

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXII, ISSUE X "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

NOVEMBER 2, 2018

## GUESS WHO I AM No, you have to guess!

### HAVOC BRINGS IN THERAPY WEREWOLVES FOR MIDTERMS Campus furrries pleasantly surprised

By Mr. Letai '19

LYCANTHROPOLOGY DEPT.

(THE DARKEST CORNER OF THE GLEN)

For a seasonally spooky twist on its usual puppy-filled study break, HAVOC, in collaboration with the Counseling Center, brought a pack of werewolves to campus to soothe students stressed by midterms. After arranging the event with the New Hartford Home for Lycanthropes, the Counseling Center invited students to get up close and personal with some ravenous killing machines to forget about the stress of their multiple essays.

Students who attended were initially wary of the wolves, but they soon looked past the slathering jaws and discovered how cuddly the shaggy monstrosities could be. At the end of the day, only one freshman and two juniors were missing fingers, and Health Center staff were on hand to administer rabies shots to all those who had been bitten or scratched.

Candace Lopez, the Counseling Center employee behind the initiative, was very pleased with the results. "A sophomore figured out that if you scratch the werewolves behind their ears and look as little like a wounded deer as

possible, they sheath their claws and become mostly docile. The look on all the students' faces when they rubbed the bellies of a beast that has stalked man's darkest dreams since time immemorial was priceless. And by priceless I mean way cheaper than hiring more actual therapists."

Many students are happy with the results of their time spent staring into the dark, cruel eyes of a beast that was once human. "I've been way less stressed since petting the werewolves," Lance Chaney '20 said. "I've stopped worrying about midterms and I have more energy. For some reason I also constantly crave red meat, and I've been shaving twice a day, but it generally evens out. I've also been thinking of joining Full Moon Club." Chaney declined to comment further, instead baring his teeth and chasing after a squirrel.

Others are less pleased with the aftermath. "Ever since my roommate went to see the werewolves, she's been howling and keeping me up all night," said Stacy Howard '21. "I've heard her with her boyfriend before, and this is different. She just stares out the window, moaning. And last night before we went downtown, she told me I looked like a snack. Which isn't that weird, because I did, but she's not usually drooling when she says that." The campus bookstore also reports that it has received numerous complaints about the fact that it doesn't carry silver bullets.

this point I don't care. Just get me away from that walking dumpster fire of a patient."

"At the beginning of our conversation, Brandy seemed pretty normal," Percy Bones, another member of the Counseling Center team, said. "She was stressed about her thesis, felt isolated on campus, and mentioned having panic attacks during which she tried to squeeze herself into her desk's bottom drawer. Pretty standard fare from most of our students. But when I broached the subject of the pube statue, she began ranting about how she almost drowned at her baptism and Easter eggs are a cruel mockery of restricted reproductive rights. She also mentioned braiding her labia, which we didn't really understand, but it's worrying nonetheless."

"They don't get it. Nobody gets it. You're all just grains of sand, you insignificant pedants," McNash said. "It's art, it can't be explained. I'm already thinking about my next project. Picture this: a painting of the White House, with S2E3 of *Twin Peaks* projected onto it, the whole thing dipped into a vat of honey, displayed in a locked room with a key that has been destroyed. Get with it."

As of Wednesday evening, McNash was reported to Campus Safety for eating a raw salmon in a harness hung from the rafters of commons, screaming something about Salvador Dali's "big fuckin' mustache."

### MEN OF HAMILTON AGAINST SEXUAL ASSAULT REMOVE OWN RIBS

This has layers

By Mr. Paull '20

GOOD INTENTIONS DEPT.

(BABY ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD) The battle to be the wokest bro on the block recently reached a boiling point with the emergence of MOHASA, or the Men of Hamilton Against Sexual Assault. MOHASA have wholeheartedly thrown themselves into the mix by firmly declaring that not all men commit sexual assault and that some men are even against committing sexual assault. Reveling in their successful display of social consciousness, MOHASA has collectively decided to remove their own ribs.

"It was a really difficult decision to make," Dustin Johnson '19 reflected over his yerba mate. "In the end, removing our ribs will make it so much easier for us to reward ourselves for being such incredible allies. It is hard enough to be a man, but it is even harder to be a man against sexual assault. We thought we deserved just a few complimentary b-jibbers—which is just a fun little name for blow jobs we at MOHASA like to us—but thought it would be rude to ask. Now all we have to do is bend over."

However, the entire campus does not see MOHASA's attempt at autofellatio as a benign act of deserved congratulations, but rather as a way to refocus the conversation about sexual assault toward positive male action.

"Removing their ribs is just an analogy for removing women from the conversation," Religious Studies major Clarissa Bartlet '19 said. "Eve was made from Adam's rib, so MOHASA are literally taking women out of the picture. They could have easily joined an organization that had an existing infrastructure, like SMART or SAVES, but they are just having bake sales instead of actively trying to improve campus policies regarding sexual assault."

Representatives from MOHASA have met these claims with confusion.

"Listen, there isn't any reason to get so emotional and worked up about it," Johnson said. "The idea originally started because I really wanted to say Hakuna Matata in an all campus email. The word MOHASA came to me in a dream, and it naturally fit. It's perfect. It says everything will be alright; the men of Hamilton are here to end sexual assault."

### VIRGIN MARY MADE OF PUBIC HAIR TAKES CENTER STAGE IN ART MAJOR'S COUNSELING APPOINTMENT

Fellowship of Christian Athletes more confused than offended

By Mr. Case '21

CREATIVE LICENSING DEPT.

(THE COUNSELING CENTER) Brandy McNash '19, an Art major, tested the psychiatric training of the Counseling Center staff on Tuesday when a shocking sculpture of the Virgin Mary made out of pubic hair became the centerpiece of conversation during her appointment. Reports indicate that over the span of her hour-long counseling session, McNash cycled through five different in-house psychologists, who all tried and failed to figure out what the fuck was up with that statue.

"We really had a lot to unpack here," said Counseling Center psychiatrist Mary Ankerman, consoling a colleague lying in the fetal position. "Going into the session, we all had heard about the sculpture, but nothing could prepare us for just how fucked up this kid is. There are psychological issues and there's straight up insanity, and McNash definitely falls into the latter category. I'll probably have my license taken away for telling you this, but at

### In this issue: Pounding That Essay into Submission

#### DAVID WIPPMAN SEEKS RE-ELECTION



Diner for every meal and a car in every parking space!

See "Dewey Defeats Wippman," pg. 48

HALLOWEEN 2 FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 20% chance frat guy's slutty princess costume is incisive	 High probability this party has no fucking candy	 "It's over... It's done."

#### BOOKSTORE DEAL

80% off  
haunted  
King Stag  
puppets

# WHY I'M NOT VOTING THIS YEAR

By Softboy Sam '20

For the last few days, there's been this whole hubbub about voting. My Insta feed is full of people posing with their "I voted" stickers. We even brought a bunch of mediocre comedians to campus and they spent the whole time telling us how important it was to vote. Sure, I paid to see the show, but I wasn't happy about it. Why? Because voting is an archaic practice that historically has done nothing but put evil men in power. People voted for Hitler, they voted for Donald T\*\*\*p too. Why would I want to participate in such a horrific social institution?

That's why this year, I'm standing in solidarity with all of those voices who have been silenced by not being able to vote. My personal Postmates driver is way too busy bringing me sushi for three meals a day to take time to vote. I stand with him. My most recent hookup is only seventeen and isn't old enough to vote in the eyes of the government. I stand with her. My mother, who works three jobs for a \$4.75 minimum wage so I have enough money to go to this school and support my nicotine addiction, can't afford to take an hour off of work. I stand with her.

I'm also not voting because I don't want my voice to drown out the voices of all the people who do get the chance to vote. I'm a white male. I founded Western civilization, and I've had three-thousand years of dominance. It's my turn to take a step back and let the people I have oppressed make their voices heard. If only women voted, they'd almost certainly succeed in electing a woke white man to represent their voices in Congress. I want Anthony Brindisi to know that I'm not the person he should be fighting for. I'll be fine without him.

I also think this not voting thing is going to get me hella laid. I can't wait to tell the next girl who sucks my dick that I support her right to be heard. Then, after I squirt on her face, I'm going to listen to whatever she has to say. She's going to be so impressed by the sacrifices I've made, she might even consider sleeping with me a second time.

Anyway, that's why I think voting is bullshit. I'm pretty sure there's a whole John Oliver episode about how it sucks, too. As long as I have my civil rights, I'm going to do everything I can to protect everyone else's by not using my own.

Found scrawled on an absentee ballot by Mr. Boudreau '20

## SAMUEL KIRKLAND'S *THE BACCHAE* A Dramatic Retelling of the Halloween Toga Party

FIRST-YEAR PLEDGE: How I grieve for this frat, in earlier days so happy throughout Hamilton!

We started the voyage across campus—

Chad and myself, the stranger dressed as Dionysus was our guide.

First, we sat down outside Door Four,

keeping our feet and tongues silent,

so we could see without being noticed.

The Dark Siders were there, their hands all busy—

some pouring drinks, some adorning themselves with ivy

while others sang, chanting Bon Iver songs to one another.

Then Chad, that unhappy man, not seeing the crowd of women promised,

said, "Dude, I can't see shit. But there's a hallway,

I'll stand in there and maybe I can see some tasteful sideboob."

Then I saw that stranger work a marvel.

He seized that door, barred to us all,

and with the flick of his wrist unlocked it,

something no mortal man could ever do.

He placed Chad in that well-lit hallway.

Darksiders could see him there more easily than he could spy them.

Some voice--I guess it was "Dionysus"—

called out from the dark common room,

"Dark Siders! I brought the man who laughed at you,

who ridiculed our themed parties! Now punish him!"

They rushed out, his trip-mom Aggie and her sorority sisters among them.

First, they threw Solo cups, others threw empty Juul pods at sad, miserable Chad,

but they didn't hit him. When all these attempts failed, they circled around him.

Chad knew something dreadful was about to happen.

Reaching out to Aggie, he cried out, "It's me, Chad.

Your XA child. Don't hate me just because I live in Ferg."

He tore off his makeshift toga, hoping she would recognize him.

But Aggie, foaming at the mouth, didn't listen.

She was possessed, in a Bacchic frenzy,

and seized his left arm, ripping his Red Sox jersey sleeve and dislocating his rotator cuff.

Meanwhile a Studio Art major went at the other side,

tearing chunks from his salmon-colored shorts,

while the Opus Brunch Crew and all the Bacchae

attacked as well, all of them howling together.

As long as Chad struggled to retain his garments, he was screaming.

The Bacchants cried in triumph—

one brandishing a Timb, the other a Rolex.

As for the poor victim's nekkid body, his trip-mother stumbled upon it,

and threw it in a rolling dumpster.

Now she pushes him into Clinton,

as though he were some stag on the hood of her car.

Found in the secret sub-basement of Couper Hall by Ms. Cavallino '21

## Did Your Classmate Go Home For the Weekend for Fun, Or Because Her Aunt Died? A Guide

*We've all been there. You sit down next to your class-mate in Intro to Political Apathy and ask about her weekend, only to find out she went home. "Oh, that's cool," you say, but is it cool? Or is it super uncool because she went home for a tragic reason? You have to say something! Asking her makes too much sense. Instead, use these tricks to help figure out which one it is.*

### Is she wearing black?

Black could very well mean she's not out of the mourning stage yet, or that her mom bought her a bunch of new black clothes to choose from for the memorial and she's wearing the reject pile. This is especially likely if the clothes are tailored or hit below the knee (I mean, it's 2018). However, if this girl is a Dark Sider, best to ignore this clue, as her desire to make it clear that she's read *Dubliners* before may make her appear like a funeralgoer. Tread carefully.

### Does she have a tan?

A tan usually means free time spent on a sun lounger, but in this case it might mean she wanted to look extra good in those graveside pics and hopped to the

ProntoTan on Main Street before heading to the church. The less tasteful the tan, the more likely it is she had a chill vacay in which she fell asleep next to her neighbor's pool. Of course, if she's from Minnesota, this may be less likely.

### Are her eyes red and puffy from crying?

This one is a dead giveaway that she spent her weekend watching *Moana* with her little sister and sobbing about how poignant it is. God damn it, there's just no telling how far she'll go!

### Does she smell vaguely of dog?

Dog smell, plus dog hair, could mean normal time spent at home cuddling her designer Labradoodle named Squidward, or it could mean time spent looking after Aunt Lily's elderly and incontinent chihuahua while they try to find it a suitable home. Check for pee stains, claw marks, and sensitivity to loud sounds caused by incessant, mournful yipping.

### Did she already tell you last week about her aunt's prolonged illness and slow decline, you raging shithead?

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. My bad. She totally told you about this last week outside Milbank and you were kind of drunk so all you said was, "Shit, dude." There's no coming back from this. Just face front and hope Professor Heinrich starts talking soon.

Explicitly avoided by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

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