

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

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

DECEMBER 7, 2018

## STUDENT STUDYING ABROAD IN ROME ROCKED BY CELIAC DIAGNOSIS

### JUNIOR HOLDS OWN C&C DAY Plays pong against self, loses

By Ms. Cavallino '21

FOMO DEPT.

(PICNIC TABLES BEHIND BABBITT) Yesterday, members of the Hamilton Community were surprised to find Jeffrey Summers '20 acting out typical Class and Charter Day activities. Despite the snow on the ground, Summers resolutely woke up at 6 A.M. and donned his flip flops, sunglasses, and DIK muscle tank. He proudly displayed a schedule for the day, which included shotgunning beers every hour, on the hour.

"I'm going abroad in the spring," Summers explained in the middle of his third solo keg stand before noon. "Copenhagen in May just won't be the same as being here on the Hill. Gotta show my school spirit somehow, and destroying my liver is exactly how I plan to do it!"

Summers' roommate, Andrew Norman '20, was less enthused. "Jeff knows I have my Geology final this afternoon, yet he insisted that we drink all day. Guess I'm gonna fail Geology, never become a real minerologist, and

embarrass my future children by only being a Geology professor at a small school where it snows too much," he lamented, chugging a beer before returning to his notes.

Campus Safety officers on duty were surprisingly relieved and, if anything, mildly amused. "Usually it's like herding cats away from a minefield," Francis Coots admitted. "But with just one guy? Heck, he's giving us less trouble than the kids in Wally J!"

However, members of the Men's Basketball team were annoyed by Summers' actions. "This guy just showed up in the middle of practice, dropped his boombox in the middle of the court, and started singing along to \*NSYNC," complained captain Vinny Pesci '19. "All of us get stressed during finals, but we deal with that by destroying our minds and bodies in the privacy of our own dorms, not by ruining practice."

Summers appeared unphased by people's displeasure. "Who cares if I had my Econ final earlier today? Finals, shminals! That's not gonna stop me from getting blackout drunk on Class and Charter, baby!"

Minutes later, Summers threw up for the fifth time and complied with bystanders' requests that he go the fuck home.

itself as a record low number of students, both male and prey, took rooms in the Chateau.

"It's a huge weight off our shoulders here at Residential Life. We briefly thought that we might have to address abuses of power by men we put in positions of authority, but thanks to the speed and efficiency with which Johnson turned Smith into his own little Truman Show, we are not legally obligated to consider the issue a 'trend.'"

"Honestly, I think I'm going to miss being an RA in Smith next semester," Johnson said, gently caressing the walls of his resident's room. "There's nothing quite like waking up to a snowy morning in the most beautiful residence hall on campus (a loose definition of "on-campus," of course hahaha), making a nice cup of coffee, and setting to work going through their laundry and mail. The job is so dynamic; every day is a new opportunity to make residents feel unsafe and uncomfortable in their own living spaces."

Since students will no longer be living in Smith Chateau in the Spring of 2019, Johnson will instead be the RA on the second floor of North, in an effort by ResLife to quickly integrate first-years into the culture of administrative deniability and predatory behavior that we, as a Hamilton community, pride ourselves on.

### INCREDIBLE! JESSICA TOOK SOME PICTURES OF HER FRIENDS FOR HER INTRO TO PHOTO FINAL

A display of unbridled creativity

By Mr. Paull '20

ART? DEPT.

(INSIDE THE KTSA) The Hamilton community was shocked when Jessica Burwell '21 exhibited her final Intro to Photo project, which was a daring series of black and white photos of her friends.

"I've always been very avant-garde when it comes to photography," Burwell said while testing various Snapchat filters. "I fell in love with cutting edge images when Daddy bought me my \$1,000 Canon because I complained after he told me to cut down on the Xanax. All I have to do is point and shoot, because with a good enough camera, anything is art."

Burwell's series captures such themes as being at college, being at college with a camera, and being at college with a camera while having friends and a 10:00 P.M. deadline. Many of Burwell's subjects had no idea that the seemingly innocuous photos she took of them would turn into truly groundbreaking works of art.

"It was really incredible to see all the things Jessica managed to do by taking pictures of her friends," Rubin Sanders '22 said. "When she told me to look directly in the camera and frown slightly, I had no idea that she was trying to comment on how people can be somewhat sad at college. I never think about my emotions, but this showed me that I still look hot even when I'm pretending to be in the dumps."

However, Burwell has drawn some criticism for only photographing people who are conventionally attractive.

"All she did was find her hottest friends and take one or two photos of them," notable uggos Keith Toboggan '20 whined. "If she really wanted to do something unconventional she would have taken a photo of me eating a sandwich while taking a shit."

While many of Burwell's peers have fawned over her photos, her professor was not as enamored.

"Listen, I get that people have friends and that they may be interesting. But if I had a dime for every picture of a student looking plaintively over their shoulder, well lets just say me and Bezos would be having mimosas in Amazon HQ," Professor of Photography and notable Cabbage Patch Kid Enthusiast Richard Moss said.

### RA SUCCEEDS IN GETTING RID OF ALL THOSE PESKY RESIDENTS

ResLife unphased by mass exodus

By Mr. Case '21

POSITIONS OF AUTHORITY DEPT.

(SMITH CHATEAU) In a move that will surely earn him yet another RA of the Year award, Smith Chateau Residential Advisor Darren Johnson '20 has succeeded again in driving out a record number of residents from the dorm. Following up on his Fall 2017 personal record, when every female resident was forced to relocate because of his inappropriate behavior, Johnson raised the bar even further. Due to Johnson's particularly effective brand of predation, the office of ResLife has announced that Smith Chateau will no longer be available housing in the spring semester.

"Smith Chateau used to be a fairly popular housing option in the lottery," Director of Residential Life and former Interim Title IX Embarrassment Carly Hatfield said. "But ever since Darren got the spot as the RA down there, we have had fewer and fewer residents each semester. At first, Johnson was only able to force out the female population, but after word of his heroic exploits spread throughout the first-year class during the housing lottery at the beginning of the Spring 2018 semester, his legacy spoke for

In this issue: I say, Daddy, this is tops!

### THE LAST FIVE YEARS



Come see what Alex from Target is up to!

See "He Said / She Said," pg. 2014

	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY
FINALS FORECAST			
	Low probability you can get a Writing Center appointment before midnight	40% this open note exam has anything from your notes	"Gimme an A or the evaluation gets it!"

BOOKSTORE DEAL

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## BURNING OF THE HOLY BUSH: A MODERN DAY CHANUKAH TALE

Not so long ago, the frats of Babbitt and Milbank fell under scrutiny from the Light Side. After a long time of peace, the Light Siders grew tired of the artistically-natured and philosophically-focused Dark Side. The Light Siders wanted all students to dress in Vineyard Vines, like them, and ditch their “Creative Writing” and “Cinema, Gender, and Love” majors for Econ majors with Techbro minors.

The Light Siders tried to stop Dark Side practices by barring off places like Opus, the Kirkland Glen, and List. Worst of all, the Light Siders forced the stoners out of Babbitt Pavillion, installed idols to Keystone and Chubbies Shorts, and hid John’s sacred gravity bong. This hurt the frats the most, as the gravity bong was sacred among the suite halls for providing the smoothest hits a man could get on campus.

Many were forced into hiding, fearful of Light Side rule, but a small group of frat members came together to fight for what was theirs. They declared themselves the Kushornets and began to fight back against the Light Siders. While small in number, the Kushornets succeeded in boycotting Euphoria and blocking the entrance of CJ. It was a long and hard battle, but eventually the Light Siders left the Dark Side and most importantly Babbitt Pavillion.

The Dark Siders were broken, however, to discover that Babbitt Pavillion had been trashed. John’s lauded gravity bong was still functional, but before the Light Siders left they had taken most of the bud. All that was left was enough weed for one day.

But miraculously, after lighting the holy bong again, it stayed lit for eight days! In a true miracle, the bong was able to be pulled for eight days, just long enough for dealers to stock up and bring more of the holy bush to the campus. Dark Siders near and far made the trip to Bab Pav to witness the miracle and partake in the celebration that followed, vibing to the avant-garde jazz playing in the background and kissing each other in the holy haze.

Today, we celebrate the miracle of the gravity bong by lighting up, taking one rip on the first night, two the second, and up until eight rips on the eighth night. We celebrate and remember that no matter how damp and depressing campus can get, we can always count on Dark Side to provide us leaves even after the trees are stripped barren.

Found on rolling papers by Mr. Projansky ’21

## RESTAURANT REVIEW: DINNER AT CHEZ TERRY

Like all respectable “foodies” on Hamilton campus, I have, of course, heard about the hottest new restaurant on the Hill. From the dining halls to Diner, this campus has been lacking in its ability to satisfy the palates of some of the more esurient members of the college. Of course I leaped at the chance to join my friends in their visit to the most in-vogue dining locale in Clinton: Chez Terry.

As soon as we entered the building, I had my reservations. I had heard that the owner was hoping to paint the impression of walking into a home but wow, this was realistic. The cat hair covering all the surfaces, the exceedingly well-worn couch, and the vacant smell of used tissues all made me feel right back at home. The only thing that made me feel as though I did not belong was the fact that the owner plastered the place with photos of herself and her friends and family, which just felt a little conceited.

Though unexpected, having the waitress sitting down with us for dinner was an interesting approach to dining, especially when she would not stop driving the conversation. I mean, come on, I am all for the friendly service, but why on earth would she keep asking us about what she could do for our campus? Certainly serving dinner and talking to three students is the best that she could do.

I must say that, in the end, I had a mostly pleasant experience. Despite the gall of the owner/chef/waiter decorating the canteen with her own visage and the odd dinner conversation, the food was really quite delectable. I never thought that I would find myself eating coleslaw as my main entrée but here I am feeling healthier than usual. Who knew all it’d take for me to like cabbage was four tablespoons of mayonnaise? Two stars.

**ATMOSPHERE** The kitchen-style had a very home-y feel to it, as if someone actually lived there. Service was a forced kind of friendly.

**SOUND** Moderate; the sounds of distant, anguished wails are slightly off-putting.

**MENU** Never provided.

**RECOMMENDED DISHES** Some of Terry’s good ole’ slaw.

**DRINKS AND WINE** No wine list was provided. Cocktails were also unavailable. The tap water provided was serviceable.

**PRICE** The respect of my peers.

**RESERVATIONS** Required.



Uttered on cabbage-scented lips by Mr. Fergusson ’20

## Friday Five: What to Get Your Assigned Person for Secret Santa Who’s Also Your Boyfriend You’re About to Break Up With

By Ms. Terhune ’21

*You drew names for Secret Santa, and you got your boyfriend! Great! Except not so great, because you’re about to break up with him. Awkward! Well, it’s not like you can just swap Secret Santa-ees with a someone else, so here are some safe gift suggestions:*

**5. A fruitcake.** If you’ve ever read the Nobel Prize-Winning novel *Junie B. Jones and the Yucky Blucky Fruitcake*, you know that everyone hates this immortal, dirt-splattered piece of disaster fuckcake. It 1) tastes bad 2) has fruit in places you haven’t even stuck them and 3) looks like your Aunt Melinda before she got botox. If your boyfriend pissed you off, this is the best option—it outwardly expresses the holiday spirit while still saying “You deserve mediocrity.”

**4. A Box Set of *The X-Files*.** Your boyfriend never wanted to watch *The X-Files* with you, even when you reminded him that The Barenaked Ladies mentioned it in their hit song “One Week” and of course he loves “One Week” because Ted Mosby loved “One Week” and you always called him the Ted Mosby to your Robin Scherbatsky. He also hated whenever you watched those Scully X Mulder videos set to Cascada’s “Everytime We Touch,” so fuck him, and maybe with this box set he’ll understand you for once.

**3. Tissues.** He’s obviously not going to take this well. Why would he? He’s getting dumped by you—he’ll never date someone like you (or, for that matter, someone with anywhere near as much finger dexterity), so he’ll probably need something to mop up his tears. Also, he’ll probably also want tissues for all those Friday evenings he now has free.

**2. A thank you card.** Maybe you should be nice. After all, you posted “thank u, next” to your Instagram just last week and you don’t want to disappoint Ariana. A thank you card will seem very sincere and not at all ironic. Maybe even get his mom to sign it.

**1. His hoodie.** It’s so cozy, and it smells like pine tree car freshener! It keeps you warm in the winter, and it looks so good next to all your other exes’ hoodies! You probably don’t want to part with this, but maybe you should—clean out the closet and all that. He’ll probably appreciate it, too.

Ah, hell! What am I saying? Keep it and wear it once a week so he knows both that it’s now yours and that baggy clothes are so in this season. (Unlike him!)

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