our power for some time now," Alexis Jodhpur '19 com-

CAMPUS SAFETY LAUNCHES INVESTIGATION INTO WIPPMAN'S TIES WITH COLGATE

Step aside, Woodward and Bernstein

By Mr. Baize '18

CULTURAL RELEVANCY DEPT.

(DUNHAM LOT) In a move totally and utterly without any precedent at any level whatsoever, Campus Safety this week launched an investigation over alleged Colgate-sponsored interference into the election of David Wippman as president of Hamilton College last year. A source close to the investigation, a junior literature major who meets this reporter behind Commons every Thursday at 11:30 speaking on condition of anonymity, said that "Colgate is believed to have used a variety of methods to swing the traditional blood ritual that is the Board of Trustees' election process in Wippman's favor." Ex-Campus Safety Director Fran Manfredo, the grizzled veteran director of the Bureau, has been appointed as Special Prosecutor in this case.

The news comes as the latest in a series of sum-

mented while covering her body in tribalistic designs made of leftover laser ash. "We may not have jobs lined up, but we do have a deadly laser. Our mother, the Sun, has heard our souls crying out for support, that we and the Lightsiders might one day be considered equals." When it was pointed out that the laser was technically caused by the orbit of the moon, Jodhpur replied, "Fuck off, my QSR was set design."

Many chose to blame the laser's path of destruction on a curse put upon the campus by Fran Manfredo late last year, while still others began to blame individual freshmen and round up those suspected of partaking in witchcraft. Said one freshman, who wishes to remain anonymous but lives in what is now known as Left Dunham, "I took AP Physics. The laser was just caused by the rays of the eclipse reflecting off the glass surface of the building. There's no magic involved—but I can't say that. Then they might take me too."

When asked what would be done about the building's potentially dangerous surface, President Wippman declined to comment, but an unnamed source in the President's office said, "I have bean boots older than that building, and the bean boots didn't cost the school ten million dollars. I don't care if KTSA is drowning puppies in a bucket; it's staying exactly how it is."

mer setbacks for the President, whose tenure has been rocked by suspicious administrative reshuffling and the mysterious destruction of the Farmhouse by unknown entities. More recently, an impassioned yet entirely unprompted public defense of the Alexander Hamilton statue met with bemusement and mild concern from onlookers. Claims of Colgate-sponsored interference have of course been circulating since last year, but this Campus Safety investigation marks an unprecedented escalation in their legitimacy. Our source, Jared Miller '19, said that "the craziest shit is yet to come."

Across the Hill, the President's closest supporters expressed their disappointment. John Graham of the Government Department, claimed that the news was "definitely a really bad thing that I will absolutely take action on once I get over my vague sense of dismay. That might be now, might be never, who really knows." Others in the community simply hope for a speedy and definitive resolution to this matter, while campus political junkies and news media reportedly licked their lips in unison before buckling in for the ride.

FIRST ANNUAL GRASS DEATH JAMBOREE

Nature pounded into submission by Man once again

By Ms. Hammer '20

ADMINISTRATIVE BULLSHIT DEPT.

(THE RESTING PLACE OF ONE DUNHAM LAWN)

When the usual time came to bitch about the pitiful state of Dunham Green's grass after being suffocated by the white tent that held first years and the crippling expectations placed upon them during Orientation, upperclassmen were shocked that their bitching could not be heard over unanticipated cheering.

On the eve of the tent's removal, Terry Martinez executed her first order as newly appointed Dean of Students by introducing the first annual Grass Death Jamboree, which would include grass themed cover bands and a round-the-clock streaming of Showtime's *Weeds*.

"It has come to my attention that Hamilton College's students have given less than favorable feedback about the yearly damage to Dunham Green. I'm here to say that I will be doing something about it," Dean Martinez announced. "What better way to bolster community than a celebration of resilience, as demonstrated by grass, that parallels our own?" Dean Martinez informed the audience that merchandise, like color-changing mugs, from green to a sickly brown, would be sold at the bookstore.

The first annual Grass Death Jamboree has attracted a surprising number of students. The incoming Class of 2021 accounts for 99% of the event's attendance. The 1% represented protesters from the Environmental Studies Department who were swiftly lead away to the Glen by a strategically placed trail of litter.

"I have no fucking clue what is happening," said Garrett Frosh '21 with a forced smile, "My anxiety of being brutally rejected by my peers in a new environment has manifested itself in me surrendering my independence to the mob mentality... GO GRASS DEATH!"



Trust us, it's doing it.

In this issue: Sideshow Bob Steps on Rakes [10 Hours]

DINER ANNOUNCES UPDATED BUSINESS PLAN



See "Wasps, not WASPs," pg. 5

A CAPELLA FORECAST

7:30 P.M.



65% chance people are going to sing tonight.

7:31 P.M.



100% chance people are going to sing tonight.

12 A.M.



High probability freshman thinks that he "can totally do that."

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 1: You're standing on Martin's Way when President Wippman approaches you and asks to have lunch. You say,

- A. "Of course!" See issue 2
- B. "Yes, daddy." See issue 6
- C. "Stand back, crowman!"

See issue 4

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HAMILTON COMMUNITY:

Dear fellow Hamilton students,

Every year as we return back to campus from our summer homes in the Hamptons, we encounter the same social situation. We're sitting down in Commons having dinner with the plebeians we haven't seen or spoken to for three or four months, and without fail the question always arises: "What did you do over the summer?" Certain people, like me, answer correctly, detailing their trips to Spain or visits to Nantucket, while some choose to answer incorrectly, with the ever-depressing, "Oh, I worked all summer." This letter is addressed to those barbarians.

First of all, when I ask the question, I'm looking for a grand tale of escape, steamy romances, or at least a basic internship at Goldman Sachs. This way I can learn new things, maybe even experience the vacation vicariously through you. What I don't want, when I ask this question, is any harsh reminder of the plight of the less fortunate. When you say you worked all summer it bums everyone out. I don't want to relate to you, I just want to make a minor social connection so maybe I can make out with you at a party one day. To put it bluntly: I don't care about you wallowing in misery about your boring summer, it's just small talk. How about you just lie so you don't have to put me through this?

Next, I want to address this idea of spending the whole summer working. You obviously didn't spend the whole summer working. Technically, it's still summer now and you're not currently working. Plus, I'm sure you took some time off to eat and sleep. Also, no one's forcing you to spend all your time working. I'm sure you could take a week off to fly to Hawaii like a normal person. And don't tell me you have two jobs. If your one job isn't paying enough then just quit and get a better one. I don't see what huge financial burdens you have; You're a twenty year old college student, not some sort of real estate mogul.

In conclusion, if working all summer is such a pain in the ass, just do what I do, and spend your summer yachting. No expenses on the open ocean!

Found on several bulletin boards by Tyler Boudreau '20

HAMILTON CELEBRATES ANNUAL EXPULSION OF SQUATTERS

As cars with license plates from all over the country trundle up College Hill Rd, packed with students eager to begin a new semester, the college prepares for its beloved annual tradition of violently expelling the swarm of transients that squat in the dorms over the summer.

Before the tradition started in 1967, students were forced to room with random hobos and vagabonds, never knowing if they would be paired with a fun yarn -pinning vagrant or shank-wielding maniac. It all changed when Richard "Dick" Toboggan '68 decided to oust his unwelcome roommate with a weed whacker. Thus a Hamilton tradition—rivaling even the Grass Death Jamboree—began.

I will never forget my first Squatter Expulsion Day. It seems like only a year ago yesterday, mainly because it was a year ago yesterday. I was a bright-eyed freshman taking a scenic walk through the Dunham Green, when a senior yelled at me from Soper Commons Dining Hall, "Hey fresh meat! Come with me and I'll show you how to bash skull real nice." Curious, I followed him to Minor 205, where he opened the door to reveal a squatter ripe for expulsion.

At first I was confused. What was I to do with this squatter? But then the senior pushed a baseball bat into my hand and said, "What you gotta do now is make sure this squatter knows he's not welcome here. Get him outta here one way or another." So I pointed the barrel of the bat towards the squatter and told him to vamoose like a mongoose.

"But I had so much planned for this room," the squatter pleaded. "I was going to put in a kitchen island, and put in a bay window over there." He pointed towards the closet. I smashed an automated dancing Santa Claus, the squatter's only earthly possession, after which he quickly vacated the premises.

Taking part in this rite was the first time I truly felt that I was part of the Hamilton community. Nothing screams ROLL CONTS like telling someone without any place to go to get the hell out. I hope every new student gets to experience the thrill of evicting an illegal tenant just as so many have before.

Tattooed on the back of a gutterpunk by Mr. Paull '20

HOW TO IDENTIFY THE CHANGE IN APPEARANCE YOUR FRIENDS WANT YOU TO COMPLIMENT

With just a little bit of planning, it's possible to lean confidently into that hug on Martin's Way with a compliment locked and loaded. "Oh my god hey," you will say like the thoughtful, observant person you pretend to be. "I love your new bangs!"

Some friends do the work for you by posting every dye job and clothing purchase on social media, but don't lean too heavily on these tools. Your cool friend Carmen isn't the type to livestream a tattoo appointment on her Snapchat story—she's just chill that way. But even chill girls want their black-and-white photorealistic forearm tattoos of turnips and beets to be acknowledged. "Oh cool," you should say when the two of you catch up by the water feature in KJ. "Your arm's a salad."

Make a mental list of your nearest and dearest. Make a physical list if you want to risk someone finding it. Scroll twelve weeks deep on their Instagrams and assess how your friends looked the last time you saw them. Note hair length and color, tattoos/piercings or lack thereof, and overall aesthetic.

When you see these friends on campus, begin with a preliminary scan for haircuts and body modifications. Visualize those Instagram pictures from C&C Day. If Lee didn't have that nose piercing in May, you'd better compliment him or he is going to be lowkey pissed as fuck. He'll tell your mutual friend Kira that he thinks you're self-absorbed and it's going to turn into a whole thing. Better to stave it off with a compliment now. Nose rings come and go, Lee, but a petty personality is forever!

If your preliminary scan comes up clear, move on and assess wardrobe changes. Is Mary-Kate doing the matte lipstick-and-chokers thing now? Lead with something like, "I love your look!" and then accept her offer of a tarot reading.

Last minute tips: Sometimes, you have to compliment people who didn't cross your mind over the summer. You and Dan might be peripheral friends, but you can't remember whether his hair was always short on the sides like that. Go with something safe, sincere, and all-purpose, like "You look great." Or you could always say "Oh my gosh, did you lose weight?" but then spend the rest of the day wondering why you assign value and worth to body size and spiraling from there as you realize you're part of the problem.

Written on the back of her hand so she doesn't forget by Ms. Warren '18

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