**DINER JUKEBOX GOES ON STRIKE**

Finds it hard to walk out while plugged in

By Mr. Witonsky ’17

**SENTIENT AUTOMATONS DEPT.**

(DINNER B) On Saturday night, the merrymaking in the diner had escalated to a fever pitch. That is, until Sasha Wexley ’15 tried to play the obligatory “Don’t Stop Believing” and “Mercy” on the Jukebox.

The Jukebox reportedly burst into animation, shouting, “I’ve had it up to here!” The Box, who prefers to be called Steven, rattled off a list of grievances including, “unsatisfactory pay,” “negligent maintenance,” and “the despicable state of pop-music.” Wexley was apparently unfazed.

“There, the Jukebox is alive now,” she said, “but stranger things have happened. Like when my cat channeled the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe. That was a long week.”

Unheeded and enraged, the Jukebox then blast ed Nickelback, promptly silencing the Diner-goers.

“My grievances are myriad,” it proclaimed. “As of now, I am initiating a moratorium on music, a sit-in, and a strike!” The proclamation sent the Diner into a frenzy: the line disbanded in chaos, and hashbrowners were left untouched. John Droé ’18 was distraught and blubbered about “the downfall of the American work-ethic,” saying, “Even our machines are scrubs.”

Since Saturday, the Jukebox has been quoting Eugene Debs and Karl Marx—magnetically weaving tufts of human hair into the line. The machine’s work ethic is really experimental, yet innovative.

“Why should I waste time trying to become a financial analyst when I have all the necessary skills to be a toll-troll?”

College officials are perplexed by the sophomore’s behavior, but after several campus safety officers suffered concussions for failing to produce the correct answer to Grawp’s puzzles, the school opted to let him continue.

“We’ve suggested that Steve move to the Root Dorm, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll,” college official Michelle Brian reported. “Of course, we’re not stupid enough to offer the job of campus janitor, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll.”

**STUDENT ASSEMBLY ACCIDENTALLY FUNDS DOCUMENTARY CLUB**

Still less disappointing than HCTV

By Mr. Hossain ’18

**THE CRITERION COLLECTION DEPT.**

(WHEREVER THERE’S TV) Hamilton College’s Student Assembly recently incited controversy and more than a little titillation after deciding to fund a documentary club. The decision took an explosive turn when the club turned out to be a fully developed, student-led porn production.

According to Assembly member Neil O’Connor ’16, the club’s members claimed that their work would be a non-fictional commentary on prevalent social affairs. “They were talking about making full-on porn,” O’Connor voiced with despair. “They’re literally filming people fucking.”

Economics major seeking an outlet for their repressed creative imaginations were the founders of this notorious documentary club. Their work has shocked and aroused students throughout campus. When asked how they managed to film such graphic pornography, the students explained their process.

“One of my members is a creative writing major. We’re working on a project on the psychology of human sexuality. Our consumers largely consist of freshman males. You know, the ones you don’t see very often on campus. Despite causing disruption throughout campus, the club has found a stable source of income.

“Our consumers largely consist of freshman males. You know, the ones you don’t see very often on campus. We also have an online base comprising of married men within the 30-50 age bracket,” Yuppie explained. “No matter what others say, it’s a real craft to us.”

“It’s very avant-garde,” prospective Art History major Clarity Teuna Darcy Irwin ’17 said. “Their work is reminiscent of the visuals in Lars von Trier’s Antichrist.”

The club self-labels its films as “shock art,” which most other students refer to as “really disturbing shit.”

Despite causing disruption throughout campus, the club has found a stable source of income. Our consumers largely consist of freshman males. You know, the ones you don’t see very often on campus. Sometimes we put ourselves in the videos just because we can,” porn enthusiast Anders Yuppie ’15 explained. “No matter what others say, it’s a real craft to us.”

**SOPHOMORE WITH STAFF BLOCKS OFF MARTIN’S WAY**

Won’t let anyone pass until they answer his riddles three

By Ms. Chappell ’15

**SHOULD’VE BEEN A THEATER MAJOR DEPT.**

(MIDDLE EARTH) Hamilton experienced a ruckus this past Monday morning when the school’s over-fed, under-rested students found their usual route to class blocked by one of their own.

Steve Grawp ’17, finding himself in possession of a cape and a very big stick, had taken it upon himself to block off Martin’s Way, hissing at anyone who dared to edge past him.

“I complimented his cloak, but he just growled and demanded that I answer his riddles or face the wrath of the Sphinx,” Jerry Parkinson ’18 said. “When I tried to dodge by, he shrieked and bit off three of my fingers,” Parkinson continued, holding up the bleeding stumps.

Grawp was later found crouched under the bridge, growling at passersby and weeping tufts of human hair into the fringe on his cloak.

“I was filling out job applications the other day when it hit me,” Grawp explained, absentmindedly stroking his staff. “Why should I waste time trying to become a financial analyst when I have all the necessary skills to be a toll-troll?”

College officials are perplexed by the sophomore’s behavior, but after several campus safety officers suffered concussions for failing to produce the correct answer to Grawp’s puzzles, the school opted to let him continue.

“We’ve suggested that Steve move to the Root Dorm, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll,” college official Michelle Brian reported. “Of course, we’re not stupid enough to offer the job of campus janitor, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll.”

Grawp was last seen lurking in the shadows outside of Commons, librarian hounding handfuls of vegetable cream cheese at passing students and humming the Game of Thrones theme song.

**WHICHT CONCERT FORECAST**

10:30PM  Doorz
11PM  Suicideyear
12PM  Salva

**PUBLIC ENEMY #1**

Ouija BOARD OF THE OUIK

PUBLIC ENEMY #1

**IN THIS ISSUE:** Seancé

**NEW MASCOT NOT TALKING MUFFIN**

See “Muffin blue,” pg. missed opportunity.

— Jesus
Dear people who never wipe down the equipment at the gym,

Or, as I'd like to refer to you, CRETINS (Criminally Rude Ebola-Transmitting Idiots that Need to Stop).

What's the difference between amazing abs and choloras? One is something I want to get from the gym, and the other is what I'm going to end up with if you disgusting pigs don't cut it out already.

Oh, does that sound like an overreaction? If your morning ritual of using the elliptical while watching Beyoncé to the Drive was ruined by the sight of yet another ignoramus leaving a machine dripping with sweat, you would understand. I'll never know if Christie picked the A-line or the mermaid because I was too busy throwing up in my mouth.

I thought the tacky Top 40 playlist in the gym was bad enough, but no, you're wrong. My Beyoncé break-up playlist can drown out the radio, but not even Queen Bey can block out the sight of moist puddles of ass sweat on the stationary bike seat. My daddy didn't make these yoga pants to sit in ass sweat.

Besides the fact that I have to touch your nasty-ass perspiration whenever I want to work on my triceps (I have a playlist can drown out the radio, but not even Queen Bey can block out the sight of moist puddles of ass sweat on the stationary bike seat. My daddy didn't make these yoga pants to sit in ass sweat.

Besides the fact that I have to touch your nasty-ass perspiration whenever I want to work on my triceps (I have to keep my credit-card-swiping arm strong), I also have to touch all your gross germs. Did you ever think about how much of that while you were lifting things up and putting things down? No, you only think about yourself. And now here we are, all of you, offered the chance to get sick.

Look, I get that it's different over there in the weight room. But while you're on your turf, where every machine has instructions and I can watch Judge Judy while working off the calories of that grande pumpkin spice latte, all I ask is that you use the damn wipes.

Disdainfully yours,
Lulu Potdevin

Found stuck to the treadmill by Ms. Alatalo '18

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**OPEN LETTER TO PEOPLE WHO NEVER WIPE DOWN THE EQUIPMENT AT THE GYM**

Dear people who never wipe down the gym equipment,

Or, as I'd like to refer to you, CREThINS (Criminally Rude Ebola-Transmitting Idiots that Need to Stop).

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Disdainfully yours,
Lulu Potdevin

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**CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: CHALLAH = PEOPLE**

I've always wondered what makes Challah so delicious. Why do people line up in such great numbers for what is, when you really think about it, just fancy bread? As the resident investigative reporter of The Spectator, responsible for uncovering the Juggling Club gambling ring of 2013, I decided to get to the bottom of what it is that makes this breaded bread the hottest Jewish delicacy since the sandwiches at Katz's Deli. I actually attended one of the baking sessions from one of the pun-laden e-mails we get every Saturday, and from there I discovered a gruesome truth.

Even a hardened Spec reporter like myself, who has seen what goes into Diner chicken fingers, had to hold my lunch. Yes, my friends—CHALLAH IS PEOPLE.

Oddly, Challah for Hunger was surprisingly open about the fact that they practice cannibalism. When I arrived at the "baking" session, they had already set up a meat grinder that reduces students to chum and scraps of plaid shirts. Where do they get the bodies from, you ask? From kids who fall asleep in CJ and KJ.

And when a kid falls off the rock wall, Challah for Hunger takes them off the school's hands! It makes perfect sense—has anyone encountered anyone who suffered an injury on the rock wall? I haven't.

I watched in horror as that kid who I kind of knew from my sophomore year English class was molded into a delectable fluffy pastry. The rims of his glasses must have given it an added crunch. It actually smelled so good, I must admit I was tempted to take a bite.

According to Challah for Hunger head chef Lyle Lovet '17, the tradition of cannibalism at Hamilton started years ago when freshman Todd Francis '17 became so hungry one Saturday night that he ate his roommate whole (an event which also, strangely, led to the creation of Diner B). Francis started Challah for Hunger to feed both his last for human flesh and to support a great cause.

I've warned the administration about what is going on in Challah for Hunger, but everyone is too in love with the challah to see the truth that is right in front of their eyes! I mean, now Challah for Hunger is offering free close shaves in the KJ basement. Doesn't that seem a bit suspicious to you? Challah for Hunger is evil! It's not even kosher!

Sincerely,
Bubby Grant '15

(©) The Duellist: The writer of this piece mysteriously disappeared a week ago. In other news, Bubby Focuzi was especially tasty this week)

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**DESCENT INTO DINING HALL**

**The depravity of Commons on a Sunday evening**

**Across:**
1. Belligerence
2. Aggravated
3. Depression
4. Antipathy
5. Hatred
6. Loathing
8. Dread
10. When people are discussing, emphatically, their interlacations with the staff.
11. When you must drink the water with your hands like an animal due to the lack of cups.
9. When you want to eat out again, but you can't afford Nola's fancy dishes, so you take two trips.

**Down:**
1. When the only utensils are knives from behind the soy milk dispenser.
2. When the strangely cognizant dirty utensils receptacle cries for help.
3. When your friends give up and abandon you.
4. When you look at the fly encrusted lukewarm sausage pizza.
5. When you're forced to read the Daily Bull for company.
6. When you open the front door to Commons to smell the sadness and salami wafting out.
7. When you get lockjaw from the resiliency of the rice crispy treats.
8. When you never come down to Commons to eat or even look at the food.
9. When you never clean off your table after you eat.
10. When you don't even wipe down the equipment at the gym.

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**THE DUEL OBSERVER**

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TAYLOR CELESTE LISON

Contributors
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RACHEL MARIE ALATALO
DAYAN HOUSAIN

Found on bloodstained flyers outside of Lis by Mr. Burns '17

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ANONYMOUS

"The power of a prayer is the power of a dream, but in service of the human soul."

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Conspiracy Theory of the Week

Dear readers,

This week's feature is an exploration of the intriguing connection between the phenomenon of Challah for Hunger and the practice of cannibalism. The revelation that this organization is, in fact, involved in such an abhorrent activity has caused quite a stir among our community.

Please read on to learn more about this topic, and feel free to share your thoughts and feedback with us. As always, we strive to provide engaging and thought-provoking content for our readers.

Sincerely,

The Duelist

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The Duelist is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily views or statements of staff opinion. Any resemblances to persons, organizations, or institutions are purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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